

The Star,

And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Tuesday, October 29, 1872.

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OCTOBER.

S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
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FOR SALE.

PRESERVES & GROCERIES!

Just Received and For Sale by the Subscriber—
Fresh Cove OYSTERS
 Spiced do.
PINE APPLES
PEACHES
 Strawberries—preserved in Syrup
 Brambleberries do.
 —ALWAYS ON HAND—
A Choice Selection of GROCERIES.
 T. M. CAIRNS.
 Opposite the Premises of Messrs. C. W. Ross & Co.
 Sept. 17.

NOTICES.

J. HOWARD COLLIS,
 Dealer and Importer of
ENGLISH & AMERICAN HARDWARE,
 Picture Moulding, Glass
 Looking Glass, Pictures
 Glassware, &c., &c.
TRACING GEAR,
 (In great variety and best quality) WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
 221 WATER STREET,
 St. John's,
 Newfoundland.
 One door East of P. HURCHES, 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
 —AND—
PERIODICALS.
 Constantly on hand, a varied selection of School and Account Books Prayer and Hymn Books for different denominations Music, Charts, Log Books, Playing Cards 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, Manufacturing 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.

NOTICES.

PAINLESS! PAINLESS!! TEETH

Positively Extracted without Pain
 BY THE USE OF NITROUS OXIDE GAS.
 A NEW AND PERFECTLY SAFE METHOD.

Dr. LOVEJOY & SON,
 OLD PRACTITIONERS OF DENTISTRY, would respectfully offer their services to the Citizens of St. John's, and the outports.
 They can be found from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., at the old residence of Dr. George W. Lovejoy, No. 9, Cathedral Hill, where they are prepared to perform all Dental Operations in the most Scientific and Approved Method.

Dr. L. & Son would state that they were among the first to introduce the Anaesthetic (Nitrous Oxide Gas), and have extracted many thousand Teeth by its use
Without Producing pain,
 with perfect satisfaction. They are still prepared to repeat the same process, which is perfectly safe even to Children. They are also prepared to insert the best Artificial Teeth from one to a whole Set in the latest and most approved style, using none but the best, such a received the highest Premiums at the world's Fair in London and Paris.
 Teeth filled with great care and in the most lasting manner. Special attention given to regulating children's Teeth.
 St. John's, July 9.

W. H. THOMPSON,
 AGENT FOR
Parsons' Purgative Pills.
W. H. THOMPSON,
 AGENT FOR
Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

BANNERMAN & LYON'S
Photographic Rooms,
 Corner of Bannerman and Water Streets.

THE SUBSCRIBERS, having made suitable arrangements for taking a FIRST-CLASS
PICTURE,
 Would respectfully invite the attention of the Public to a
CALL AT THEIR ROOMS.
 Which they have gone to a considerable expense in fitting up.
 Their Prices are the LOWEST ever afforded to the Public; And with the addition of a NEW STOCK of INSTRUMENTS, CHEMICALS and other Material in connection with the art, they hope to give entire satisfaction.
ALEXR. BANNERMAN,
E. WILKS LYON.
 tff
 May 14.

G. F. BARNES,
Blacksmith & Farrier,

BEGS respectfully to acquaint his numerous patrons and the public generally, that he is EVER READY to give entire satisfaction in his line of business. All work executed in substantial manner, and with despatch.
 OFF LeMarchant St., North of Gas House.
 Sept. 17.

W. H. THOMPSON,
 AGENT FOR
Fellows' Compound Syrup
 OF
HYPOPHOSPHITES.

P O E T R Y .

A Fisher-Girl.

Aloft on the cliff, in a shining row,
 Seven sea-gulls preening their breasts of snow;
 A wild surf breaking for evermore
 In mellow thunder on shoal and shore.

The waste sand dunes, by the salt wind kissed,
 Peer out from the curtains of creeping mist,
 With a sparkle of morning, and over the bay
 The swift sails melt like a dream away.

The tide runs in, and the tide runs out,
 Leaping the low reefs with riot and shout,
 And fair little Muriel sits in the sun,
 Counting her treasures one by one;

A curious pebble, a dainty shell
 Shaped like an Elfin diving-bell;
 A bit of amber, a coral spar,
 Spoils of the tropic seas afar;

A wonderful, weird, sea-woven crown
 Of weeds and mosses, purple and brown;
 Such coronals as the Lurie fair
 Braids from the sheen of her golden hair.

And sweet little Muriel, woman-wise,
 Over her tresses the garland tries,
 And never a Naiad blushed and smiled
 In fairer guise than the fisher child.

