

The Star,

And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Friday, November 15, 1872.

Number 53.

| NOVEMBER. | | | | | | |
|-----------|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| S. | M. | T. | W. | T. | F. | S. |
| .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 1 | 2 |
| 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 |
| 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 |
| 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 |
| 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |

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. Ross & 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) WHOLE-
 SALE and RETAIL.

221 WATER STREET,
 St. John's,
 Newfoundland.

One door East of P. HURONS, 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, Manufac-
 turing 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 DENTIS-
 TRY, 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 Me-
 thod.

Dr. L. & Son would state that they
 were among the first to introduce the
 Anaesthetic (Nitrous Oxide Gas), and
 have extracted many thousands of 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 at the highest Pre-
 miums at the world's Fair
 in London and Paris.

Teeth filled with great care and in the
 most lasting manner. Special attention
 given to regulating children's Teeth.
 St. John's, July 9.

W. H. THOMPSON,
 AGENT FOR

Parsons' Purgative Pills.

W. H. THOMPSON,
 AGENT FOR

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

BANNERMAN & LYON'S
Photographic Rooms,

Corner of Bannerman and Wa-
 ter 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.

G. R. BARNES,

Blacksmith & Farrier,

DEGS respectfully to acquaint his num-
 erous patrons and the public gener-
 ally, 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.

We're Floating Down the River.

We're floating down the river,
 The noiseless stream of time:
 Its voyagers of all ages—
 They hail from every clime,
 It had its lights and shadows,
 'Tis fraught with hopes and fears;
 Some cross it in a moment,
 And some are crossing years.

We're floating down the river;
 At first it seems so wide,
 That our frail barques can never
 Land on the other side.
 The trip seems one of pleasure;
 We've nothing now to fear,
 No tempest can beset us
 While skies are fair and clear,

We're floating down the river;
 As further on we go,
 The stream appears more narrow,
 The waters faster flow.
 We're looking out for dangers
 That lie on every side:
 Our watchword it is onward,
 As down the stream we glide.

We're floating down the river;
 When we've been on it years,
 And cast our glances backward,
 If but a step appears,
 The waters now are deeper,
 The bottom lost from view;
 Where once the boats were many,
 They are scattered now and few.

We're floating down the river,
 As others have before;
 Oft-times a boat will leave us,
 And strike out for the shore;
 And then our journey onward
 More lone and sad is found—
 One comrade less to cheer us
 As we are homeward bound.

We're floating down the river;
 Some time our turn will come
 To launch out from the others,
 And set our sails for home;
 And when shall come that summons
 From shores beyond our view,
 Oh, may our boats be ready
 To dash the breakers through!

EXTRACTS.

Time of Sleep.

When night spreads her sable curtain,
 The din of business is hushed; the lower
 animals, obedient to the signal, retired to
 their grassy couch; a refreshing coolness
 pervades the air, and dreamy stillness
 rests upon the earth, all alluring to re-
 pose. How strange, then, that human
 beings should be deaf to this eloquent
 language! How strange that they should
 pervert the order of nature by converting
 day into night, and nights into day! And
 yet it is so. With multitudes, night is
 not a season of rest for invigorating the
 mental and bodily powers, but a time for
 soul and body-destroying dissipations,
 and teeming mischiefs. This is the time
 for fashionable parties, where, in addition
 to want of rest, the system is poisoned by
 impure air, and oppressed by excessive
 and improper food and drinks; while the
 mind and all the moral feelings are work-
 ed up into a feverish state of excitement,
 which re-acts with a terrible effect on the
 poor, abused and over-burdened physical
 frame.

Can any one believe, for a moment,
 that the laws of nature be thus violated
 with impunity? As soon might a feeble
 woman expect to have the foaming catar-
 act of Niagara poured over her head without
 injury. Every violation of physical law
 must be visited with its legitimate punish-
 ment. These laws are written in our
 frame by the hand of the Almighty him-
 self, and they are fixed immutable in
 their nature and consequences. One of
 these laws is that night be ordained for
 scenes of excitement and dissipation, and
 who yet keep late hours flatter them-
 selves that they incur no risk. In one
 respect, at least, they do not invert the order
 of nature, and must suffer accordingly.
 Day sleep will not answer as a substitute
 for night sleep. Circumstances may
 sometimes render it necessary to make
 up in the day for unavoidable loss of rest
 yet this necessity should, as far as possible
 be avoided. The rule is, "Early to bed
 and early to rise."

