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THE STAR

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LEGAL DECISIONS IN NEWSPAPER CASES.

1.—Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed to his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

THE STAR.

THURSDAY, MAY 6th, 1875.

The Northern Circuit Court opened here yesterday. Chief Justice presiding.

From appearances, and reports which have reached us within the last fortnight we cannot but entertain very doubtful anticipations indeed of the general successful results of the seal fishery.

Parties requiring good work in the Photograph line would do well to read the following complimentary notice to Mr. Wood, St. John's:

"I can confidently recommend any persons wishing to get old pictures of any kind enlarged and coloured in ink oil, or water, to Mr. Page Wood, Photographer, St. John's, who can execute them in a style and finish not to be surpassed. He has done some work for me, and I can therefore bear witness to the excellent manner in which it was performed.

G. MACKINSON

TO THE EDITOR MORNING CHRONICLE

In looking over your paper of yesterday I was struck forcibly with the justice of your remarks relative to the communication to the Courier of 20th inst., and although I have always been a sympathiser (to a certain extent) with the present Government, yet I am sorry to admit that some of their proceedings have been anything but just to (at present) an overburdened but patient people.

I have to apologize, Mr. Editor for occupying so much of your valuable space but there are times when our native spirit will rise, and the thought of long borne injustice will seek redress, and I do most earnestly hope the redress of a patriotic people is near at hand.

I remain, dear Sir Yours truly NEWFOUNDLANDER.

To the Editor of the Courier

The Chronicle, which is very unparliamentary in its comments, has been very hard upon Mr. Rogerson lately, and at other times upon Mr. Ayre, but these gentlemen are made to suffer for the acts of those with whom they are associated, and whom they are not allowed to influence so much as they should.

Now these are comparatively honest politicians and on the whole good and well meaning men although they may sometimes carry their peculiar ideas too far, and even the Chronicle might be expected to do them justice when they deserve it, and when a sometimes happens they are bold and independent enough to give expression to their opinions, even against their political party.

Let it at all events be placed to their credit and recorded in letters of gold, that the other night in the House these two, Messrs Rogerson & Ayre and Mr. Steer, voted against the whole of their party then present, when it was proposed and carried by the Government (the opposition, shame to them, voting for it, too with the Government party!) that to the Speakers pay should be added about fifty pounds more than had been allowed to any previous Speaker.

Let it be remembered to his honor that Mr. Ayre denounced this imposition in very plain terms and told them that he had connected himself with politics for the purpose of establishing a reformed and improved Government, but that it appears to him (Ayre) had never been a Government that was a greater sword than at present, and that he for one would be glad to join in forming a better.

I remain, Yours truly HONOR TO WILSON HONOR, April 20, 1875.

Fortune Bay April 6, 1875.

TO THE EDITOR MORNING CHRONICLE.

On the 23rd January last between the hours of three and four A. M., Joseph Denef, master of the American fishing schooner "C. H. Price" belonging to the firm of Whalen, Salem, Massachusetts, clandestinely and mysteriously conveyed away a girl named Mary Ann Skinner, aged 14 years, youngest daughter of William and Elizabeth Skinner, St. John's, Fortune Bay. What has since become of this unfortunate child is not known but the fact of her having no other friend or protector than the villain who, to gratify his brutish lust, hesitated not to enslave and tear her away from her home and friends, would lead one to form no very good hope for her safety and is but a better consolation to her afflicted and almost heart-broken parents.

This Joseph Denef is a native of St. John's Newfoundland, whose blackguard propensities have in no way rendered his name less famous in Salem Massachusetts during his short career there than we may suppose they did in St. John's.

THE WHISKEY WAR.

AN ANGEL IN A SALOON.

One afternoon in the month of June, a lady in deep mourning, followed by a little child, entered one of the most noted whiskey saloons in the city of N. The writer happened to be passing at the time, and, prompted by curiosity, followed her in to see what would ensue. Stepping up to the bar, and addressing the proprietor, she said: "Sir, can you assist me? I have no home, no friends, and am not able to work."

