

est proof that she was otherwise than what she reported to be by her captain. Captain Bowen, under these circumstances, left Aspinwall for Puerto Cabello on the 26th of April. A special telegram from Aspinwall says: "At 1 55 p.m., on a signal from the United States steamer Kansas, the Virginus steamed out under the stern of the Spanish man-of-war Pizarro, and took the lead, followed by the Kansas, the latter being followed by the Pizarro. Both men-of-war had everything in fighting trim—the guns being loaded and the men at quarters. The Virginus is now off Porto Bello, and the two other steamers are following as before. No shots have yet been exchanged. The Spanish steamer Tornado is said to be waiting outside. Great excitement exists here. The wharves and beach are crowded with people watching the progress of the vessels. The Kansas is a screw steamer, third rate, of 900 tons burden, and carries three heavy guns. She is at present under command of Lieut. Commander Edwin White, her commander, Captain Hatfield, having remained at Nicaragua to fill the post made vacant by the untimely death of Commander Crossman, at Greytown. The Kansas came to Aspinwall on the 21st of April to procure provisions for the Nicaragua surveying party, not expecting to be called into service here. Commander White will fight both Pizarro and Tornado if necessary.—Ibid.

THE STAR.

HARBOR GRACE, JULY 2, 1872.

The Court of General Quarter Sessions was held in the Court House in this town yesterday, Israel L. McNeil, Esq., Acting District Judge, and G. C. Rutherford, Esq., J. P., presiding.

The Grand Jury, of whom Patrick Devereux, Esq., was chosen Foreman, were addressed by his Honor I. L. McNeil, Esq., who congratulated them on the quiet and peaceable state of the town, since they last met (with the exception of the fracas with the Police, on the 3rd June last, which, he stated, originated with persons belonging to another settlement); also, that from the speedy and effective steps taken by the Government, and the watchful surveillance exercised by the Board of Health, small-pox of a malignant type was confined to the Hospital.

The Grand Jury visited the Gaol, and reported it as usual. They also presented the delapidated condition of the Court House and surroundings, and the state of the Lock-up. They expressed themselves highly pleased with the steps taken to prevent the spread of small-pox.

LABRADOR MAIL SERVICE.

A RUMOUR has reached us that the steamer "Ospray" has been selected by the Government for this important service. We trust the report may prove to be unfounded, or that if it were ever thought of, the idea may be abandoned, knowing, as we do, that the vessel is wholly unsuited to the service.

The Execution of Geehan!

On yesterday morning—as previously noticed—Geehan, the murderer of Garrett Sears, underwent the extreme penalty of the law. He is said to have met death boldly, without making any further confession. Death was almost instantaneous. So closes the history of a man who walked and moved amongst us, and who would not be supposed capable of the awful crime thus expiated on the gallows. The lesson surely is a severe one! How grateful we should feel that, in this instance, the law has ruled supreme and brought to light the hidden things of darkness.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[FOR THE HARBOR GRACE STAR.] SHOWS.

Speaking in general terms shows may be said to be the public display of what is useful and attractive. In this country such exhibitions are confined to agricultural and floral displays. As incentives to perseverance in rearing and cultivating, shows are invaluable. Seeing is believing,—what others have accomplished, we scarcely can imitate. One great hindrance to progress in this country is the isolation of our people. We dig and delve as our fathers were wont to do; we fence with their contracted ideas as to the utility of agricultural pursuits. There is nothing prompting to wider effort. The desert may blossom and bloom as the rose, nature beautifying the earth, while our people—for the most part—live on as of yore, content to raise a few potatoes and a patch of cabbage. What we read of as being done in other more favoured lands acts upon us as fairy tales—pleasant to amuse our children as we nuzzle round our winter fires, but in no way urging us to thoughts of imitating. There is a want of public spirit, as well as lack of interest, in the advancement of our brothers in such a state of things. You may lecture a man till dooms-day about sowing his cabbage plants and carrots, and about the fructifying components of a bucket of water, without producing the results that would follow holding a head of cabbage weighing 28 lbs., or a carrot 18 inches long. Men are

