



HARBOR GRACE, NOVEMBER 8, 1872.

says:—"An educated Englishman, who has been at a public school and at the university, who reads his Bible, his Shakespeare and his newspaper, seldom uses more than 3,000 or 4,000 words in actual conversation. Close reasoners and thinkers who avoid general impressions, and wait for the word that exactly fits their meaning, employ a large stock, and eloquent speakers may rise to the command of 10,000 words. Shakespeare produced all his plays with 15,000 words. Milton's works are built up with 8,000 and the Old Testament says all it has with 5,642 words."

**General Vinoy.**

Amongst the French generals who distinguished themselves in the Crimea during the severe winter of 1854-55 there was one who reminded Sir Colin Campbell—mean judge—of the veterans of the First Empire. On an important occasion Sir Colin found himself with his brigade at daybreak on a hill covered with snow, overlooking the Tchernays, in front of a Russian corps d'armee. While he was anxiously awaiting the French co-operating force a staff officer arrived and announced that General Bosquet, on the pretext of the snow-storm, had not marched as agreed on, but that another French general officer, upon learning Campbell's departure for the appointed rendezvous, had without orders taken it upon himself to put his brigade in motion. The Zouaves were on their way to the support of the Highlanders. The name of the noble soldier in question is better known now than it was then. On receiving the above welcome intelligence, Sir Colin joyfully exclaimed—"There, I told you General Vinoy is a true soldier; General Vinoy is a gentleman. I felt sure he would not abandon me. We can rely on him." The friendship formed on the battle-field never ceased: Lord Clyde remembered his friend Vinoy in his will. The portraits of these two gallant brothers-in-arms hang together in the writing closet of Queen Victoria in Windsor Castle. We are enabled to explain how that of General Vinoy was admitted to such an honour. One day while Lord Clyde was on a visit to Windsor the Queen pressed him to ask some favour of her. Vainly the field-marshal excused himself and replied that he had already been loaded with rank and honours beyond his deserts. As Her Majesty nevertheless insisted, he at last, pointing to his portrait on the wall, ventured to ask his royal mistress to cause the portrait of his friend, General Vinoy, to be hung by the side of his. The request was at once most graciously granted. The Queen immediately directed Lord Crowley, her ambassador at Paris, to acquaint General Vinoy of her wish to possess his portrait. The general complied at once with the flattering request, and sat for the portrait which now hangs alongside the late Lord Clyde in Windsor Castle.

**The Wine Question in Society.**

It is universally admitted among sensible people that drunkenness is the great curse of our social and national life. It is not characteristically American, for the same may be said with greater emphasis of the social and national life of Great Britain; but it is one of those things about which there is no doubt. Cholera and smallpox bring smaller fatalities, and almost infinitely smaller sorrow. There are fathers and mothers and sisters and wives and innocent and wondering children, within every circle that embraces a hundred lives, who grieve to-day over some hopeless victim of the seductive destroyer. In the city and in the country—North, East, South and West—there are men and women who cannot be trusted with wine in their hands—men and women who are conscious, too, that they are going to destruction, and who have ceased to fight an appetite that has the power to transform every soul and every home it occupies into a hell. Oh, the wild prayers for help that go up from a hundred thousand despairing slaves of strong drink to-day! Oh, the shame, the disappointment, the fear, the disgust, the awful pity, the mad protests that rise from a hundred thousand homes! And still the smoke of the everlasting torment rises, and still we discuss the "wine question," and the "grape culture," and live on as if we had no share in the responsibility for so much sin and shame and suffering.

