

and rest and peace steal over the features like the merciful moonlight over a desolate landscape.

The guano is a fine bird, but great care is necessary in rearing it. It should not be imported earlier than June nor later than September.

It is evident that we are to have a backward season for grain. Therefore it will be well for the farmer to begin setting out his corn-stalks and planting his buck-wheat cakes early in July instead of August.

Concerning the Pumpkin—This berry is a favourite with the natives of the late or New England, who prefer it to the gooseberry for making fruit cake, and who likewise give it the preference over the raspberry for feeding cows, as being more filling and fully as satisfying.

Now, as the warm weather approaches, and the gardeners begin to spawn—

The excited listener sprang toward me to shake hands, and said:

There, there—that will do! I know I am all right now, because you have read it just as I did, word for word. But, stranger, when I first read it this morning I said to myself, I never, never, believed it before, notwithstanding my friends kept me under watch so strict, but now I believe I am crazy, and with that I fetched a howl that you might have heard two miles, and started out to kill somebody—because, you know, I knew it would come to that sooner or later, and so I might as well begin.

I read one of them paragraphs over again, so as to be certain, and then I burned my house down and started. I have crippled several people, and have got one fellow up a tree, where I can get him if I want him.

But I thought I would call in here as I passed along and make the thing perfectly certain; and now it is certain, and I tell you it is lucky for the chap that is in the tree. I should have killed him, sure, as I went back. Good-by, sir, good by.

—you have taken a great load off my mind. My reason has stood the strain of one of your agricultural articles, and I know that nothing can ever unseat it now. Good-by, sir.

I felt a little uncomfortable about the crimpings and arsons this person had been entertaining himself with, for I could not help feeling remotely accessory to them; but these thoughts were quickly banished, for the regular editor walked in!

I thought to myself, Now if you had gone to Egypt as I recommended you to, I might have had a chance to get my hand in; but you wouldn't do it, and here you are. I sort of expected you.]

The editor was looking sad, and perplexed, and dejected. He surveyed the wreck which that rioter and these two young farmers had made, and then said:

This is a sad business—a very sad business. There is the mullage bottle broken, and six panes of glass, and a spittoon and two candlesticks. But that is not the worst. The reputation of the paper is injured, and permanently, I fear.

True, there never was such a call for the paper before, and it never sold such a large edition or soared to such celebrity; but does one want to be famous for lunacy, and prosper upon the infirmities of his mind? My friend as I am an honest man, the street out there is full of people and others are roosting on the fences, waiting to get a glimpse of you, because they think you are crazy. And well they might after reading your editorials. They are a disgrace to journalism. Why, what put it in your head that you could edit a paper of this nature? You do not seem to know the first rudiments of agriculture.

You speak of a furrow and a harrow as being the same thing; you talk of the moulting season for cows; and you recommend the domestication of the pole-cat on account of its playfulness and its excellence as a ratler. Your remark that clams will lie quiet if music be played to them is superfluous—entirely superfluous. Nothing disturbs clams. Clams always lie quiet. Clams care nothing whatever about music. Ah, heavens and earth, friend, if you had made the acquiring of ignorance the study of your life, you could not have graduated with higher honor than you could to-day. I never saw anything like it. Your observation that the horse-chestnut, as an article of commerce, is steadily gaining in favor, is simply calculated to destroy this journal. I want you to throw up your situation and go. I want no more holiday—I could not enjoy it if I had it. Certainly not with you in my chair. I would always stand in dread of what you were going to recommend next. It makes me lose all patience every time I think of your discussing oyster beds under the head of "Landscape Gardening." I want you to go. Nothing on earth could persuade me to give another holiday. Oh, why didn't you tell me you didn't know anything about agriculture.

