

The Spanish sailor.

The snow fraught winds wailed drearily, As might some hapless ghost, That winter eve, long years ago, On the lone New Jersey coast.

The night, with freez'ng, dark'ng glance, Had frown'd upon the day, Till, p'ling with a'f'ight, the sun In terror stole away.

The cattle shiver'd in their stalls, Beneath each wa'm roof tree; The good folk whi-per'd in their prayers, "God help those out at sea!"

When, sudden pierc'ng through the storm A sound there rose and fell, A word in strangely foreign tone, And sad as funeral bell.

The cabin door was open flung, That all in r'ful plight Might see, as 'twere a beacon fire, The cheery homestead light.

Naught but the darkness met their gaze; Their ears, the muffled roar Of breaking waves on ice-bound coast Of that lone ocean shore.

Again upon the midnight air That wail'd cry faintly rose, And "Christus!" "Christus!" broke upon The cottagers repose.

The morning dawns, and eager hands The snow drifts cast away, But wondrous pit'ful the sight That there before them lay.

A bronzed and bearded mariner Had perished that dead night, In sight and sound of Christian souls, Of rest, and warmth, and light!

And as they looked a shrill voice broke Upon their startled sense, As though once more the cold lips spoke, "Christus!" take me hence!

All fled, save she, the youngest there, Who fearlessly knelt down, And mouth'd the glossy raven hair, The bearded cheek so brown.

And opening with her baby hands, In curious, childish quest, His jacket rough found nestling close Upon the dead man's breast,

A little foreign bird, with voice Of mimic tone and power, Whose soft wings glit-ter'd in the sun, Like some bright tropic flower!

And oft in after years, when it The household pet became, It echoed its lost master's cry Upon the holy name!

SELECT STORY.

The Fatal Discovery.

HOW did I get my first start in life? Well, in a very singular manner—a very singular manner indeed. I will proceed to tell you.

Let me see. I am now rather advanced in years—seventy-seven last January—what some people call getting old, though somehow, my heart feels as young as ever. Seventy-seven years, with nineteen off, leaves fifty-eight. Fifty-eight years ago in June; that would carry it back to the year 1809. Yes, that is right—that is the year I went out to Port-au-Prince, Hayti, as captain's clerk.

The captain and I not agreeing very well, I left him there, and while looking for another berth I fell in with a countryman of mine who wanted to take a trip into the interior, merely to gratify his curiosity.

I have heard, he said, that the scenery among the hills is the most beautiful in the world, and I am anxious to see it, but would rather not venture alone, and hitherto have found no one to be my companion. Now if you can spare a few days and can go with me I will not only bear all expenses, but pay you a reasonable price for your time.

I am your man, was my reply. We immediately set to work and procured a good outfit—rifles, pistols, knives, tinder-box, wallets, knapsacks, canteens, and dry provisions, which we expected to ek out with fresh game, and the second day saw us on our travels into an uninhabited region.

I pass over the first few days of romantic exploration, during which we penetrated deep forests and dense jungles, where vegetation can riot, forded numerous streams, climbed steep hills, sealed precipices, descended into valleys, and saw Nature in all her wildness, grandeur and beauty, with enough of peril from wild beasts and poisonous reptiles to keep us keenly on the alert.

On the fifth or sixth day we discovered the finest scene at all—a succession of precipices, like so many terraces, one above the other, down which poured and roared a series of cascades, with mountains towering far heavenward on three sides of the whole, a tranquil river and flowery valley on the fourth—altogether a combination of grandeur, beauty and sublimity that was really enchanting. We spent the remainder of the day here, built our camp fire on one of the highest

ledges, and slept listening to the music of the night-birds and falling waters.

On the following day we discovered the entrance to a beautiful grotto, which we immediately determined to explore.

Collecting some resinous sticks, and binding them together to serve for torches, we lighted our bunch, and entered where perhaps the foot of man had never before penetrated.

The entrance was narrow, a little higher than our heads, and my companion went cautiously forward with the light, and I as cautiously followed. After getting in some fifty feet in a zig-zag course, we suddenly came to a large apartment, hung with the most beautiful stalactites, which flashed and sparkled in the light with an effect which defies description, and we could easily fancy we were in a palace of diamonds.

This is worth the labor of a lifetime to behold! exclaimed my companion, enthusiastically. Gorgeous beyond my wildest dreams!

