

# THE STAR.

## There is no Pain in Dying.

The snowy couch of the suffering boy  
Near the wide window was placed,  
And the crimson and gold of the sunset skies  
With the fleecy clouds were traced.  
His breath grew shorter—cold his brow,  
When, sad as wind-harp sighing,  
From lips fast stiff'ning came a cry:  
"Oh, mother, am I dying?"

"I feel a presence near my bed,  
And lingering comes my breath—  
Hold my hand, Mother, hold it tight;  
I'm afraid, afraid of death!  
The grave is so dark, and cold, and damp,  
The clods will be heavy, lying  
On my weary breast. Oh, let me stay—  
Don't tell me I am dying!"

"And I have had bright dreams of fame,  
Ambition has filled each thought;  
I've studied so hard it paled my cheek—  
Oh, say was it all for naught?  
I made my plans to have ruled my life—  
'Twas a useless task; my work is done;  
Dear mother, I am dying."

"But over my soul there comes a joy,  
Fame's sweet, clear song, tempts no more;  
Faith points above the grave, and the sod,  
To a beautiful, blissful shore;  
And angel forms are gathering 'round—  
Mother, good-by—are you crying,  
When I am so happy? And don't you know,  
There is no pain in dying?"

A smile crept over his pale, cold lips,  
A choking gasp a faint-drawn breath,  
An upward look of holy trust,  
And we stood alone with Death.  
But through the tracings of fleecy white  
That o'er the skies were lying,  
There came an echo, clear and sweet—  
"There is no pain in dying."

## SEARCHING FOR A WIFE.

[CONTINUED.]

Now that I no longer had that subject to ponder upon, my thoughts naturally reverted to the young lady who had gained more ground in my affection by her recognition, which gave birth to such pleasant emotions in my own breast. It was more than I had hoped for, more than I had dared to expect in moments of fondest anticipation, and the keen gratification that ensued, can be imagined by those who have been placed in similar positions, but cannot be described so that the reader will understand the exact feelings produced.

My object now was to increase the slight advantage gained on the preceding evening. Had I been fortunate enough to have kept her in sight and ascertained her residence then the plan which I now proposed to put in execution, would have been needless. I had revolved many schemes in my mind, and the only one which seemed feasible was an advertisement. This as I before hinted I disliked to do; but it was my only resource, and ascending to my room, I seated myself and penned a very refined, gentlemanly personal, describing the lady's dress sufficiently for her to understand should it meet her eye, and signed myself "Bostonian." The next day it appeared in the "New York Herald."

Weeks passed by. A month had elapsed since my first contribution to the public press, and still I received no reply. I was nearly disheartened, and about to leave the city, when a few mornings after, as I glanced over the personal column of the "Herald," my eye met the following welcome answer:—  
"The Bostonian lady you saw at Wallack's May 25th, is now at Newport."

This to me was food to a starving man, and hastening to my room, I packed my portmanteau, rushed down again, paid my bill, and in less than six hours was on board the "Empire State," steaming down "East River."

I arrived at Newport early the next morning, and immediately procured quarters at a first-class hotel, thinking it probable that I should thus have a better opportunity of meeting her whom I had been in quest of so long.

I was not mistaken. I saw her at breakfast. As I entered the room she raised her eyes, but with no glance of recognition. I was not disappointed. I was satisfied to be in the room with her, to know that we breathed the same air.

During the day I saw her not, but at dusk she strolled down upon the beach, in company with a shallow-brained, side-whiskered, anomaly, sometimes and jokingly denominated as a man.

In a moment I heard her clear, silvery laugh ringing on the air, and pleasantly mingling with the sighing of the waters, while Mr. Exquisite whispered soft nothings in her

ear. How I envied and hated the fellow, and both at the same time. I could not remain there. I was on fire with jealousy; and turning, I made rapid strides toward the house.

As I entered the hall, I met a friend whom I cordially welcomed. My next words were,—

Can you tell me who that lady is? indicating the person referred to.

Oh, yes, that is Miss Leonora Hastings, of New York. Her affianced stands at her side.

What, that puppy! I unguardingly exclaimed, and then to annul the effect, laughingly added, it's not very strange, however, some young ladies like poodles.

My friend made some light reply, and then leaving him I darted up-stairs, threw myself into a chair, and endeavored to call up a plan to remove this new obstacle from my path. Was it possible that such a woman, one whose goodness shone out through her face, could lower herself sufficiently to wed that rapacious coxcomb? I consoled myself that it was not, until it generated into a belief, and I hugged the thought to my breast.

