

The Star,

And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Tuesday, November 19, 1872.

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NOVEMBER.

S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
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FOR SALE.

RESERVES & GROCERIES!

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

PINE APPLES
PEACHES
Strawberries—preserved in Syrup
Brambleberries do.

—ALWAYS ON HAND—

A Choice Selection of GROCERIES.

T. M. CAIRNS.
Opposite the Premises of Messrs. C. W. Koss & 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. HUTCHINS, 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
MEERCHAUM 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 outport.

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 a receive 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.

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

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.

ALEXR. BANNERMAN,
E. WILKS LYON.
Nov. 5. tff

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Parsons' Purgative Pills.

G. F. BARNES.

Blacksmith & Farrier,

BEGS 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.

Off LeMarchant St., North of Gas House.
Sept. 17.

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Fellows' Compound Syrup

OF HYPOPHOSPHITES.

POETRY.

I do not Fear to Die.

Since now I know I'll live again
In a better world than this,
And my spirit soars above each pain
To seek the spheres of bliss:
Since I have seen those realms of light
Above the bending sky,
Beyond the veil of death's dark night—
I do not fear to die.

Since I have talked with the loved of yore,
The dear ones passed away;
Since I have seen the shining shore,
Those realms of endless day—
I know no doubt nor care nor fear,
For the loved ones they are nigh:
They wipe away each briny tear—
I do not fear to die.

Since they our guardian angels are,
To watch and lead the way;
Since they direct our steps up there
To that flowery land so gay—
I'm certain, so contented, sure,
I never leave one sigh:
For His eternal laws are pure—
I do not fear to die.

Since mother, father, sister, child,
The loved one in truth so true,
Have every lonely hour beguiled
With "a message all for you,"
I'm happy, glad, so joyous, free,
No tear-drops fill my eye:
With humble thankfulness to Thee,
I do not fear to die.

EXTRACTS.

One of Mr. Lincoln's Merciful Acts.

Col. Forney tells the following in the Washington Sunday Chronicle, among his interesting "Anecdotes of Public Men": "While I was Sec. of the Senate there was scarcely an hour during any day that I was not called upon to help some body who had friends or kindred in the army, or had business in the departments or was anxious to get some poor fellow out of the old Capitol Prison. These constant appeals were incessant demands upon the time of a very busy man, but a labor of love, and I am glad to remember that I never undertook it reluctantly. One day an energetic lady called on me to take her to the President and aid her to get a private soldier pardoned, who had been sentenced to death for deserting, and was to be shot the very next morning. We were much pressed in the Senate, and she had to wait a long time before I could accompany her to the White House. It was in the afternoon when we got there, and the Cabinet was still in session. I sent in my name for Mr. Lincoln, and he came out evidently in profound thought and full of some great object. I stated the object of her call, and leaving the lady in one of the anti-chambers, returned to the Senate, which had not adjourned. The case had made a deep impression on me, but I forgot it in the excitement of the debate and the work of my office, until perhaps near ten o'clock that night, when my female friend came rushing into my room, radiant with delight with the pardon in her hand. "I have been up there ever since," she said. "The Cabinet adjourned, and I sat waiting for the President to come out and tell me the fate of my poor soldier, whose case I had placed in his hands after you left; but I waited in vain—there was no Mr. Lincoln. So I thought I would go to the chamber of his Cabinet and knock. I did so; and as there was no answer, I opened it and passed in, and there was the worn President asleep, with his head on the table resting on his arms, and my boy's pardon at his side. I quietly waked him, blessed him for his good deed, and came to tell you the glorious news. You have helped me to save a human life."

Horrible Adventure.

