

Saturday Night.

The work-day week has cast its yoke
Of troublous toil and careful quest;
The lingering twilight's saffron cloak
Trails o'er the dusky west;
And curfew clocks, with measured stroke,
Chime in the eve of rest.

From fallow fields and woody dells
The crickets chirp their pleasant lays;
The kine come up, with tinkling bells,
Through all the loamy ways;
And buckets drip by busy wells,
And ruddy ingles blaze.

His whirling wheel the miller stops—
The smith his silent anvil leaves—
His ringing axe the joiner drops—
No more the weaver weaves;
His loaded wain the pedlar props
Beneath the tavern eaves.

A happy hush, a tranquil balm,
As if the week-day work and care
Were lifted off, and left us calm,
Pervades the quiet air;
A sense as of a silent psalm,
A feeling as of prayer.

For now the night, with soft delay
Seems brooding like a tender dove,
While the last hours of Saturday
Shut in the homes of love,
And the sweet Sabbath spans the way
To holier homes above.

God help us all! since here below
Few Saturdays are ours at best—
And out of earthly pain and woe
Few days of Sabbath rest;
God teach us!—that we yet may know
The Sabbath of the blest!

Lines to a Young Lady.

I fear I fear the hour may come
When all my blossomed joys will fade,
And the new sunlight of my heart
Grow dim in disappointment's shade.
Yet when I gaze on thy fair brow,
And thrill beneath thy tender glance,
I still dream on, and cannot free
My soul from its delightful trance.

Thou wilt go forth among the bright
And lovely throng that sweetly glow,
Like stars upon the curtained night,
To gild the shadowed world below;
And thou wilt be the loveliest
Of that fair throng—the fairest one—
And hearts will bend before thy shrine
As bends the Persian to the sun.

Alas, though I may fondly chase
The phantom of unreal joy,
And fancy that the god of life
Is mingled with no base alloy;
The time may come when, like the rose
That blossoms in the morning ray,
The hope whose sweetness fills my heart
Will lose its beauty and decay.

Yet when I meet thy eye so pure
So fraught with life, with joy and light,
My spirit's wing grows faint and weak,
When poised to try a distant flight,
'Tis fettered by a sicken chain
A silver link and cannot flee,
Yet better, love, such happy bonds
Than liberty away from thee.

Ebb and Flow.

Beneath the ebb and flow
There's many a soul at rest;
Beneath the veil of show
There's many a heart distress'd,
Deep in Atlantic's wave
There's treasures never seen;
Deep in the grassy grave
Lie those that might have been.

Beneath the ebb and flow
Washed by the running tide,
There are secrets of woe
Lie buried side by side,
Deep in the human frame
We have all a hiding nook,
To bury sin and shame,
Where the world can never look.

SELECT STORY.

THE LOST WILL.

Two persons sat together in a first floor room fronting on Chancery Row, in the thriving little city of W—. The afternoon sky was gray, and cold, and dull; and the room was grayer colder duller, than the sky; everything about the place looked sordid and neglected. The rain-channelled dust of years had crusted on the windows. The deed boxes on the shelves behind the door, the dusty books in the book-case opposite the fire-place, the yellow map that hung over the mantel-piece, were all thickly covered with dust and cobwebs.

It was the private room of Lawrence Haight, attorney at law, and it opened out from a still drearier office, in which a clerk was hard at work. There was a clock in each room, and a calendar on each mantel shelf. The hands of both clocks pointed to half-past three and the calendars both proclaimed that it was the second day of June, eighteen hundred and sixty-two.

The two persons sitting together, in the chamber were the lawyer and his wealthy old father-in-law, Mr. Jacob Osdell.

Mr. Haight had placed his chair with the back to the window, so that his features were scarcely distinguishable in the gathering gloom of the afternoon. His visitor—a stout, pale man with a forest of iron-gray hair about his temples—sat opposite, with the light

full upon his face, and his hands crossed on the knob of his cane.

I have come talk to you, Lawrence, said he, about George Crawford.

About George Crawford? repeated the lawyer.

Yes—I think I have been to hard with him. I intend that he and Lucy shall come back to the old home.

Ah, you don't say so! Upon what terms, Mr. Osdell.

Upon no other terms than that they shall be son and daughter to me. You see, Lawrence, I am growing old, and my home is a very lonely one now that you have taken my only other child.

Haight shifted around a little farther from the light, and looked up with a keen, inquiring glance.

You have forgiven them, eh? Yes; fully and freely.

Do they know it? No. I shall go to them to-morrow.