With cheeks like the pink anemone,
 And eyes as blue as the blue of the sea;
 Her bare white feet, and the bubbling snow
 Blushing under the rim of her bodice low;

Her scarlet lips, her teeth like pearls,
 And the shining rain of her wind-blown curls,
 That break from her garland in ripple and ring,
 Yellow as daffodils born in spring;

Over her dimpled shoulders, white
 As the combing surf in the wan moonlight
 Down to her supple waist they shine,
 Flecked with the spray of the dancing brine.

Skimming the shallows, her darling's boat
 Ruffles the shining foam afloat;
 And wings, and the shadows of wings, flit over
 The sunlit path of her fisher-lover.

Up the shingle the white wave slips,
 And a wild song bubbles across her lips:
 "The winds are merry, the fair ships ride
 The tumbling gold of the rolling tide."

"Oh, youth is rosy, and love is sweet,
 But sorrow follows with lagging feet,
 And beauty fades, and life grows gray,
 But love is the youth of the heart for aye!"

EXTRACTS.

Great Fire at the Palace of the Escorial.

A telegram from Madrid states that the celebrated monastery at Escorial was struck by lightning on the 1st inst. The dome and tower had fallen on the Royal Palace and set fire to the splendid library and manuscripts. The fire brigades and engineers left Madrid for the scene of disaster with all the necessary appliances and material. The following is the latest telegram which has been received as to the progress of the fire:—
 "Madrid, Thursday.
 With the assistance despatched from the capital the fire at the Escorial has been localised, and active measures are progressing to save the grand library. Numerous books and parchments have already been saved."

Description of the Escorial.

The Escorial, or, as it is proudly styled by the Spaniards, "the eighth wonder of the world," was built by Philip II. of Spain and is said to have engrossed more than thirty years of his life. It is situated twenty-four miles from Madrid, and even in its glory was one of the dreariest royal residences in the world. In this it reflects in a peculiar manner the morbidity of mind which characterised its builder. The common tradition that Philip built the palace in pursuance of a vow which he made at the time of the great battle of St. Quintin, the 10th of August, 1557, has been doubted. It is certain that the designed to commemorate the by this structure, as is intimated by the dedication to St. Lawrence, the martyr on whose day the victory was gained. The building was designed expressly as a mausoleum for Philip's parents, as well as for their descendants of the Royal line of Austria. But the erection of a religious

house on a magnificent scale that would proclaim to the world his devotion to the faith was the leading idea in the mind of Philip. It was, moreover, a part of his scheme to combine in the plan a palace for himself; for with a taste which he may be said to have inherited from his father, he loved to live in the sacred shadows of the cloister. The site selected is among the mountains of the Guadarrama, on the borders of New Castile, and to the north-west of Madrid. The healthiness of the place, and its convenient distance from the capital, combined with the stern and solitary character of the region, so congenial to his taste, give it the preference over all other spots. Encompassed by rude and rocky hills, which sometimes seemed to be shut out completely from the world. The air was salubrious, and the winds swept down from the neighbouring sierra with the violence of a hurricane. In April of 1563 the first stone of the monastery was laid, and in August of the following year the King laid the corner stone with his own hands. During the years of its erection Philip's visits to the scene of labor were long and frequent. In 1577, the Escorial was so far advanced towards completion as to afford accommodation not merely for Philip and his personal attendants, but for many of the Court, who were in the habit of spending some time with the King there during the summer. On one of these occasions one of the great towers of the monastery was struck with lightning and in a short time the upper portion of the building was in a blaze. The tower trembled under the fury of the flames, and fell, carrying with it a splendid chime of bells. Sundry inestimable relics perished in the flames, but Philip's sorrow was mitigated when he learned that a bit of the "true Cross" and the right arm of St. Lawrence were rescued from the flames. As regards the architectural merits of the building, few foreigners are found to acquiesce in the undiluted panegyric of the Castilians. The traveller who gazes on its cold lines of grey stone, scarcely broken by an ornament, feels a dreary sensation creeping over him. It is impossible to view it from a distance, and see the mighty pile as it emerges from the depths of the mountains, without feeling how perfectly it conforms in its aspect to the wild and melancholy scenery of the Sierra. Nor can one enter the consecrated precincts without confessing the genius of the place, and experiencing sensations of a mysterious awe as he wanders through the desolate halls, which fancy peoples with images of the past. The architect of the building had to comprehend in the edifice at once a convent, a palace and a tomb. He had, moreover, another difficulty of a more whimsical nature to surmount. The plan of the building had to be accommodated to the form of a gridiron—as typical to the kind of martyrdom suffered by its patron saint. Thus, the long lines of cloisters with their intervening courts seemed as the bars of the instrument. The four lofty spires at the corners of the Monastery represented its legs inverted; and the palace extending its slender length on the east furnished its awkward handle. The entire pile according to current accounts, has 48 wine cellars, 80 staircases, 800 columns, 73 fountains, 1,860 rooms, 11,000 windows 14,000 doors, and cost £3,000,000. Probably no single edifice ever contained such an amount and variety of inestimable treasures as the Escorial,—so many paintings and exquisite workmanship, composed of the most precious materials. Philip the Second gathered to it several hundred cases of the bones of saints and martyrs, depositing them in rich silver shrines of elaborate workmanship. He collected four volumes in various languages as the basis of the fine library of the Escorial. The care of successive princes preserved the palace-monastery from the rude touch of time; but they failed to save it from violence. The French saw in the Escorial a monument of their own defeat. A body of dragons burst into the monastery in 1808, and the ravages of a few days demoralised what it had cost years and the highest efforts of art to construct. The apprehension of similar violence from the Carlists in 1837 led to the removal of the finest paintings to Madrid. The Escorial ceased to be a royal residence. Tenantless and unprotected it was left to the fury of the blasts which swept down the hills of the Guadarrama. Of the three objects to which the edifice was devoted, one alone survives that of a mausoleum for the royal line of Castile. The spirit of the dead broods over the place—of the sceptred dead who lie in the same dark chamber where they have lain for centuries unconscious of the changes on all around them. There is still an effort to keep it up in its forlorn condition by grants from the State.—Newcastle Chronicle.

