

THE CARBONEAR HERALD,

AND OUTPORT TELEPHONE.

Vol. 1

CARBONEAR, NEWFOUNDLAND, NOVEMBER 6, 1879.

No 25

THE CARBONEAR HERALD AND

OUTPORT TELEPHONE.
Is Printed and Published from the Office, west of the Post and Telegraph Offices, Water Street, Carbonear, every THURSDAY MORNING.

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All communications to be addressed to the Editor, Proprietor and Publisher,

J. A. ROCHFORD,
Herald Office, Water St., Carbonear, Nfld.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE WORLD RENOWNED GENUINE SINGER

Sewing Machines.
The best in the World. The most popular SEWING MACHINE ever made.

Beware of Bogus Agents and Spurious Machines.

You can get the Genuine Singer only at 172 Water Street, St. John's; for Cash or easy monthly payments.

The Trade Mark is on the arm of each Machine. The Singer Manufacturing Co. is in gilt letters on the top of the arm. Any machine you can't find the above Trade Mark on is not a Genuine Singer.

Bickford Knitting Machines, Eureka, Clothes Ring, Washing Machines, Plating Machines, Oil, Needles, and Attachments for all Sewing Machines on hand.

The Singer Manufacturing Co., New York, U. S.

M. F. SMYTH,

Sole Agent for Nfld. Sewing Machines neatly repaired. Warranted for two years. Oct. 30.

SEWING MACHINES, A FULL SUPPLY.

AT BOWDEN'S SEWING MACHINE DEPOT, ST. JOHN'S.

ST. JOHN'S, No. 1, MARBLE WORKS
THEATRE HILL, ST. JOHN'S,
ROBERT A. MACKIM,
MANUFACTURER OF

Monuments, Tombs, Grave Stones, Tables, Mantel Pieces, Hall and Centre Tables, &c.

He has on hand a large assortment of Italian and other Marble, and is now prepared to execute all orders in his line.

N. B.—The above articles will be sold at much lower prices than in any other part of the Province or the United States WARRANTED TO GIVE GENERAL SATISFACTION

A CARD.

T. W. SPRY,
Notary Public,
"EXPRESS" BUILDINGS,
ST. JOHN'S, N.F.L.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

A DIVIDEND on the Capital Stock of this Company at the rate of Ten per cent per Annum, for the half-year ending 30th June, 1879, will be payable at the Banking House in Duckworth Street, on and after SATURDAY, the 12th instant, during the usual hours of business.

By order of the Board,
R. BROWN,
Manager.

FISH RECEIPTS, BONDS, &c. for sale at this office.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

P. JORDAN & SONS.

CLOTHING AND DRY GOODS ESTABLISHMENT,
222 Water Street, St. John's.

Importers of British and Foreign Manufactured GOODS.

Always on hand a large supply of **CLOTHING,**

Made up under their own inspection which they can

SELL AT VERY LOW PRICES. Also a large assortment of LEATHERWARE and other GOODS

All orders in the CLOTHING DEPARTMENT shall receive best attention and be made in any STYLE required and at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

Set. 4. 2m.

JUST OPENED.

NEW GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE,
(Opposite the Public Whar.)
Harbor Grace

The Subscriber begs to inform the public of Carbonear that he has Just Opened the above Premises where he will keep on hand, a choice and well assorted stock of

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
AT LOWEST PRICES POSSIBLE
[N. STEWART,
PROPRIETOR

Harbor Grace,
June 19nd, 1879.

A CARD

JOHN A. ROCHFORD,
NOTARY PUBLIC.

"Herald" Building, Water St., CARBONEAR, N.F.L.

Next Post & Telegraph Offices
All business transacted with punctuality and satisfaction.
May 2.

ANDREOLI'S Book & Novelty Store,
HARBOR GRACE,
116-WATER STREET-116.

The Subscriber offers for sale:

BOOKS

PICTURES,
LOOKING GLASSES,
CLOCKS, TIME PIECES,

LOOKING GLASS PLATES,
Statues, Picture Framing,
STATIONARY,

And a Variety of FANCY ARTICLES, too numerous to mention.
PICTURES framed to order.
CLOCKS CLEANED & REPAIRED.

Outport Orders strictly attended to.
V. ANDREOLI.

Harbor Grace,
Ma, 22nd, 1879.

R. MCCARTHY,
COMMISSION MERCHANT
AND AUCTIONEER,

AT HIS
Market-Stand & Auction-Mart
WATER STREET,
Carbonear, Newfoundland,
October 16. 1m.

JUST RECEIVED,
Per Cortes, from New York,
100 Barrels Beckstein's F. M.

PORK.
50 ditto LOINS, 50 ditto JOLES,
50 ditto BEEF CUTTINGS.
May 22. J. & T. HEARN

NEWS PER MAIL.

