

# The Star,

## And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Tuesday, January 14, 1873.

Number 69.

### JANUARY.

S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
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19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	..

FOR SALE.

### RESERVES & GROCERIES!

Just Received and For Sale by the Subscriber—  
**Fresh Cove OYSTERS**  
Spiced do.

**PINE APPLES**  
**PEACHES**  
Strawberries—preserved in Syrup  
Bramberries 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.  
**TROUTING 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, 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, Manufacturing Jeweler.

A large selection of  
**CLOCKS, WATCHES**  
**MEEBACHUM 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 Anæsthetic (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 as received the highest Premiums at the world's Fair in London and Paris.

Teeth filled with great care and in the most lasting manner. Especial attention given to regulating children's Teeth.  
St. John's, July 9.

### Blacksmith & Farrier,

**REGS** 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.  
OF LeMarchant St., North of Gas House.  
Sept. 17.

### THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

### Parsons' Purgative Pills.

**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.

**ALEX. BANNERMAN,**  
**E. WILKS LYON.**  
Nov. 5 tff

### W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

### Felows' Compound Syrup

OF

### HYPOPHOSPHITES.

### POETRY.

#### Death of Gaudentius.

Before Vespasian's regal throne,  
Skillful Gaudentius stood,  
"Build me," the haughty monarch cried,  
"A theatre for Abel."  
I know thou art skilled in man's work,  
Thine is the power to frame  
Rome's Coliseum, vast and wide,  
An honor to thy name.

"Over seven acres spread thy work,  
And by the gods of Rome,  
Thou shalt hereafter by my side  
Have thy resplendent home.  
A citizen of Roman rights,  
Silver and golden store,  
Thine shall be thine: let Christian blood  
But stain the marble floor."

So rose the Amphitheatre,  
Tower and arch and tier;  
There dawned a day when martyrs stood  
Within that ring of fear.  
But strong their quenchless trust in God,  
And strong their human love;  
Their eyes of faith undimmed were fixed  
On temples far above.

And thou art gazed in brutal joy,  
To watch the Christians die,  
But one beside Vespasian leaned,  
A strange light in his eye.  
What thoughts welled up within his breast  
As on that group he gazed?  
What gleams of holy light from heaven  
Upon his dark soul blazed?

Had he by password gained access  
To the dark catacomb,  
And leant the hope of Christ's beloved,  
Beyond the rack, the tom?  
The proud Vespasian's other him bends:  
"My priceless architect,  
To-day I will announce to all  
Thy privilege elect,

A free made citizen of Rome"—  
Calmly Gaudentius rose,  
And falling on his knees his arms  
Turned to the Saviour's foes;  
And in a strength not all his own,  
With Life and Death in view,  
The fearless architect exclaimed,  
"I am a Christian too!"

Only a few brief moments passed,  
And brave Gaudentius lay  
Within the amphitheatre,  
A lifeless mass of clay.  
Vespasian promised him the rights  
Of proud Imperial Rome,  
But Christ with martyrs crowned him King  
Beneath Heaven's cloudless dome.

### FACTS.

#### Dr. Livingstone.

About fifty years ago, in a village upon the banks of the Clyde, near Glasgow, there was a small tea-dealer's shop, which, in course of time, attracted some attention as being the birthplace of one of the most celebrated travellers that the world has ever seen. It was kept by a man whose countenance and general bearing indicated that he was born to a higher destiny than to sell tea and sugar in the small quantities asked for over his counter; and truth to tell, that kindly-hearted and strong-minded grocer had a long line of respectable Highland ancestors lying behind him. One of them, more renowned for wisdom and prudence than the rest, had left a noble legacy to his descendants, although it consisted of nothing more than a few good words. Calling his children around his death-bed he thus addressed them:—"In my lifetime I have searched most carefully through all the traditions I could find of our family, and I never could discover that there was a dishonest man among our forefathers; if, therefore, any of you or any of your children should take to dishonest ways, it will not be because it runs in our blood; it does not belong to you. I leave this precept with you—Be honest."