He glanced at her and then at the child, with a mingled look of curiosity and pity. Evidently he was much surprised to see a woman in such a place, begging; but, without asking any questions, gave her some change, and turning to those present he said: "Gentlemen, here is a lady in distress. Can't some of you help her a little?"

They cheerfully acceded to the request, and soon a purse of two dollars was put into her hand.

Madam, said the gentleman who gave her the money, why do you come to a saloon? It isn't a proper place for a lady, and why are you driven to such a step?

Sir, said the lady, I know it isn't a proper place for a lady to be in, and you ask me why I am driven to such a step. I will tell you in one short word, pointing to a bottle behind the counter labelled "whiskey"—that is what brought me here—whiskey. I was once happy and surrounded by all the luxuries wealth could produce, with a fond, indulgent husband. But in an evil hour he was tempted, and not possessing the will to resist, fell, and in one short year my dream of happiness was over, my home was ever desolate, and the kind husband, and the wealth that some called mine, lost—lost never to return; and all by the accursed wine-cup. You see before you only the wreck of my former self—homeless and friendless, with nothing left me in this world but this little child; and weeping bitterly, she affectionately caressed the golden curls that shaded a face of exquisite loveliness.

Regarding her composure, and turning to the proprietor of the saloon she continued: "Sir, the reason why I occasionally enter a place like this is to implore those who deal in this deadly poison to desist; to stop a business that spreads desolation, ruin, poverty, and starvation. Think one moment of your own loved ones, and then imagine them in the situation I am in. I appeal to your better nature. I appeal to your kind heart—for I know you possess a kind one—to retire from a business so ruinous to your patrons.

Do you know the money you take across the bar is the same as taking the bread out of the mouth of the famishing? That it strips the clothing from their backs, deprives them of all the comforts of this life, and thrown unhappiness misery, and desolation into their once happy homes? Oh! sir, I implore, beseech, and pray you to retire from a business you blush to own you are engaged in before your fellow men, and enter one that will not only be profitable to yourself but, to your fellow creatures also. You will excuse me if I have spoken too plainly but I could not help it when I thought of the misery, the unhappiness and the suffering it has caused me.

Madam, I am not offended, he answered, in a voice husky with emotion, but I thank you from the bottom of my heart for what you have said.

Mamma, said the little girl—who, meantime, had been spoken to by some of the gentlemen present—taking hold of her mother's hand, these gentlemen want me to sing 'Little Bessie' for them. Shall I do so?

They all joined in the request, and placing her in the chair she sang, in a sweet, childish voice, the following beautiful words:

"Out in the gloomy night, sadly I roam; I have no mother dear, no pleasant home; No one cares for me, no one would cry, Even if poor little Bessie would die, Weary and tired I've been wandering all day, Asking for work, but I'm too small they say; On the dump ground I must now lay my head, Father's a drunkard, and mother is dead."

We were so happy till father drank rum, Then at our sorrow and troubles began, Mother grew pale, and wept every day; Baby and I we too hungry to play, Slowly they faded, till one summer night Found their dead faces all sient and white; Then with big tears slowly dropping; I said, 'Father's a drunkard and mother is dead!'

Oh! if the temperance men only could see that Rob, wretched father, and take very good care if they would stop him from drinking then I should be very happy again. Is it too late temperance men? Please try, Or poor little Bessie must soon starve and die. All the day long I've been begging for bread; Father's a drunkard and mother is dead."

The game of billiards was left unfinished the cards thrown aside, and the unemptied glasses remained on the counter; all pressed near, some with pity beaming eyes, entranced with the musical voice and beauty of the child who seemed better fitted to be with angels than in such a place.

The scene I shall never forget till my dying day, and the sweet cadence of her musical voice still rings in my ears, and from her lips sank deep into the hearts of those gathered around her. With her golden hair falling carelessly around her shoulders and looking so trustfully and confidently upon the gentlemen around her, the beautiful eyes illuminated with a light that seemed not of this earth, she formed a picture of purity and innocence worthy the genius of a poet or painter.