Society bids us furnish wine at our feasts, and we furnish it just as generously as if we did not know that a certain percentage of all the men who drink it will die miserable drunkards, and inflict lives of pitiful suffering upon those who are closely associated with them. There are literally hundreds of thousands of people in polite life in America who would not attempt to give a dinner, or a party, without wine, notwithstanding the fact that in many instances they can select the very guests that will drink too much on every occasion that gives them an opportunity. There are old men and women who invite young men to their feasts, who they know cannot drink the wine they propose to furnish without danger to themselves and disgrace to their companions and friends. They do this sadly, often, but under the compulsion of social usage. Now we understand the power of this influence; and every sensitive man must feel it keenly. Wine has stood so long as an emblem and representative of good cheer and generous hospitality, that it seems stingy to shut it away from our festivities, and deny it to our guests. Then again it is so generally offered at the tables of our friends, and it is so difficult, apparently, for those who are accustomed to it to make a dinner without it, that we hesitate to offer water to them. It has a niggardly—almost an unfriendly—seeming; yet what shall a man do who wishes to throw what influence he has on the side of temperance? The question is not new. It has been up for an answer every year and every moment since men thought or talked about temperance at all. We know of but one

answer to make to it. A man cannot without stultifying and morally debasing himself, fight in public that which he tolerates in private. We have heard of such things as writing temperance addresses with a demijohn under the table; and society has learned by heart the old talk against drinking too much—"the excess of the thing, you know"—by those who have the power of drinking a little, but who would sooner part with their right eye than with that little. A man who talks temperance with a wine glass in his hand is simply trying to brace himself so that he can hold it without shame. We do not deny that many men have self-control, or that they can drink wine through life without snuffing, to themselves or others. It may seem hard that they should be deprived of a comfort or pleasure because others are less fortunate in their temperament or their powers of will. But the question is whether a man is willing to sell his power to do good to a great multitude for a glass of wine at dinner. That is the question in its plainest terms. If he is, then he has very little benevolence, or a very inadequate apprehension of the evils of intemperance.

What we need in our metropolitan society is a declaration of independence. There are a great many good men and women in New York who lament the drinking habits of society most sincerely. Let these all declare that they will minister no longer at the social alters of the great destroyer. Let them declare that the indiscriminate offer of wine at dinners and social assemblies is not only criminal but vulgar, as it undoubtedly is. Let them declare that for the sake of the young, the weak, the vicious—for the sake of personal character, and family peace, and social purity, and national strength—they will discard wine from their feasts from this time forth and forever, and the work will be done. Let them declare that it shall be vulgar—as it undeniably is—for a man to quarrel with his dinner because his host fails to furnish wine. This can be done now, and it needs to be done now, for it is becoming every day more difficult to do it. The habit of wine drinking at dinner is quite prevalent already. European travel is doing much to make it universal; and if we go on extending it at the present rate, we shall soon arrive at the European indifference to the whole subject. There are many clergymen in New York who have wine upon their tables and who furnish it to their guests. We keep no man's conscience, but we are compelled to say that they sell influence at a shamefully cheap rate. What can they do in the great fight with this tremendous evil? They can do nothing, and are counted upon to do nothing.

If men and women of good society wish to have less drinking to excess, let them stop drinking moderately. If they are not willing to break off the indulgence of a feeble appetite for the sake of doing a great good to a great many people, how can they expect a poor, broken down wretch to deny an appetite that is stronger than the love of wife and children, and even life itself? The punishment for the failure to do duty in this business is sickness to contemplate. The sacrifice of life and peace and wealth will go on. Every year young men will rush wildly to the devil, middle-aged men will booze away into apoplexy, and old men will swell up with sweet poison and become disgusting idiots. What will become of the women? We should think that they had suffered enough from this evil to hold it under everlasting ban, yet there are drunken women as well as drinking clergymen. Society, however, has a great advantage in the fact that it is vulgar for a woman to drink. There are some things that a woman may not do, and maintain her social standing. Let her not quarrel with the fact that society demands more of her than it does of men. It is her safe guard in many ways.

**A Marseilles Bull Fight.**

It appears by the Semaphore of Marseilles that bull fights have recently come into vogue in that famous seaport, and have naturally aroused great curiosity. Those of the inhabitants who participated in this amusement one day about three weeks ago are not likely to forget the entertainment in a hurry. When a young and "game" bull of great tossing power was brought out with a view of its proceeding into the circus, some thing occurred to give the animal a distaste for the arena where he was to be worried to make a Marseilles display, and with a bound he plunged into the enormous pen of people, who were massed together like clusters of bees. Of course, a most frightful panic ensued, and matters would have been ten times worse than they were had not a youth of eighteen, as agile as heroic, actually "taken the bull by the horns" and clung to him until the showman, who seemed to have behaved very ill, came and got the enraged brute away. The conduct of the circus people irritated the rowdier part of the crowd, who proceeded to do serious damage, smashed windows in the neighborhood, and, by way of soothing the nerves of those already suffering from the proceedings of the bull, opened a stall where six others were confined, which went careering down the street. Five were at length killed and the sixth recovered by its keeper. The director of the circus has had to reimburse the owners of surrounding property for the damage done to it.

