

Why do all they do in the way of "extremes," to restore a man to society minus all traces of his late incarceration...

THE CARBONAR HERALD
Honest Labor—our noblest heritage.
CARBONAR, AUG. 5th.

WHY THEY OFTEN FAIL
Young men fail to get along in this world because they neglect small opportunities...

Whatever his situation may be, he should master it in all details, and perform all its details faithfully.

- AGENTS FOR HERALD
The following gentlemen have kindly consented to act as our agents all intending subscribers will therefore confer a favor by sending in their names and subscriptions...

Notice.—This paper will not be delivered to any subscriber for a less term than six months—single copies fourpence.

All correspondence intended for publication must be sent in not later than Tuesday evening.

THE CARBONAR HERALD

Honest Labor—our noblest heritage.

CARBONAR, AUG. 5th.

Matters are wearing a gloomy aspect in the East. General Borrow's defeat with heavy loss, Ayoub Khan's growing strength, and increasing popularity with the native chiefs, and the fact that he is now besieging Candahar, show that we have yet to realize all horrors of an Eastern war...

It appears that the Government (Messrs. Whitway, Sica & Co.) having bought up the Carbonar Herald and situated the Ledger, are now doing all in their power to nip up the Advocate and make "whitewashers" of every independent newspaper correspondent in the colony.—Telegram.

The Evening Telegram, appears to believe that all the newspapers in the colony not already in the pay of the Government are about to be speedily bought up, fearing that they may "go agin" the Government in Railway affairs. That will be a glorious time for the Telegram, when it shall stand as the only "free and independent" journal in the country. Now, we are afraid this is not the case, indeed, it would be a capital thing in these bad times to get paid for saying nothing. But then they say you can't believe the Telegram man, that he manufactures "concentrated" lies "agin" the Government, thinking that he may get paid for keeping silent like somebody else. We don't believe, however, that he will ever get a Government situation, he may get "oiled up," indeed he once got a nice "oiling" in the vicinity of our office through endeavoring to handle subjects too weighty, "jeu de main jeu de villain." We would like to see something solid against the railway, if any thing can be said against it, if not, why let it run. If we were aware of any injurious results likely to follow the running of a Railway round our Bay, we should immediately set ourselves against it, not through

party prejudice like the Telegram man but through a desire to conserve the rights and interests of our fellow subjects. We hope that this year's survey may not prove as barren as that of 1875, which cost more than three times the amount voted. If it should follow in the steps of its predecessor, that is if the work be not commenced as soon as practicable after the completion of the survey, why then we shall believe in the prophecies of the Telegram. We repeat that the only rotten spot we can see in the whole affair is that the survey should have been commenced at Carbonar instead of at Harbor Grace. We don't like to hear Carbonar folks say that the only sight of the surveyors they got was on a Sunday when they were here "looking for rum." But Carbonar is used to being "left out in the cold" on every occasion. Where are our street lamps, fire engine and all our other promised public improvements. Echo answers where.—Com.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Carbonar Herald. St. John's, August 3rd.

Dear Sir,—The all absorbing question which now agitates our quiet little world is as all are aware the proposed Railway and its disputed ultimate effect upon the country in general. Before, however, touching upon this momentous issue allow me to slide gracefully and calmly to the village of Fox Trap, where so many things have happened since I last had the pleasure of communicating to you the thoughts of a young man. History is a great painter. We have read with pride and with a feeling of envy of how the indomitable Napoleon crossed the Alps and with horror of ancient tyrannies and barbarisms. We see Jerusalem with sadness withering under the Roman and Lisbon passing slowly away in flame and earthquake. The rat is visible gnawing the remains of him who once sought to conquer the world and the blood of martyrs reminds us of the past and present. A feeling, a kin to sympathy arises when we view the murder of the Yahia and barbed wire and Charles the fifth unclenching Navarre. Caesar standing in the Senate, calm and disdainful with nothing but gleaming swords around him is not excited by Brutus his slayer who offers to defend his murder at the peril of his life. These the events of the world have been immortalized by the great master and are now at the fingers ends of every littleurchin. But what historian will unburn him who led the Fox Trap army through cabbage heads and potato balls against the Railway surveyors and with the twist of her sweet "foxy head" caused men as firm as they were of her society to slip away like little lambs. What romancer will show to the future generation that ancient "virago" stone in hand, at the head of hundreds of her clan keeping the cormorants at bay, and who will chisel those arms—as stout as gump heads—to be admired in the sweet by and by? I am afraid no one. She will die as she lived in obscurity and a stone and that of the commonest description will mark that she lived and died and nothing more, and still she is a woman whose name is worthy of being handed down to posterity. She is true a poor humble fisherwoman unlearned and unknown to the world will hardly a penny to bless herself (a common expression by the by which I could never comprehend. Did you ever see a woman bless herself with a penny?) She was one of those sweet angelic looks which are assigned to certain ones of her sex by stories as fabulous as Bucephalus or Black Bess, but alas I grieve say a huge over grown pipe acts as a figure head to her nose and attracts attention to an otherwise beautiful face. She lacks beauty and birth, but in their stead there exists a spirit undaunted, a temper uncooled and a heart as proud and courageous as ever beat within the ribs of woman. Miss Margaret Cullen and a few more daily excepted. Margaret of Anjou was an infant to her and Joan of Arc poor Joan who was once a humble servant girl at country inn, who I ask would dare compare them? Let me tell you one thing, that she did and "ab une disce omnes." Sub-inspector Kanagh says frequently in his silver coated voice. The sea is well up in the classics and so are all the inspectors, not excepting by any means Sanitary ones. But to resume. The outrage had commenced the gates of Hell were opened and the sounds of mighty female voices rent the sky—women half naked looking miserable and desperate in their poverty! woe and insanity ran to and fro whilst their husbands (mark the difference) sat here and there in grim silences making their pipes. The engineers driven off. Progress is in the air deceitful thralldom. I invoke the ghosts of the policemen stand before the gibbets. It is the reign of terror again. The hair of his worshippers Judge Prowse stands on an end. Inspector Carthy on his left looks as if he didn't want to be shot. Sergeant Lacy smiles

