

The Star,

And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Friday, November 1, 1872.

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NOVEMBER.

S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
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
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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. HURCHES, 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 denominations
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 Anesthetic (Nitrous Oxide Gas), and have extracted many thousand 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 receipt the highest Premiums 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.

W. H. THOMPSON,
AGENT FOR

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

BANNERMAN & LYON'S
Photographic Rooms,

Corner of Bannerman and Water 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.
May 14. tff

G. F. FARRELL'S.

Blacksmith & Farrier,

RESPECTFULLY to acquaint his numerous patrons and the public generally, 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.

Expressed Love.

This gift I send
Is to a friend
Whom I love dearly, true:
I need not tell—
You know it well—
That friend is surely you.

When Tuesday eve,
As shadows weave,
And I go whizzing by,
If you love me,
I hope to see
A sly wink of your eye.

And, if you wink,
'Tis then I'll think
I am beloved at last:
And—oh the bliss!—
I'll throw a kiss
As I go quickly past.

For, dearest one,
I'm not in fun—
These words come from my heart;
And if you'll go,
For weal or woe,
With me, we ne'er shall part.

Each time I see
You look at me,
I know my fate I've found.
My heart is true:
Now, then, will you
To me for life be bound?

Next Friday night
Please be in sight,
And high your kerchief fling.
'Twill be the sign
To tell you're mine:
I claim you with a ring.

Now, every one,
My story's done.
And the moral I will tell:
Be guarded lest
Within your breast
Awakens such a spell.

Express is fast,
The time is past,
She held her kerchief high;
And now, a wife,
She gladdens life—
The express chap am I.

EXTRACTS.

Bliss in Blunder.

We are fast becoming converts to the Dean of Westminster's doctrine that, for some purposes, falsehood is better than truth. It is as lovers of knowledge that we are led to this conclusion. We find that there are certain cases in which falsehood—not necessarily falsehood in a moral sense, but falsehood of statement, error as to facts and inferences—is not only consistent with, but actually implies, a greater amount of knowledge than some statements against the truth of which there is not a word to be said. It is impossible to make a statement every word of which shall be literary true to the smallest detail, but which shall yet display greater ignorance of the matter in hand than the most amazing blunder. For, as we have before now pointed out, a blunder implies a certain amount of knowledge; a man cannot, strictly speaking, blunder about things of which he knows nothing whatever. For a man to produce a good blunder he must be thinking about the subject on which he blunders. He must have heard something about it; he must know some of the facts; he must have on his lips some of the phrases used to describe those facts; he must know something of what other people have been thinking and saying about the matter; otherwise he has not the materials for producing a blunder. On the other hand there is a class of men who do not blunder, simply because they have not knowledge enough to blunder. There is something very amusing when a new light suddenly breaks in upon a mind of this kind. Something which other people have known all about for years, something about which accurate men have been thinking and speaking accurately for years, something about which blunders have been blundering for years, but about which both accurate men and blunders have at any rate been thinking and learning something, has all this while been to him a perfect blank. He has thought nothing about it and has known nothing about it: the thing has never come into his head at all during all the time that the others have been busying themselves about it, each in his own way. At last by some chance he stumbles on some statement of the whole matter which puts him at once in a certain way on a level with those who have been working at it for years, and, if he is only

discreet, the world need never find out that he is not really on a level with them. But commonly by a sort of righteous Nemesis he is tempted to announce his new light to the world with all the glee and all the pomp of a new discovery. All that he puts forth may be perfectly true, perfectly accurate in every detail, without the faintest whiff of a blunder about it. The joke is that he cannot help showing that he fancies that what is new to himself must be equally new to the rest of the world. He trumpets forth the truth which he has lighted upon in a way which, to those who have been working at the matter all their days, sounds very much as if one were to read "It is not generally known that the bones of fossil elephants have been found in Europe," or "It has been announced in a paper read at the last meeting of the British Association that there are plants in the solar system further off from the sun than Saturn." In cases of this sort we do maintain that falsehood is, in a sense, better than truth. The false statements of the blunderer who has been really trying to find out something about the matter are more respectable than the true statements of a man who has been sleeping on and doing nothing, and who at last wakes up to enter on the fulness of other men's labours.

In this way of looking at the matter we may have more sympathy with an inaccurate statement than with an accurate one. The case indeed may be argued from another point of view. A blunder is undoubtedly a work of art; a good blunder is a precious work of art which is not given to every one to call it into being. As we have said, the blunderer must know something of the matter in hand. But his knowledge must be only partial; it must be judiciously mixed with a twofold ignorance—partial ignorance of the matter in hand, and total ignorance of the extent of his own ignorance. But if, as some philosophers teach us, happiness is the end of man, and if, as others teach us, ignorance is bliss, it follows that there is a state yet higher than that of even the best blunderer. For, as his ignorance is only partial, his bliss must be partial also; perfect bliss must be sought for in the higher region of perfect ignorance. It is then a less exertion of art, a less close approach to the perfection of man, to produce a blunder which, however good, implies only partial ignorance than to produce something which implies at all events the past possession of total ignorance. We speak thus carefully because it may be objected that when the man puts forth the accurate statement of the matter which he has just learned, he is no longer wholly ignorant, but is on the contrary very well informed. The fact is, that the pleasure of the display of total ignorance—that is the pleasure of calling on others to share in the highest bliss—can only be purchased at the cost of giving up some part of the total ignorance itself. As long as a man knows absolutely nothing about a matter he cannot display his ignorance of it, because he cannot talk about it at all. But, again, if ignorance is bliss, it is hard that a man should be driven to keep his bliss to himself. The second best thing then undoubtedly is, that a man should be able to announce how very short a time ago he was in a state of total ignorance about a given matter; and this he most thoroughly does by putting forth something which other people have known for a long time, but which he himself has just learned for the first time, as if it were equally new to all the world.

