

legends have grown and thriven upon the airy nothings which you call beauty, sentiment, color, shape, fragrance, wit—that elegant atmosphere, in short, which ten generations of studiousness, of congenial enamours of wit, study, coloring, comparison of effects, of leisure and monotonies and “laissez aller” have brought about in a century whose only vigor comes with revolution and whose only gift to mankind is words. It speaks enormously for the good sense that still lingers in France, that even in the bitterness of its present clerical contest, the clearest-headed, the most far-seeing who take the part of the destitution of the clerical privileges are able at the same time to see and say all and a thousand-fold more than is here stated, to the honor and credit of that extraordinary mingling of subtlety and ardorlessness, the modern priest.

Verdi.

Verdi, the celebrated composer, led the grand chorus and orchestra recently during the performance of his ‘Mass’ at the Scala theatre, Milan. Before the doors were opened, the price of seats had advanced from \$7 to \$25 each. The building was crowded with the beauty and fashion of the city. When Verdi appeared the applause was loud and long. A correspondent of the Philadelphia ‘Telegraph’ writes:

“He poised his baton in the air for a moment, and then, with a sweeping beat, drew forth the first delicious harmony of this sublime composition. Softly the trembling notes wafted out, and as each instrument broke in upon the theme the notes swelled out louder and louder until it broke forth into a startsling and grand effect. And now Verdi steps out from his desk and facing the chorus, who rise, and sweeping his baton again with majestic movement, and with stamp of his foot, he gives the signal for the notes of the grand chorus. Words are inadequate to impart the rich fulness of the voices and the perfectness of time and expression. We have often heard chorus music, but never before such a grand combination of voices and talent. Would that some of our societies could have heard this music rendered by these two hundred perfect singers. It was grand, the orchestra perfect, the chorus perfect, the music sublime. Verdi seemed carried away with the performance, and his baton rose and fell with gentle grace or swift, sharp movements, and every string and instrument and voice responded with a perfection that was miraculous. The chorus ceases, but ere its echoes are gone, thunders of applause and bravos rend the air, and Verdi bows again. The success was increased with each number of the great work, the ‘Domine Jesu,’ the ‘Sanctus,’ and the fine culmination of the ‘Agnus Dei’ at the close. Then broke forth the shouts of the multitude. Every one was on his feet, the noise was deafening. Showers and clouds of flowers and wreaths were thrown from the boxes, and covered the stage and the singers. The people were wild with delight and enthusiasm. Verdi and the artists bowed their thanks again and again, and still the uproar continued, and the bouquets and wreaths came down in a steady shower. The scene culminated by the crowning of Verdi with a wreath of laurel.”

Major Serpa Pinto.

The Portuguese have always been enterprising travelers, and they have contributed not a little to our knowledge of the globe. There must be something in the air of Portugal which prompts to travel and discovery, for many famous mariners have sailed forth from her ports both before and since the time of Vasco de Gama; and even in these degenerate days the Portuguese are still the most adventurous explorers both by land and sea of the hidden places of nature.

“Sworn to seek
If any golden harbor be for men
In seas of Death and sunless gulf of Doubt.”

One of the latest of these restless wanderers, Major Serpa Pinto, has just returned to Lisbon from the wilds of Central Africa, and has been lecturing on his travels. He gave a vivid account of his journey across South Africa. His route was from Benguela to Pietermaritzburg, through Bihe, Kalongo, Sesheke, Shoskone, and Pretoria. His trip was a very eventful one. He wrote to the King of Portugal:

“I have struggled with hunger and thirst, with natives and wild beasts, with floods and drought, but have succeeded in triumphing over all obstacles. All my writings—twenty geographical and many topographical maps, three

volumes of calculations, my meteorological observations, three volumes of drawings, and a voluminous diary—all are safe. I have lost many followers, made a careful study of Upper Zambesi, met seventy cataracts and rapids, made maps of the former.” He also discovered that the river Cubango rises near Bihe and flows into Lake Ngami. The most curious discovery, however, that our traveler made was that of a white race in Central Africa, of which he gives an interesting description.

JOB PRINTING

of every description neatly executed at the office of this paper.

AGENTS FOR HERALD.

The following gentlemen have kindly consented to act as our agents; all intending subscribers will therefore confer a favor by sending in their names and subscriptions that they may be forwarded to this office.

