

WE WISH OUR READERS, ONE AND ALL, A

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A BRIGHT AND HAPPY NEW YEAR.

The North Star.

CHATHAM, N. B., DECEMBER 25, 1880.

J. E. COLLINS, Editor.

THE SPIRIT OF LATEST DISPATCHES.

The Poncha chiefs have held a council with Secretary Schultz at Washington.

At Derrygonally the police and the infantry protected a League meeting.

The 97th regiment, at Gibraltar, is now ordered to Natal, instead of Ireland, and will leave to-morrow.

The Land Leagues have passed resolutions thanking the United States Congress for its sympathy—and Americans present said that Ireland would find friends in America who would assist her in ridding the Island of landlords.

At a meeting of the Land League Davitt stated that if the Government prohibited all League meetings the executive would summon all its branches to meet every fortnight, and as that would mean 400 meetings every second week, it would be interesting to calculate how many troops would be required to suppress those gatherings.

Since the Stellarton disaster the cage pit has been on fire. Every means such as endeavoring to stifle the flames and flooding the pit having failed, it was decided to inject carbonic acid gas into the pit. Carbonic acid gas does not support combustion and if they can manage to fill the pit with it the fire will die. But in doing this they must exclude oxygen. The managers hope to soon resume work.

CHRISTMAS, 1880.

NEARLY TWO THOUSAND years ago, in the East, a few simple shepherds in a lonely dell staid watch through the night—a night so dark that they knew not where their sheep might be. Of a sudden the dark sky was filled with a flood of light as if the gates of heaven had been opened and immediately there followed the most delightful minstrelsy through the air. Thousands of heavenly voices in sweetest harmony chanted and sang a joyous song, ringing from earth to heaven, and filling up the lonely place. And one angel above the rest sang thus:—

Fear not said he for troubled dread Will cease your hounded minds, Glad tidings of great joy I bring To you and all mankind. This day in David's town, is born And born of David's line, A savior who is Christ the Lord, And this shall be the sign: The heavenly Babe there you shall find, To human view displayed, All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands, And in a manger laid.

The shepherds were surely puzzled as to what they then might do, but their breasts were filled with a holy joy and peace that they had never felt before. These simple shepherds had heard from the priests the prophecies in the scriptures telling that a Redeemer was to come to save the nations—and being humble of heart, and not puffed up with their own pride and knowledge they believed they rose straightway up, went to Bethlehem and in a rude manger resting on its Mother's lap, wrapped in its swaddling clothes, found the Infant as the angels had told them. In simple faith they fell down and worshipped—and hailed the Redeemer of mankind.

In those days, far away in the East there lived the Magi or wise men who to having read in the scripture of Christ's coming, were waiting for the long promised event. But when the promise came to be fulfilled there rose in the East a beautiful star, that shed its light all over the heavens. It stood still in the sky and full of faith, and a new born joy and peace the Magi set out in the direction of the star to see and adore the Heavenly Babe whom they now knew had been born. They journeyed on for many a mile, till they came to a place over which the star stood still. It was Bethlehem a small village or town to which at this time the people had flocked at the command of the sovereign to enrol their names. Guided by the star the Magi entered a wretched stable, and there they found the Child meekly wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in the arms of His Mother. Bowing themselves down to the earth they worshipped the new born Son of God, and having stood up they presented Him with the choicest offering of their country, of gold, frankincense and of myrrh.

Christmas is a season of joy and gladness, for apart from the associations that twine about this ancient festival, the season is one calculated

to fill the upright with a holy peace. In olden times at Christmas tide old feuds were forgotten, and new quarrels ended. Those who had lived at enmity all the year before met on Christmas Eve, and as the Yule log burned, and the Christmas tree glistened in the light of the blaze, they shook hands, filled their horns and drank to the peace and prosperity of one another—for "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." In the old countries Christmas associations will never die, and many of the old forms that have not taken root in American soil, flourish there.

In northern countries when Christmas tide arrives Father Christmas or old Boreas comes from the north in a coat of shaggy fur, his icicle whiskers hanging down upon his breast. There is a huge lump upon his back, and it is only those who treat him kindly he treats kindly in return. If they play tricks upon him he catches the offender, and with his assistants shaves him with an iron hoop, and whale's blubber. Down in more southern countries Santa Claus appears, but he is mostly invisible. In villages and country places they leave open their doors, to save him the trouble of coming in by the chimney. In many places the "Twelve Days" are celebrated, but on St. Stephens Day—the day after Christmas—the festivity is highest. We should be sorry ever to see these charming old associations forgotten, but year by year in new countries the charm is wearing away from Christmas—that he who has seen them celebrated as "they used to be" feels the tear start to think of the change. Indeed in many parts of New Brunswick Christmas is not observed at all, and the writer has stood in disgust to look at the natives of Queensbury and Prince William in York County dragging logs from morn till noon of a Christmas Day.

