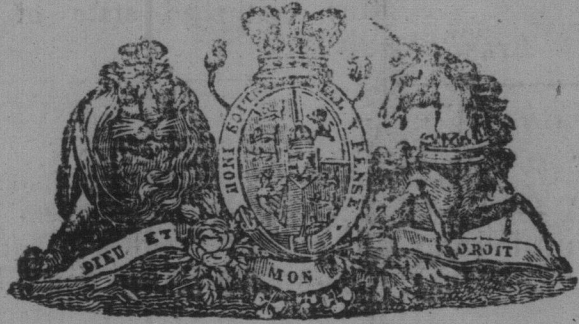


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IMPORTANT FROM THE FRONTIER UPPER CANADA WAR ENDED.

LATEST FROM DETROIT.—By the Buffalo Advertiser of the 23d we have news from Detroit down to the 20th inst.—The excitement had nearly subsided all the respectable portion of the citizens were determined to obey the laws. The authorities were active—several volunteer companies under arms, guards posted, &c. There is no patriot force whatever in arms, either in the province or, on this side—unless it is some straggling Navy Islanders, along the lake shore, in this state, (New York.)

The number that were on Bois Blanc Island never exceeded 360—not ten of whom were Canadians.

To show the vigilance of the military at Detroit, the guards actually fired at a mob who were taking forcible possession of the steamboat Gen. Brady, wounding one of them, and compelling them to relinquish their lawless enterprise.

The persons taken in the sch. Ann, Captured by the British said by the Detroit Post to have been "all massacred," appear to have been marched through the country to London, for safe keeping: and would show, pretty conclusively, that the "London District" so much talked of as the theatre of discontent was at least quiet.

Duncombe seems quiet intangible. His whereabouts cannot be learned with any sort of certainty. He is not, however, in arms. Little is said about him at Detroit.

Some twenty warraits had been issued, for sundry citizens at Detroit who had been most active in promoting the disturbances.

Col. Worth of the U.S. A. arrived at Fredonia the 22d from Buffalo with two companies of regulars and one of militia. He came by steam to Dunkirk, and thence made a forced march to Fredonia at which latter place he took possession of the arms deposited by the patriots there the week before, (viz. 3 or 4 loads.) Some had been sent off before the Colonel came. There are about 200 patriots bivouacked in different quarters of the town. Van Rensselaer is stated to be with them.

Fifteen waggon loads of U. S. arms from Troy and Weterlyet passed through Batavia a day or two since on their way to the frontier.

GETTING UP ON COLD MORNINGS

(From Mr. Leigh Hunt's Indicator.)

An Italian author, Giulio Cordara, a Jesuit, has written a poem upon Insects, which he begins by insisting, that those troublesome and abominable little animals were created for our annoyance, and that they were certainly not inhabitants of Paradise. We of the North may dispute this piece of theology; but, on the other hand, it is as clear as the snow on the house tops, that Adam was not under the necessity of shaving; and that when Eve walked out of her delicious bower,

she did not step upon ice three inches thick.

Some people say it is a very easy thing to get up of a cold morning. You have only, they tell you, to take the resolution, and the thing is done. This may be very true; just as a boy at school has only to take a flogging, and the thing is over. But we have not all made up our minds upon it; and we find it a very pleasant exercise to discuss the matter, candidly, before we get up. This at least is not idling, though it may be lying. It affords an excellent answer to those who ask how lying in bed can be indulged in by a reasoning being—a rational creature. How? Why with the argument calmly at work in one's head, and the clothes over one's shoulder.—Oh—it is a fine way of spending a sensible, impartial half-hour.

If these people would be more charitable, they would get on with their argument better. They ought to hear both sides of the bed, the inside and out. If they cannot entertain themselves with their own thoughts for half an hour or so, it is not the fault of those who can. If their will is never pulled aside by the enticing arms of imagination, so much the luckier for the stage-coachman.

Candid inquiries into one's decumbency, besides the greater or less privileges to be allowed a man in proportion to his ability of keeping early hours, the work given his faculties, &c. will at least concede their due merits to such representations as the following:—In the first place, says the injured but calm applier, I have been warmed all night, and find my system in a state perfectly suitable to a warm-blooded animal. To get out of this state into the cold, besides the inharmonious and uncritical abruptness of the transition, is so unnatural to such a creature, that the poets, refining upon the tortures of the damned, making one of their greatest agonies consist in being suddenly transported from heat to cold—from fire to ice. They are "haled" out of their "beds," says Milton, by "harpy-footed furies"—fellows who come to call them. On my first movement towards the anticipation of getting up, I find that such parts of the sheet and bolster as are exposed to the air of the room are stone cold. On opening my eyes, the first thing that meet them is my own breath rolling forth, as if in the open air, like smoke out of a cottage chimney.—Think of this symptom. Then I turn my eyes sideways, and see the windows all frozen over. Think of that. Then the servant comes in. "It is very cold this morning is it not?" "Very cold, sir." "Very cold indeed, isn't it?" "Very cold indeed, sir." "More than usually so, isn't it, even for this weather?" (Here the servant's wit and good nature are put to a considerable test, and the inquirer lies on thorns for the answer.—"Why, sir,—I think it is." (Good creature! There is not a better, or more truth-telling servant going.) "I must rise however—Get me some warm water." Here comes a fine interval between the departure of the servant and the arrival of the hot water, during which of course, it is of "no use" to get up. The hot water comes. "It is quite hot?" "Yes, sir." "Perhaps too hot for shaving? I must wait a little." "No sir; it will just do." (There is an over-nice propriety sometimes, an officious zeal of virtue, a little troublesome.) "Oh—the shirt—you must air my clean shirt: linen gets very damp this weather." "Yes, sir."—Here another delicious five minutes. A knock at the door. "Oh—the shirt—very well. My stockings—I think the stockings had better be aired too." "Very well, sir." Here another interval. At length every thing is ready, except myself. I now continue our incumbent (a happy word, by the bye, for a country vicar)—I now cannot help thinking a good deal—who can?—upon the unnecessary and villanous custom of shaving: it is a thing so unmanly (here I nestle

