

HARBOR GRACE, DEC. 10, 1873.

The Mails, per "Hibernian," arrived here on Saturday—principal news anticipated by telegraph.

Not long since it was our melancholy duty to record the loss in the vicinity of St. Mary's, of the cable steamer Robert Love with 18 of those on board, including the Captain, one passenger and 16 others officers and crew of the ill fated ship.

"At 2 o'clock on the morning of the 23rd November the Ville de Havre collided with the British ship Lochearn, from London for New York and sank shortly after.

"Two hundred and twenty-six passengers on board the steamship lost their lives.

Eighty-seven were rescued and brought to Cardiff. Among the lost were many prominent citizens of New York and Boston. Amongst them Henry Sigourney and family of six persons, of Boston; Nathaniel Curtis, an aged citizen of the same city, and Charles Dexter and wife; five delegates to the Evangelical Alliance meeting in New York on their way back to Europe; Judge Hocken, of the New York Court of Appeals, and wife, Miss Wagstaff, Miss Buckley, R. A. Witthaus, Jr., Colodion the Artist, Mr. Waite, Mr. Cramer, a large family of Hunters, Edgar and Spofford. These and other names indicate the broad range over which this sorrow spreads its gloom.

"The ship which ran into the Ville de Havre was an iron ship of 1,200 tons burthen."—Courier.

On Thursday, the 4th inst., an Inquest was held in the Court House, in the Central District, before Dr. Renouf, Her Majesty's Coroner, on view of the body of James Tidmarsh, late Commander of the unfortunate s.s. "Robert Lowe," which vessel was lost on the morning of the 20th November last, on her voyage from Placentia to Harts Content, some days afterwards the body (with six others) was cast on the beach at Sculpin Point, St. Mary's, and conveyed to St. John's on Wednesday night last. It was very much injured, and naked, only to be recognized by a mark of an anchor on the right arm, and a ring on the right little finger.

The Jury returned a verdict in accordance with the facts elicited.—Ibid.

THEATRICAL.—We observe that a new Theatrical Company—Dan Duccello's Texas Constellation—are in town, having arrived by steamer Hibernian on Thursday evening. We shall know more of their intentions and their ability to give effect to them in a few days.—North Star.

The remains of the late Captain Tidmarsh, of the ill-fated steamer Robert Love, (in the service of the Telegraph Company), having been recovered and conveyed to St. John's, were consigned yesterday to the silent tomb in the Church of England cemetery, attended by brethren of the Masonic Lodges, and other citizens. "By strangers honoured and by strangers mourned."—Times, Dec. 6.

During the latter days of November just past the weather on all parts of the coast was exceedingly stormy, with occasional snow-drifts, very dangerous at sea. On her late passage between Fogo and Greenspond, the steamer Tiger had very rough weather to encounter, and we now learn that at the same time the counterfeiter Leopard, on her trip from Sydney to Channel was driven to sea, reached the latter port only on Saturday last. These delays are almost unavoidable at this season of the year, though they occasion much inconvenience to the people of the Outports.—Chronicle, Dec. 5.

A merchantile firm in town received a telegram last evening, stating that produce vessels loading for Newfoundland are frozen in.—Ibid.

Passengers.—Per Hibernian from Halifax—Mrs Duccello and child, Mr. and Mrs. Ca tello, Miss Dunan, Capts. Gulliford, Graham, Messrs. Knowling, Boyle, Frazer, Duncello, Moore, Morrison; 16 in steerage.

Per Hibernian for Liverpool—Mrs Tidmarsh, and Messrs G. Bowring, Lomar, Bendell, Harrison, Vidart, Herbert, Legane, Legane, Jr.; 5 in steerage.

The oldest Mason is alive after all. He was lately at Terre Haute, is 104 years old and has been a member of the order eighty years.

The Newfoundland sealing steamer "Vanguard" was towed over to Dartmouth on the 26th ult., to be overhauled preparatory to the coming spring campaign.

Latest Despatches.

LONDON, Dec. 5. News meagre and unimportant. A factory at Halifax was destroyed this morning; loss £150,000.

NEW YORK, 5. Furious excitement. Havana people will not surrender the "Virginian" to the United States, but are satisfied to hand her over to a neutral power. Captain-General being unable to enforce orders has resigned.