Russian Navy.

The committee of naval construction at the St. Petersburg admiralty is now preparing designs for a flotilla of gunboats very similar in principle to the series of eight which have been recently built in England for the Chinese Government. The 'Cologne Gazette' infers from the recent action of the German admiralty that the construction of larger iron-clads, such as frigates and corvettes, has, in consequence of the experiences both of the German fleet and of the Russo-Turkish and South American wars, been abandoned for the future. Neither Germany nor France has ever gone to such extremes in the building of fighting ships of enormous tonnage as England has. Last year, when the fierce and furious conflict of opinion about the merits of the 'Inflexible' was at its height, the friends of that amazing piece of architectural mechanism had to appeal to Italy as the only country which kept pace with England in enlarging the size of war vessels. The Dandolo and Duilio alone could be put in comparison with the Dreadnoughts, Thunderers and Inflexibles.—Exchange.

The Constantinople correspondent of the 'Cologne Gazette' says that the square in front of the Seraskierate and its corridors and halls are filled from early morning with women and children, mostly the widows and wives of officers and soldiers, who ask for bread and arrears of pay and pensions, and hear curses on the Sultan and his Minister, Osman Pasha. When Osman's gilded carriage appears, crowds of women instantly surround it. "Dog! villain! thief!" they exclaim; "we die of hunger and you build palaces! Give us bread! Those who supported us have died for their country and you leave us to die of hunger!"

The Cathedral of Cologne.

[London Spectator.]

As you mount the hilly street from your hotel and confront the huge pile and feel the influence of its extraordinary beauty, this idea of an unknown poet whose work breathes up into spaces of blue sky and masses of white, luminous cloud, leaving the roofs of houses at its base, dwarfing the town around it, a romantic, almost mythical interest seems to attach one to it. How strange to hear the sound of the hammers as you pass the sheds clustered round the base, and listen to the ring of the tools echoing far away above in those labyrinths of scaffolding that still enclose the airy heights of the spires; how strange to think those hand-workers are still constructing the idea of a master who had but one human life 600 years ago! What thousands of hands, used for how many years on the conception of one brain! Is that one brain conscious that its work is so nearly completed, that the plan it conceived has taken form and size, and that it has risen far up into the air, the greatest poem in stone the world has ever seen? Is this an infant effort of a brain and heart which for six hundred years since has been developing fresh powers in another world? The whole building gives the feeling of rising and lifting itself away from the town; from its tourist life of comfortable, crowded hotels, from its commercial life of busy traffic and screeching trains and steamers, from the echo of the life of modern Paris, the idea of the bourgeoisie of Europe, the materialist life of pleasure, show and comfort—this Gothic shrine would seem to spring up away from all this. The flying buttresses alone in the design, like arms outstretched around it, holding on to pinnacled staves, seem to fix it down. The richness, the intricacy, the elaboration, these are all beautiful and admirable, but they are but details in the service of that feeling of upward yearning and longing, the pure poetry of Gothic art.

Notre Dame Boys Skylarking.

[Notre Dame Scholastic.]

The magnificent telescope donated to the University by his late Imperial Majesty, Napoleon III., was a sufferer, to some extent at least, by the fire; not so much, indeed, by being burned as by being 'saved,' which unnecessary process jarred it slightly to the manifest injury of its nervous system. By the kind care of Brother Wilfred, however, it was braced up with the desired tonics, and the gentlemen of the astronomy class rallied round it for the first time on the evening of Sept. 21st, in great hopes of seeing the "blue spot on Jupiter" which our scientific contemporaries are going wild over. Jupiter however, do not think fit to present his spotty side to their earnest gaze. His belts were a trifle darker than usual, particularly the northern one, and three of his satellites were visible, two unusually near together, and out of the usual plane of the ecliptic. Those who keep themselves posted in celestial movements will decide at once that the time was 8 p. m. The class had already interviewed the moon, and determined that what she didn't know about extinct volcanoes was not worth knowing. She was "afflicted" by the infamous constellation Scorpio, however, and looked red and worried. After paying their respects to Jupiter, the class turned their attention to his sire, jolly Saturn, the planet that bears the ring, unjustly stigmatized by the astrologers of the Middle Ages, but revered by the ancients as the presiding genius of the age of gold. Saturn was sulky, owing to the clouds which girt the horizon, but Mr. Bloom fetched him amid the cheers of his delighted fellow-students. The class decided not to sit up for Mars, as he would rise behind the old sycamore tree that used to shade Bro. Peter's original Notre Dame Post-office, and goodness knows when he would emerge from leafy seclusion.

In the silk factories of Italy 120,423 women are employed, besides 26,976 in cotton, and 13,707 in tobacco factories. There are 9,177 manufacturing establishments of all kinds in the Kingdom employing 392,043 laborers, 188,486 of whom are women.