Tell you you cornstalk, you cabbage, you son of a cauliflower! It's the first time I ever heard such an unfeeling remark. I tell you I have been in the editorial business going on fourteen years, and it is the first time I ever heard of a man's having to know anything in order to edit a newspaper. You turnip! Who writes the dramatic critiques for the second rate papers? Why, a parcel of promoters of shoe-makers and apprentice apothecaries, who know just as much about good writing as I do about good farming, and no more. Who review the books? People who never wrote one. Who do up the heavy leaders on finance? Parties who have had the largest opportunity of knowing nothing about it. Who criticise the Indian campaigns? Gentlemen who do

not know a war whoop from a wigwag, and who never have had to run a foot-race with a tomhawk or pluck arrows out of the several members of their families to build the evening camp-fire with.

Who write the temperance appeals and clamor about the flowing bowl? Folks who will never draw another sober breath till they do it in the grave. Who edit the agricultural papers, you—yam? Men, as a general thing, who fail in the poetry line, yellow-covered novel line, sensation-drama line, city editor line, and finally fall back on agriculture as a temporary reprieve from the poor house.

You try to tell me anything about the newspaper business! Sir, I have been through it from Alpha to Omega, and I tell you that the less a man knows the bigger noise he makes and the higher salary he commands. Heaven knows if I had been ignorant instead of cultivated, and impudent instead of diffident, I could have made a name for myself in this cold selfish world. I take my leave, sir. Since I have been treated as you have treated me, I am perfectly willing to go. But I have done my duty. I have fulfilled my contract, as far as I was permitted to do it. I said I could make your paper of interest to all classes, and I have. I said I could run your circulation up to twenty thousand copies, and if I had two more weeks I'd have done it. And I'd have given you the best class of readers that ever an agricultural paper had—not a farmer in it, nor a solitary individual who could tell a watermelon from a peach-vine to save his life. You are the loser by this rupture, not me, Pie-plant. Adios. I then left.

THE STAR.

HARBOR GRACE, AUG. 30, 1873.

THE mail steamer "Nestorian" arrived at St. John's on Thursday. The late American papers to hand contain an unusual amount of thrilling and exciting, as well as highly interesting, news. As there would seem to be little of local interest to record just now, we devote a large portion of to-day's paper to various quotations from our American contemporaries.

THE Truro "Sun" of the 20th inst., furnishes its readers with the following "spicy" little wolf story, the scene of which appears to be the Straits of Belle Isle. We are rather inclined to think that our Truro contemporary has been badly imposed upon, as we are in receipt of recent advices from Lance a Loup, from which we hear not a word about the "broken up settlement," or the devouring propensity of the wolves in that quarter:—

"Advices from Lance a Loup, Labrador, report that wolves in immense numbers have appeared, for the first time in many years, among the settlements near the Straits of Belle Isle, and entirely broken up one settlement. On the night of July 1st they attacked a party, killing and devouring three men and one woman. The same night they attacked the tent of Captain Charles Murray, an Englishman on a hunting tour, and were driven off by rapid firing on them, not, however, until they had torn the tent into small pieces."

POLICE INSPECTOR MCCARTHY, who succeeds the late Inspector Foley, came passenger by the "Hibernian" on Friday last.

As in the case of Inspector Foley, this gentleman was selected by the authorities in the Colonial Office in London. Our Government having delegated the selection of a new Police Inspector to the Colonial Minister, Inspector McCarthy was, we understand, strongly recommended as a most efficient officer, one in every respect fitted for the position he was required to fill. We may be sure that his qualifications were thoroughly well canvassed by the Minister for the Colonies before any decision respecting him was arrived at, and the endorsement of such high authority should be quite sufficient to satisfy us that in Inspector McCarthy we shall have a worthy successor to Inspector Foley. We wish him every success, and trust that, as in the case of his lamented predecessor, the more we know of him the better we shall like him.—*Chronicle.*

BY AUTHORITY.—His Excellency the Governor in Council has been pleased to appoint John Wilcox, Esq., J. P., to be an additional Commissioner of the Public Wharf and Breakwater at Brigus. Secretary's Office, August 20th, 1873. Gazette.

