

**Feeding by Machinery.**

An ingenious machinist has invented a machine for the systematic fattening of fowls. Mr. Martin, for so this bird stuffer is called, has reduced the feeding of fowls for the market to system, the main principles of which are regularity, and economy of diet. The birds are arranged upon octagonal stands revolving upon upright axis. Each side of the stand contains five perches, and each perch roosts five birds, so that 200 fowls are accommodated in an apparatus. The birds are fastened upon their perches by thongs of raw hide passed around their feet. The feeding apparatus proper is unique. It consists of a machine containing semi-liquid food, in a suitable reservoir; from this machine proceeds a flexible tube, with a nozzle. This nozzle is duly inserted in the gullet of the bird to be fed, and on the operator pressing down a treadle a piston forces the proper quantity of food into the fowl's crop. A graduated dial regulates the quantity given, according to the age, size, and stage of fattening of each bird. So rapidly is the operation performed that the whole 200 birds on one stand can be crammed within the space of one hour. After the perusal of these details, our readers will probably feel that they cannot be too thankful that they are men and woman and not fowls. Still, some such process might be employed with advantage in the case of gluttons. In this case it could hardly be called foul play.

**Remarkable History of a Princess's Gown.**

A great many people do not know how to put fine clothes on. There was a robe made by one of the best Paris tailors last week for a princess, who suddenly had to take to mourning, and it was left in the hands of the omnipotent artist who had fancied it. The simple fact that it had been made for a princess, whose waist is only sixty centimetres in circumference, and whose figure is faultless, rendered the possession of the abandoned toilet a matter of rivalry in the circles of the elite. Every beauty declared it would certainly fit her, and went to see it, but the tailor, after a glance at the struggling competitors, declared it would never hook, or never be long, or wide, or short enough, much preferring to keep the rejected robe than to see his clients ill-dressed. There the lovely thing hung. It was a striped Pompadour corded silk, having the following design:—A blue lavender satin stripe and a wide one, on which soft tinted flowers were twined together by bluish lavender bows. It was a perfect miniature in point of workmanship; made with a cambré train, and trimmed with lavender satin, over which fell plisses of organdi bordered with narrow lace. It had an open bodice trimmed in the same way, with a lavender satin vest underneath, and the sleeves, à la Louis XV., were sufficiently open to disclose waves of snowy plisses and lace on a no less white arm. Of course it was tempting, besides being "a splendid occasion." At length, a gentleman who deals in hides came up from the provinces with his mother, for the purchase of a "corbeille de mariage," intended to be presented to the future bride, who, though a daughter to a dealer in patent blacking, is a millionaire in a multiplied form, *plusieurs fois millionnaire*, as the Parisians say. The fame of the Pompadour robe reached the future bridegroom, and he drove to see it, with his mother, who had a list of Mdle. Marguerite's measures. The length of the arms, skirt, breadth, and everything coincided admirably; Mdle. Marguerite's waist was even one centimetre smaller, but the future mother-in-law was determined the bride should not have it. "No, my son, it suits me," was the reply when they re-entered the carriage, and in the evening it was put on by the old lady, who split it, and stretched it and floundered about in it, looking very awful at the dinner party she went to, and as if she had not been undressed since her seventeenth birthday.—*Swiss Times.*

**Sea Serpents.**

Sea serpents, which have hitherto been satisfied with appearing occasionally, are now taking to come in swarms. M. Cobbin, of Durban, according to his own account, given to the Natal colonists, saw three of these disagreeable creatures during his late voyage from London to that colony in the Silvery Wave. From his description of the last of the three seen by him, on the 30th of December last, in lat. about 35 S. and long. 33.30 E., at 6.20 p.m., he must devoutly hope he may never see another. The monster passed across the bows of the ship, and compelled an alteration of the course. He was at least one thousand yards long, and propelled himself with an enormous fan-shaped tail, at the same time arching his back like a land snake or a caterpillar. In shape and proportion he much resembled the cobra, being marked by the same knotty and swollen protuberances at the back of the head on the neck. His neck was his thickest part. His head was that of a bull, his eyes large and glowing, his ears had circular tips, and were level with his eyes, and his head was adorned with a horny crest, which he erected or depressed at pleasure. He swam with great rapidity, and lashed the sea into a foam like breakers dashing over jagged rocks. His overlapping scales opened and shut with every arch of his sinuous back, which was coloured like a rainbow.—*Bristol Mercury, June 22.*