I have no objections to offer now, Mr. Osdell; and I see you would listen to them, if I had. But I am sure you will regret this determination. Why, it is scarcely a year since you were heaping the most vindictive curses upon their ungrateful heads.

Yes, that is so, Lawrence. I had cherished high hopes of Lucy's making a brilliant match, and the plans of a lifetime were overset when she married Crawford; but, after all, there is nothing against him save his poverty.

And I should say that was a very great deal Mr. Osdell.

At any rate, it is a fault easily remedied, Lawrence. I gave you ten thousand dollars last week to buy me some bonds. I now countermand the order, and will call next week for the money. I shall give them that at once.

Lawrence Haight's hand trembled like an aspen leaf as he placed his burning forehead. A moment passed before he could command his voice to reply, and there was a tremor in it then in spite of him.

You are too wise a man. I am sure Mr. Osdell, said he, to act in this rash manner.

And you are too wise, I am sure, Lawrence, not to know that a man should never attempt to do right by halves. No I am not acting rashly. I have but two children, your wife and Lucy. To you I have given thousands to her, not a cent. You surely should not complain if I repair the injury I have done them.

As he said this, the old man rose to his feet and turned toward the door. His hand was on the latch when Haight stopped him.

What about the will you left in my charge? he asked.

The will! Oh, yes; that must be altered, of course.

When? As soon as I come back from Crawford's.

All right, sir. Good evening. Good evening, Lawrence.

The lawyer ushered his visitor through the outer office, listened a moment to his heavy footfall going down the street, hastened back to his private room, and shut the door.

Good God! exclaimed he, in a low, agitated tone, what's to be done now? This is ruin—ruin!

He took three or four restless turns about the room, then flung himself into his chair, and buried his face in his hands.

He thinks I am rich, muttered he. I a rich man, indeed! Why, even the ten thousand dollars are gone with the rest! Merciful powers! what can I do? To whom can I turn for it? What security have I to give? Only a weeks notice, too. I am lost! I am lost.

Again he rose, and strode rapidly up and down the room. Gradually the trouble deepened and deepened on his face, and his cheek grew deathly pale.

There is one way out of it! he groaned. Bill Davis could—O God must I do that?

He sank down into his chair, rested his chin upon his open palms, and fell into a deep and silent train of thought.

In a little while, he sprang up again seized his hat, and hastened out into the street. On leaving the house, he directed his steps toward that portion of the city notorious as the abode of crime and infamy.

He walked rapidly, with the firm swift step of a man full of determination, soon he struck into a street where everything bore the mark of corruption and decay. Houses with unglazed sashes, unhinged doors, roofless and crumbling away beneath the hand of time, were leaning against each other, to support themselves amid the universal ruin. Crowds of miserable objects, the wrecks of human beings, were loitering about the dismal holes which they called their home; some shivering on the sidewalks, were themselves together to protect themselves from the chill night air; some, bloated and half stupefied with hard drinking, went muttering along, or stopped to brawl with others like themselves. Young females, too, with hollow cheeks and hungry eyes, were loitering among the herd. Many of them had been born to

nothing better; but there were those among the number who once had friends who loved them, and had looked forward to a future without a shadow.

And they had come to this! They had broken the hearts of those who would have cherished them, and had drank of crime and woe to the dregs.

Haight shuddered as he hurried through this gloomy spot. Stuffed screams and groans and scounds of anger and blasphemy, burst upon his ears, mingled with shouts of mirth, and he observed figures shrinking in the obscure corners of the buildings as he passed, and watching him with the cautious yet savage eye of mingled suspicion and fear; for he was in the very heart of the region where thieves and cut-throats were skulking to avoid the vigilance of the police, and had common lot with the penniless and homeless who came there only to die. With a feeling of relief he emerged from this doomed spot, and came to a more quiet street.

It was growing late in the night when he at last came to a mean looking house having a small sign over the door, indicating that it was a tavern, and with a number of illuminated placards in the windows, intimating that lodgings were to be had, and that various liquors might be purchased at the moderate sum of five cents a glass.

Haight pushed roughly past two or three persons, and entered a dingy room strongly impregnated with the fumes of tobacco and spirits, and enveloped in a cloud of smoke. It was filled with persons who looked as if they would not hesitate to ease a pocket, or if it were necessary, to extend their civility so far as to cut a throat. Some were savage, silent and sullen; others, under the influence of what they had drank, were humorous and loquacious; some steeped in intoxication, were lying at full length upon benches; others were leaning back in their chairs against the wall, saying nothing, but blowing out clouds of tobacco smoke. In the midst of this disorderly throng sat the proprietor, keeping guard over a row of shelves occupied by a small congregation of decanters.