Mr. Motley will soon have ready for publication the first instalment of his "History of the Thirty Years' War." He has, we believe, been of late the guest of Prince Bismarck.

FIELD-MARSHAL MOLTKE is sending proofs of the work on the late war by the German general staff to Marshal MacMahon to enable him to correct any possible errors regarding the part taken in the campaign by the French Marshal.

On the opening of the Fall Term of the Northern Circuit Court here on Saturday last, the Grand Jury, of whom T. Harrison Ridley, Esq., was elected foreman, made an excellent presentment, which we consider worthy of particular notice.

For the safety and security of persons and property, it was deemed advisable to increase the police forces of this town and of Carbonear. Truly an augmentation is necessary, and only recently the necessity was clearly shown.

We lately remarked that our Constabulary force was numerically weak, and are happy that the Grand Jury have taken up the matter with an eye to the thorough protection of the peace alike by day and night.

Another very important feature in the presentment is the desire that the money voted for roads in the district of Harbor Grace and Carbonear should be immediately expended, and especially at this season, when an unsuccessful fishery will cause many to eagerly seek employment. This expenditure would be a wise one, and we trust that Water Street—the shocking condition of which in wet weather has been repeatedly exposed in our columns—will have due attention.

The following is a duplicate of the presentment of the Grand Jury:—

GRAND JURY ROOM,  
Harbor Grace, Nov. 2, 1872.

The Grand Jury now assembled begs to present that in the populous District of Carbonear, there are but four constables on duty instead of eight originally assigned thereto, that at least twelve are required for the preservation of the public peace in that locality.

The Grand Jury further presents that the increasing population of Harbor Grace necessitates an addition to the staff of Constabulary and respectfully submits that eight should be added to the number making twenty in all. With this addition the police could patrol the streets throughout the night, and thus prevent the recurrence of the burglaries committed within the past twelve months, the perpetrators of which escaped detection.

The Grand Jury begs to call the attention of the Government to the danger that may possibly arise to the safety of the Town by the erection of a wooden building in the Firebreak of LeMarchant Street. The Grand Jury considers this highly dangerous, and entirely subversive of the object for which the Firebreak was created.

The Grand Jury has also to present the necessity for the immediate expenditure of the money voted for Roads in the District of Harbor Grace and Carbonear as affording employment to many who have returned from an unproductive fishery.

For Self and Fellow Jurors,  
T. HARRISON RIDLEY,  
Foreman.

**THEATRICAL.**

We understand that Miss Louisa Abbott will receive her benefit on Monday evening next, on which occasion will be presented the great sensational and exciting drama, entitled, "Under the Gaslight, a Tale of Life and Love in the Present Day." Miss Abbott is a good actress, and has contributed much to the amusement of the public. We are confident the lovers of the drama will, on the occasion referred to, tender to this talented young 'artiste' a substantial proof of their appreciation.

A sad and fatal accident occurred here on Saturday night last. A descent man named Edward Colbert, a shipwright, after returning from work, handed his wife the amount of his week's wages, retaining only a shilling. He then left his home on some business in town, but was not again seen or heard of by his family until the following afternoon when he was picked out of the water, at Messrs. Stewart's wharf, a corpse—the shilling that he took with him when leaving home being found in his pocket. Saturday night was very dark and the wind blew high—both which circumstances seem to account to some extent for this poor fellow's unhappy fate. He was rather advanced in life, but yet able and industrious.

It happened that on Sunday evening at the very moment which saw his lifeless body borne into his house, amid the screams of his distracted wife and children, a wedding party alighted at a door close by—a melancholy illustration of the meeting of extremes.

[FOR THE HARBOR GRACE STAR.]