- St. John's—Mr. W. J. MYLER, Water St.
- Briggs—Mr. P. J. POWER, School Teacher.
- Bay Roberts—Mr. G. W. R. HIBERNY.
- Bett's Cove—Mr. M. MOORE.
- Little Bay—Mr. Richard Walsh, Post Office, Little Bay.
- Twillingate—Mr. W. T. Roberts.
- Fogo—Mr. Joseph Rendell.
- Tilton Harbor—Mr. J. Burke, Sr.
- Kings Cove and Keels—Mr. P. Murphy.
- Bonavista—Mr. P. Templeman.
- Catalina—Mr. A. Gardiner.

For the present all intending subscribers or advertisers at Harbor Grace will please hand in their names to A. T. Drysdale, Esq.

THE CARBONEAR HERALD

“Honest Labor—our noblest heritage.”

CARBONEAR, N. F., SEPT. 18.

Fire! Fire! Fire!

Having in former issues made reference to the necessity of some active measures being taken towards the establishment of some organization for the extinction, or checking of the ravages of fire in this town, we return to the subject to-day in the hope of impressing our views still more forcibly upon the public mind, with reference to a matter so seriously affecting the lives and properties of all classes of the community. When last making reference to the subject we pointed to the recent fire in the sister town of Harbor Grace, and to the utility of the local fire organization on that occasion, as a salutary lesson from which we might derive some benefit as to the due appreciation of such organizations, in cases of actual or impending conflagration. We then stated, that the lesson afforded us—one brought home we might say, to our very doors, should in our opinion be sufficient to warn us of the urgent necessity of prompt and effective action towards making provision against a calamity, likely at any moment to take place amongst us, the results of which, in the event of serious conflagration, and looking to our present, we may say totally unprotected condition, could not fail to prove most disastrous to the general interests of the community. Within the past few days, however, as though to warn us still further of the dangers to which we are exposed, and to arouse us to a true sense of the serious responsibility resting upon us, with regard to the protection of individual and general interests, a fire has occurred in our midst, which although limited in its consequences, owing to the isolation of the locality, might still, had not the weather proved peculiarly favorable, have resulted in a much more extensive destruction of property. It is an old and well-known aphorism, that “to be forewarned is to be forearmed.” If therefore in view of the timely and suggestive warnings received, even within the limited record of the past few weeks, we should still continue to look on with arms folded, whilst danger absolutely stares us in the face, we shall have ourselves entirely to blame if in the end we should unfortunately be overwhelmed by calamity, for the ruinous consequences

of which, we, by our continued apathy and inaction, may in a great measure hold ourselves accountable. Is it not time then, we ask, that some action should be taken in the matter? As a means towards that end, we repeat the suggestion offered in a former issue.—That a meeting of the leading inhabitants—such for example as the Hon. John Rorke, I. L. McNeil Esq., Messrs. J. & R. Maddock, R. and F. J. McCarthy, Esqs., Messrs. Duff & Balmer, and other prominent members of the community—be convened at the Court House or some other public locality, for the purpose of taking into consideration the organization of a volunteer fire company, and the provision, at as early a day as possible, of a good and powerful engine, with all the appliances necessary for the extinction of fires. In addition to the means already referred to in former issues as in our opinion available for the attainment of the object in view, we would suggest the allocation of a part of the special grant for public improvements in the district.

PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS.

Northern Districts.

In our last, in connection with the subject above mentioned, we made especial reference to the drawbridge at Twillingate, as the first of the public improvements attracting attention during our recent tour through the northern districts. Returning to the subject, the next to claim consideration, in our opinion, would be the canal at Fogo. The initiatory in connection with this most important public work, may we believe, be placed to the credit of Smith McKay, Esq., during his tenure of the position of representative for the important district of Twillingate and Fogo. From personal inspection of the limited facilities afforded by this canal in its present state, we consider the work to be, as yet but partially constructed, the depth of water being barely sufficient for the passage of fishing boats from Seal Cove on the western, to Fogo on the eastern side of the island. Whilst fully recognizing the very great utility of the work, even in its present limited capacity, we still feel impressed with the urgent necessity of its still further enlargement to an extent to permit of its free navigation by larger sized craft engaged in the fishery to the northward. To this latter class of craft, we feel confidently assured such an improvement if carried out, could not fail to prove of the greatest utility and advantage, more particularly in view of the stormy weather so generally prevalent during the fall months of October and November, at which time we may say it is often next to impossible, especially for heavy laden craft, to enter the harbor of Fogo with safety.

WO, ROB.