We are glad to find that Newfoundland is battling against the ocean cable monopoly. The right of pre-emption reserved to the Island was a wise one in the interest of that colony. Great Britain and her possessions, and indeed the whole world. It is not desirable that any one man or company should have, for all time, the exclusive right of landing cables on the Island. We trust that the right of pre-emption has been legally secured by the Island and will not be surrendered.—*St. John Daily Telegraph, July 29.*

CAPT. GLOYER has been commissioned to raise and command 7000 natives for service against the Ashantees.

Latest Despatches.

LONDON, Aug. 22.—The Claimant's counsel has finished; address commenced on 22nd inst.

The Spanish communist prisoners will reinforce the Cuban army.

An attempt to release the Bank of England forgers from Newgate failed.

OTTAWA, 22.—The Royal Commission after issuing subpoenas for the attendance of witnesses left for home, and will meet early next week.

The Montreal local contest was sharp at the close of the poll, last night. McGawran, stood 630; Howley, 480; McShane, 479.

NEW YORK, 22.—Grant and family are back to Long Branch.

Gold 116.

PORT HASTINGS, 25.—Terrific storm last night; much damage done round the coast. Wires prostrated. Several American fishermen ashore at Port Hood, Mulgrave, and Hawkesbury.

OTTAWA, 25.—McMullen has sued the Montreal "Gazette" for libel. Damages, \$50,000.

PORT HASTINGS, 27.—The storm of Sunday night has devastated the Island. Immense destruction of shipping with considerable loss of life. Hundreds of houses and barns blown down, with several churches. Grain crops destroyed. Acres of forest prostrated, blocking up roads and destroying wires. Nothing approaching this storm in violence has occurred since 1870.

LONDON, 24th.—The Carlists are organizing for a movement on Madrid.

The Cartagena insurgents vigorously respond to the fire of the Spanish fleet, sanguine of aid from Communists in other cities.

PORT HASTINGS, 28.—Further details of storm report 28 wrecks at North Sydney and 26 at Cow Bay and the breakwater badly damaged.

Bellorisc pier also suffered.

The steamer "Saltwell," from London to Sydney, foundered off Scateric on Sunday night. The Captain and 14 hands were saved in a life-boat; one boat with six hands lost alongside; another boat with nine hands missing, but supposed to be in Louisburg.

At Port Caledonia three vessels were driven ashore, and will probably be total wrecks. Eleven were badly damaged at Big Bras d'Or. The barque "Eureka," of New York, was driven ashore and all hands lost.

The Strait is full of damaged mackerel.

The Magdalen Islands are strewn with wrecks; no loss of life reported.

NEWS ITEMS.

The London *Figaro*, snubs "Eli Perkins" very neatly for attempting to get himself and his thin literary wares puff'd in its columns.

No less than 2,245 British officers have presented memorials complaining of their "positions and prospects" consequent upon the abolition of purchase.

It is stated that the election of members to represent P. E. Island in the Dominion House of Commons, will take place on September 17.

ONE of the stories of Wall street is, that Henry N. Smith, the well known speculator, has lost \$1,500,000 in the last three months, but expects to make it up in the next three.

THE fire which took place at Quebec on the 19th inst., destroyed William Drums Factory and Lumber Yard. It was worth \$120,000, and is only insured for \$20,000.

MR. SERGEANT SIMON began a speech the other day in the House of Commons on the judiciary bill with the assertion that "he could not keep silence without saying a few words." The House exploded with laughter.

A WRITER in the *Temps*, discussing the origin of the word shah, says, "A last remark which I dedicate to chess players. Do they know the origin of the word 'checkmate'? It is a literal translation of the Arabic *Es cheik mat*—the sheikh (king) is dying."