mimics by nature to a large extent; few only are originators, the many being mere imitators, with a small per centage who may be called improvers. Thus it is we are led to value shows aright. In England they have their baby shows and their cat shows! with numberless other sorts of shows. We would laugh in this country at baby shows, and yet they must be found useful. Not that the physique of the children can be much improved by such exhibitions; altho' even in this respect, beneficial results might follow. Dress has much to do with the free and natural expansion of these little cherubs, and diet must go a large way—the secrets of which would be ascertained at general exhibitions. Cat shows in England are held in a nave of the Crystal Palace, such celebrities as Lady Burdett Coatts acting as one of the Judges, which shows the importance attached to the exhibition. There is no scarcity of cats—fine cats too—in this country, and no end to variety. It strikes me—from the music of Mother Tibbs and her family, close under my window at night—that our cats are sensible of the inattention here, differing from other countries. We sometimes have a cricket match—tho' it generally is up-hill work to bring players to the front—but beyond serving as an occasion enabling young gent's to throw themselves into graceful positions, and look modestly foolish when bowled or caught out—and to witness the display of beauty congregated on such occasions, cricket shows in this country don't count for much. They might be made more attractive if decorum and politeness between competitors were always observed, altho' on this point Harbor Grace and Carbonear stand distinguished. On rare occasions a lady may chance dexterously to display a pretty ankle by accident, but the indiscretion is immediately corrected by letting fall the drapery that hides from view. We can't see why women should wear their garments longer than men do! If a man has a foot 15 inches, he must show every inch; let a woman have a foot ever so neat, she is taught to conceal it as carefully as Eastern ladies do faces that to behold once would make one happy and wise. Of all sights we witness, that of a daughter of Eve trailing the street with the skirts of her dress provokes us most. We could stand a monkey's grimaces, or anything from that to a slap in the face, without the humiliating feeling that is roused to activity on seeing a friend, or any female, in the predicament referred to. We wish they could be coaxed to explain the motive inducing the practice, because for the life of us we cannot understand it. This is worse than no show—it is killing a show. We have known of inconveniences arising from the absence of exhibitions. On one occasion an American gentleman was passenger in the *Lizzie*, and observing a bag on the deck that kept moving in a curious angular manner, his natural curiosity was incited to ask what it meant. "Oh," said a friend, "that is a Guttersnipe—did you never see one?" "You don't say!" said the American, "I would like very much to see it; tell me has it web feet or hair or feathers—does it live in the water or on the land—is it plenty about here? Do say!" When he had expended himself, his friend informed him that Guttersnipes were numerous along the shore, having feet to walk on dry land or swim in water, as occasion might require. "Well, there!" said the American, "that is more than I ever heard; say, can't you let us see it?" "Yes, certainly," responded his friend. "I'll open the bag, but be very careful, for it may fly out and get away." "If it don't bite," replied the American, "I'm safe to stop it just here." With which he opened his hands, spreading each finger as wide as he could, and with mouth wide open and eyes dilated, he watched the bag, when, behold! out jumped a plump roaster, springing straight into the bosom of the American, who, in the excitement of the occasion, clasped his arms tightly round piggy. Piggy, having strong vocal powers, set up a lively air—the American, singing a good second, rolled over topsy turvy on the deck, without power to let go his prize. Of course all hands, except piggy and the American, were in roars of laughter; but it was no laughing matter to them, for the former found a watery grave, and the latter, who lived largely on pork before this, now runs out of the house whenever the flavour is noticeable, or pork is mentioned. Now, these awkward results would not have followed had we been in the habit of holding regular shows by which the term Guttersnipe would become familiar. We trust we have said enough to stir up our philanthropists to institute shows more frequently.

July 2. BARNUM BURNUM. [FOR THE HARBOR GRACE STAR.] EXECUTIONS.

"And, hark!—a sound comes big with fate— The clock from St. Sepulchre's tower strikes EIGHT!" List to that low funeral bell— It is tolling, alas! a living man's knell— And see—from forth that folding door, They come—He steps the threshold o'er Who never shall tread upon threshold more. —God! 'tis a fearful thing to see That pale, wan man's mute agony. Those pinioned arms, those hands that ne'er May be lifted again—not even in prayer; That heaving chest—Enough—'tis done: The bolt has fallen—the Spirit is gone. Oh! 'twas a fearful sight!—Ah, me! A deed to shudder at—not to see."

Yes, indeed! an execution is a sad spectacle; yet the law must be satisfied in its demand, "a life for a life." I can never efface from my memory the sight

of such executions as I have witnessed. The doomed, who is in a moment to appear before the Great Judge of mankind, steps on the scaffold; it may be with firm step or with faltering limbs,—he is pinioned; the white cap is put over the face, the rope is adjusted on the neck, and with a shake of the hand and a pat on the back from the executioner, the "guilty of murder" passes to eternity. "Tis very well to say "hang him;" but how many could or would bear the feelings consequent on the witnessing of an execution. The execution of Geehan tells its own tale.