The “North Star,” in last Saturday's issue, instead of coming forward manfully and making “a clean breast of it,” by acknowledging past errors and promising amendment in the future, rather prefers to evade the point at issue, by returning to his old and familiar pastures of wilful misrepresentation and reckless assertion. Perhaps after all we are a little too severe, as the poor fellow may have been unfortunately afflicted with double vision at the time of his post prandial perusal of the answer to the query of “Anxious Inquirer,” as it appeared in last Thursday's HERALD. How he could possibly have managed to transform ‘Y minus X and Y plus X’ into ‘Y minus X and X minus Y’ is more than we can understand, unless when reading, rather hurriedly, the first portion of the answer, two HERALDS may have floated before his disordered vision. At any rate there appears to be a

breach in the pickets, through which the poor animal has unfortunately thrust his head, without any immediate prospect of its withdrawal, unless aided by the hand of some kind and sympathetic friend. Now, were we inclined to indulge in the mischievous frolics of our youthful days, we might perhaps be tempted to gratify vicious propensities, by inserting a pin or some other pointed instrument in the end of a stick and applying it as an *argumentum ad posteriorem*. But no, in the face of the Act for the prevention of cruelty to animals, we shall be guilty of no such delinquency, but in order to lessen the excitement natural to an animal in his perilous position, we shall merely cry—Wo Bob.

“We are not aware of having done wrong to the *Carbonear Herald*. It we have we ask forgiveness. But since that paper is seldom sent us, perhaps we have done no wrong after all. Another ‘Constant Reader’ business all over again perhaps. Are you gentlemen of the Press trying to raid upon the *Chronicle*?”

In giving insertion to the above extract from the “Morning Chronicle” of Saturday last, which we do so with much pleasure and satisfaction, we beg to assure the editor that we should be sorry to complain, did not ample ground exist therefor, in the publication of matter extracted from our columns without the usual recognition demanded by the courtesy of the press. With regard to the non receipt of the HERALD at the office of the “Chronicle,” the matter may be easily explained. Upon the establishment of this journal we mailed regularly to the different papers of the St. John's press our first two or three issues, which were in turn acknowledged by a similar interchange on the part of all the papers referred to. An irregularity subsequently occurring in the receipt of one or two of our St. John's exchanges, the ‘Morning Chronicle’ being of the number, the copy to the ‘Chronicle’ being therefore omitted from the St. John's list. With regard to the “Constant Reader” reference, and the query as to our alleged contemplated “raid upon the ‘Chronicle,’” we beg to assure the editor that we are by no means desirous of mixing ourselves up in the local squabbles of our brethren of the St. John's press, whilst we shall be at all times prepared to stand forward boldly in the defence of our own rights and privileges, and of the principles upon which we have taken our stand.

Upon the whole, we look upon the explanation of the “Chronicle” to be gentlemanly, straightforward and satisfactory, and such as to merit our entire forgiveness, which we cheerfully accord, assuring our worthy contemporary that no more welcome visitor will henceforth be found upon our table than the tri-weekly edition of the “Morning Chronicle.”

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the “Carbonear Herald,”
St. John's, Sept. 16.

DEAR SIR,
Having a few moments to spare, I sit down to write a few lines,—a thing which is much easier contemplated than accomplished, considering that our local dailies pick up almost everything of importance, and leave but little room for originality. Perhaps the easiest way for me to surmount the difficulty would be to particularize the contents of our dailies, and make no attempt to eject anything from my own non-fertile brain. As usual at this particular season every thing appears pretty dull in business circles, every one anxiously awaiting the opening of the fall, or real business season, which, judging from the general result of the past summer's operations, promises to yield a more than ordinarily successful harvest, to the planter, fisherman and business man generally. Yesterday there was brought to light a case of bigamy. It is very seldom an event of this nature mars marriage life in this community; but why such is the case, is perhaps, a proposition open to

wide speculation. Many and many disturbances we hear of between man and wife, yet it is a rare thing for the husband or wife to become oblivious to the marriage vows and to take unto themselves other partners. The name of the unfortunate who is at present in the Penitentiary upon the above charge, is that of Robert Clark, a native of Trinity, but for some time an inhabitant of St. John's. Mr. Nannary, with a large Dramatic troupe, arrived here on Saturday last, and amongst the number is Miss Ida Van Courtlandt, who upon her last visit made such a favorable impression as to be remembered for some time to come. Their arrival has caused a little stir. The young ladies are speculating upon the beauties of the drama, and two hours with their beaux; the thoughts of the beaux being directed in the same agreeable channel, with the exception that those of some are concentrated upon the most favorable means of getting a drink between the acts. Putting aside this trifling view, we must admit that a good theatrical company cannot but be productive of some good during its stay. Incidents in ancient and modern history are placed before us as they occurred in real life, and the most sublime, editing and instructive language greets our ears—the end of the good man's life is put forward as an example, and the doom and consternation of the wicked doer vividly painted, afford illustrations equally instructive.