Enthusiastic preparations for war are in progress. United States fleet will soon rendezvous in Spanish waters. Gold 107 1/2.

PORT HASTINGS, 7. Steamer "Alhambra" passed south. This is the last boat of the season.

NEWS ITEMS.

Great Britain has 396 paper mills, France 634, and Spain 139.

The deficit in the balance sheet of the Vienna Exposition, it is said, will be about 10,000,000 florins.

Garibaldi has just published a book entitled "The Thousand," giving an account of his expedition to Sicily.

A woman twenty-seven years old and weighing 752 pounds was lately at Nashville with a brother eighteen years old, who weighs 585 pounds.

The naval authorities at Halifax have received advices by cable that H. M. S. "Serius" from Halifax, before reported missing, arrived in England on the 21st ult., after a passage of 34 days.

Judge Thayer, of Clinton, Iowa, is said to have the largest brain, the kindest heart, and the homeliest face of any man in Iowa.

A large number of Cubans and American sympathizers formed a procession in Baltimore recently, and passed resolutions favoring the recognition of beligerent rights.

Winter has set in out West. In some parts of Wisconsin the snow is from one to two feet deep on the level and there is good sleighing.

Gilmore, of Jubilee fame, who is now leader of the 22d regiment, gave a reception recently, at which many notables were present.

Stokes, the assassin of Fisk, have been sent to Sing Sing prison to undergo his sentence. Previous to starting he received a letter of congratulation and welcome from the parricide Walworth.

The news of the death of General W. A. C. Ryan, the repent Cuban patriot has created considerable excitement here. General Ryan was at one time editor of a society sheet called "Our Society," in which Buchu Helmholt and one or two other men of similar character were interested. The paper died two years ago.

A colored man in Baltimore the other day, was arrested for drawing a pistol to prevent an officer from entering his house. The policeman had a warrant for the arrest of a third party, whom he suspected to be in this man's house. The court held that a man's own house is his castle, and the self-protective negro was justified and discharged.

We believe eighteen or nineteen persons are now in jail in St. Pierre, Miquelon, charged with attempting to pass counterfeit notes on the Commercial Bank of Newfoundland. It is now six months since a steamer having the bank notes on board was wrecked on the shore of Newfoundland, yet the guilty parties, who having found the parcel of notes, made use of them, will now be brought to justice and answer for this high crime. Murder will out.—[Sydney Herald.]

A Frenchman named Busnotte has been arrested at St. Pierre, Miquelon, charged with attempting to pass counterfeit notes on the Commercial Bank of Newfoundland.—[Ibid.]

Three men were given in charge by Capt. Pracks on the arrival of the "Caspian" at Halifax, for being stowed away on board of his vessel at St. John's, N. F. Theirs is a hard case. They are sailors who have been unable for some time to get away from Newfoundland. After spending all their cash they sold all the clothes that they could dispose of; their boarding houses refused to take them in.—Being well and willing to work they did not wish to go to the Poor House, and were to honest to steal. Therefore in their desperation they made this attempt to get away from the Island.

ORIGINAL. The Greenwood Path.

Alone I tread the pathway dear, Where each enchanting scene, Recalls the thoughts to days gone by, Like some bright, happy dream, 'Tis little changed since those loved hours,

When by yon murmuring rill, I twined gay wreaths of wild sweet flowers, Culled from yon mossy hill. It still pursues its own wild haunts Through many a leafy nook; Amid the grove, along the cliff, Across the singing brook;

Through mossy mounds and rocky steepes, It gently winds away, To where the frowning cliffs o'erlook The blue and peaceful bay;

But now while bends the leafless boughs Beneath the autumn blast, Along the greenwood path there steals Sad memories of the past. I fancy that I'm not alone— Again I think I hear The footsteps and the voices Which made my childhood dear.

The yellow leaves lie scattered round; How much they seem to say Of faded flowers and voices hush'd, And forms now pass'd away. Oh! other hearts as sad as mine, And other feet as free, May yet along this pathway roam, And in this greenwood be;

But, oh! no lonelier step than mine Can pass the murmuring stream, While my thoughts glide back to things that seem, A phantom or a dream. A. K.

