

The Star,

AND CONCEPTION BAY SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Friday, July 12, 1872.

Number 17.

JULY.

| S. | M. | T. | W. | T. | F. | S. |
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MOON'S PHASES.

NEW MOON..... 5th, 2.54 P. M.
FIRST QUARTER..... 13th, 4.17 P. M.
FULL MOON..... 20th, 10.23 A. M.
LAST QUARTER..... 27th, 3.48 P. M.

NOTICES.

J. HOWARD COLLIS,
Dealer and Importer of

**ENGLISH & AMERICAN
HARDWARE,**

Picture Moulding, Glass
Looking Glass, Pictures
Glassware, &c., &c.

TROUTING GEAR,

(In great variety and best quality) WHOLE-
SALE AND RETAIL.

**221 WATER STREET,
St. John's,
Newfoundland.**

One door East of P. HURONS, Esq.
N.B.--FRAMES, any size
and material, made to order.
St. John's, May 10. tff.

HARBOR GRACE

Book & Stationery Depot,
E. W. LYON, Proprietor,

Importer of British and American

NEWSPAPERS

PERIODICALS.

Constantly on hand, a varied selection of
School and Account Books
Prayer and Hymn Books for different de-
nominations
Music, Charts, Log Books, Playing Cards
French Writing Paper, Violins
Concertinas, French Musical Boxes
Albums, Initial Note Paper & Envelopes
Tissue and Drawing Paper
A large selection of Dime & Half Dime
MUSIC, &c., &c.

Lately appointed Agent for the OTTAWA
PRINTING & LITHOGRAPH COMPANY
Also, Agent for J. LINDBERG, Manufactur-
ing Jeweler.
A large selection of
CLOCKS, WATCHES
MEERCHAUM PIPES,
PLATED WARE, and
JEWELRY of every description & style.
May 14. tff.

BLANK FORMS

Executed with NEATNESS and
DESPATCH at the Office of this
Paper.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

Rich is he whose keen discerning
Leads him in the "narrow way;"
Spending less than he is earning,
He's ready for a "rainy day."
He has wealth of thought and feeling,
Honor is his guiding star,
And the anvil's merry pealing
Scares the imps in blue afar.

Duty calls on him to labor,
With his hands or with his head,
And he will not scorn his neighbor
Who does not earn his daily bread.
Roses grow on thorns of duty,
Sweet odors rise from noble deeds;
Industry sows life with beauty,
Indolence with noxious weeds.

Toiling over written pages,
Standing at the printer's case,
Whistling while he earns his wages,
Not a shadow on his face;
Master of the situation,
Not the slave of any clan,
Can you find in all the nation
A more independent man?

He loathes the cup of dissipation,
And he wastes no time in strikes;
He utters not, in alterations,
His pet likes and his dislikes.
Step by step, he grandly rises
On the ladder rounds of trust;
While idlers starve he wins the prizes,
Labor lifts him from the dust.

Up he rises, fast and faster,
Winning confidence the while;
Apprentice, journeyman and master,
Comrades crown him with their smile.
He has capital in labor,
Of the hand and of the brain,
And he envies not his neighbor,
And he covets not his gain.

He scorns not the man that's richer
Than the sun-browned son of toil;
He finds a brother in the ditcher,
And the man who owns the soil.
Rainbows arch his bright to-morrow;
The perils of the epicure
Come not with clouds and rain of sorrow;
His home is Heaven in miniature.

GENERAL NEWS.

AN IMPERIAL CHRISTENING.

Writing from Berlin on the 4th inst., the
Times correspondent gives the following ac-
count of the christening of the infant daughter
of the Crown Prince:—

At two o'clock this afternoon the infant
daughter of the Crown Prince and Princess
was baptised in the new Palace at Potsdam,
the usual summer residence of their Imperial
and Royal Highnesses. Yesterday most of the
members of the royal family, accompanied by
their illustrious guests from Italy, Weimar,
Mecklenburg, Anhalt, &c., went to the Prus-
sian Versailles, lodging for the night having
been prepared for them in the cluster of
princely abodes dotting the banks of the beau-
tiful Havel. A little after twelve o'clock, his
Majesty drove over from Babelsberg, the ru-
ral chateau where he has been in the habit of
spending the early part of the summer for
many a past year. Among the crowd of bril-
liant carriages which arrived soon after him,
his was perhaps the most unpretending.
Brightly shone the famous silver-thread coats,
thickly studded with perpendicular rows of
black eagles, on the backs of the royal ser-
vants. Gorgeous outriders, prancing horses,
and an expectant and patriotic multitude
completed the accessories of the gay and ani-
mated scene. The attitude of the public was
reserved and respectful. It is always so at
Regal Potsdam, a place which has so long
been the real home and favourite seat of the
dynasty; but to-day all were evidently im-
pressed with the peculiar significance and the
unusual splendour of the occasion.