closer)—so effeminate (here I recoil from an unlucky step into the colder part of the bed.) No wonder that the Queen of France took part with the rebels against that degenerate King, her husband, who first affronted her smooth visage with a face like her own. The Emperor Julian never showed the luxuriance of his genius to better advantage than in reviving the flowing beard. Look at Cardinal Bembo's picture—at Michael Angelo's—at Titian's—at Shakspeare's—at Fletcher's—at Spencer's—at Chaucer's—at Alfred's—at Plato's—I could name a great man for every tick of my watch.—Look at the Turks, a grave and otiose people. Think of Haroun Al Raschid and bed-ridden Hassan—Think of Worthy Montague, the worthy son of his mother, a man above the prejudices of his time.—Look at the Persian gentlemen, whom one is ashamed of meeting above the suburbs, their dress and appearance are so much finer than our own. Lastly, think of the razor itself—how totally opposed to every sensation of bed—how cold, how edgy, how hard! how utterly different from any thing like the warm and circling amplitude, which—sweetly recommends itself

Unto our gentle senses.

Add to this, dæmbed fingers, which may help you to cut yourself, a quivering body, a frozen towel, and an ewer full of ice; and he that says there is nothing to oppose in all this, only shows, at any rate, that he has no merit in opposing it.

We must proportion the argument to the individual character. A money-getter may be drawn out of his bed by three and fourpence; but this will not suffice for a student. A proud man may say, "What shall I think of myself, if I don't get up?" but the more humble one will be content to waive this prodigious notion of himself, out of respect to his kindly bed. The mechanical man shall get up without any ado at all; and shall the barometer. An ingenious liar in bed will find hard matter of discussion even on the score of health and longevity. As to longevity, he will ask whether the longest life is of necessity the best; and whether Holborn is the handsomest street in London.

A TRAVELLER'S TRICK.—During a period of very active opposition between rival coach proprietors, a coach stopped to breakfast; this repast was delayed under various pretences, till the coachman's horn announced the moment of departure! in vain the passengers remonstrated against this precipitancy! he must drive to time, and could not delay. When at length he had succeeded in getting his grumbling company together, one gentleman was found wanting; and on "mine host" opening the door of the breakfast room, he found him quietly seated at the deserted table. "The coach will be off," exclaimed the landlord. "And so would I too, could I have got a spoon to eat my egg." "A spoon, sir?" "Yes sir, a spoon." "Why, where are my spoons. Stop, stop the coach, Jack, Pat, Joe, run every one of you; stop the horses—stop the coach till I get my spoons, vociferated the landlord; while struck with consternation, each passenger looked to his neighbour for a explanation of the scene. In a few minutes a crowd had collected around the carriage, to whom the stealing of the spoons was detailed, with the resolution of the house that all the passengers should be searched with the assistance of his party. He was about commencing his operation, when out walked the dilatory passenger from the breakfast table, who immediately demanded what was the matter. "Matter," roared out the landlord; have I not been robbed of a dozen of silver spoons by some of your rascally company—and you lackguard coachman is preventing me searching?" "Then drive on Paddy—all's right," exclaimed the wag, and turning to the

exasperated host, he said, "look into the teapot for your spoons, and for the future make more haste with your breakfast."

Post Boys and Donkeys.—

"Wos you ever called in," inquired Sam glancing, at the driver, after a short silence, and lowering his voice to a mysterious whisper, "wos you ever called in ven you was prentice to a sawbones to wisit a postboy?" "don't remember that I ever was," replied Bob Sawyer. "You never see a postboy in that 'ere hospital as you walked (as they say o' the ghosts) did you?" demanded Sam. "No," replied Bob Sawyer, "I don't think I ever did." "Never know'd a churchyard where there was a postboy's tombstone, or see a dead postboy, did you?" inquired Sam, pursuing his catechism. "No," rejoined Bob, "I never did." "No," rejoined Sam, triumphantly, "nor never vili; and there's another thing that no man never see—that's a dead donky—no man never see a dead donky, 'cept the gen'l'm'n in the black silk smalls as know'd the young 'ooman as kept a goat? and that was a French donky, so very likely he warn't vun o' the regular breed." "Well, what has that got to do with the postboys?" asked Bob Sawyers.. "This here," replied Sam: "without goin, so far as to assert, as some very sensible people do, that postboys and donkeys is both immortal, wot I say is this that venever they feels themselves getting' stiff and past their work, they just rides off together, vun postboy to a pair, in the usual vay wot becomes on em nobody knows, but it's very probable as they starts away to take their pleasure in some other world, for their ain't a man alive as ever see either a donky or a postboy a takin, his pleasure in this."—Pickwick.

BYRON'S SELECT CIRCLE.

Most men, or rather misanthropes, who retire from the bustle of the world, affect to shun its wicked influence, and Byron repeatedly assigned such a reason for leading a quasi hermit life in Italy; but if the following extract of a letter of one of his chosen friends be any proof of the character of the rest he must have been surrounded by a precious pack. Speaking of Byron's religious opinions, the writer says:

"I have not the smallest influence over Lord Byron in this particular; if I had I certainly should employ it to eradicate from his great mind the delusions of Christianity, which in spite of his reason, seem, perpetually to recur, and to lie in ambush for the house of sickness and distress."

"A most benevolent avocation truly was the writer's; but what