Harbor Grace, Nov. 29, 1873.

CORRESPONDENCE. THE LIFE OF JOSEPH PURSELL.

BY GUS HARDY. INTRODUCTION.

IN complying with the last request of my dear old friend, I must say I would much rather the task had been delegated to a person of a less susceptible nature than mine. My long acquaintance with the subject of this biography, and my intimate knowledge of his many noble qualities tend to endear his name to me; and consequently I often feel constrained to lay aside my pen, and—in a theme less savouring of death and departed friendship—seek a respite from the bitter recollections suggested by thoughts of the past.

EARLY in the present century, when steam was unknown, and electricity at a discount—at least, in this part of the Western Hemisphere—a venerable-looking old fisherman stood on the deck of his staunch little schooner, giving the usual orders necessary in getting under way. A strong breeze was blowing at the time, and as the anchor broke from its hold, and the saucy-looking craft began to gather way and scatter the icy foam from her prow, the old skipper glanced aloft, and, after satisfying himself that everything was right in that direction, with a smile of approval retired to his cabin.

The name of the craft to which I allude was the "Regulator," and the Captain no other person than William Pursell—father of my deceased friend, Skipper Bill, as his crew used to call him, was a daring and prosperous old seal killer; and, notwithstanding his unassuming appearance, possessed a liberal share of what is necessary to supply the wants of life. Successful in the pursuit of his calling, and economical in his habits of living, he quickly amassed a considerable sum of money, besides being in possession of a fine vessel, a large fishing room at Labrador, and all the appliances required in prosecuting the cod and herring fisheries; and on the 16th March, 18—, at the advanced age of 69, he stood on the deck of his gallant little barque, gliding swiftly down Conception Bay, bound North in quest of a cargo of seals.

The night, after leaving Harbor Grace, closed in ominously; intense darkness lay upon the sea, while the howling wind, accompanied by blinding snow showers made deck duty a very disagreeable task. Notwithstanding the boisterous state of the weather, Skipper Bill sat in his cabin and smoked his pipe with the greatest composure. The more the tempest howled, the better pleased the old man felt. He knew that the storm tended to make a sea that would break up the ice and enable him to sail in the direction of the much-wished-for prize. Fortune had smiled on him for many years, and having made up his mind to abandon the sea after the termination of the voyage in which he was then engaged, he felt a great desire to make his last trip to the ice a very remunerative one, but, alas! he was sadly disappointed.

About 12 o'clock, when a few miles to the North East of Bacallieu, and while

the storm was at its height, Skipper Bill's pleasant cogitations were disturbed by the awful cry of fire. Rushing on deck, he discovered the vessel to be on fire, and the flames issuing from the main hatch with such violence as to put its subjugation beyond the power of man. The scene which ensued baffles description. The men in the fore part of the vessel were unable to get aft, and the only chance of safety to those who were aft, being to keep the craft off the wind, not one of the former escaped. Indeed, Skipper Bill and his son, with ten of the crew, were only rescued by what seemed to them the interposition of Providence. Just as the last ray of hope had almost vanished, and while the survivors were every moment anticipating a speedy termination of their suffering by an explosion of the powder in the magazine, a gun suddenly boomed over the water, and simultaneously a shout greeted their ears. On looking to windward they beheld a joyful sight. A schooner was observed rapidly approaching, her deck crowded with hardy, daring men; ready and determined to render every assistance to their suffering countrymen. Running up alongside, the boats were lowered and the party rescued from their perilous position. They were kindly treated by Captain Brainley and crew of the "Victory," of Carbonear, and two days after conveyed to that port, from which they proceeded to Harbor Grace. Skipper Bill felt annoyed at the sudden change in his prospects, and determined to leave off seal killing. Having made up his mind to spend the remainder of his days ashore, he purchased a new vessel for his son Joseph and started him in life under the most favourable circumstances.

The following year Skipper Bill departed this life, deeply regretted by a large circle of friends.