Mrs. Margaret Duncan, the oldest woman in Scotland, who died at Cupar Angus on Tuesday, at the age of 106, having been born in 1773, was a great smoker, and until recently, when she became blind, she was in possession of all her faculties. She leaves an orphan only sixty years of age.

They say that there is an American lady in Paris with six arms, with two of which she plays the piano, with two others two violincellos, and two instruments with the remaining two. Miss Patwork, observes the 'India Catholica,' "nao e mulher; e uma orchestra"—she is not a woman but a band of music.

Appropos of the capture of Cetewayo a story is told in Natal which deserves to be true. When Sir Garnet Wolseley was in Natal some years ago, he called together a meeting of all the great chiefs and sent a special invitation to the Zulu monarch to be present. Instead of complying with the request the Cetewayo caused a bag of wheat to be despatched to Sir Garnet Wolseley, accompanied with a notification that the Zulu warriors were as numerous as the ears of wheat. Sir Garnet, equal to the occasion, caused the corn to be ground, and in that form returned it to the King, with a message to the effect that if he (Cetewayo) did not take care, he (Sir Garnet) would have him pounded like the wheat. It is not stated what effect this characteristic rejoinder had upon the allegro-loving King of the Zulus.

It was Prince Napoleon's speech in the Senate in 1861 which suddenly undeceived the world of its opinion of his stupidity. His splendid eloquence and powerful defence of democratic liberty took the world by surprise. If

some actor who had played the part of clown for years had suddenly leaped into fame in one night as the greatest tragic actor of his time the effect could not be more startling and "bizarre" than the revolution which converted the Colton of the Palais Royal into one of France's greatest orators. The fierce attack on the Orleanists called forth from the Duc d'Anmale a pamphlet and a challenge. The Prince read the pamphlet of 'Egalite petit fils' and declined his challenge.

Not so Bad.

It is true that Turks are barbarians in many respects—in their brutal cruelty to their fellow creatures; in their utter absence of chivalry during war, when their conduct is not a whit above that of the Redskins of America; in their treatment of women; in their barter of slaves; in the dirt and tumble-down appearance of their towns and cities; and above all, in their corrupt and inefficient method of administration. But on the hand they have certain civilized habits in which they are decidedly above all Europeans. The houses of the ordinary citizens are decidedly cleaner and in some respects enjoy a better organization. No Turk will enter a sitting-room with dirty shoes. The upper classes wear tight fitting shoes, termed mests, and over these, galoshes. On entering a house the latter are laid aside at the door, and so the visitor treads on the carpet without bringing into the house a mass of impurity. In performing his ablutions, the Turk is very particular; he never washes in dirty water, like a European; water is poured on his hands, so that when polluted it is cast away, and not poured again over the hands and face. In every Turkish house the toilet appurtenances are always decent and cleanly.

The Floods in Spain.

A despatch from Paris to the 'Times' says:—"The total damage by the recent floods in Spain is estimated at 60,000,000f. Three thousand five hundred houses and 120 miles were destroyed. King Alfonso has subscribed 50,000f. for the relief of the sufferers, and the Princess of Asturias 5,000 piastres. The bank of Spain has collected 60,000f. for the same purpose." A despatch from Madrid to the 'Standard' says:—"Cortes will be asked to relieve Murcia from direct taxes in consequence of losses occasioned by the inundation. The flood was subsiding rapidly on Saturday and no fresh danger was expected."

"My Darling's Blind."

TOUCHING SCENE IN A UTIC STREET CAR.

A lady entered a car on the Oakwood road one day the past week, leading a little girl perhaps 3 years old. The mother sat down and lifted the little one to the seat beside her. The child was nibbling at a bit of cake or sugar, now and then turning her face, full of childish love, up to her mother and murmuring some almost unintelligible words of affection.

Opposite to mother and child sat another younger lady, who often smelled a fresh rose which she held. The innocent little one before her attracted her attention, and the natural kindness of the sympathetic woman's heart prompted her to at once offer the fragrant flower to the little budding lily opposite. So she leaned a bit forward and spoke: "Baby want the posy?"

But the child seemed not to hear. Perhaps it was the noise of the moving car that prevented. Then she spoke a little louder, and held the flower forward temptingly—

"Baby may have the posy."
The mother heard, for she looked toward the other lady and smiled—and oh! such a look of heartfelt gratitude, of motherly love, yet heavily saddened with such an expressive sign of sorrow as is seldom seen. And still the lady of the rose pressed upon the little one acceptance of the flower.

"Baby, take the rose," holding it almost to the child's hands. And now it seemed she was heard, for the blue eyes turned full upon her would-be patron, and then in a moment the