THE Boston *Globe* states that Colonel George H. Butler, the nephew of General Ben. Butler, and for some time Consul-General in Egypt, is now employed in Europe as a writer, on behalf of Don Carlos, in whose army he holds a commission as General, with the expectation of being made Captain General of Cuba when Don Carlos obtains the throne of Spain.

It is reported from Cobourg that, to the great disgust of all widows and maidens, especially of such somewhat advanced in years, the Landtag has voted a resolution abolishing the so-called "bachelor tax," an institution of great service to the gentler sex. Until now there existed in that country the custom of deducting a certain percentage from the bequests of every deceased bachelor, which his heirs were obliged to pay.

A Dog Story.

It does not make any difference whether your name is Keyser or not, if you want to buy a dog, there is one for sale cheap on a canal boat now braving the billows somewhere east of Frankfort. The captain of the boat is an Oswego man, and it is but one short week since he spliced his main brace and let out the reefs in his driver and got three sheets in the wind, and made all necessary preparations for a prosperous voyage. His wife sang, write me a letter, love, in the cabin; his children played on deck; his steeds aired their frames on the tow-path, his hand was on the rudder, and his mate was just recovering from a farewell attack of 'delirium tremens' in the forward cabin. The captain gazed proudly around him, and could think of nothing necessary to complete his happiness; but his wife, wiser than he, thought they needed a dog—a nice Newfoundland—to play with the children, fish them out when they fell into the canal, and watch the deck hands when the captain was off after groceries.

Coming through West Utica on Saturday, the captain bought a nice Newfoundland dog. He got him at a bargain; in fact, he got him for nothing, so to speak, because the man who owned the dog was not around at the time the bargain was made. The captain had the dog, but still he was not happy. The dog had a way of barking at passing crafts, and so drew upon his captain's heat frequent showers of coal and wood, and he would dive down the steep steps into the cabin suddenly and upset the captain's wife. Once he lit right on the table and spoiled a pound of butter and he was altogether too playful.

Yesterday the captain, who is a pious man, tied up, and put out his plank just east of the city, and started with his children to go to the park and to observe the day after the manner of the vicinity. The dog started too, and as soon as he got on shore he began to caper and wag his tail, and so wagged one of the children flat on its blessed back. The baby yelled, and the captain made some tender remarks as he set it on its pious feet, and some other remarks as he shook his fist at the dog. The dog misunderstood the man and came running back, full of fun, and made a jump to lick his face. He missed the man, but he knocked the other child into the canal, and the father, without waiting to make any remarks, jumped in after it. The dog, being to the water born, knew just what to do, and he went crawling off to get a good headway, barking to himself at every jump, and just as the man got to the top of the water with his darling child the dog took a flying leap of about 20 feet, and struck on the top of the man. Well, the water that man spurted around was boiling hot with the oaths he spluttered with it, and his wife pranced around on the deck of the boat, and flung a pole to the old man, which the dog promptly dragged and pulled ashore, and that captain was nearly drowned before he trod the shore again.

The dog is an intelligent animal—very intelligent animal; and just as soon as he saw that mariner's face he knew that something was wrong, so he slunk up the plank on board. The captain gathered what loose granite and lumber he could in a hurried but earnest search, and marched up the plank. The grimmest figure of Neptune ever done in Mohawk Valley mud. As soon as he got on board he opened a hot fire on the dog, and that sagacious brute went welping through the forward hatch and stuck in the bunk, where the mate lay musing about the devil. When the mate saw the dog he thought the evil one had come for him sure enough, and he braced himself for one last fight, so that when the captain jumped down in pursuit of the dog, there was a mutual misunderstanding all round. The captain's wife looked down and tried to explain, but there was a confused whirlpool of bunk boards and hair, and bedding, and legs and arms, with an occasional infusion of dog, that it seemed idle to waste her breath in talking to such a circus.

To-day the bow of that fatal craft cuts the water solely, and at the helm stands the wreck of that captain, fastened together with strips of plaster, and smelling of liniment, and ever and anon he surrenders the rudder to his wife, while he goes forward to hammer a dejected dog, which is for sale, and listen to the ravings of the maniac confined under the forward hatch.