**Uncle Creeper's Family.**

BY "AULD BEEKIE."

Uncle Creeper is a queer old cove, and to his credit be it said, is father of fifteen of our earth's population, and possibly may yet add thereto. It is quite a treat to witness Uncle Creeper's family at dinner hour. Seventeen Creepers in all. The old man standing at the head of the table with a drawn sword in his right hand, while Mother Creeper, at the other end, serves out

the allowance of each by weight, a pair of scales for that purpose being brought into requisition. Wee Jack has no particular idea of weight, but is wonderfully clear regarding bulk, and seems to fancy sister Sue has got more than herself; however, as far as a word to that effect is concerned, Jack's tongue is tied—the sight of the cold steel blade in the hands of the elder Creeper terrifying and vanquishing speech.

Tom is the mischief-maker, and has repeatedly been known to knock other boys down, then kick them for falling; but sometimes a practical joke is played upon his Thomas-ship. Not long ago Tommy on return from school went upstairs to his own room, when pushing the door open (it was at the time a little ajar) down came a tin basin and a deluge of water. Sister Rosa had it nicely poised on the door for the purpose of giving Tommy a shower bath, and he got it. Wille is the droll fish. An old lady asked him, the other day, how many sisters and brothers he had. Willie said he really couldn't say, not having been home since breakfast, but at that time there were fourteen others besides himself. Jamie, a very little one, asked his Ma lately if his Pa and Ma used to think of him in their courtship. Getting no answer, he came to the very sensible conclusion that he must have been too little then. Uncle Creeper and his spouse are indeed a jolly old couple, and theirs is a promising family.

**NEWS & ITEMS.**

A FRENCH physician says that that nation consumes more tobacco than any other: and he attributes the enervation of the soldiers, as evinced during the late war, to the combined effect of alcohol and nicotine upon the national character.

The first book ever printed was the Book of Psalms, printed by Faust and Schaeffer, A. D. 1457. It was printed on one side only of the leaves, after which they were in the binding, pasted back to back.

An old lawyer says that the three most troublesome clients he ever had were a young woman who wanted to be married, a married woman who wanted to be unmarried, and an old maid who didn't know what she wanted.

"Do you think, Mr. Beecher," asked one of that gentleman's lady parishioners, "that a little temper is a bad thing in a woman?" Certainly not, madam. It is a good thing, and she should take care never to lose it."

DOLLY VARDEN.—The following graphic description of a "Dolly Varden" will interest lady readers:—"The starboard sleeve bore a yellow hop-vine in full leaf, on a red ground, with numbers of grey birds, badly mutilated by the seams, flying hither and thither in wild dismay at the approach of a green and black hunter. An infant class was depicted on the back, the making up of the garment scattering truant scholars up and down and on the skirt; while a country poultry fair and a group of hounds hunting, badly demoralised by the gathers, gave the front a remarkable appearance. The left front had on it the alphabet in five different languages.

NAPOLEON'S FAVORITE CHARGER.—There is in the Household Brigade a horse's hoof, polished, shod, and mounted so as to do duty as a snuff-box. It is kept at the Guard's Club. The hoof itself is not a model, nor is it finished with the same artistic elegance as is displayed in the "get-up" of the horney relics of deceased favourites now-a-days. Its interest lies in its historic associations. It is a hoof of the great Napoleon's favourite charger, Marengo. On the outside of the gold lid is the following inscription:—"Hoof of Marengo, rare charger of Napoleon, ridden by him at Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram, in the campaign of Russia, and lastly at Waterloo." An inscription on the inside of the lid tells that the hoof was "Presented April 8, 1840, by H. W. Angerstein, Capn. Grenr. Guards, and Lt.-Colonel to his brother officers of the Household Brigade." Round the outer margin of the shoe—a silver one, of the form usually applied to fore feet—is the following:—"Marengo was wounded in the near hip at Waterloo, when his great master was on him, in the hollow road in advance of the French position. He had been frequently wounded before in other battles.