Having in a measure regained my composure, I again descended, and once more meeting my friend, requested of him the favor which I had at first unwittingly omitted—an introduction to Miss Hastings.

He assented and we walked down the promenade until we arrived at the place where the two were standing. I needed all my self-possession, for I again experienced the trembling sensation which attacked me as soon as I came near to her. It did not proceed from bashfulness, I was never troubled with that. The only diffidence I can find for it, is, the awe which was born of my consuming love.

My friend introduced me, and as I touched the tips of her lily fingers, my eyes were raised to hers in a steady, ardent glance. She bit her lip slightly, the blood crimsoned her cheek the least perceptible shade, then turning, she made some commonplace remark.

I saw that my presence was not relished by her companion, and for that very reason I determined to remain near her as long as possible, if only to pique him. She replied to my questions rather reservedly as I thought, but vouchsafed no opinions of her own, and thinking my company was not desirable, I lifted my hat and walked back to the house.

So ended my first interview. I had but little hope. My romance, I feared, was coming to an abrupt end, and a bitter one. I felt much depressed and as the hours flew on, grew very sad. I loved and my love was useless, unreciprocated. It was the first passion of my heart; it came in manhood: it came in purity and strength; and was it to be wasted—thrown away? I dared not think of it. Unlike the generality of men, I had never experienced boyhood's love; this was my first, and it was a part of my nature, yes, of my life.

During the evening, I lighted a cigar, and walked down upon the sands, to mingle my thoughts and sadness with the low moan of the waves. I was moving slowly along, with my head down and my arms folded upon my chest, when a figure, and that of a woman, obstructed my path. I raised my eyes and surprisedly exclaimed,—

What, Leonora?—that name had been that instant in my mind, and I uttered it before I was aware of it. I quickly added an apology, however, and remarked upon the singularity of her walking out alone.

I like solitude, sometimes, she slowly answered, especially upon the beach where the moon illumines the rushing water with its soft light.

You admire nature—and the drama I added, after a pause.

I could see her expression change under the mellow light and the glorious eyes dilate. In a moment she replied,—

I am certainly fond of both, but I do not understand your coupling of them.

Ah, then, you don't recollect seeing me at Wallack's on the 25th of May last?

I think I do remember that a gentleman stared me out of countenance at the close of the last act.

I coughed rather briskly for a moment. I was not accustomed to sarcasm, and was rather disconcerted. Presently I managed to mutter,—

If you were so very displeased with that gentleman, why did you seek to further his acquaintance?

Mr. Howard you amaze me; pray explain yourself! I have not seen him since that time until—until—

Oh, I will finish the sentence, I interrupted; until this afternoon. Then you did not answer the personal in the "Herald?"

I saw as soon as the words were uttered, that I had made a terrible mistake, that I had ruined my own prospects, and I groaned in spirit. What I intended for the most courteous remarks, were egregious blunders. I was born for a bachelor, for I understood not the art of conversing with woman. I was too quick, too honest. She regarded me angrily a moment, and then said in icy tones.—

Mr. Howard, this question to me? It is an—

A thousand pardons, Miss Hastings, I ejaculated. I assure you I was innocent of any harm. I have a faculty of reversing my ideas when they are framed in words, which does me great injustice.

Then, sir, perhaps you will favor me with an explanation.

Certainly, I returned. And, while walking at her side, I repeated in brief my experiences, and then, in a trembling voice, told her that I loved—

I had proceeded thus far, when her laugh rang out loud and clear, and continued for a moment, to my astonishment and vexation. In a short time she became quiet again, and casting one of those bewitching glances toward me, said, with the utmost indifference and the most provoking coolness,—

What were you saying, Mr. Howard?

I turned my eyes upon her for an instant, and then bidding her a stately good-night, walked away.

Entering my room I anathematized myself in no gentle terms, and I think I merited it. That woman had a peculiar power over me; I could hardly act myself in her presence. I had been accredited with having more than an ordinary share of intellect, but I could make nothing available against her. I was provoked, yes, angry with myself, that I could be so controlled by a woman.

I retired with a commingling of emotions which seemed to drive sleep from my eyes, for hours. Although she had almost scorned me, my love grew stronger; nothing could lessen that; and at mid-night I fell into a light slumber, and dreamed of her, until my awakening upon the subsequent morning.

That day I saw her several times when concealed from her view. I watched her with love and pride; watched her as she talked, her full eyes sending forth gleams of brilliancy, and her beautiful face aglow with the enthusiasm which her subject created; watched her as she rode, and noted with admiration the queenly grace with which she rode her horse; watched her as she walked, and recognized the elegance of each motion; watched her?—yes; until my brain ached with that dread thought—"She is far, far from me!"