**Mr. Bennett's Announcement of His Marriage.**

(From *The New York Herald*, June 1, 1840.)  
 "To the Readers of the *Herald*—Declaration of Love—Caught at Last—Going to be Married—New movement in civilization—I am going to be married in a few days. The weather is so beautiful, the times are getting so good, the prospects of political and moral reform so auspicious, that I cannot resist the divine instinct of honest nature any longer, so I am going to be married to one of the most splendid women in intellect, in heart, in soul, in property, in person, in manner, that I have yet seen during my interesting pilgrimage through human life. I cannot stop in my career. I must fulfil that awful destiny which the Almighty Father has written against my name, in the broad letters of life against the wall of heaven. I must give the world a pattern of happy wedded life, with all the charities that spring from a nuptial love. In a few days I shall be married, according to the most holy rites of the most holy Christian Church, to one of the most remarkable, accomplished and beautiful young women of the age. She possesses a fortune. I sought and found a fortune—a large fortune. She has no Stonington shares of Manhattan stock, but in purity and uprightness she is worth half a million of pure coin. Can any swindling bank show as much? In good sense and elegance another half a million; in soul, mind, and beauty millions on millions, equal to the whole specie of all the rotten banks in the world. Happily the patronage of the public to the *Herald* is nearly \$25,000 per annum, almost equal to a President's salary. But property in the world's goods was never my object. Fame, public good, usefulness in my day and generation; the religious associations of female excellence; the progress of true industry—these have been my dreams by night and my desire by day. In the new and holy condition into which I am about to enter, and to enter with the same reverential feelings as I would heaven itself, I anticipate some signal change in my feelings, in my views, in my purposes, in my pursuits. What they may be I know not—time alone can tell. My ardent desire has been through life to reach the highest order of human excellence by the shortest possible cut. Associated night and day, in sickness and in health, in war and in peace, with a woman of this highest order of excellence, must produce some curious results in my heart and feelings and those results the future will develop in due time in the columns of the *Herald*. Meanwhile I return my heartfelt thanks for the enthusiastic patronage of the public, both of Europe and America. The holy estate of wedlock will only increase my desire to be still more useful. God Almighty bless you all.—JAMES GORDON BENNETT." In the postscript to this announcement Mr. Bennett gives notice that he shall have no time to waste upon the editors who attacked him "until after marriage and the honeymoon." On the 8th of June, 1840, the marriage was announced at the head of the editorial columns of the *Herald* as follows:—"Married, on Saturday afternoon, the 6th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Powers, at St. Peter's Catholic Church, in Barclay Street, James Gordon Bennett, proprietor and editor of the *New York Herald*, to Henrietta Agnes Cream. What may be the effect of this event on the great newspaper contest now raging in New York, time alone will show."