The lawyer walked around the room staring into each man's face, and then approached the landlord.

I don't see Davis. Is he there? asked he of that personage, nodding his head at the same time toward an inner chamber.

No he's up stairs, was the answer. Alone.

I believe so. He took some brandy and a candle, and went off.

Does he stop here to-night? If he forks first, he can; but, continued he, tapping his pocket, I think his disease here is of an aggravated nature.

Haight left the room, and ascending a narrow staircase, with which he seemed familiar, came to a dark passage. A light shining from beneath a door at the farther end of it guided him to the room that he sought, which he entered without ceremony.

Seated at a table, smoking and drinking, was a rosy-eyed, bloated-faced man of about forty, dressed in a ragged suit the coat of which was buttoned closely up to the throat, to conceal the want of shirt. As the lawyer entered, he looked up, then, pushing back his chair, came forward and extended his hand.

How are you, counsellor? Haight, without noticing the extended hand, drew a chair to the table and sat down.

I came to see you on business, said he.

Ah! what is it? Who's in the next room? I don't know. It's empty, I believe. Go and see, and look in all the rooms.

Davis, taking the light went out, and presently returning, reported that all the rooms were empty. He then drew a chair directly in front of Haight, and placing a hand on each knee, looked in his face.

Can you keep a secret, Davis? asked the lawyer, looking full into two eyes that never blenched.

Can't you tell? You ought to be able to.

Will you swear? Yes; out with it! I'll keep a close mouth.

Well, then, continued Haight, watching him sharply, to see the effect produced by his communication, and speaking in a whisper, suppose you owed a man ten thousand dollars, and no man knew of the debt but you two, what would you do.

I'd kill the creditor before morning, was the reply.

What if you were paid to do that very thing? Would you do it.

Hello, counsellor, you've been meaning yourself all the time! What is the pay.

A thousand dollars. I'll do it!

And your nerves won't fail? Never fear that, counsellor. For a thousand dollars, I'd have the nerve to kill my own mother.

Leaning forward in his chair, and speaking in a still lower tone, the lawyer now poured all his plans into the ruf-

fian's ear. An hour passed by, and then he arose to go.

Mind, now, said he, he will leave at half-past ten to-morrow.

All right, counsellor I'll be ready. Here's fifty dollars; I suppose you are broke?

I always am, was the reply. Haight handed him the money, and, leaving the house hurried off towards his own home.

CHAPTER II.

The early morning stage for Brady drew up in front of the 'Eagle' hotel, just as Mr. Osdell awoke from a long deep sleep. He opened his eyes and heard the stage horn both at the same instant of time. He determined to do an act of charity and justice to his injured child, and filled his whole being with the warm glow of happiness and peace and he had slept the sleep of the just.

He sprang out of bed when he heard the blowing of the horn and began to prepare for his journey. While he is doing so it is necessary that we should go back a little way into his past history.

To the majority of persons Jacob Osdell was simply a rich, gentlemanly, clever looking man. Even the clerks in his store who saw him daily for three hundred and thirteen dreary days in every dreary year had no more notion of their employer's inner life than the varietal stranger who brushed past him on the street. They saw him only as others saw him and thought of him only as others thought of him.

They knew that he had a profound and extensive knowledge of his business an iron will, and an inexhaustible reserve of energy.

They knew that he had two daughters and that he was a widower and rich, and this was all they did know.

One of his daughters had been married long ago to the wealthy and rising young lawyer, Lawrence Haight.

The other remained at home with her father and became his darling and pet.

A year before the time when our story commences, this daughter had met George Crawford who was one of her father's most trusted clerks. They had loved each other from that moment. When the knowledge of this fact came to the old gentleman he raged and stormed in the most outrageous manner. He at once dismissed George from his employment and threatened Lucy with direct vengeance if she persisted in her folly.

All to no purpose however, were the old man's threats and anger. At the first opportunity, Lucy left his house, and she and George were made man and wife.

From that day forward Jacob Osdell never mentioned their names. He made his will leaving to Mrs. Haight all his property except the house in which he lived. This alone out of his great wealth he gave to Lucy. This will he placed in Lawrence Haight's hands, with the injunction that it should be opened immediately after his death, and before his body should be consigned to the grave.

Month after month he had been nursing his wrath to keep it warm but it had grown cool, cold, colder, in spite of him. His heart yearned for his darling and pet, and he refused to be comforted.

Finally the news came to him that a little child had been born to Lucy, and that she had given it his name. Then all his anger left him, and he determined to take her to his heart and home again, as we have seen.

Crawford lived in a snug little cottage, a mile or two from Brady and it was thither that Mr. Osdell was about to journey by the coach that stood waiting at the door.