The New York "Daily Graphic" publishes the following notice:—"The managers of the 'Daily Graphic' would respectfully call the attention of navigators and all having command of vessels which may leave American ports during the coming month, to the fact that it is intended that the transatlantic expedition of Professor Wise and Mr. W. H. Donaldson shall leave the city of New York, for Europe, some day

late in August or early in September, which will hereafter be definitely announced. The balloon will carry two life boats and every part of the apparatus capable of being detached will be legibly inscribed with the words, 'The Daily Graphic.' Mariners are requested in case any articles so marked are picked up by them, to ascertain the locality where found, that all necessary particulars may be published. During the progress of the balloon, the aeronauts will throw over in the night time torpedoes, which will explode on striking the water, for the purpose of marking the direction they are traversing. In case the balloon gives out before it reaches the land, the passengers will have recourse to the boats, in which emergency, it is hoped, they may be seen and rescued by any vessel passing near.

DR. RUSSEL in a recent letter to the New York "Times," presents the Prince of Wales in a character he has not been supposed to fill. Few people he says in England are aware of the deep interest taken by the Prince of Wales in the politics of his country in its external relations. He carries on an immense correspondence with the great people of Europe, and if the forms of our Government and the jealousy of the House of Commons did not prevent his direct participation in affairs he would be a most valuable minister "sans portefeuille" of our Foreign Secretary or Prime Minister. There is not a minister, a man of note in Europe, with whom he is not personally acquainted, and his wonderful insight into personal character serves him better than a long apprenticeship to blue books and papers does other men.

WE ("Halifax Chronicle") last evening received from a correspondent at Bridgewater, LaHave, an account of an affair which has caused much excitement there. It appears that a man named Peter Mailman who resides on Pleasant River road, about six miles from Bridgewater, went into the woods in company with his wife, on Monday, the 9th, to pick berries. About two hours later he returned alone, and his wife has not since been seen. His daughter asked him where her mother was, and he replied that she had gone to a neighbor's to reap. The daughter subsequently saw this neighbor, and he said that Mrs. Mailman had not been there. Suspicion naturally fell on the husband. He went to the woods again and set fire to them. On Saturday night he threatened to kill the daughter. He said the people of the village would be after him next day, and if caught he would be hanged. He took two small children with him to the woods, and it is feared that he has killed them. He is reported to be a very bad man, and to have ill-used his wife lately. The constables are searching for him.

BRIDGEWATER, Aug. 20,

On the 9th, Peter Mailman of Branch, Bridgewater, took his wife into the woods, near his house and murdered her, then to hide his crime set fire to the woods. Nothing but the charred bones, &c., remained of the woman. He went for his children to hang them, but he made his intentions too public, and was arrested. He now rests in the prison house of Lunenburg.

BIRTH.

On the 27th instant, the wife of Mr. W. C. Noble, of a daughter.

MARRIED.

At Toronto, on the 6th instant, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. J. J. Rice, Jas. M. Ewing, to Selah, daughter of Mr. S. Loveys, all of St. John's, Newfoundland.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF HARBOR GRACE.

ENTERED.

Aug. 28.—Ravenwood, Layton, Sydney coal—John Munn & Co.

PORT OF ST. JOHN'S

ENTERED.

Aug. 23.—Portia, Harvey, Liverpool—Rowling Bros.

25.—Wolf, Hiscock, Greenock—W. Grievé & Co.

Dauntless, Lang, Cow Bay—G. F. Bown.

Gertrude, Sampson, Figueira—J & W Stewart.

Restaurador, Baza, Cadiz—J & W Stewart.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Caution!

HEREBY caution all persons against employing or harboring MICHAEL SWENEY, an indentured apprentice, who has deserted from my service. PATRICK FOX, Carbonear, Aug. 26, 1873.