a sickly smile short the y all look upon the dark faces before them and feel convinced darkness is theirs for ever more. Poor fellows a woman a foxy haired woman comes to the front. Her fist is closed and that tightly over a rock. Presto pass and Mr. Kielly the policeman closes the eyes of his and for some seconds remains star gazing. Did you ever get a rock in the eye Mr. Editor, if so you can truly sympathize with poor K, what other woman would have thrown that missile under some circumstances and his worship was present and could have given her six months? No other I'll be bound. The Zulus I think ark thrown in the shade by the Fox Trappers and by my pimple nose friend, what think you? Yours very truly. JUVENTUS MUNDI.

To the Editor of the Carbonar Herald CARBONAR, August 4th.

Dear Sir,—I understand that, by the Act relating to the Coast Fisheries, no person is allowed, at any time, to haul, catch, or take squid, with, in, or by means of any seine, bunt, or other such contrivance. Admitting this to be all very just and proper, how would it be, Mr. Editor, if supposing a seine be shot out for the purpose of hauling herring and by accident a quantity, more or less, of squids should be found amongst them, in fulfillment of the law, to throw away or set free those squids? This, I should say, will be found a rather slippery question for our lawmakers, but in the meantime perhaps you may be able to throw some light on the subject for the present guidance of

SQUID HOUND.

[With regard to the above, I can only say that, slippery though the question may be, any squids taken in the above named manner will not be found too slippery for the grasp of our Sergeant, and I can also assure Squid Hound that should he have slipped through the hands of the law, it will be after a good oiling. The following suggestion of our friend Reynard whom we consulted in the matter, is certainly an original one, "every squid taken by illicit means should be carefully labeled with a "Broad Arrow and sold to Rogine"; we presume he means the French baiter Rogine, which vessel has been some time past in port purchasing bait.]—Pro. Herald.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

AN ESSAY, BY W. R. Continued.

Having now gratified their longings to a certain extent by the murder of the good and virtuous King Louis XVI, they were determined that their nefarious work should not stop here. Urged on by their bad intention, next set about to perpetrate an act which helped to fill up the measure of their guilt by the execution of the King's virtuous consort Maria Antoinette, and his sister the Princess Elizabeth. One would have imagined that the confiscation of the property of the Church, the iniquitous laws enacted against the bishops and clergy and the death of the King would have gratified the wishes of the monsters now placed at the head of affairs in France. But such was not the case. They must now render their names still more odious by wreaking their vengeance on defenceless women. Of all the acts which had been committed during the reign of terror, the execution of the virtuous Queen of France was the most cruel and the most indicative of the state of degradation into which the French people had at this time fallen. For, who, on recalling their well-known character in past ages for charity, and the great desire manifested by them for the protection of innocence and virtue, would have imagined that they would remain passive spectators whilst their beautiful Queen was being sacrificed to the fury of an infamous Cabal. One would imagine that such a spectacle would have aroused them from the lethargy in which they were placed urged them on to rid their Country of its oppressors.

Before this time massacres of priests and other innocent persons had taken place in various quarters of Paris. The death of the King seemed to be a fresh signal for the renewal of those atrocities. The demon-like spirit of Robespierre was every day inventing new torments for the punishment of his victims. This spirit of persecution soon spread to the remote provinces. French Scaffolds erected in many of the towns. A veil of terror seemed to overspread the whole country and from 1792 to 1794 the blood of the

French people flowed in torrents throughout the land. Nor was this enough to satisfy the cravings of the demagogues now in possession of the Sovereign power in France. Everything that appertained to the worship of the true God or the ceremonies of religion became the peculiar object of their hate. Sacred places and things were desecrated. Sundays and festivals were abolished in every part of the country and instead of the time honoured and hallowed rites of the church there was substituted the infamous worship of the Goddess Reason.

To be continued.

THE FOX TRAP DISTURBANCES.