In a few moments he came to the bar to pay his bill.

Are there any other passengers? said he to the landlord.

Yes there is! was the reply. And an oddacious character he is, too, I'll bet.

Why, what kind of a man do you take him to be? Not a highwayman, I hope, landlord.

Was nor all that, sir; but then I only suspect.

What do you suspect? The man adjusted his collar, and looked impressively into Mr. Osdell's face.

I suspects a great deal—a very great deal! said he, with an ominous shake of the head. He's a murdering raskil—I know it by a sign that never fails.

Mr. Osdell was not a nervous man, and therefore was not at all alarmed at this communication.

What is your sign? he laughingly asked.

The sign, replied the landlord, confidently, I know it by the cut of his eye.

The what? The cut of his eye reiterated the landlord, positively. Let me get the cut of a man's eye, and I know him at once. And I warn, sir, to look out for that man. He's a murdering raskil!

After the coach had started and was well on its way, Mr. Osdell looked up at his fellow passengers, and endeavoured to ascertain this mysterious cut of the eye for himself. The man before him was bundled up in a high overcoat and his hat was pulled down over a face which was not the most prepossessing in the world, and whose natural deficiencies were not at all diminished by the lack of a very recent application of either water or razor.

He coolly bore the scrutiny of his features, and never for an instant turned away his glance from the face of Mr. Osdell.

Well said he growing weary at last. I'm a beauty ain't I.

I beg your pardon sir, replied Mr. Osdell, somewhat disconcerted at this remark, I meant no offence I assure you.

Oh! you didn't didn't you? Well, don't do it again, that's all!

I certainly shall not, sir; I have no wish to offend you.

No; and by God! you had better not I've had enough of your impudence; and if you give me any more I'll—

You'll what? I'll that, said the man, opening his vest, and touching the handle of a dirk. His eyes flashed from those dark caverns with sullen ferocity like those of a hyena. Yes that! he continued. And if I must speak plainly I'll cut your throat! Do you understand now?

Evidently the man for some reason, wished to quarrel with him; and Mr. Osdell seeing this, and believing him to be drunk or crazy, restrained himself, and as calmly as he could said,—

Put up your knife sir; you shall have no occasion to use it. And besides that to use it would be murder and the punishment of that I believe is death.

The brow of the villain darkened and his eyes flashed fire. He leaned forward and fingered his knife as though to use it. On reflection however, he seemed to have made up his mind to another course, and buttoning up his vest he muttered a fearful oath and cast himself back into a corner of the coach.

Mile after mile was now passed in utter silence, and soon the little village of Brady came into view. To Mr. Osdell's great relief his surly companion now stopped the coach, and sprang out into the road. Without uttering a word he crossed over to the bordering fence sprang over it and struck in a little path that led across the fields.

It was just growing dark as Mr. Osdell started out on the road that led from Brady to George Crawford's house. It was but a short walk of a mile and he was too impatient to wait till morning. Thoughts of the conversation he had had with the landlord in the city and the subsequent meeting with the rough passenger in the stage coach almost deterred him. But there was no one that he knew of who had cause to injure him—the ruffian must have been mad to threaten his life; and at any rate he had long ago disappeared.

No; there was no danger that he could see, and so he strode along cheerily.

Absorbed in thought as he was however Mr. Osdell paused every now and then to reconnoitre the country around him.

Bradly was some distance behind and on no other side of him were there any buildings in sight.

Presently he came to an abrupt curve in the road. He had been looking forward to this point for some minutes and felt so sure that it must bring him in sight of Crawford's house, and he was much disappointed to find all forward view cut off by a huge boulder that jutted out nearly across the road a few yards ahead of him.

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

THE STAR

—AND—
CONCEPTION BAY WEEKLY REPORTER.

Is printed and published by the Proprietor, WILLIAM R. SQUIRE, every Thursday morning, at his Office, (opposite the premises of Capt. D. Green,) Water Street, Harbor Grace, Newfoundland.

Book and Job Printing executed in a manner calculated to afford the utmost satisfaction.

Price of Subscription—\$2.50c., (Two Dollars Fifty Cents) per annum, payable half-yearly.

Advertisements inserted on the most liberal terms, viz.:—Per square of seven lines, (fourgeois type) for first insertion, \$1; each continuation 25 cents.

The STAR will not be issued or continued to any subscriber for a less term than six months.

Advertisements received at the office of this paper without written instructions limiting the number of insertions (Auctions, sales, and Notices, which determine themselves excepted) will be repeated until ordered in writing to be withdrawn and charged accordingly.

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