The next day I again endeavored to hold a colloquy with her. I selected my favorite subject, and at last, becoming rather interested, I broke forth in a little burst of eloquence, which she seemed to appreciate, for she sat with her hands clasped, those luminous eyes bent pensively upon my face. She heard me patiently through, and then looking me quietly in the face, burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

I leaped to my feet, choked down the angry words that rose to my lips, and walked away, muttering,—

She is a lunatic!

When I reached the door, I turned and glanced at her. I wavered. Ah! that instant she changed her position, and noticing my indecision, remarked,—

What are you waiting for—why don't you go?

A cutting reply arose to my lips, but I merely glanced reproachfully upon her, and left the room. I was puzzled in regard to her. One moment she was sad, pensive, and was disposed to talk common sense, and even philosophize a little; the next, she was blithe, mirthful, and almost hilarious, ignoring everything but frolic, and exultating with frivolity. I felt grieved. I had found her different from what I expected, though that knowledge abated not my love in the least; on the contrary, it seemed to increase it.

The day wore slowly away. I felt ill at ease, and found nothing which could interest me. Evening came, and, after mature deliberation, I determined to leave Newport the next day. It would be the saddest day of my life, but I deemed it best. My resolve was taken, and it would require some extraordinary event to change it.

'Twas a glorious evening, and seating myself at the window I gazed out upon the sea, which tossed and sparkled under the benign rays of the queen of night, while the foam, as it rolled upon the beach, seemed like crescents of silver.

I had not lighted the gas in my room. I

preferred to sit in the mild light that flooded the earth with its brilliancy. Some time had passed, when my meditation was interrupted by hearing voices, which proceeded from the balcony beneath my window, and contiguous to the upper back drawing-room.

I could not help hearing the voices, and I argued to myself that, as it would require little, if any exertion, I might as well hear the words. Accordingly I leaned forward, and presently heard the voice of Mr. Follett, the fop, conveying these words,—

Leonora, why—why is this? You teach me to love you, then cast me from you.

I listened breathlessly for the girl to reply, and in a moment was rewarded by,—

Because I do not love you; the only reason I have been in your company to such an extent is in view of our long acquaintance, and a desire, upon my part, not to injure your feelings.

Leonora, continued Follett, do you love another? Tell me; I think I have a right to ask the question.

My heart thumped loudly against my side, and the instant that intervened ere the answer seemed a day to me; at last it came,— I know not your right, but I will answer; I do.

A sigh swelled up from my heart, which was so painful and distinct to me, that I fancied it must have been heard below. 'Twas well that I had determined to leave on the morrow! And yet, what sorrow those words gave me; with a sort of desperation, I leaned forward to catch the next word.

I will wager, exclaimed the fop, that the favored one is that blockhead, Howard.

Mr. Follett, rejoined Leonora, you have no right to speak thus; leave me, if you please.

I will, Leonora; but first give me a parting kiss.

My blood boiled; I looked out of the window, and measured the distance; it was not over fourteen feet, perhaps less. Anxiously I awaited her reply.

Mr. Follett, she reservedly answered, I will not stay to be thus addressed; I thought you more of a gentleman.

Not yet. By Heaven, Leonora, I will not be refused this! If you will not consent, I will take it without!

As I heard these words, the blood tingled to my fingers' ends; and throwing my body out of the window, I caught the sill in an instant to steady myself, and drooped.

As I touched the balcony, he was about to clasp her in his arms, while she retreated, with her hands thrown out imploringly. Advancing, I grasped the coward by the neck, and hurled him with crashing force against the house, and catching Leonora in my arms, I pressed her to my breast, while her beaming features were raised to mine in silent gratitude, and the glorious eyes spoke the love she had hitherto concealed.

A moment we remained thus, and then entered the house together. The parlor was unoccupied, and seating myself at her side, I took her hands, and said—

Leonora, do you love me?

She made no motion to withdraw her hands, but lifting those heavenly eyes to my face, lowly replied,—

I do, Edward; and have since I first saw you in the St. Nicholas.

I could not speak; my happiness was too great for words; but I drew that beautiful head down upon my shoulder, and imprinted a warm kiss upon those ripe lips.

In a moment I said,—  
Now will you tell me why you have acted so strangely toward me?

Won't you wait a little while, Eddy? and those eyes were directed to mine.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

## THE STAR

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