Interesting Scientific Experiment on the Body of a Hanged Man.

Barclay, the young man who was hanged at Columbus, Ohio, on Friday last, for a most brutal murder, consented that the students of a medical college in that city could have his body for experimental purposes, and ten minutes after it was cut down it was placed in a wagon and driven rapidly to the college, where a powerful battery had been placed in position for the purpose of trying the effect of electricity as a medium to restore life. At 24 minutes to 1 o'clock six students lecturing room of the college, where were assembled the students and all the prominent medical gentlemen of the city. It was then taken from the coffin and placed upon the operating table. The pupils of the eyes were found to be dilated and the face discoloured. The body was stripped of its clothing, and at thirteen minutes after death, the students began operations. The electrical instrument used was one of the most powerful known consisting of six cups of Aunsen's battery attached to Ritch's induction coil of the largest size. It was operated by Professor Holderman, an eminent electrician, while Professor Wormly and Professors Holderman and Denig conducted the experiment. Two currents of electricity were used—one placed at the lower ex-

trinity of the body, and the other drawn along the arm, neck, face and breast. The effect was wonderful: the eyes opened, the face drew up as if in pain, the mouth jerked to one side, the arm raised as if to strike and the fist clenched. The limbs also raised and the toes and fingers worked, and once the body almost turned to one side. The arms were next laid bare and a current of electricity introduced. The whole system seemed to respond and the movements of the body were at times violent. At four minutes to two o'clock the electricity was removed and faint actions of the muscles could even then be observed. The body was afterwards left until ten minutes after three, when the electricity was again applied, and the muscles of the body still responded as before, but with less force. The breast was then opened and a current passed into the heart, but it gave no response. It was carried to the hands and feet, and all responded as before. The heart was then taken out and found hard as muscle and full of blood, the lungs not congested, the brain very healthy, free from any congestion. At eleven minutes after 4 o'clock electricity was again applied and a good response was had; at eighteen minutes after 5 a faint response was given and at fifteen minutes to 6, five hours and thirty five minutes after death, the strongest current that could be applied failed to move a muscle. The experiment exhibited was then brought to a close, the crowd dispersed and the mutilated body of John Barclay was replaced in its coffin, delivered to the coroner and given its final burial.—Boston Herald.

Dying Words.

Lord Macaulay tells an anecdote of Michael Godfrey, the Deputy Governor of the Bank of England, who was standing near King William and was under fire at the siege of Namur. "Mr. Godfrey," said William, "you ought not to run these hazards, you are not a soldier, you can be of no use to us here." "Sir," answered Godfrey, "I run no more hazard than your Majesty." "Not so," said William, "I am where it is my duty to be, and I may without presumption commit my life to God's keeping; but you—" While they were talking a cannon-ball from the ramparts laid Godfrey dead at the King's feet.

The dying words of Wolfe are well known and well authenticated. On hearing an officer exclaim—"See how they run!" he eagerly raised himself on his elbow, and asked, "Who run?" "The enemy," answered the officer; they give way in all directions." "Then God be praised," said Wolfe, after a pause, "I shall die happy." His antagonist, the Marquis of Montcalm, received a mortal wound whilst endeavoring to rally his men, and expired the next day. When told that his end was approaching, he answered, "So much the better; I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec."

Dying words and speeches present an ample field for the inventive faculties of biographers and historians. It is reported that Louis XIV's to Madame de Maintenon were:—"We shall soon meet again;" and that she murmured, "a pleasant rendezvous he is giving me; that man never loved any one but himself." Of Talleyrand, M. Louis Blanc relates:—"When the Abbe Dupanloup repeated to him the words of the Archbishop of Paris, 'I would give my life for M. de Talleyrand,' he replied, 'he might make a better use of it,' and expired. Do such narratives command implicit faith? Did Goethe die calling for light? or Frederick Schlegel with *aber* (but) in his mouth? or Rabelais exclaiming, "Drop the curtain just after telling the servant with characteristic politeness, 'Give Day-rolles a chair?' or Locke remarking to Mrs. Mesham, 'Life is a poor vanity?' Did the expiring Addison call the young Earl of Warwick to his bedside that he might learn "how a Christian could die?" Was Pitt's heart broken by Austerlitz? and were the last words he uttered—"My country, oh, my country?" George Rose who had excess to the best information, says they were; and says also that the news of the armistice after the battle of Austerlitz drove Pitt's gout from the extremities to the stomach. But the Duke of Wellington, who met Pitt at Stanmore Priory shortly after the arrival of the news, always maintained that Pitt's spirit was not broken by any means by the disappointment. On plausible grounds it has been alleged that Canning's last illness was aggravated by suppressed anger at one of Lord Grey's attacks; that he had serious thoughts of being called up to the House of Peers to answer it, and his dying words were—"Give me time! give me time!"—Quarterly Review.

Cannot Afford to Marry.

We all know that luxury is on the increase with us. Year by year people's houses grow finer, inside and out. People are clad better, wear more expensive jewelry, and there is more riding on fine