There is plenty of room for improvement everywhere in the human family, and if our wish were worth anything it would be this—that those who have trod in doubtful ways during the year just passed, and who cannot look back upon their deeds with pride and pleasure, will, that the New Year is coming, and now in this season of joy and peace, make the resolve to travel in a better road; to bury enmity and ill will, to do to their neighbor as they would have their neighbor do to them, and to show by the record of the new year coming that the resolutions so recorded were not written in ice.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

Carol is said to be derived from cantare, to sing, and role, an interjection of joy. That quaint writer, Jeremy Taylor, observed that "glory to God in the highest; on earth, peace and good will to men," which the angels sang at the birth of Christ, was the first Christmas carol. In Shakespeare's time carols were sung in the streets at night during Christmas by the wail, who expected to receive gratuities for their singing. The "wakaful ketches on Christmas eve" are mentioned by many a writer of old times and customs. There were two kinds of Christmas carols, those of a religious nature which were sung not only in the churches, but also through the street, from house to house, on Christmas eve, and after that, morning and evening until twelfth day; the others are of a livelier character, and adapted to the revel and the feast. Some of these latter were also called wassail songs, and originated with the Anglo-Normans, who were of a most convivial nature. No Christmas entertainment was considered complete without the singing of carols, and thence came the old motto: "No song, no supper," for everyone at the table was expected to join in the carol. Says an English squire at his Christmas feast:—

Not a man here shall taste my March beer, Till a Christmas carol he does sing, Then all clapped their hands and shouted and sang Till the hall and the parlor did ring.

From a quaint old work we clip the following: "The antientest manner of the revel is, after dinner and supper, to sing a carol, or song, and to command the other gentlemen present to sing with him and the company."

Some of these Christmas carols had queer titles enough, and they seem to have referred to all sorts of subjects. Here is the dedication prefixed to one in the last century: "Christmas carol on 'Peko Tea'—a sacred carol, which, like tea, is perfectly good and fine, will be most grateful and useful and useful all the year round, from Christmas to Christmas forever. Humbly addressed to Queen Caroline and the Princess Caroline and the Royal Family, By Frances Hoffman, London, Eng., 1729."

A curious piece of antiquity is the old Christmas nativity est; it was some thing in this manner: The cock crows, Christ natus est—Christ is born. The rooster asked, Quando?—when? The ewe replied, Hec voce—this night. The ox cryeth out, Ubi?—where? The sheep

bleated out, Bethlehem—Bethlehem. A voice from heaven sounded, Gloria in excelsis—glory be on high. Another carol represents the blessed Virgin contemplating the birth of the Divine Infant:—

He neither shall be clothed In purple nor in pall, But all in fair linen, As were babies all; He neither shall be roset, But in a wooden cradle That rocks on the mold.

Carol singing continued in all its vigor until the close of the last century, since which it has gradually declined, except in the schools or churches, where the sweet Christmas carols are chanted by young voices.

But in the Northern part of England they still sing carols; and even in the great metropolis, London, some solitary veteran, who had not forgotten the merry customs of the good old days, may sometimes be heard upon Christmas eve, singing, in a plaintive voice, "God rest you, merry gentlemen."

CHRISTMAS PROVERBS.

"Christmas comes but once a year." This is a glorious, hearty old proverb, full of generosity and permission to go to the full length's enjoyment. If the children scream loudly than usual with delight—it boys and girls dance and frolic more wildly—if the pater familias purchase a present which is a little too extravagant—never mind it, for once: "Christmas comes but once a year!" Forget and forgive, good folks, and we will forget and forgive in turn. "Christmas is talked of so long that it comes at last."

"A green Christmas makes a fat churchyard." A Danish proverb: "Ep gean jua given et fed kirkegaard." This is merely the old sanitary and weather theory, that unseasonable weather is unwholesome. When it is warm in winter, imprudent people expose themselves to the damp, unhealthful air, or become impatient of too much warm covering, and are caught in "a cold snap to their sorrow." In the old times, when most people dwelt in badly-warmed, badly constructed houses, such changes in the weather were of much greater significance than at present.

"An old bit of a truthful rule—A Christmas green a churchyard full." Closely allied to this, but without its terrible warning, we have the German proverb: "Es des wetter un weihnacht gelind, So freut niche mann, Weib, and kind." Which in English means: "Is the weather at Christmas mild, It is joy to man, and wife, and child."