I replied. This hall was very large, not less than three hundred feet in length, by two hundred in breadth, and in some places perhaps fifty feet to the roof, with an even, level floor.

While feasting our eyes on the surrounding beauties we gradually moved on, and came to where three dark passages led deeper into the bowels of the earth, the central one going straight forward, and the others turning off respectively to the right and left. We took the middle one, which was about ten feet wide, and as many high, and arched at the beginning with nearly as much regularity as if cut by the hand of art.

After advancing a few paces we found it gradually narrowed, and began to descend somewhat abruptly, the air becoming more damp and heavy. Presently it expanded into a long, low hall of solid rock, which, unlike the first apartment, was dark and gloomy, affording the wildest contrast.

On exploring this apartment we found no less than six more passages, leading off in as many different directions. We selected the largest and still went forward, though I confess I began to feel a little uneasy, for fear we might venture too far, lose our way and not be able to get back.

Don't let us risk too much for the first time, I said to my companion by way of courtesy; for I have no desire to be buried alive.

There is not the least danger he replied. I know every turn, and could find my way out in the dark.

Soon after this we came to a place where the passage was so contracted that, at first, we were compelled to stoop, and then to crawl forward on our hands and knees.

Again I remonstrated, but my companion did not heed me.

We kept on in this manner for some distance, and then the passage enlarged, and led up a steep ascent. After toiling up about fifty feet we came to another brilliant chamber of stalactites, and found a dozen more inviting passages leading we knew not where.

Our first torch was by this time pretty well burned out, and, as we lighted one of the two others which I carried, I remarked:

It would be tempting fate to go any farther now. I propose turning back. Hark! he said. I do believe I hear running water, and I must see what it is. This way; follow me. There is no danger, I will guide you back in safety.

He again went forward as he spoke, and as he still carried the light I was obliged to accompany him, or remain in darkness.

We thus went on and on, through a rather open passage, and, as we advanced, the sound of falling water became more and more audible, till at length we came in sight of a bright running stream that flowed over a clear bed, and fell with a sudden plunge and gloomy roar, into some dark abyss that was frightful to behold.

As we stopped and contemplated this wonder of nature, with the lurid torch lighting up the awful scene, I suddenly perceived what appeared to be several bright sparks of fire in the bed of the stream.

As the depth of the water was only a few inches, I fixed my eye on one, descended into the current, stooped down, picked it up, and held it to the light.

What have you found, Benson? asked my companion.

What is it? said I, handing it to him.

Never shall I forget his wild, eager look, as he fairly shouted: Gold! gold! gold! As I live, gold! Hurrah! Our fortune is made!

In a moment I was as much excited as he; and, forgetting everything else, we both began a hurried search along the bed of the stream for gold. We found it in particles—here, there, and everywhere—sparkling like fire beneath the light of our torch; and while we gathered it, looking eagerly among the rocks on every side for some enriching vein, we indulged in the wildest dreams of wealth and ambition.

Time passed unheeded, our torches

burned low, and yet we thought of nothing but gold.

At last, coming back down the stream toward the edge of the dark abyss, my companion saw something that drew him forward in haste. I perceived his danger, and shouted:

Have a care! The words had not don echoing through the subterranean gloom, when there was a sudden slip, the dashing forward of a human body, an agonizing scream, the ghastly gleam of a swiftly descending torch, and then I was alone in the bowels of the earth, in the most appalling darkness.

For a time I was bewildered and stupefied, and I sat down there in the rayless darkness, moaning and wringing my hands. Then I shouted the name of my companion many times, and begged him to answer me, though I knew it was all in vain. Echo alone responded—an awful echo—that finally died out far away in the terrific gloom.

At last I aroused myself to thoughts of my own preservation. Fortunately I had brought with me the means of striking a light, and one bundle of sticks was still in my possession.

I lighted the last torch, cast around me one terrified glance, and hurried away from the roaring water, that was singing the funeral dirge of my late companion.

My presence here now is a proof that I reached the outer world alive; but more than once I was in despair, believing I had lost my way. After that I had a long, weary journey back to Port-au-Prince, and it was not till near the close of the fourth day that I came in sight of the town. It rained a great deal during those four days, and, after being completely drenched, I was often exposed to a scorching sun.