A Strange Case.

The right of a child to prosecute its
 parents for whipping him and to recover
 damages in a court of law, is in process of
 demonstration in Cincinnati. The case
 is one which, from the health and high
 social standing of the parties, promises to
 furnish the great sensation of the day in
 that city. David Gwynn, Minor is the
 plaintiff, an infant in the eyes of the law

who claims, of the Court of Common
 Pleas, damages to the amount of \$50,000
 from his parents, for the abuse and ill-
 treatment he has suffered at their hands
 since 1858. The boy's petition tells a
 horrible and disgusting story. That por-
 tion which is fit to appear in print re-
 counts how he was thrashed with an iron
 ramrod and with rubber whips: how he
 was dragged about the house and down
 two flights of stairs by the hair; and how
 by way of encouraging petitional medita-
 tion, he was thrust into a closet, under a
 tank of hot water, and kept there for ten
 hours, in such a position that he was un-
 able to stand up or sit down. Such are
 some of the charges which young Minor
 brings against his parents, offering in sub-
 stantiation the scars upon his body and
 the feeble health which he possesses.
 The parents have refused and offer to
 compromise the matter, which act seems
 to give strength to their side of the case,
 and it appears probable that the whole
 disgusting business will come into court.
 It is fortunate that such cases are rare;
 for, however delightful they may be as
 scandal, they fail to be profitable in any
 other respect.

The True Test.

How often we here, "I've been to
 see a friend." And how few ever fully
 feel the value of that word. When en-
 emies gather around; when sickness falls
 on the heart; when the settled sadness of
 the soul, like death itself comes down;
 when the world is dark and cheerless,
 then is the time to test the value and full
 meaning of the term. The heart that has
 been touched with true gold, redoubles
 its energies when a friend is in danger.
 He who turns from suffering or distress
 betrays his hypocrisy, and proves that
 self-interest and not your happiness sus-
 tain him in his adversity. Let the true
 friend feel that his kindness is appreciated
 and has not been thrown away. Real
 fidelity may be rare, but it does exist and
 its power is seen and felt. The good, the
 kind, the generous, are around us every-
 where if we would only seek them out.
 There are many who would sacrifice wealth
 and fame, everything but honor to serve
 a cherished one, and they move through
 the world quiet and unrecognized, be-
 cause no opportunity has been offered to
 draw them out.

Singular Freak of Nature.

Western papers have discovered a sin-
 gular freak of nature in Kentucky, being
 no less than a negro with a hairy tongue
 the hair being of a sandy-red color, and a
 little over half an inch long, and, as the
 hair sloped backward, it gave him pain
 while speaking. At the root of each
 hair the flesh was blue. He has no hair
 on his face, though he is fully forty years
 old. His wool is like that of any other
 darkey—black and kinky. He is perfect
 in every limb and feature, except his
 tongue; and what is also remarkable, he
 has grey eyes. On questioning him he
 gave the following facts: He was born
 in Xenia, Ohio, of a white woman, his
 father being black. On the breaking out
 of the war he entered a colored regiment
 as corporal. He was wounded at Peters-
 burg, and at the end of the war he return-
 ed to Ohio, from whence he came to Cov-
 ington about a year ago. He has none
 of the idioms of the negro, and except a
 thickness of speech, caused by the growth
 of hair on his tongue, his pronunciation
 is perfect. The next Munchausen story
 will probably be about the proverbially
 well-known "Irish jintleman" with "hair
 on his teeth."

A Monkey Mamma.

A New Zealand correspondent of the
 San Francisco "Alta," says:
 "However strange Mr. Darwin's theory
 —that man is descended from a monkey
 —may seem to be to many, the following
 particulars in the early history of one of
 the present members of Parliament for
 New Zealand are related in all sober ear-
 nestness by Southern papers. Mr. B.'s
 early life was spent in the wilds of South
 America. When a mere infant he was
 one day laid peacefully at rest at the
 door of his woodland home. His worthy
 parent, near the cabin, shot the young
 offspring of a large monkey, at which the
 affectionate mamma was, of course, much
 wounded. She was, however, driven away
 by the approaching hunter, and in pass-
 ing the cabin door noticed and stole the
 future New Zealand legislator. The loss
 was not discovered for nearly half an
 hour afterwards, and then all efforts to
 find the robber proved unavailing. Three
 months after this period a hunting party
 came across a family of monkeys in the
 wilderness, and there in the arms of
 the careful although untutored wet nurse
 was the long-lost child who chattered and
 gibbered in the most approved monkey
 fashion, apparently fully equal to the ex-
 igencies of the situation. Could there
 be any more convincing evidence than
 this of the affinity between our race
 and those hairy denizens of the woods?"

did the hunters step in and thus prevent
 the development of another link in the
 Darwinian chain? The child was borne
 home, and under careful nurture and
 training the evil effects of bad company
 were removed.