"Christmas is a good time to bleed horses in." This was an old superstition, and was closely followed. The horses were run up and down until in a sweat, and then bled. As Truist sings:— "Ere Christmas be passed, let horses be let blood."

"A green Christmas, a white Easter," "Greene weihnacht, weisse ostern" German, of course. The same has another form:— "Weihnacht in klee, Ostern in sebane."

If Christmas be in clover, Easter with Snow'll be heaped over." Among other saws and proverbs which may be cited in brief, is: "A Christmas box with five nails in it."

MISTLETOE AT CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

The hanging of the mistletoe is a cause of much frolic and laughter in the house. It is the rule that whoever is passing under the mistletoe must submit to being kissed there and there by whosoever chooses to take that liberty. As a bough usually from the center of the ceiling, spreading over a large space it follows that there must be much dodging or much kissing. The origin of this use of the mistletoe is not known; but we do know that more than eighteen hundred years ago, when the shepherd boys sang together over the manger in Bethlehem, and men brought gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh to a young child in the peasant mother's arms, England was a chill, mist-covered island, inhabited only by savages, who wore garments of skins and lived in huts of mud and stone. These priests were a mysterious folk, who lived in dense woods far away from other men, and who in the gloomy solitudes of the forest, performed strange secret ceremonies. The "sacred groves" as they were called, were of oak; for the oak was a divine tree according to the Druidical religion. Within these sacred groves, the priests, it is recorded in history, offered their sacrifices, and in some manner not known, they employed the mistletoe. But all mistletoe was not sacred to the Druids. They would have none but that which clung to the trunk and was nourished by the sap of the divine oak, which modern England uses so freely in her holiday festivities, would be a worthless and common thing.

When, in later centuries, England was taught the Christian religion by priests who went thither from Rome, the people, though professing a belief in Christ, retained many of

their heathen rites and customs, changed from their original meaning and purpose. At any rate from the Druids has come the modern usage of the mistletoe bough.

WHIPPED HOUNDS.

It is surely the privilege of the whipped hound to whine and cry, and no one grudges the animal the scant relief he gets from such complaining. The spokesmen for the defeated faction in this country cry like whipped curs on every occasion that they feel the lash and; forsooth because they do not get their rights, and fair play and all this kind of thing from a Government which they opposed, and stupidly and perversely set themselves in defiance to. We begrudge them not their whinings, but we have precious little sympathy for their pains. They have made for themselves a bed of thorns, and it is meet and proper that they should now lie upon it. The misfortune is that the opportunity does not exist to lay on the whip in such a way that they might feel it well: for the worthy and the unworthy are so mixed up that in striking the one, you cannot avoid the other.

In this country once upon a time there was a man who made himself felt when he went to Ottawa. In his place now we have a nonentity: a man who does no honor to himself nor any credit to his country. It is he the people in their blindness and their folly, led into the wiles by deceiving cries and luring lights, have now in place of the other who stood among, the foremost of our Canadian statesmen. If those guilty of such criminal folly as the bringing about of this absurd change were to feel the whip, who have they to thank for it but themselves. But they do not feel the whip,—or if here and there they do, they do not get a twentieth of what they ought. Even now the very man whom they rejected for the degrading nonentity that mis-represents them for two or three days of the session at Ottawa, is working in their interests, and asking for them considerations to which they are not entitled. The good they get they do not deserve, it punishment they received, it richly they would deserve.

Another horrible case of political persecution comes to light, that ought not to be tolerated. A certain lumberman in Chatham, has a gang of men employed, on a certain part of the Miramichi cutting and handling logs. The road there, which is used only by this man's lumbermen, is very bad, and they have an extremely difficult task to get out their logs. The Local Government of course is attacked, and Hon. Michael Adams is abused for neglecting the poor people there in the matter of roads!! They deserve to be abused. They ought to make Jabez Snowball's lumber roads for him—of course they ought!

BOYCOTTING.

The Grits of Montreal have boycotted Mr. George Stewart Editor of the Herald. The Herald is a Reform paper, and Mr. Stewart was its Editor. When the terms of the bargain with the Syndicate became known, Mr. Stewart like an honest man expressed his opinion frankly upon it. Though opposed to the Government on principle, on principle likewise he approved the contract as the very best thing this Government or any other Government could do. He therefore expressed upon its terms an unqualified approval. But the Herald has since wheeled round, and is out now in the fiercest language denouncing the contract. Outsiders have got into the sanctum and like an honorable man Mr. Stewart has resigned the editorial chair to them.