**Lively Description of a Storm at Sea.**

The *Buenos Ayres Standard* has the following lively description of the scene on board the mail steamer Boyne, during a recent storm, while the vessel was on a passage homeward. The Boyne had scarcely cleared the Outer Roads, and our friend, Petty, fairly laid his course, when the countenances of many merchants, brokers, and baraqueros, and their respective families, became sicklied o'er with the pale cast of squeamishness. The demand for dinner consequently was not extreme. On arriving at Monte Video every one tried to look his and her best, but Bill was in the ascendant, and remained so till the vessel approached Rio. The storm caught the Boyne when nearly off the mouth of Rio harbour. Capt. Reeks saw it coming long before the fun began, and ordered the passengers to go below, had the hatches battened down, and everything made snug. The hurricane came on so suddenly that those below were at their "Pater noster" before they had time to call for the steward and basins. The first heavy lurch to leeward awoke the babies, and then the row began in earnest. Many passengers were sent spinning out of their berths, across tables into ladies' arms, &c. Roars of fright arose from manly and womanly throats. "My God," "mille diebles," "mein Gott" and "Dios mio," mingled with the shrill squalling of two year olds, rose like a yell from Limbo. When the ship's head was put to the sea, she rose to every wave like a duck, and each time she dipped her nose into it, the "prayers for the dying" recited by some stern Germans and religious North Americans, were responded to by "Ainsi soit il" in every language under the sun, an English broker, pencil in hand, timing the amens of the British contingent, while a few distinguished foreigners, lying dead sick on sofas, implored the kneeling multitude to throw them overboard "vor de lofe of God," and end their misery. For hours the terrific scene continued, till at last finding

they were not at the bottom yet, a German plucked up courage to ask "where are we?" "Off the coast of Africa," answered Mr. Larrazabal, the only man on board not sick. A cry of anguish answered him, and most of the penitents expressed a conviction that they were all justly punished for leaving dear, but dirty Buenos Ayres. While all this din was going on below every thing on deck was in apple pie order as if the ship were at anchor in Southampton water; Captain Reeks and officers at their posts, cool as cucumbers, hatches fastened, cabins closed, engines keeping ships head to the sea, and no more. As soon as the storm abated Captain Reeks turned his vessel, and ran into Rio.

**NOTICE.**—The Steamer *Lizzie* leaves THIS EVENING, at Six O'Clock, for St. John's.

**THE STAR.**

HARBOR GRACE, JULY 26, 1872.

**THE FISHERY.**

The past two days there has been a little better sign of fish at Harbor Grace Island, but the improvement is very slight; and taken altogether, the prospects of the fishery in this Bay are miserably poor, and we fear it is now almost too late even to expect anything like an average catch.

**PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS.**

It is with no little feeling of pride that we note the numerous improvements and additions made to the town. As to additions: a new gasometer, under the skilful mechanical treatment of Mr. Strathie, will be in operation towards the middle of August. This extra will indeed greatly assist the extension of gas to more distant localities; the capacity of the one to be so shortly in operation, being nearly twice the size of the one in use. On LeMarchant Street the hydrant, which has very often been a source of danger, has been removed to a short distance from its former stand; the street, at the same time, being laid out tidily, and gravelled so as to endure wear and tear. Several of the other streets are undergoing repairs, and it is pleasing to observe the work proceed so rapidly. On Victoria Street, the rock which was so often cause of fear and accident, has, after considerable difficulty, been removed. The Custom House is getting up speedily, and we augur the praise of the community on the splendid appearance it will present on its completion. The Water Company and Road Board seem to vie with each other. We must say both are diligent, persevering, and thoroughly up to the mark.

**CRICKET.**

We understand the return cricket match between the Carbonear and Harbor Grace Eleven, will be played at Carbonear on Wednesday next. We hope the Harbor Grace Eleven, will recover their lost laurels; and we expect to see them supported on the ground by a goodly number of their townsmen. The good folks of Carbonear always strongly support their team by their presence.

**CORRESPONDENCE.**

[TO THE EDITORS OF THE STAR.]

DEAR SIRS,—Knowing that the *Star* is the people's organ, I beg to remark through your columns that I regret very much to observe in the *Standard* of Wednesday last a letter purporting to amon Government as to the *Osprey* and her duties. The *Osprey*, I consider, the very vessel suitable for the purpose required of her; and as her rig is that of "fore-and-aft," with foretop sails, she will, in the event of rough weather, be found to make better way than many a supposed fast swimmer, that may proceed truly well before wind and sea only. As for postal matters, I think that as it is easy for any one to pay three cents postage grumblers ought to shut up; besides the management of postal communications will secure immediate and certain delivery. I must, however, state that posters sent the same ought to have been more liberally scattered, as many outport people remained 'til the last moment unaware of the regulation.