PART II. THIS brings me down to 1830, the year in which my friend, Uncle Joe, took command of the "Louisa." His prospects at this time were certainly very encouraging. Mr. Hays, William Danson, proprietor of the house from which Uncle Joe's father received his supplies for many years, possessed every qualification calculated to inspire confidence, and treated my friend in a just and equitable manner; and when, Mr. Danson closed in 1831, and Uncle Joe found himself sole owner of a fine vessel, besides cash in bank amounting to £2,500.

About this time Uncle Joe formed the acquaintance of a young upstart, who—a few years previous—had been "imported" to this country by Messrs. Baine & Johnstone, as clerk in one of their shops or offices. This lad—possessing all the lucre-loving propensities of a "Shylock," borrowed a few pounds from an old English captain, named P—n, and commenced business in Harbor Grace, under the name of P—n & M—n. As I have said, Uncle Joe became acquainted with him, and eventually was induced to take his supplies for the fisheries from 'P. & M.' In the course of a few years a herd of needy relatives arrived here to endeavor if possible to subsist on the crumbs which fell from the "rich man's table." Among the number, I noticed a lean, cadaverous-looking nephew. It may not, perhaps, be amiss here to give a description of this curious specimen of humanity, as he is still residing in this town in the capacity of "scavenger" to the above named firm:—About five feet seven in height, he presents the appearance of a gnarled hickory tree, his legs bearing a striking resemblance to a pair of old-fashioned dog-irons. The feet, if I may be allowed to call them such, were surely intended for the tread-mill, the legs fitting so near the centre as to convey to one's mind the possibility of converting them into a very serviceable pair of caulking mallets. I never had an opportunity of examining his cranium; but in 1869 I saw him with his head uncovered, cheering his uncle after a successful election campaign. And what a head! Like the body, it astonished all who saw it. Combativeness appeared conspicuous, while amativeness preponderated; and the visual organs protruded to such an extent as to give the "creature" quite a frog-like appearance. Talk about a "monkey on a stick!" Why, gentle reader, you ought to have seen this scaramouch, as I saw him one frosty morning a short time since. He was on his way to the Telegraph Office, and going at a prodigious speed; his elbows thrown back, with both hands pushed in the pockets of his coat—the tail of which resembled the frill of a matron's night cap—while his feet extended at least eleven inches beyond the lower extremities of his pantaloons. Altogether he presented the most ludicrous spectacle I ever beheld.

I fear I have digressed; but permit me to say that I have secured a life-like picture of the individual described, which I intend sending to the Boston Type Foundry for the purpose of getting a stereotype, so that the readers of

the "Star" may obtain a likeness of this human curiosity.

But to return to Uncle Joe. After a few years' intercourse with Mr. M., he found his money diminishing with great rapidity. Two or three unsuccessful voyages, and my old friend lost every penny he possessed. Uncle Joe was a shrewd man, and, feeling anxious to know the cause of the sudden disappearance of his money, applied himself to the task of unravelling the mystery, and succeeded in obtaining a vast amount of information concerning the manner in which our fishermen are ruined by the monopolizing firm of J. M. & Co., the particulars of which will be forwarded to the "Star" in time for next issue. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

DEER MISTHER EDETURS.— If you have no objections, please allow me to say a few words in yure nuse-papurs about my furst viset to de tcligract offis. I heard so much about de wonderful way de nuse goss true de wires, dat I made up me mind tu have a luk at it.