JOHN R. MALTBY

ATTORNEY AT LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC, Conveyancer, &c. &c. OFFICE:—Over the store of James Fish, Esq., Commercial Wharf. NEWCASTLE, N. B. Sept. 1, 1880.

James P. Mitchell

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c. OFFICE:—Adjoining Telegraph Office, Hayes' Building, NEWCASTLE, N. B. August, 30th, 1880.

WILLET & QUIGLEY,

BARRISTERS, ATTORNEY, NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c., Princess St., Ritchie's Building, [up stairs], St. John, N. B. John Willet, Richard P. Quigley, LL. B., B. C. L., Commissioner for Massachusetts

A. & R. LOGGIE.

We have on hand and are selling low a large assortment of Fall and Winter DRY GOODS and Ready made CLOTHING. Also Men's and Boy's Fur and other Caps. Also Men's hand-made Boots. Men's, Youth's and Children's Factory-made Boots. Also a large assortment Women's, Misses' and Children's Boots, Over-shoes and Rubbers. Just received a lot of Horse Rugs and twenty-five Buffalo Robes, which were well-bought and will be sold at bottom prices.

SHELF AND HEAVY HARDWARE

Shovels, Axes, Tabular Leggers, Board, Shingle, Horse and Smelt Box Nails, Glass, Putty, etc. All kinds of Hardware. Full line of FINEST in all the best patterns. Waterloo, Star and Niagara, Coking, in a choice selection of Box and Parlor Stoves. Also Stove Pipe, Elbows and all kinds of Stove Fittings at lowest prices.

A Full Line of Cheap Furniture.

CROCKERY, GLASS AND EARTHENWARE

A FULL STOCK OF GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, &c. &c.

Also for sale low—150 quintals Dried Codfish, 110 quintals Dried Ling, 120 bbls Fall Herring, 100 half bbls Fall Herring, 45 bbls Winter Apples.

COUNTRY PRODUCE BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Highest market price paid for Hay, Oats, Beef, Cattle, Poultry, Geese and Ducks, Butter, Eggs and Milk. Also—TROUT, Bass, Eels and Smelts. Also for sale—12000 Smelt Boxes—assorted sizes.

Black Brook—Dec 22 wks/4m

MIRAMICHI FOUNDRY COMPANY

Chatham N B

H. A. MUIRHEAD, Manager; J. M. RUDDOCK, Mechanical Superintendent.

MANUFACTURERS OF

STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,

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Capable of doing the work of a gang with four men less.

Wilkinson's celebrated Saw Grinders, Ship and Mill Castings of all kinds, Brass or Iron, Forging in all its branches. Presses and Dies for Fish or Meat Cans. Marine and Stationary Engines and Boilers of all sizes. Cemetery and House Building—a variety of patterns. Pumps for irrigated Elbows, all sizes. Ploughs in variety. Threshing Machines three different patterns.

STOVES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION ALWAYS ON HAND.

As we have every facility for turning out work usually done in a first-class Foundry and Machine Shop, parties requiring machinery for Mills, Sawmills, Factories, etc., are invited to correspond with us before purchasing elsewhere. All orders entrusted to us will be executed with despatch and in a first-class manner. Chatham, Dec 22.—w/lyly

PETER LOGGIE, Just Received!

Layer Raisins, Currants &c &c, Essence of Lemon, Essence Peppermint

—ALSO—

MYRTLE NAVY TOBACCO

and LITTLE MAJOR TOBACCO

For sale low by NICHOLAS BARDEN Chatham—Dec 22-1f

NETTINGS & TWINE.

We keep always on hand a large supply to fill orders promptly at lowest prices.

H. & G. W. LORD, 111 Commercial St., Boston, Mass. Fishermen can be supplied at

A. & R. LOGGIE'S.

BLACK BROOK, Dec 22 wks/4m. MIRAMICHI, Dec 22 wks/4m.

Parish Returns and County Accounts.

All Parish Officers who have not yet made their returns and all persons having claims against the County are hereby required to render the same to my office forthwith. Dated at Newcastle, December 21st, 1880.

SAMUEL THOMSON, Sec. Treasurer, cc. northumberland. dec. 22 2 wks

TO OWNERS OF HORSES!

One dose of Chamber's Epizootic Powder Price \$1.00, and One bottle Chamber's Epizootic Liniment Price 50 cents.

Is warranted to cure the worst case of Epizootic, Influenza, Cough or Cold. Prepared by J. Chambers, Veterinary Surgeon, No 555 Main St, New Orleans, and formerly Veterinary Surgeon to the Royal Stables, England. J. W. Wiley, Brunswick-St, Fredericton, Agent for the Dominion of Canada. For sale by all druggists.