This legacy the tea-dealer had put out to such good interest that he was known to be one of the most conscientious men in his native place,—in fact so scrupulously honest and conscientious that he could never be expected to become rich. Such was his character when he was born to him a little son, to whom he gave the name of David, of whose history we have now a few things to relate.

There were some cotton mills in the neighborhood of the child's home, and thither, when he was about ten years of age, he was sent to work. It is interesting to know that with part of his first week's wages David bought a Latin grammar. He was determined, though only a factory lad, to learn as much as ever he could, and after working all day in the mill he would away to a night school, and even when that was over he would sit up poring over his lessons till after midnight, unless he was sent to bed by his mother.

This was a hard life for the boy; but his love of study carried him through. He was at the factory from six in the morning until six at night; but with the diligent use of every spare hour he could get, and by working at his books overtime, he managed to read through Virgil and Horace. Indeed, with the exception of novels, he read almost every book that came in his way, delighting especially in scientific works and books of travels. He was also a good plant collector, and tramped the country many times in search after specimens.

In such pursuits the factory lad's childhood came to an end, leaving him a well-informed youth, keenly desirous of a living yet more largely to his stores of knowledge. Another desire also took possession of his mind, and that was, to be of service to his fellow-creatures. In no way that he could see could he be of more use in the world than by becoming a missionary. He thought of this often, and cherished the hope of one day going out to China or elsewhere with some other brave than a boy's ardour.

It, however, his hope was to be realized, it was evident to him that he must know a great deal more than he then knew; and so he redoubled his diligence. He even carried on his learning amidst the roar of the machinery in the mill, so placing his book upon the spinning-jenny which he worked, that he could catch sentence after sentence as he passed. He also saved money enough to enable him to purchase his studies at Glasgow. During the winter months he attended medical and theological lectures at Glasgow, and during the summer vacations of the classes he went back to the mill to his work of cotton-spinning to earn enough for another winter's course of lectures.

When he became a man, he thus spoke of these early days:—"Looking back now at that life of toil, I cannot but feel thankful that it formed such a material part of my early education; and, where it possible, I should like to begin life over again in the same lowly style, and to pass through the same hardy training."

At last the desire which he had so long cherished, of going out as a missionary, was realized. Having passed his examination as a surgeon, he first thought of going out to China on his own account, but circumstances led him to offer himself to the London Missionary Society, and by them he was sent out to Africa,—to the desert in whose wilds and wastes the great Robert Moffat had turned him off for years, for the good of the heathen. This was in the year 1840, and now, for sixteen years, began a life which, in modern times, has certainly had no parallel. Through inaccessible depths of unknown realms, through lands never before trodden by the foot of any European he went in his unwearied way, not simply to make geographical discoveries, a thing those he made were of inconsiderable importance, but to spread the blessings of Christianity.

He travelled over 11,000 miles of African territory, now riding on elephant and hippopotami, or driving them before him as we drive cattle; digging canals, building houses, cultivating fields, rearing cattle, and teaching, meanwhile, whose most precious ornaments were human skulls, and some of whom believe that he had brought down the sun and moon and carried them under his arm. With all the vigour which had marked his character in the days of cotton spinning and midnight study, he plunged through woods, and jungles, and deserts. Sometimes, indeed, when he saw the numbers who were without God and without hope, he would sit down with feelings of despair and cry, "When will they be supplied with the Gospel of Christ?" His one thought was that others should come after him in the new regions which he discovered and plant there the true and living vine.

In 1855 Dr. Livingstone returned to England, and was warmly welcomed by scientific societies as well as by Christians of every denomination. It was felt that a more unassuming and a more simple-minded gentleman never received the honours which were heaped upon him. In the midst of all the enthusiasm with which he was greeted he laid stress upon the fact that "the end of the geographical feat was the beginning of missionary enterprise."

He was last in this country in 1864, and after a brief visit he returned to Africa.

#### A Strange Incident.

It was a cold winter day about seventy years ago when a devout Welsh minister asked a little girl of his parish to repeat the text of the preceding Sunday. She could not do so, and blushing pointed to the deep and drifted snow as an excuse for her inability.