The New Palace is just 100 years old. It
was built by Frederick the Great after his wars
were over, and when the old King had ample
leisure and funds to gratify his taste for
marble and fresco. The most stately of his many
erections, it is an immense pile of red brick,
picked out with sandstone, in the simple and

dignified style of the latter "Renaissance" pe-
culiar to the Dutch. The back looks on the
Sans Souci Gardens; the other side, resem-
bling very nearly a horseshoe, but with corners
pointed, faces an immense terrace, which ap-
pears empty, although peopled with stony
gods and goddesses, and variegated with beds
and vases of flowers innumerable. To give
you an idea of its extent and magnificence,
this grand specimen of architecture has 200
state apartments, more than 400 windows, and
a flat roof, edged with 440 statues of gigantic
proportions. In fitting up the interior, all the
whimsical and expensive ingenuity of the
eighteenth century has been brought to bear
on wall, ceiling, and floor. Plafonds, covered
with the most costly and sentimental paint-
ings of the age, are seen above walls inlaid
with a hundred different sorts of polished mar-
ble, granite, and porphyry. In other apart-
ments, the artistic upholsterer, in whose hands
the unique job was placed by royal command,
has stuck a thousand different minerals and
shells in seeming confusion on the walls, which
however, on closer inspection, resolve them-
selves into complicated and even beautiful
patterns. Velvet and brocade is the basest
kind of papering employed in a building the
attractions of which are materially increased
by ancient statuary and the best paintings by
old and modern masters. Vast parks and
gardens radiate in every direction. Such is
the mansion the heir and heiress of Germany
generally inhabit in the summer season, hav-
ing rescued it from the utter oblivion and
emptiness to which it had been undeservedly
consigned for years.

While we were casting a hasty glance at the
private garden of the royal children, with its
aviaries, rabbit hutches, and diminutive spec-
imens of frigates, fortifications, and the like
significant playthings, the ladies and gentle-
men invited to witness the ceremony assem-
bled in one of the grand saloons known as the
Muschel-Saal. The Muschel Saal is one of those
fanciful apartments in the palace which Tri-
tons might have constructed for the Queen of
the Ocean, or cunning dwarfs prepared for
their chief in the bowls of the earth. Geology
and conchology might be profitably studied
from the samples collected for merely ornamental
purposes in this fairy grotto. A little
before the time appointed for the sacred act,
the ladies and gentlemen collected in this sin-
gular chamber issued thence into the Jasper
Gallery, arranged as a chapel for the occasion.
Its name indicates its decoration, jasper and
agate predominating. The guests had hardly
ranged themselves round the font, near which
was the temporary altar, when the members
of the royal family, with their princely guests
made their appearance from an opposite door.
The fair princess, beaming with matronly pride
and sweetness, her soldierly husband by her
side, and the majestic old man who has re-
ceived the Imperial dignity of his nation, pre-
sented a picture worth looking at. Her Ma-
jesty the Empress-Queen, being unfortunately
detained at Coblenz by indisposition, was not
present. As her representative, Princess
Charles, her sister and sister-in-law, did the
honors of the day to the Crown Princess of
Italy and other royal and princely ladies. The
weather being bright, and the sun shining
with genial warmth and splendour, the ladies
displayed airy tissues suitable to the season.
With their elaborate dresses, and *recherche* but
delicate style of jewellery adopted was in per-
fect harmony. Pearls preponderated over
gold, as did gossamer over taffetas. All the
gentlemen were in uniform, and resplendent
with orders and stars.