A MYSTERY.—The journals of Vienna relate a mysterious occurrence which took place some nights since in the imperial palace, and which has not yet been cleared up. A sentry saw a female figure in a long white veil issue from the apartments of the late Archduchess Sophia. Being terrified, he ran away and informed the Chamberlain, who, although disbelieving the story, caused the passages to be occupied. The next night the apparition was again seen by several persons, disappearing, however,

almost immediately. But on a subsequent occasion, another sentry of firmer nerves, on seeing the figure advancing towards him, barred the passage; on which the spectre fled, and the soldier, pursuing and overtaking it, prostrated it by a bayonet thrust through the back. Gendarmes came up at that moment, and discovered that the pretended ghost was a beardless young man. He was mortally wounded. Since then the employes of the Court have maintained an absolute silence on the event, and the soldier has been put in prison and locked up in an isolated cell.

HANGING.—They do not hang people for murder in Chicago, and here is what a correspondent says about it:—

Murders have been and are of such frequent occurrence, and perpetrated for causes so trifling, and are followed, if by penalties at all, by so light punishment, that the community has become alarmed. A peaceable citizen was fatally stabbed, on an evening last week, because he remonstrated with a rough who jostled his daughter. More than seventy persons have died by violence since November 1865, and not one murderer has been hanged. One was sentenced to the penitentiary for a single year. Those adjudged to death have had their sentence commuted to imprisonment. In a considerable number of instances the murderer has not been hunted out. Believing that the certainty of escape from the gallows has much to do with the present state of things, a large number of influential citizens have been agitating methods to secure beyond the possibility of mercy the hanging of every scoundrel whose hands are stained with the blood of his neighbor.

SOME time ago one of the Paris correspondents remarked that the French people had during their long term of privation acquired a taste for rat and cat as an article of food, and that a shop had been opened to be permanently devoted to the sale of "siege game." We are now, however, further informed that the manufacture of siege bread continued, and has, indeed just been stopped by the authorities. Several secret bakehouses existed in the poor quarters of Paris, where bread was made of the condiments, usual to its manufacture during the siege—that is linseed meal, lentils, haricot beans, ground bones, cheese parings, bran, occasional wood-shavings, and other delicacies of a like nature. These bakers could afford to sell bread at a cheap rate, the 4 lb. loaf costing eight sous instead of twenty-one sous.

The "Edinburgh Courant" publishes a very curious account of an interview with two American lady doctors which gives a high idea of their perseverance in obtaining the necessary medical education, and of their courage and energy in carrying on their practice. The interviewer very naturally asked how they bore the physical labor connected with the profession. Dr. Blinn replied that they had no work to encounter so hard as that done day after day by women who hold and amuse a fretful baby all day, nurse it all night, and then get up in the morning to wash and scrub, or sweep offices. Dr. Blackmar said the extent of her rounds was, on an average twenty miles a day.

THE funeral of the late Princess took place on Friday, the 27th of September. The Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Arthur, Princess Alice of Hesse, and other relatives, as well as the Empress of Germany, were present. The Court Circular of Friday says:—"This being the day on which the earthly remains of the Queen's beloved sister, the Princess Hohenlohe, were committed to the grave at Baden, Dr. Taylor attended at the Castle and performed a short service in the afternoon in Her Majesty's private apartments, in the presence of Her Majesty, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Beatrice, the ladies, and a few of the attendants. Her Majesty, though in great sorrow, has not suffered in health." The Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Arthur arrived in town from Baden on Monday. Prince Arthur has since gone to Scotland. The Duke of Edinburgh again left England for the Continent on Wednesday night.—*Fall Mail Budget, Oct. 4.*

A SPEECH delivered by M. Gambetta at Grenoble on the 26th of September, has been the principal foreign topic of discussion this week. The meeting to which no one was admitted without a letter of invitation, was held in a long low room in the Brasserie du Nord, ordinarily a third or fourth rate cafe. One thousand invitations were issued, and there was fully that number of persons present. There were comparatively few working men in the room. Several officers in uniform were among the audience. When Gambetta arrived, the whole audience rose as one man, with loud cries of "Vive Gambetta!" "Vive la Republique," people clambered upon chairs and tables the better to see the guest of the evening. M. Gambetta, in commencing his address, begged his hearers to cry "Vive la Republique!"