CABOT. ABEL AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY "AULD REEKIE."

"I once knew a nigger and his name was Uncle Ned, But he's gone a long time since ago. He'd no vegetation on the top of his caranium, Where de wool it oughter to grow."

OLD VERSION, NEW SONG. "Auld Reekie" is not gone (altho' Uncle Ned is) as your correspondent "Abel," in last issue of the *Star* would insinuate; here he is again, all alive and kicking, the same as dead herrings after being salted for a week. By the way, I am wondering if the said "Abel" is the one who *stew or got stewed*; at all events, I have to thank him for his kind reception of sundries from "Auld Reekie." Were I to use the grandiloquent language of an orator, or Horace-like-Homer-like de-nounce all dealings with cats, no doubt my name would be handed down to posterity as a top for a writing book, but I will be satisfied with the pleasure it affords me writing facts which "no man can understand." Abel states he is a bachelor and that all bachelors are generally in good humour; now if I could only find out the residence of "Adam and Eve," wouldn't they give him the dry shave or Turkish nip for such an assertion. Albeit "Abel" seems to be able to keep up the intimacy of his two companions with the *Star*. These sagacious companions seem to have been badly trained, otherwise they would never bite and fight about such items as in the *Star* appear. Is that rhetoric or logic. Never mind, I heed not for reply. "Abel" says many lessons may be learned from "poor dumb creatures," now dear *Star* if "Abel" would publish their language or signs as he alone seems to understand them, posterity will at once present him with the live end of a beautiful rifle. "Abel" answer me the following and oblige:— Is your Cat of the male or neuter gender? Is your dog scientific, or otherwise stupid? Is the howling of the cat heard above the vociferosity of the dog? Have the dog and cat anything to do with caterpillars? When they won't eat out of the dish, do you put their heads in it? If sawdust and rain prevent "Auld Reekie" on any other occasion than the first one from reaching the "Star Office" will you keep by your present name if able? Now if there are six dry fortnights in a week will you please gratify "Auld Reekie" by saying there were only two? Has your cat's tail assumed its regular and former dimensions? Have you done anything for your dog's teeth and how many dollars did you pay for their insertion? "Auld Reekie" apologizes for troubling, but as "Abel" is a comical philosopher, 'tis well for Old Smoky to have some fun.

LOCAL VARIETIES. (From the Morning Chronicle, June 28.) Annexed are extracts from two letters received this mail from a gentleman in New York, and which refers to a subject of general interest in this community, where everything having relation to Postal affairs between this and other countries is regarded as of importance. We give the extracts first—our comments follow.

New York, 12th June, 1872. "The Post Office authorities tell me they have repeatedly tried to make a treaty with Newfoundland about the exchange of mails, but have never succeeded. They are anxious to do so. They want (and we want) an exchange between New York and St. John's, so that our letters may go and come direct in a closed bag, without having to pass through Boston Office, or any other, whereby a day is lost in every mail. At present all our letters go loose to Boston, where they sometimes remain a considerable time in accordance with instructions from your Post Master. The Superintendent at Boston writes me—

"It would be a good thing if we could forward right on to Halifax every day all letters that we get for Newfoundland. Then they would be in Halifax ready to be sent to Picton when the steamer is despatched, but this we are not allowed to do. It was formerly our custom, and it was a very good one, but at the special request of the Post Master General at Newfoundland we are now directed to keep all the Newfoundland letters in this office until just before the despatch of mails from Halifax for Newfoundland, and then send them altogether. This was for their convenience, and has caused many long and unnecessary delays."

"This arrangement quite upsets the plans of our merchants here, we were not aware of it, and were under the impression their letters would go on to Halifax (being marked "via Halifax") like a Halifax letter, but only now find they were kept in Boston sometimes a week, and then, by non-connection of train, lost the boat."

"Some say here the reason your Post-master will not make a convention is because the present arrangement gives ten cents per single posted letter with you (the same as collected here.) If that is the case let him make the postage twenty

cents, or anything he likes, so as to get the same amount, but let us have some certainty, as it now takes longer to get an answer to a letter from St. John's, and costs three times as much as to Berlin and other inland Continental Cities.

