

The Star,

AND CONCEPTION BAY SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Tuesday, July 23, 1872.

Number 20.

JULY.

S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
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MOON'S PHASES.
 NEW MOON..... 5th, 2.54 P. M.
 FIRST QUARTER... 13th, 4.17 P. M.
 FULL MOON..... 20th, 10.23 A. M.
 LAST QUARTER... 27th, 3.48 P. M.

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) WHOLE-
 SALE and RETAIL.

221 WATER STREET,

St. John's,

Newfoundland.

One door East of P. HUGHES, 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 de-
 nominations

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 outports.
 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 Anaesthetic
 (Nitrous Oxide Gas), and have extracted
 many thousand Teeth by its use

Without Producing Pain,

with perfect satisfaction. They are still pre-
 pared to repeat the same process, which is per-
 fectly 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 as
 received the highest Prem-
 iums 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

Parsons' Purgative Pills.

FOR SIX DAYS!

Commencing on 9th Sept. next,

WILL BE HELD

IN ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND,

AN EXHIBITION

OF

PICTURES and ILLUMINATIONS
 FLOWERS and FRUITS
 Ornaments and Curiosities
 Ancient and Modern Works of Art
 Preserved Animals and Birds
 Old Books and Manuscripts
 Ladies' Work
 Shells, Fossils, &c., &c.;
 ALSO OF

A choice and valuable collection from the
 Museum of A. Murray, Esq., F.G.S., of the
 Canadian Geological Survey, illustrative gener-
 ally of the Geology of North America, and par-
 ticularly of Newfoundland and its mineral
 resources.

Mr. Murray will kindly furnish a Geological
 map of Canada, and a partial map of New-
 foundland, with illustrations; and on the first
 day will give explanations.

Ladies are respectfully and earnestly invited
 to prepare fancy and other work for sale; and
 artisans and others to compete for honorary
 prizes.

The greatest care will be taken of all arti-
 cles kindly lent for exhibition.
 A Brass band will perform daily, and
 Ladies will preside occasionally at the Piano.
 EDWARD BOTWOOD,
 Projector.

St. Mary's Parsonage,
 June 29, 1872.

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

SELECT READING.

From a Back Window.

I remember that long ago, as a sanguine and
 truthful child, I became possessed of a highly
 colored lithograph, representing a fair Circas-
 sian sitting by a window. The price I paid
 for this work of art may have been extrava-
 gant, even in youth's fluctuating slate pencil
 currency; but the secret joy I felt in its pos-
 session knew no pecuniary equivalent. It was
 not alone that Nature in Circassia lavished
 alike upon the cheek of beauty and the vege-
 table kingdom that most expensive of colors,
 —Lake; nor was it that the rose which bloom-
 ed beside the fair Circassian's window had no
 visible stem, and was directly grafted upon a
 marble balcony; but it was because it embod-
 ied an idea. That idea was a hinting of my
 fate. I felt that somewhere a young and
 fair Circassian was sitting by a window look-
 ing out for me. The idea of resisting such an ar-
 ray of charms and color never occurred to me
 and to my honor be it recorded, that during
 the feverish period of adolescence, I never
 thought of averting my destiny. But as vaca-
 tion and holiday came and went, and as my
 picture at first grew blurred, and then faded
 quite away between the Eastern and Western
 continents in my atlas, so its charm seemed
 mysteriously to pass away. When I became
 convinced that few females of Circassian or
 other origin, sat pensively resting their chins
 on their henna-tinged nails, at their parlor
 windows, I turned my attention to back win-
 dows. Although the fair Circassian has not
 yet burst upon me with open shutters, some
 peculiarities not unworthy of note have fallen
 under my observation. This knowledge has
 not been gained without sacrifice. I have
 made myself familiar with back windows and
 their prospects, in the weak disguise of seek-
 ing lodgings, heedless of the suspicious glances
 of landlords and their evident reluctance to
 show them. I have caught cold by long ex-
 posure to draughts. I have become estranged
 from friends by unconsciously walking to
 their back windows during a visit, when the
 weekly linen hung upon the line, or where
 Miss Fanny (ostensibly indisposed) actually
 assisted in the laundry, and Master Bobby, in
 scant attire, disported himself on the area rail-
 ings. But I have thought of Galileo, and the
 invariable experience of all seekers and dis-
 coverers of truth has sustained me.

Show me the back windows of a man's dwell-
 ing and I will tell you his character. The
 rear of a house only is sincere. The attitude
 of deception kept up at the front windows
 leaves the back area defenceless. The world
 enters at the front door, but nature comes out
 at the back passage. That glossy, well-brush-
 ed individual, who lets himself in with a latch
 key at the front door at night, is a very dif-
 ferent being from the slipshod wretch who
 grows of mornings for hot water at the door
 of the kitchen. The same with Madame, whose
 contour of figure grows angular, whose face
 grows pallid, whose hair comes down, and who
 looks some ten years older through the sin-
 cere medium of a back window. No wonder
 that intimate friends fail to recognize each
 other in this *dos a dos* position. You may im-
 agine yourself familiar with the silver door-
 plate and bow windows of the mansion where
 dwells your Saccarissa; you may even fancy
 you recognize her graceful figure between the
 lace curtains of the upper chamber which you
 fondly imagine to be hers; but you shall dwell
 for months in the rear of her dwelling and
 within whispering distance of her bower, and
 never know it. You shall see her with a hand-
 kerchief tied around her head in confidential
 discussion with the butcher, and know her
 not. You shall hear her voice in shrill expo-
 sition with her younger brother, and it shall
 awaken no familiar response.