The writer of the following letter, having been out shooting at Kirdee, near Poonah, lay down to rest under a tree, when suddenly he was aroused by the furious baying of his dogs. "On turning round I beheld a snake of the cobra di capella species, directing its course to a point that would approximate very closely on my position; in an instant I was on my feet. The moment the reptile became aware of my presence, in nautical phraseology it boldly brought to, with expanded hood, eyes sparkling, and neck beautifully arched, and the head raised about two feet from the ground and oscillating from side to side, in a manner plainly indicative of a relentless foe. I seized the nearest weapon, a short bamboo left by the beaters, and hurled it at my opponent's head; I was fortunate enough to hit beneath the eye. The reptile immediately fell, and lay apparently life-

less. Without a moment's reflection I seized it a little below the head, hauled it beneath the shelter of a tree, and very coolly began to examine the mouth for the poison fangs, of which naturalists speak so much. While in the act of forcing open the mouth with a stalk, I felt the head sliding through my hand, and to my astonishment became aware that I had now to contend with the most deadly of reptiles in its full strength and vigor. Indeed I was in a moment convinced of this; for as I tightened my hold of the throat its body became wreathed round my neck and arms. If the reader is aware of the universal dread in which the cobra di capella is held throughout India and the almost instant death which invariably follows its bite, he will in some degree be able to imagine what my feelings were at that moment; a faint kind of disgusting sickness pervaded my whole frame, as I felt the clammy fold of the reptile tightening round my neck. I still held the throat, but to hold it much longer would be impossible. Immediately under my grasp there was an inward working and creeping of the skin, which seemed to be assisted by the tightness with which I held it—my hand was gloved. Finding in defiance of my efforts that my hand each moment was forced closer to my face, an idea struck me, that were it in my power to transfix the mouth with some sharp instrument, it would prevent the reptile from using its fangs should it escape my hold. My gun lay at my feet, the ramrod appeared to be the very thing I required, which, with some difficulty, I succeeded in drawing out, having only one hand disengaged. My right hand was trembling with over exertion, and my hold became less firm, when I happily succeeded in passing the rod through its upper jaw to its centre. It was not without considerable hesitation that I let go my hold of the throat, and the same time brought them over my head with a sudden jerk, and disengaged the fold from my neck, which had been almost tight enough to produce strangulation. There was but little difficulty in freeing my right arm, and ultimately throwing the reptile from me to the earth where it continued to twist itself into a thousand contortions of rage and agony. To run to a neighbouring stream, to bathe my neck, hands, and face in its cooling waters, was my first act after despatching my formidable enemy."

A Showman's Suggestions.

The following is from the New York Clipper:—There was a showman whose pocket book was seriously trode upon by an elephant, rendering it null and void; so how to replenish his debilitated exchequer and give him the means to procure the necessaries of life troubled his soul like anything; but showmen are shrewd—they do not stand all the day idle, and shed bitter tears and things like that, so while this man we are telling you about was quietly enjoying his "pot pie—country style," and sipping away at a quart bottle of cheap wine, suddenly he ceased to eat, and laid back in his old arm-chair like a person who had drawn a gig in a policy scheme. A thought had struck him, and he tossed it around in his mind and when next we heard of this remarkable man he was in London, when he sent for Stanley, who invented Livingstone's This Stanley person obeyed the summons like he was used to such things and being ushered into a bed room of the inde fatigable showman, the following conversation ensued, and was taken down verbatim serialim by our one handed (short-hand) reporter, who was opportunely, like a good cricket bowler, "right on the spot every time."—Showman: Mr. Stanley, I presume.—Stanley: You sent for me; I am here.—Showman: Mr. Stanley it may not have escaped your vivid recollection that some years ago a disturbance occurred in the city of New York, during which a gentleman named Patterson was struck.—Stanley: Billy Patterson—I knew him well, a fellow of infinite jest.—Showman: The man who struck Billy Patterson has never been discovered; can you find him?—Stanley: Do he live, this ignoble grade?—Showman: He do and revels in the proceeds of his ill-gotten villany. I would make a side show of this monster. Will you go for him?—Stanley: Have you counted the cost of such an undertaking. Showman: I have not. What is the amount of filthy lucre required to see you out—there?—Stanley: It will take stacks of ducats probably three dollars and a half.—Showman: I care not what the cost may be—civilisation and science demand the sacrifice. Go, find the inhuman author of the Patterson strike. Take this dollar, when that is gone draw on me for another.—Stanley: But in my pursuit of this artful fiend in the marshes and wilds of Jersey this little pair should be exhausted?—Showman: Draw on me for another still another, if necessary. Away; let not your energy slacken until you have placed this infamous man within

my grasp.—Stanley: I go, and will return with the man who struck Billy Patterson, or leave my bones to bleach upon the snow-clad hills of Nazario-barbo's.—This enterprising showman is now advertising for a partner with a few hundred dollars to take an interest in this gigantic speculation, and act as treasurer. Already he has secured ten monied associates, and he is just living on the fat of the land until Billy's long lost assailant is found.