The effect of all this was a fever, which kept me on my bed for six weeks during which time my life was more than once despaired of; and it was nearly four months from my first attack before I was again fit for business.

My purse having now become pretty low, I bethought me of my golden cave, and at once endeavored to turn it to some account.

I mentioned my discovery to several different parties, telling them, at the same time, the sad tale of the loss of my companion.

Most of them listened with indifference saying they did not think gold enough could be found there to defray the expense of searching for it; and I was about to give up the idea of making any money out of it, when I fortunately met with a speculating Frenchman, who asked me what sum I would require to guide him to the cavern and relinquish all claim to whatever may be found therein.

I named a sum equivalent to twenty-five thousand dollars, and after considerable arguing, he offered me twenty thousand, which I finally accepted.

I guided him to the grotto, conducted him to the subterranean stream—at which I shuddered as I again beheld it—showed him the little sparkles of gold and received my promised reward.

Never saw him afterward, but heard that he made a fortune by his purchase. That twenty thousand dollars, so strangely acquired, I may say was my first real start in life. With that I began to trade in different articles, buying and selling, and, two years afterwards returned to England in a vessel freighted by myself.

I was prosperous in all my undertakings, and, twenty years ago, retired from business, having what I considered enough of this world's goods.

ODDS AND ENDS.

There is but one baby in a newly-made Oregon town, and the neighbors take turns borrowing it.

When the boys in Virginia wish to raise their kites they tie the string to a dog's tail, and make the animal run.

A Gentleman late one evening met his servant, Hallo! where are you going at this time of night?—for no good I'll warrant! I was going for you, sir.

Under the head of broken English an American paper places such Englishmen as get smashed up by railroad collisions, or who financially come to grief.

A Clerical remark.—The Lawrence, Kansas, Tribune, edited by an ex-Boston clergyman, calls a brother of the Leavenworth Times a hoary-headed old hooked-nosed devil.

We think it barbarous that girls should be sold for wives by their parents in Turkey; yet we should remember that in this country not a day passes without a bride being given away by her father.

A Phrenologist—told a man that he had combativeness very largely developed, and was of a quarrelsome disposition. That isn't so, said the man, angrily, and if you repeat it I'll knock you down.

When travelling was long in the days of yore—for one did not so quickly come to an untimely end by rail as now—they got talkative and witty, it seems in stage-coach, for amongst a selection of such road factiae, it is said that a Quaker and Baptist traveling together in a stage-coach, the latter took every opportunity of ridiculing the former on account of his religious profession. At length they came to a heath where the body of a malefactor, lately executed, was hanging in chains upon a gibbet. I wonder now, said the Baptist, what religion this man was of? Perhaps, replied the Quaker, coldly he was a Baptist, and they have hung him up to dry.

Another old citizen of Illinois is prematurely no more. In life's great game of poker, as the aged minister tearfully observed in his funeral discourse, he has thrown down his hand, which permit me to say, brethren, was equal to four aces and a queen, he has surrendered his chips, drained his glass to the dregs, and walked out. And, what is most remarkable about it is, the full force of the impropriety of keeping her rat-poison in the teapot did not seem to strike the old lady until about the time of the inquest.

A demure citizen of Portland was walking down town one morning last week, when a stranger addressed him: Do you know where the post-office is? Yes, answered the Portlander, affably, and walked on without further parley. After proceeding for about ten steps he looked back, and inquired in his turn: Why? Did you want to know? No, replied the victim, with great earnestness; and then, the account having been balanced, the two shook hands gravely, and walked off towards the Falmouth.

A young lady from Brigus came to Harbor Grace the other day to have her picture taken. When the artist showed her the proof, and asked her how she liked it, she placidly remarked that he had put too much darned mouth on it to suit her.

Speaking of centenarians and other elderly people, a man applied for lodging at one of the stations, Saturday night, who said he had escaped from the Taunton Lunatic Asylum a thousand years ago. Either that man is very old or else he lied.

Tipkins aroused his wife from a sound sleep the other night, saying he had seen a ghost in the shape of an ass. O, let me sleep, was the reply of the irate dame, don't be frightened at your own shadow.

What comes after T? asked a teacher of a small pupil who was learning the alphabet. He received the following bewildering reply: You do—to see 'Liza.

THE STAR.

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