I remain, Yours, etc.,

QUIDAM.

Jottings by the Way.

No. 4.

At the time of my visit to Bett's Cove I found that mining operations at that locality were comparatively at a standstill, the number of hands then employed in the various sections of the works connected with the mine, not amounting to more than two hundred, a considerable reduction compared with that of the year previous, when no less than eleven hundred men found constant employment at the mine and the various points in its immediate vicinity. This diminution of labor at Bett's Cove, which gave the locality a somewhat deserted appearance, was not, as I learned upon good authority, the result of failure in the productiveness of the mine, which at the time of my visit was yielding a good percentage of ore; but rather of the concentration of the efforts of the Company in the development of the mineral resources at Little Bay upon which a large body of miners, amounting, as I am informed, to about eleven hundred, was then actively employed. Another cause assigned, was the low price of copper in the British markets, which had been reduced to less than half its value within twelve months. This unfavorable state of affairs at Bett's Cove, though in all probability destined to be but temporary, was the cause of much regret and apprehension on the part of the operatives still employed at the mines, many of whom were most uncertain as to their future tenure of employment in connection with an industry from which they had already derived constant and such remunerative employment. Having visited cupola furnaces in the harbor, the machine shops, and other points of interest at the mine and having completed the necessary business arrangements at this interesting locality, early on the morning of the following Tuesday, I left Little Bay by the Company's steamer “Hiram Perry,” my fellow passengers being F. F. E. Erhausen, Esq., and one or two of the leading men of the Company. The passage to Little Bay though short was rendered somewhat cold and unpleasant owing to a strong northeaster accompanied by a heavy undertow which caused the little steamer to tumble in a measure calculated in no small degree to disturb internal arrangements, and to give a forcible suggestion of the proximity of that great “scare” of amateur mariners, familiarly known as seasickness. Happily however, my previous experience of sea-voyaging, though perhaps somewhat limited, compared with that of my fellow passengers, was sufficient to enable me to maintain my equilibrium, both internally and externally, which under the circumstances, I certainly did in a manner creditable even to an “old salt.” During the passage from Bett's Cove to Little Bay, the disagreeableness of the passage above referred to, was considerably mitigated, by personal observation of the beautiful scenery which lay along our route and which, as the “Hiram Perry” sped on her way, was revealed to our view, though under the disadvantage of a dull leaden sky, with a truly picturesque and panoramic effect. After a cruise of about two hours, the steamer arrived at the loading harbor of Little Bay where we found a large steamer at the Company's wharf taking on board a cargo of copper ore, which was being discharged directly into the hold from the waggon, the tramway for that purpose extending sufficiently far out to cover the vessel's deck. A delay of about one hour occurred here, owing to the steamer being required to tow one of the Company's vessels, after which she

proceeded to the quarters of the Little Bay. referred to, a land extending and known effect of the enter, the e Bight, is truly tains with a g edge, meet th mountains ar the very strai of timber can birch, spruce exceeding the and general p picturesque mine of Little the brief spa sprung up as a numerous, b the number v various works my visit being twelve hundre I experienced ing myself com little difficulty St. John's frie Captain Mathe known as one c cessful captain Newfoundland D. and the var family I feel marked kindn manifested by my brief visi here also avail expression to acknow edgem pitality and ki recipient at t son, Esq., an which shall e mind with the of my first visi of Little Bay.

Local a

The ex the “Herald” Bay and the v of the colony ble medium fo We would di tion of bus the above me fact.

During the been a fair am pretty generally A day or two to the extent o man.

From the Ste we glean the fo on the Labrador The Ellen, Fae Island, crew ree Lizzie, Reid mas lost near Hope Pool's island, dr got off after and Harbor.

Mrs. McCarthy red to in our las the house recu Side, died on Tu

The Surveyor J. S. Donnelly) by last Plover in ing his absence a tour through t try, from Bay of the course of his ney through the tleman must ne much hardship inseparable fro reclaimed cou, tr late the country of the Surveyor one who evince practically conve capabilities of Mr. Donnelly, as tainly, the right

The fishery in St. John's has some the past day or tw off the Sugar Loa this morning the three quintals eac

We have been very rich specime has lately been fo Bugus.—Standar

The S. S. Polli St. John's arrive Sunday last. Ha tion of her cargo she left shortly a voyage.

We have thank the receipt, from spector of the Ro of a copy of the the year 1878.

The Borneo Hop Sh Band of the T. for Grace, took pla the Society on a ncing, which con s kept up until 7 morning.