"WIDDERS."

Not far from Elkhorn lived the pretty
 little widow Fauntleroy, and one of her
 neighbors was General Peyton. The
 General had looked upon the little widow
 very much as he did upon his favorite
 horse Powhattan—"the best horse in
 the Blue Grass region."

The pretty Mrs. Fauntleroy had been
 a widow more than a year, while the
 General, having a great regard for eti-
 quette, had patiently waited for the time
 to elapse, in order to declare himself.
 But the widow, with her woman's art,
 kept her lover at bay, and kept him in
 in her train.

He had escorted her to this barbecue,
 and when returning had expressed his
 satisfaction at the prospects of General
 Combs, and the success of the Whig
 party.

The widow took sides with the Demo-
 cracy, and offered to wager her favourite
 Gypsy, or anything else she possessed,
 against Powhattan or anything she might
 fancy in the General's possession.

The General's gallantry would not al-
 low him to refuse the wager, which he
 promptly accepted. By this time they
 had reached the North Fork of the Elk-
 horn, and were about to ford it, (bridges
 were not plentiful in those days) when
 John Peyton, the General's only son and
 heir, came up at a sharp gallop behind
 them.

The widow turned and bowed to John
 and rode on into the stream, but a little
 behind her companion. The east bank
 was very steep, and required the horses
 to put forth all their strength to reach
 the top with their loads.

As luck would have it, good or ill, the
 widow's girth broke just at the commence-
 ment of the steep part. The lady, still
 seated on her saddle, slid swiftly back
 into the water, while her horse went up
 the bank like an arrow.

John Peyton leaped from his horse
 and in an instant caught the floating
 lady and saddle, and before the General
 had recovered from his astonishment,
 was at the top of the bank with his bur-
 den. The little widow was equal to the
 occasion, for she begged the General to
 ride on and stop her horse, which had
 now begun to understand his part in the
 mishap, and was beginning to increase his
 gait towards home.

The General did as he was bid, and soon
 returned with the horse. In the mean-
 time John Peyton had secured his own
 horse, and when the General came back
 with the widow's horse, she and John
 were laughing merrily over the ridiculous
 accident, but what further passed be-
 tween them is only known to themselves.

John Peyton repaired the broken girth,
 fastened the saddle again on the horse,
 placed the lady to her seat, bade her good
 evening, mounted his horse, and taking
 another road down the Elkhorn, rode
 rapidly home, leaving the General to es-
 cort the widow.

It is not necessary to relate how he
 entertained his fair companion with
 ponderous anecdotes of Mr. Clay and
 other famous public men; but when he
 reached Fauntleroy place, he accepted
 the lady's invitation to dismount and
 take tea with her.

After having changed her wet clothing
 the pretty widow entertained her guest
 with her brightest smiles and some new
 songs. The General was delighted, and
 expressed his delight as Kentucky gentle-
 men of that day would have done. "You
 are the finest songstress, madam, in the
 Blue-Grass region."

When he bid her good night and shook
 hands with her on the porch, the wicked
 little widow gave his hand a little squeeze
 —only a little—but it thrilled like an elec-
 tric shock through his great ponderous
 frame, while she laughingly reminded
 him of his wager. That night, in his
 dreams, the little widow Fauntleroy was
 repeated so often, and in so many be-
 witching forms, that he resolved to pro-
 pose to her at their first meeting,
 nor did he dream that he could be re-
 fused.

The next morning a letter from his to-
 bacco factor called General Peyton to
 Louisville, and before his return, the po-
 litical contest in the Ashland district was
 over; and wonderful to relate, John C.
 Breckinridge, the young Democrat, was
 elected to Congress.

General Peyton was both surprised and
 indignant. "Mr. Clay's district, sir, the
 finest Congressional district in the Blue-
 grass region, has disgraced itself, sir," was
 almost his first remark to his neighbor,
 Col. Beaufort.

To his son John he communicated his
 intention of bringing Mrs. Fauntleroy to
 adorn the head of his table.

"Sir, she is the finest lady in the Blue