Naturally anxious to understand the relation between the snow and the text, the good man asked her to explain. It soon appeared that the Bible of which she was wont to learn the text was owned by a distant neighbor, whom the unusually

deep snow had prevented her from visiting. Having no Bible at her home, she was thus dependent on friends living at a distance for the privilege of reading the word of God.

This trifling incident started an inquiry in the minister's mind, which has had wondrous results. He soon found that a large number of his people were without the Scriptures and unable to buy. With energy combined with piety he set out for London, and appealed to the directors of the Religious Tract Society for some kind of organization to supply his poor countrymen with the Bible. His appeal was not in vain. While the thoughtful multitudes were jostling in the streets and the din of London life deafening the ear, a few noble men retired to an obscure counting room of the city, to devise measures for the formation of a society which should give the Bible to Wales. Their plan was nearly matured, when in the mind of one there flashed a thought—a thought as truly inspired as any in the canon: it was heaven-born, and simply sought human lips to give it expression. Upon one of the small company a glow was on his face, and a magnificent faith in his heart.

"If a Bible Society for Wales," he said, "Why not a Bible Society for the world?" No words were these. They all on the few auditors like a voice from God—like a trumpet blast from the sky.

The British and Foreign Bible Society had its beginning at that moment. The lips which spoke it into life have been dead many years, but who, save the Almighty, can measure the work they have wrought?

Poetry "in the Market place" is the subject of the bright little essay of the *Revue* side Bulletin, or *Globe*, and the writer thereof, in the gently compassionate tone of the following extracts, the reader will find appealing to the experience of not a few; those who indulge in verse are called upon to print very, or what is hardest of all, to conceive in MSS. or review it when clothed in dainty type.

There is something pathetically amusing in the history of a book of poetry, such as meets the ordinary eye. Especial care is taken with its manufacture. The lines look so neat on one edge, so delightfully disordered on the other; type never looks so well as when arranged in position; there is an easy, careless look about the space above and below the separate poems, as if the poems lay idly like forest leaves on the grass; or else they follow in close file, as if marching from one end of the book to the other, a procession of figures, with all the pomp and circumstance of imagery. Then the paper, likely as clear and soft to the eye, the title page a novel of similitude; the printing, given with a delicacy of feeling that gives the book a feeling of its own, if you do not choose to recognize it. The entire effect of one of these little volumes of verse is very pleasing. They are the pets of the printing house.

And yet—an! yet—one shivers as he sees them go into the world under the arm of the soldier for orders. Their happy life has ended when they leave the seclusion of the printing-house. The author feels this. No possible reception afterwards can give that keen enjoyment which proofsheets and second revisions and sheets from the press gave. The growth into a book of all those ten or twelve poems—what glare of public favor can take its place in the author's mind? We turn away from the spectacle of the gentle little book hustled about amongst the booksellers and critics, dismissed with a jest or sneer, and left to become a faded flower.

No, we look again resolutely, and ask, is this such a hard and unloving experience? Would it be better for a volume of poetry to spend its entire existence in the press, undergoing end's revision, until the author is wrapped in the hundredth revise as a winding sheet? The story is as old as Abel. That young man was the first poet of the human race. It was the pastoral in him that incensed his brutal, sensual brother Cain. He was killed, mournful antetype of successive poets! but poetry must ever live a martyr's death unless they come into the world and face Cain. But the ordinary scoffing at poetry is an assumption. There is a habit of exaggerating the obstructing power of poetry, as if booksellers' shelves were crowded with a bishop of this particular name. As a matter of fact, very few of the volumes of poetry which are printed get into the stores in the proportion of twenty to the thousand that make the edition. They lie in the warehouse of the printing office, or are distributed amongst the new papers or the author's friends. They wait out of existence. Why should they be so harshly regarded? To our thinking, they are more endurable than the swagging looks in gilt that fall off by degrees from the plate into what they put he themselves, to the case of that ink of offense, "your choice for fifty cents." We always went to throw some leaves over