At the close of the song many were weeping, men who had not shed a tear for years wept like children. One young man who had resisted with scorn the pleadings of a loving mother and entreaties of friends to strive and lead a better life, to desist from a course that was wasting his fortune and ruining his health, now approached the child, and taking both hands in his while tears streamed down his cheeks, exclaimed in deep emotion:

God bless you, my little angel. You have saved me from ruin and disgrace, from poverty and a drunkard's grave, if there are angels on earth, you are one! God bless you! God bless you! Putting a note into the hands of the mother, the young man continued: "Please accept this trifle as a token of my regard and esteem, for your little girl has done me a kindness I can never repay; and remember whenever you are in want you will find me a true friend, at the same time giving her his name and address."

Taking her child by the hand she turned to go, but, pausing at the door, said: "God bless you, Gentlemen! Accept the heartfelt thanks, of a friendless woman for the kindness and courtesy you have shown her." Before any one could reply she was gone.

A silence of several minutes ensued which was broken by the proprietor who exclaimed: "Gentlemen that lady was right and I have sold my last glass of whiskey; if any one of you want anymore you will have to go elsewhere."

And I have drunk my last glass of whiskey said a young man who had long been given up as utterly beyond the reach of those who had a deep interest in his welfare—sunk too low ever to reform.

HORRIBLE MURDER.

At East Boston on Monday night the body of a widow named Mary Bingham, aged 36, was found in the cellar of her mother's house. The lady presented a sickening appearance. The mouth was filled with gravel-packed in so solid that the use of a knife was required to remove it. In the wind pipe was found a large stone, which was with difficulty dislodged. There were several cuts upon the back of the head, with one or two on the front and under the chin. There were also several bruises upon the head and face, and upon the neck were marks as if some person had attempted to strangle her during the scuffle which must have occurred if she was murdered. There were blood spots on the floor and walls, and her fair hair was found a short distance from her person. The last seen of her alive she went to answer the door bell, and it is supposed she then admitted her murderer. A lamp was found in the cellar and as a villainous looking man had called two doors above and gained access to that cellar on the plea of examining the water pipes, it is supposed the same man was guilty of her murder, and that Mrs. Bingham innocently accompanied him to the cellar to light his way.

She is known to have had money upon her person. As this was taken as well as four rings from her fingers, the murderer evidently intended robbery as well as a baser crime, in which he seemed to have been foiled.

OTTAWA, April 24. Governor General goes to Quebec next week 'en route' for England.

LONDON, 27. Lord Mayor will attend Banquet to American rifle team given at Dublin. NEW YORK, 27. Troops ordered home from Pennsylvania coal regions.

OTTAWA, 27. Changes in Cabinet expected. Scott will go on bench. Huntington will resign. Holton and Blake successors.

LOCALS.

Coal is still selling at £3 per ton. A stream of Lawyers poured into this community on Tuesday night.

Mr. Drysdale sold a quantity of prime butter on Monday. A large number of fresh Herring was in the market yesterday.

The Mail steamer "Newfoundland" left St. John's on Monday last. Navigation is now open on the Canadian lakes.

The system of free postal delivery is now in operation in Quebec. We learn that some seals were taken in this bay during last week. They are all required to help on the voyage.

Gutter snipes are roaming about our streets in large number. Something ought to be done to stop the nuisance. On Friday night last, the town was thrown into confusion in consequence of a dirty chimney.

The steamer "Lizzie" arrived here on Friday last, from St. John's. She is now in first class order. Dr. Jos experienced great difficulty in extracting the knot-hole from the "peeper" of our esteemed fellow-townsmen, Skipper 'Nat'.

A number of Northern vessels put in here on Saturday, owing to ice. Kane's barque and the "Ariel" were among the number. Butter is selling at from 13 to 15 cents per pound, at Brookville. Ont. 36 cents per pound is the price for butter in our market.

Bill Williams informs us that his evidence in the cat affair is incorrectly reported. He thinks it is something after the style of the Royal Commission.

Mr. Abraham Smith, of Round Pond captured a curious trout one day last week. Experienced anglers are of opinion that it is a Shad.

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