When the Crown Princess had seated her-
self near the baptismal font, her little daugh-
ter was brought in. She had been carried to
the door by the Countess von der Goltz, Vice-
Mistress of the Robes, and the Countess von
Reventlow, the chief governess of the royal
children. This *cortège* was preceded by cham-
berlains and pages, and closed by ladies in
waiting bearing the infant's train. At the
door, the Countess von der Goltz resigned her
charge to the Princesses Charlotte and Luise,
who placed the infant in his Majesty's arms.
Then began the ceremony of baptism in ac-
cordance with the rites of the Evangelical
Church. While the Emperor held his grand-
child, the Rev. A. Heym, his Majesty's Chap-
lain in Ordinary, performed the service, sup-
ported by his clerical brethren. The prescribed
ritual is but short, but it was long enough
to afford time for reflection on the religious
and political import of a ceremony, in which

an Italian Catholic Prince stood godfather
to the granddaughter of the Protestant Em-
peror of Germany. One could not help dwell-
ing upon the happy liberality of the Protes-
tant Church in preserving the ancient Catholic
character of baptism, and admitting Christians
of every denomination to stand godfathers to
a Protestant child. Thanks to this, the repre-
sentatives of two nations formerly separated
by creed and politics now found themselves
united in an act equally important from a re-
ligious point of view, as it tends to cement ties
of friendship between those conjointly partici-
pating in it.

The christening over, and its immediate
point of interest withdrawn, the royal person-
ages retired to an adjoining saloon, where the
guests defiled past them, bowing to the Em-
peror, the Crown Prince, and their family. A
State dinner in the Marble Hall, one of the
largest of the suite of 200, concluded the official
programme.

SAFETY OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.

At last, it would seem, we can confidently
say that Dr. Livingstone is safe. Hitherto
the hopes that he had not perished have been
built on reports, which were sometimes un-
commonly vague, and which did not in any
case, reach the point of certainty; but at
length has come decisively good news. The
Chairman of the Submarine Telegraph Com-
panies has received from their agent at Aden
a telegram, dated yesterday, which says:—
"Stanley arrived at Zanzibar, having left Liv-
ingstone alive and well." The explicit-
ness of the intelligence removes all doubt.
The whole of England will read with gladness
that the great discoverer has not perished,
but is alive, and is soon, no doubt, to come
back to England with rich stores of the ex-
perience gathered in regions that, perhaps,
have been visited by no other white man.
Livingstone's countrymen look upon him with
some such pride as they might regard a dis-
tinguished soldier. His courage, his endur-
ance, his love of adventure, are qualities which
the youngest and the oldest can understand
with equal ease. Indeed, such great travelers
as Marco Polo and Mungo Park, and such dis-
coverers as Captain Cook, have taken a curi-
ously strong hold on the memory of the mass
of men. We shall all be anxious to hear the
story of Livingstone's wanderings during these
years, when he has been hid from us as if by
the darkness of the grave. It will be a won-
derful story of life amid tribes and races who
differ from us, on the one hand, almost as
much as they differ, on the other, from cer-
tain creatures to whom Mr. Darwin has given
a high scientific interest. It must not be for-
gotten that we are indebted for good news of
Livingstone to American love of adventure
and courage. Mr. Stanley is the agent of a
New York Journal, and, in fact, he is a "special
correspondent." He must have done his
work with rare courage and sagacity, and some
measure of the welcome which awaits Living-
stone will be given to the bold American who
has found out that the long lost traveler is
"alive and well."—*London Daily Telegraph,*
June 14.

SINKING OF THE MARINERS' CHURCH AT LIVERPOOL.

One of the most singular shipping accidents
that has happened in the Liverpool docks
took place on Thursday night. For nearly 45
years there has been moored at the south
end of the George's Dock a dismantled man-
of-war, which was used for divine service on
Sundays, and known as the Mariners' Church;
and about eleven o'clock on Thursday night
the watchman in charge discovered that some-
thing was wrong with the ship, and on exami-
nation he found that the vessel was taking
in water at the bows, and was settling down
in the water. He at once ran down the gang-
way leading from the ship to the dock and
gave the alarm. Assistance was soon at hand,
but notwithstanding all attempts to keep the
vessel afloat, she gradually sank until the rest
of the bottom of the vessel had been perforated in
a number of places by rats, which swam in and
about the docks. The vessel was yesterday
full of water up to the ceiling 'tween decks,
and as no efforts were being made to raise
her, it is not at all improbable, considering
her age, that she will be broken up, as for the
last three or four years the services have been
very meagrely attended. The history of the