Judge Prowse and Inspector Carthy returned to town last night, having been engaged since Tuesday night last, with a police force, in protecting a party of railway surveyors who had been prevented from carrying on their operations by the threats and violence of the people of Fox trap and its neighbourhood. The disturbance proved to be of a very serious character indeed; and had it not been dealt with by Judge Prowse and those under his command with great firmness and forbearance might have ended in bloodshed. On Tuesday last when the news of the disturbance was first received, Judge Prowse at once proceeded to Fox Trap and finding the people excited went among them and quietly explained to them that they were laboring under groundless delusions in believing that any of their property was to be injured or taken from them—that the surveyors were careful in guarding against injuring crops, fence or trees, and that if the least injury was caused it would be liberally paid for on the spot, and should any of their land be required for a railway it would be purchased from them at a fair valuation. They appeared to be quite satisfied with these explanations and assurances, and he went on to Upper Gullies making the same assurances satisfactory results. He also visited Holyrood and found the people there strongly in favor of a railway, but that it would benefit them everywhere. The same feeling prevailed in Harbor Main Cat's Cove and further where the Rev. father O'Donnell had taken the precaution to point out to his flock the great advantages their district would derive from a railway passing through it, and he employed the most fortunate people of Upper Gullies and Fox trap had been poisoned by evil rumours and false stories set afloat by designing persons; and when Judge Prowse returned to Upper Gullies he found the whole place in commotion—crowds of excited men and women were assembled, threatening violence if the surveyors dared to proceed and refusing to listen to any explanations. They used the names of two gentlemen of high social standing in St. John's (names at present withheld) who, they said, had told them to drive off the surveyors, for the Queen was going to give up the country to Canada—that their beds would be taken from them for taxes, and that "a toll goat" (probably "toll gate") was to be erected at St. John's, and no one allowed to go in or out on any railway. For surveying purposes, the engineers had used a bit of flannel on the top of a stick, and poor souls actually this was "this was the flag of Canada" and once it was set up and the measuring tape applied their ground was taken from them. Reasonings and remonstrances were urged in vain and met by coarse language and threats of violence. On Saturday Judge Prowse went again among them and read to them a letter from their member, Mr. Little, intended to dispel their fears—the Rev. Mr. Colley, their excellent clergyman, pleaded and remonstrated with them and the school-master used his best efforts, but all in vain. They believed the stories they had been told in St. John's in preference to any other. On Monday Judge Prowse again went among them and spent three hours in vainly trying to allay their fears and persuade them to let the survey proceed. He had just gone to dinner at 1 o'clock when McCarthy the leveler of the party, came in and said that he and his party had been attacked by a large mob of men and women armed with pitchforks, sticks and stones, that they seized the conveying instruments and carried them off and threatened the most brutal violence. He was able to identify one man who led them on—directed the women, and throw stones at this party. Matters had now come to a crisis. Three days had been spent in kind remonstrances and efforts to enlighten them and things had gone on from bad to worse—forbearance was lost on them. A crowd of over 600 men had gathered from all quarters—some of them had guns—all of them some formidable weapons—the women carried aprons full of stones with which the police were repeatedly struck, they had worked themselves up into a fury, and a small matter might precipitate an attack on the little body of police, eleven in number which would have been followed by bloodshed. The Judge had preserved the greatest coolness and presence of mind throughout, and the Inspector and his men were equally calm. But the hour for prompt action had now arrived. The ring leader, who had been identified was captured by a quick eye and dragged from the midst of the crowd, and was driven off under an escort to St. John's. His name is Charles Andrews and he had

attacked the levelers. At the speedily quelled off terrorstricken to search the mountains, and were taken from the station. In fact, which led to the persons concerned before the daylight they were in custody were all recovered without further delay at hand in case went on the ground exercised if the fact that the lopping off which could not be the sum of and promptly found necessary small fretsers chained and padlocked. Forbes, the geologist, the surveying greatest good to the poor infatuated the whole affair, that to find a senting to strange of ignorant, violence is to be hoped never again occur to the country will be left on further trouble, is now believed. When the poor think over it, will see the folly conduct.—Chron.

Local and

The Very Rev. Administrator, R. M. town on Monday hours with our Rev. R. M. Shea from France, who the past 5 years the rev. gentlemen Brigus, his native

A report received from the north shore of a heavy rain from Small Point to be in the vicinity.

Mr. T. Malouin on Saturday last Boston and Montreal as thin as ever.

The Right Hon. His Honor Judge are passengers which left Quebec Tuesday last.

The S. S. Scintilla portion of the new Hearts Content of the other ships now expected from dore, Manilla, and sailing vessels Ke lanta, belonging to Co. are also in coal from Sydney fleet.

There is still bankers and baited in our last weeks. Regine of St. Peter curing any quantity left yesterday about 17000 equine taken here and up of the small shoremen and of the bankers who sold considering the up.

The Western sailed Tuesday for dry fish for market. Rorke?

About 2 o'clock originated in a he Wash, situated Harbor Grace, a man named St. turned and the turned down. The Brigade, with the fire engine of court

TELEGRAMS

Has \$35000 loss by Particulars Canada—4 hours sever