Munson, of Worcester, used occasionally to be absent from his flock on missionary tours into distant States. Upon a certain summer Sabbath, having just returned from one of these excursions, he found his congregation quite drowsy, and for the purpose of waking them up he broke off in the midst of his sermon, and began to tell them of what wonderful things he had seen in York State. Among other wonders he said he had there seen the largest mosquitoes it had ever been his fortune to fall in with—so large in fact, that many of them would weigh a pound!
 The good people were by this time wide awake.
 "Yes," continued the parson; "and, moreover, they have been known to climb up a tree and bark!"
 The congregation were sleepy no more on that day. On the day following two of the deacons waited upon Parson Munson, and informed him that the members of his parish were much scandalized by the big stories he had told them from the pulpit.
 "What stories?" said the parson, with innocent surprise.
 "Why, sir, you said that you had seen mosquitoes in York State that would weigh a pound."
 "I said," returned the parson, explanatorily, "that many of them would weigh a pound; and I do really think that a great many of them would weigh a pound."
 "Well—but," continued the elder deacon, with a slight choking in his utterance, "you said they had been known to climb up a tree and bark."
 "Certainly," said the parson, with an assuring nod. "As to their climbing up on a tree, I have seen them do that here in Worcester county; haven't you, Deacon?"
 "O, yes—I have seen 'em do that."
 "Well,—how could they climb a tree without climbing on the bark?"
 The good deacons went their way with something like a mosquito humming in their ears.

Poisoned Sweetmeats.

Dr. Pattinson, an analytical chemist, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, has been making an examination into the quality of sweetmeats, such as are usually sold to children.
 He found that out of thirty-five different kinds, obtained from twenty different dealers, twenty-eight were colored with poisonous material. The poison most commonly used is some preparation of lead.

Temperance Tracts.

A singular statement is made in an Auburn newspaper. A few weeks ago, a gentleman who was passing through Auburn left a package of 500 temperance tracts with the chaplain of the prison, for circulation among the convicts. The tracts were searchingly scrutinized by the chaplain, who found that they were written with great care, and likely to do good. They discussed the various aspects of the temperance question, and among other things mentioned the various drugs and poisons of which liquors are often made, giving analyses and explanations of the way they are manufactured, with a view to show how deleterious they are to health. The tracts were distributed. Soon afterward various convicts were found in an intoxicated condition. On investigation, it came to light that a number of them had actually made use of the recipes in the tracts, and produced a kind of whiskey, on which those in the secret had been revealing light detected. How they obtained the materials from which to make it is not stated.

Cure for Diseased Potatoes.

The potato disease, so bad in Ireland this year has appeared in several places in Canada, though in a mitigated form. A gentleman, who expresses himself as quite certain as to the efficiency of his recipe for treating diseased potatoes—a subject which is just now engaging much attention in the English press—sends us the following:—
 "Take the potatoes up as quickly as possible, expose them to the sun for twelve days, or thereabouts, and the disease is completely stopped. They can then be kept for a length of time (say six months) when they can be converted into starch, for food or for use in the laundry."
 The recipe is worthy the attention of agriculturists.—Toronto Mail.

A Parson's Strategy.

The following is old—it belonged to the last generation—but it may be new to many of the present day. Old Parson