"To show that no delay need occur I give you the mail time over the three roads this side of Bangor and the route beyond. Mail closes in New York at 1 p.m. on Wednesday. The train Leaves New York 3 p.m., arrives in Boston about midnight. Boston 7 a.m. Thursday, arrives at Portland 12.30 p.m. Portland 1 p.m., arrives at Bangor 7.40 p.m. Bangor 7.50 a.m., Friday, arrives at St. John 7.10 p.m. St. John 8 a.m., Saturday, arrives at Annapolis boat at 2 p.m. Annapolis rail 2.20 p.m., arrives at Halifax 8.20 p.m. Halifax 7 a.m., Monday arrives

St. John's 7.10 p.m. The Sisters of Mercy gratefully acknowledge, with thanks, a donation of fifty dollars from Miss MacEvoy.—Ibid.

EXTRAORDINARY SCENE. The "Northern Whig" reports an extraordinary occurrence in Belfast. Cousins, wife of a Captain Cousins, the Owen Wallace, which arrived at port laden with grain from Taggart, had come to the town to meet husband, on receiving a telegram stating her to do so, and was staying at hotel. At midnight, becoming avaricious in consequence of delay in his arrival, she went out upon the roof of the house with her child in her arms, and dimly seen sitting over the parapet (height of 60ft), with her legs dangling from it. Here she sat screaming for her husband. The scene caused excitement in the street, until she rescued by a fire escape. The men ascended to take her away had to struggle with her to accomplish her rescue. She was brought with her child to the ground, and became calm when her husband appeared.

AGAINST THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT. The Lord Chancellor was engaged, on day, in hearing the suit of "Lariviere Morgan," which came on by way of appeal from the decision of Vice-Chancellor Malins on the 5th of March. Plaintiff it appears, contracted with Joulin, the then representative of French War Minister in this country for the supply of chassepot cartridges for the French army. The contract was signed in London on the 10th of August, 1870, and at Tours ten days later. The Plaintiff stipulated for deposit of a Fund with some English banker as security, subsequently received after from Messrs. Morgan and Co., English bankers of the French Government, to the effect that special interest for the sum of £40,000 had been deposited with them in his favor, out of which he would be paid as the goods were delivered, upon receipt of certificates of reception issued by the French Ambassador or Mr. Joulin. Some payments were made to the plaintiff under the contract, but on the 13th of January, 1871, he was informed by Messrs. Morgan and Gooch that the contract was withdrawn and cancelled, whereupon he asked to have the money brought into court, and for an account of what was due to him from the French Government. His honor (Sir Malins) held that although a foreign contract could not be sued for in England, yet where money had been actually deposited with a banker for its performance, the bank might be ordered to bring the money into court, and an inquiry might be made into what was still due on the contract. He made a decree accordingly. The case of the defendants who were appealed was opened by Mr. Morgan, Q.C., and Mr. Charles Hall.—*Manchester Times*, June 1.

GENERAL TROCHU. General Trochu, who still talks of retiring from public life, has not done so, more making a speech which is really excellent, though it lays him open to the invocal praise that he and Cicerone are in oratorical capacity and in military. He would not speak of "revenge" as a motto, but of revenge at home—the revenge for Sedan should be in the lessons which Frenchmen should lay to heart. The Assembly had the stoisicism to applaud the General while he told them that France needs a whole generation—perhaps several generations—of peaceful reform of the national character. The want of discipline in the late war was nothing but the reproduction of what was seen in the days when the "Grande Armee" was deemed invincible—when one-third the force in arms were stragglers and marauders.

DEATH OF THE PRINCESS AUGUSTA. The Liverpool "Post" announces the death of Princess Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein, who died on the 29th May, of brain fever, at Pau. She was the sister of Prince Christian.

We have much pleasure in announcing the arrival per s.s. *Alhambra*, of the Rev. J. NORRIS, who many years ago labored as a Wesleyan Missionary in this island. The Reverend gentleman is well known to many of our readers, who no doubt cherish pleasing recollections of their former intercourse with him, and will be glad to have the opportunity of greeting him once more.—*Courier*.

We have much pleasure in announcing that the handsome donation of £520 has been advanced in Bermuda, and forwarded by the Lord Bishop of Newfoundland to HENRY COOKE, Esq., Honorary Secretary here, for the Bishopric Endowment Fund.—*Times*.

The *Gertrude*, which arrived at this port on Thursday last, from Greenock, to Messrs J. & W. Stewart, has been doing smart work,—having, as the *Chronicle* states "just ran to Greenock and back, with the lay of unloading and loading cargo, in forty seven days, which is, we think nothing over her usual time."—*Ibid*.

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