As I was goin true Harts Content do udder day, I went tu de offis and sed I wud like tu see how de tcligract woked. De yung man I spoak tu was a rale nise chap; he brot me ovur tu de tabol whare a lot of yung min was wurkin'. Now, ses he, tu shouzh yu how quik de ting is dun, I will axe Cape Brittin how de wind an wedder is; an wit dat he tuched a littel brass ting he cauled a kay wit his fingurs, and sed sumtin; but imajety he was dun dere was anudder ting he cauld a soundur cummensed tikken. He listened tu it fur a wile and den sed de wind is soud-asat, aulil raw and sumtin else, I most forget de name of it; but I tink it was dat the turmomotur was turty behid Zarough. I sed tu meself whu de mis-cheef is Zarough—but I med no remarek for feered heed twig my ignur-ance. He den brot me to a plaice cauld de battery rum, whare de tabols war envarved wit big glas tumlurs an sumtin' in dem he sed was Skulfurick Asid and a lot of udder cumbastishins, dat I forgets de names of. Dey wur grate tumlurs, an I tought tu meself wat fine tings dey wud be tu drink rum out of, and me mout wathurin' de same time I den went in de udder side whare dey reeds by a flash of lite. De chap in dis side warked wid 2 kays at de same time. He sed he wud ask de opuratur in Ireland how de wind and wedder was and also de state of de country. He no suer had his hands of de kays, when a spark of lite cummensed to dance about in a littel muhogny box dat he kep his ise on, sa'in' at de same time, wind nordaste, wedder cecessully hot, Turmomotur a hundred in de shade and awl de farmurs bizzy diggun dere awrungen and goddern in dere crops. Sure, ses I, awrungen deat gro in de ground. Dey do, ses he; so I begged his pardun, and sed, I awlwise tought dey grue on bushes, dere skin was so clane an yellow. I next proceeded tu de testin rum—de place dey finds out whare de cabel is broken; it was full of every kind of de purtiest instrumments I ever seed. Dere was Eluektromoturs, Curnomoturs, Burumoturs, and Turmomoturs and alsoorts of tings wit quare names, awl endin' with "Turs"; but dere was wan littel cuss dey cauled a Gulvanomotur, dat eud tell tu a insh wat part of de atlantuck oashin de cabel was broaken. Well, he de hoaky smut, (God fargive me fur swarin) I diddent mind dem so much in sendin' or resavin' nuse tru de wires; but wen dey eud tell tu a insh under de rajin oashin whare de cabel was brookin, no mather how de wind or wedder was, I tought tu meself dat bates old Nick himself. Aftur seein' awl dose wunders, dey axed me if I udl like a Blecktruck shok. I sed I had no objeeshun, if it wusent tu much bodder. O! dey sed twus no trouble at awl, and wid dat dey put a littel instrumment on de tabol, wit 2 handels, and tould me tu kiek dem tite. I dun so, and I will nevur forget it. Be Jupiter it was de biggest frite I evur got sinese de time I wus cot stalin' crabs at Larry O'Briens. Dey turned me inside out like a sarpiot, and den tould me twus good fur rumatucks. Anyhow twus a shokin trick to play on a pore man. I tanked dem for dere kindness, and left.

I now conolewd, Misther Edeturs, tankin' ye fur yure kindness, I remaine, Yours trewly, PETER SMITH.

P. S.—As ime a Italian be bert, and only larned English sinese I cum to Newfoundland, I hoap yu will excuus any mistaik I ma mak in de lettur.

P. S. Harts Content, Desemember the 1sth.

The wife of Pere Hyacinthe, it is authoritatively announced, gave birth to a son at Geneva, in Switzerland. This is the little Hyacinthe bulb which was erroneously reported to have made its appearance early last spring.

ATTENTION.

Last Apr. Capt Edwa married an M. Kent. ther's, whe Mrs. E. F. England, in years of ag Thursday Holden visit prepo-terot Mrs E. F. was 30 years 1862, was rler, by Rev. S.; that she since and of band had in the city; girl of 11 ye that Waller up and leav of a certain ward Waite and most re once his ut refused to Mrs. Waite marriage, a payment of willingness ce-sary, to charge.

Yesterday a warrant for bigamy an Parker, wh nicipal Cou was given in Waller mad and offered her identity Mrs. Waite ment: Hen M. Kent. Truro N. S. Waller befo whole story Judge Mo hearing to Mrs. Waite was immed Mr. Edward Waite her

The case Waite has and enjoys t and esteem sympathy of ban I, Mr. E ly confident he conside e 1 blackm been retain

S. PORT Dec 2—True Ridley & 3—Atlanta, Munn & Dec 4—Gem John M 3—Helen M Ridley A

UNION FO NOTICE is dent of the Capital S half year end this day occl the Bank on the 8th in ta (By o

St. John's, A

THE respect the ge Grace that he w BUSINESS DAY, 12th found at M Street, who pared to rec friends and

Dec. 3. Good N THE BE? to intim ship Austrian, addition to their

GO And as a change business soon, sold off by the Great Ever offered to Bay, by calling SQUI

Nov. 12,