A Burning Cave in Morocco.

It is well known that there exists no volcanoes on the continent of Africa, although many are found in the adjacent islands of Ascension, Teneriffe, Lanzarote, &c. That fact gives additional interest to a discovery just made of a burning cave in Morocco, not far from the town of Fez. The pit in question is designated under the name of Beniguzeva. Its orifice is about ten feet above the ground and twelve feet wide; the sheets of flame issue intermittently, but what is remarkable always in a horizontal direction, as if driven by a bellows through a retort. There is no eruption of stones or lava, but the fire is driven with such force to the orifice that it is accompanied with a loud hissing noise, while the current is sufficiently strong to blow away anything placed near the opening. The researches made to discover the origin of this phenomenon have led to no result; but the hypothesis generally admitted is that there exists beds of coal in the mountain on the side of which this cavern is situated, and that the fuel having become ignited, the combustion is maintained by the draught of air, and will continue so long as the flames have anything to feed on.

A WAITER'S STORY.

(From "Dowles the Waiter," in "All the Year Round.")

Those who, in spite of respectful warning, will have in the favourite greengrocer, are almost invariably put to shame and disgrace before the right is over. I think I should be doing a service by putting on record here one remarkable instance of a party being thus hoisted by their own petard, the latter instrument of war being in this case represented by the greengrocer. Waddy being one evening hastily summoned to a nobleman's, sent for me, and begged me to undertake a "light dinner," with a ball and supper, at another house, in his place. The light dinner was in the Camberwell direction, at Number Five, Matilda Villas. The owners of Number Five were Mr and Mrs. E. Piper Johnson, parties who were, as I discovered, particular about the E being never left out on their cards or the direction. This looked third class rather; but I knew that Waddy refused to recognise distinctions of the kind, and where there had been a suitable introduction, I can assure you went through his duties as conscientiously as though he were performing at the best house in London. The Matilda Villas were just what you might have expected: a row of boxes, with a bit of a garden, and walk, and railing. I was met in the hall by E. Piper Johnson himself, in a sort of dressing gown, with an excited face, and bearing a cloth in his hand! That spoke volumes. I heard Mrs. E. Piper Johnson screaming over the stairs for some one "to bring down the sperm candles," and some of the children were carrying up and down bits of furniture. All this spoke more volumes. I know this sort of a thing at the first glance: it means cheapness, nastiness, pretence, make believe, and forfeiture of self respect. I was not in the least surprised when E. Piper Johnson said to me, loftily, "You will, of course, have assistance, as Cowmeadow will be here in a few minutes." Cowmeadow was the greengrocer. "Might I ask," I said, "of how many parties will the party consist?" "Of ten," he replied consequentially. "Well, then," I said, "we could do far better without Mr. Cowmeadow; it will be a great extra exertion for me, still I should prefer doing it all myself." "Out of the question," he said, with a lofty smile; "I could not disgrace the thing by having a single waiter." "It will be better done," I said, "believe me, by having only a single attendant." "Nonsense," he said, "we always have Cowmeadow. He goes to the best houses." In fact, he is next to being my butler—you understand?" I took this to mean that at Number Two, Matilda Villas, and at Number Nine, this greengrocer was patronised by the doctor and clergyman, and that I was expected to assist him, not he me. Here was more speaking of volumes but I spoke not a word myself. In a few minutes Cowmeadow arrived, a tall, red-faced fellow, with greengrocer written on every part of his person. His manner to me was inexpressibly free and familiar. He said this was a disappointment about Mr. Waddy, but he supposed he and I would "hack" very well together. E. Piper Johnson came, and in a solemn way said