I am writing at a back window. As I prefer
 the warmth of my coal-fire to the foggy fresh-
 ness of the afternoon breeze that rattles the
 leafless shrubs in the garden below me, I have
 my window-sash closed; consequently, I miss
 much of the shrilly altercation that has been
 going on in the kitchen of No. 7 just opposite.
 I have heard fragments of an entertaining
 style of dialogue usually known as "chaffing"
 which has just taken place between Biddy in
 No. 9 and the butcher who brings the dinner.
 I have been pitying the chilled aspect of a
 poor canary, put out to taste the fresh air,
 from the window of No. 5. I have been watch-
 ing—and envying, I fear—the real enjoyment

of two children raking over an old dust-heap
 in the alley, containing the waste and debris
 of all the back yards in the neighborhood.
 What a wealth of soda-water bottles and old
 iron they have acquired! But I am waiting for
 an even more familiar prospect from my back
 window. I know that later in the afternoon
 when the evening paper comes, a thickset,
 gray-haired man will appear in his shirt-sleeves
 at the back door of No. 9, and, seating himself
 on the door step, begin to read. He lives in a
 pretentious house, and I hear he is a rich
 man. But there is such humility in his atti-
 tude, and such evidence of gratitude at being
 allowed to sit outside of his own house and
 read his paper in his shirt-sleeves, that I can
 picture his domestic history pretty clearly.
 Perhaps he is following some old habit of
 humbler days. Perhaps he has entered into
 an agreement with his wife not to indulge his
 disgraceful habit in-doors. He does not look
 like a man who could be coaxed into a dress-
 ing-gown. In front of his own palatial resi-
 dence, I know him to be a quite and respectable
 middle-aged business-man, but it is from my
 back window that my heart warms toward him
 in his shirt-sleeved simplicity. So I sit and watch
 him in the twilight as he reads gravely, and
 wonder sometimes when he looks up, squares
 his chest, and folds his paper thoughtfully
 over his knee, whether he doesn't fancy he
 hears the letting down of bars, or the tinkling
 of bells, as the cows come home and stand low-
 ing for him at the gate.

What Greeley Did.

From a laughable electioneering squib in an
 American paper—which supposes Greeley al-
 ready President, and details his proceedings—we
 take the following:—As soon as he reached
 the executive mansion, which we used to
 call the White House, President Greeley or-
 ganised an army of two hundred thousand
 men, and proceeded to force the entire popu-
 lation of the seaboard States westward at the
 point of the bayonet. The utmost violence
 was used. Those who resisted were shot
 down, and their dead bodies were carried off
 to a national factory which the President had
 established for making some kind of fertilizer.
 All the large cities of the east were depopulat-
 ed, and the towns were entirely empty. The
 army swept before it millions of men, woman,
 and children, until the vast plains west of
 Kansas were reached, when the pursuit ceas-
 ed, and the army was drawn up in a contin-
 uous line, with orders to shoot any person who
 attempted to visit the east. Of course, hun-
 dreds of thousands of these poor creatures
 perished from starvation. This seemed to
 frighten President Greeley, and he sent in a
 message to Congress recommending that seven
 hundred thousand volumes of a book of his,
 entitled "What I know about Farming," should
 be voted for the relief of the starving suffer-
 ers. This was done, and farming implements
 and seeds were supplied; and then the mil-
 lions of wretched outcasts made an effort to
 till the ground. Of the result of this I will
 speak farther on. In the meantime the Pres-
 ident was doing infinite harm to the country
 in another way. His handwriting was so fear-
 fully and wonderfully bad that no living man
 could read it. And so, when he sent his first
 annual Message to Congress—the document
 was devoted wholly to the tariff and agricul-
 ture—a sentence appeared, which subsequent-
 ly was ascertained to be, "large cultivation of
 rutabagas and beans is the only hope of the
 American nation, I am sure." The printer,
 not being able to interpret this, put it in the
 following form, in which it went forth to the
 world—"The Czar of Russia couldn't keep
 clean if he washed himself with the whole At-
 lantic Ocean once a day!" This perversion
 of the Message was at once telegraphed to
 Russia by the Russian Minister, and the Czar
 was so indignant that he immediately declared
 war. Just at this time President Greeley un-
 dertook to write some letters to Prince Bis-
 marck upon the subject of the potato rot, and,
 after giving his singular views at great length,
 he concluded with the statement that if the
 Emperor William said that subsoil ploughing
 was not good in light soils, or that guano was
 better than bone dust, he was "a liar, a villain
 and a slave!" Of course the Emperor also im-
 mediately declared war, and became an ally of
 Russia and of England, against which latter
 country Mr. Greeley had actually begun hos-
 tilities already, because the Queen in her
 speech from the throne, had declared the