These preparations have been in use in York county for the last three months and have given general satisfaction in all cases. JOHN WILEY.

TESTIMONIALS.

Fredericton, Oct 27, 1880. Sir:—We have used Chamber's Epizootic Powder and Liniment, and take pleasure in recommending it as a speedy and certain cure for the distemper now prevailing.

(Gunter & Albertson) Livery Robert Orr Stable Win A Ganoue Proprietor Chas E Smith } stores, &c Dec 22-131

NOTICE.—The Canada Advertising Agency

No. 29 King St. West, Toronto, W. B. BROWN, Manager is authorized to receive Advertisements for this paper.

LOCAL MATTER

Personal.

The Surveyor General will be in two or three days.

Prospective.

Mr. Joseph Jimmo of Escuminac getting out stuff for the frame of a coasting schooner, which he will next winter.

To the Little Ones.

Let the little ones put out their stockings tonight because while they sleep Santa Claus will go round distributing his Christmas gifts.

Bear Killed.

Mr. Connell of Bartibogue, killed a huge bear a few days ago. He bro the hide up to Chatham on Wednesday and sold it to Mr. Jas Clowery.

A Huge Drive of Caribou.

Mr. Phillip's Light House Keeper Escuminac Point, saw a few days ago a drive of caribou on Escuminac Point in which he counted 57 head.

Sure Enough.

The Toronto "Mail" remarks: "Halifax is not Nova Scotia." The cruel. There are a good many people bold enough to say that Halifax is the Dominion; but it is drawing geographical line too fine to say "Halifax is not Nova Scotia."—Montreal Times

New Publications.

Hubbard's great Newspaper Directory will be out in 1881. It will be greater book of the kind ever published it will contain the name of every newspaper in the world, and the population of the town where published. It is a gem in the hands of all great business men. When one looks at the magnitude of the undertaking he must appreciate the enterprise of the publisher and success as we most heartily do.

A Word to say to the Postmaster General.

In a day or two—when we get—we shall require why the Chatham Branch train which is ought to bound to convey Her Majesty's Mail without delay from the I. C. R. station to Chatham, waits over for freight of the arrival of the train, sometimes two hours. We could get the quicker to Chatham by having Indian employed to carry them the depending on the Chatham Branch.

Accident.

Two weeks ago on Monday last, Donald McLeod of Bay du Vin he his high. He felt great pain but did not suspect the limb was broken, two or three days ago a clergyman called into his house, and looking at leg, informed him it was broken, suffering man was brought to New where Dr. McCurdy visited him, find that inflammation had set in. It is improbable that the bone will ever again.

Wedding Bells.

The wedding bells of the Fredericton Cathedral will soon peal their joyous notes to celebrate the union of our young Canadian poets with daughter of one of Fredericton's leading citizens. The young gentleman being pro tempore to Chatham, and went Fredericton a few days ago to prepare for the happy event—which is to be summated on Tuesday morning. Among the many others who will be present are Mr. Mackenzie our popular village druggist. He leaves here on Saturday.

Pressed Hay.

A good deal of fault is beginning to be found by purchasers with the pressed hay. The latter bring bundles into market lumbered up made weight very much more than legitimate weight by huge weights. sides this bundles outwardly fair good on being opened often prove contain in the centre rotten, damp worthless stuff. For the brief hour selling this may pay the vendor well, depend upon it honesty pays best in long run. If pressed hay dealers in future do not show more honesty manliness it would be well to submit their article to the Inspection system.

Lumbering Notes.

Messrs. McGraw and Sergeant lumbering on the Escuminac River. They have 8 teams and 12 men and will cut 1,000,000 feet for Willie & Co.

Mr. David Lewis & Co. who lumber on the Tabusintac, will get out 1,000,000 feet for Stewart.

Messrs. Tebo and Portugeaux have commenced lumbering on Portage River a branch of the Lower Bay du Vin, will get out about 1,000,000.

Lumber will be sold to parties in Chatham. Down river men seem to have better facilities for getting out lumber than those up river. This is owing to the short distance they have to carry provisions, etc.

Bad Ice.

For many years the ice has not been so bad on the lower part of the river as present. This is due to the fact that there has been little freshet this winter and it is well known that ice made very salt water, falls asunder on very slight heat. Had the lower river water been fresh this winter, owing to heavy frosts the ice would now be very good, but in consequence of the reverse the case is quite different. Last winter came two or three mild days which made the ice about Black River unsafe for teams; and but that the prevailing there gave timely warning, strangers there might have been consequences. The ice is very poor now.

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