Yours, &c., FAIR PLAY.

[TO THE EDITORS OF THE STAR.]

DEAR SIRS,—I observe in *Standard* of Wednesday a letter signed "Justice," the writer of which apparently knows little about justice. In your report the defective condition of the chimney was said to have originated the fire at the residence of Capt. James Keefe. I defy any justice to prove it otherwise, and without

stating particulars, all necessary defects can positively be exhibited or explained to the said Justice who is not one of the Peace.

Yours, &c., NOT A J. P.

[FOR THE HARBOR GRACE STAR.]

Our Harbor Grace cricket players have been very unfortunate this season. They have played a number of matches, each time being obliged to suffer the humiliation of defeat. Whether this is owing to want of constant practice, or deficiency of muscle, I know not; but this much I do know—our "professionals" are losing ground very rapidly, and unless some of the old bowlers and batters come to the rescue, the noble game of cricket will ere long become a dead letter in Harbor Grace. A few years since we could boast of a team so proficient as not to hesitate in throwing down the gauntlet to the "professionals" of the metropolis, and who had, on more than one occasion, borne away the palm of victory. Now, alas! they cannot compete with Carbonear with any chance of success. "How are the mighty fallen!" It is true many of the old players are absent; but some who had assisted in winning victories in days gone by are still among us. They, however, appear indifferent as to the proficiency of their successors, and seem to care not whether they win or lose. Arouse yourselves, ye champions of the willow! and sustain the reputation which you once fought so hard to gain. The metropolis challenges you. Go forth and meet your opponents, and let the signal, Harbor Grace "expects every man to do his duty," cheer you on to victory.

Yours, &c., ONE OF THE OLD ELEVEN.

July 26.

[FOR THE HARBOR GRACE STAR.]

I see by your paper of Tuesday last that our friend "Auld Reekie" does not care to have much to say about "Mustard." He seems to think it a very small and seedy name. No doubt it is; but at the same time it is very effective, especially in the case of a mustard plaster, &c. I do not see that "Mustard" has anything to do with washing, as "Auld Reekie" says; but then I presume it is merely a suggestion of his, as he does not seem to be very well posted in the art of washing, when he observes that it is a wonderful invention. I should think from the idea of "Auld Reekie" washing his face only twice a week, he must have very little knowledge of the comfort of a good wash. Instead of "Auld Reekie" recommending "Mustard" to go to the barber to get a good and cheap wash, I think it would be well for him to make a contract with the "man of razors" to wash him for a stipulated sum per annum, as I have no doubt the latter would be willing to accept him at a reasonable charge, apart from shaving, which, I dare say, would be pretty considerable, especially in case of a fashionable shave, such as the Dundreary style. Hoping that the barber and "Auld Reekie" will come to terms, I still remain

Yours, &c., MUSTARD.

[FOR THE HARBOR GRACE STAR.]

**Newspaper Editing.**

BY "AULD REEKIE."

"Auld Reekie" one time tore up six newspapers at once—these were papers with which a young lady snored her hair in—so that was his first editing in the paper business. The *Star* is a lovely specimen of genuine science, and no doubt will shortly erase from the face of Rotterdam all the ink now absorbed in the colony by boys who are fond of treadle and eight-day clocks, with "Mustard" as a condiment. It would be well if the *Star* would show such things as planets how to twinkle or shine properly—a thing they have not done these few years. He obtains these statements from philosophers who never left Sweden but once, and that was to visit Harbor Grace in quest of Stockholm Tar. "Auld Reekie" thought *mustard* a suitable subject for his first leader, but when it appeared no one liked it, and as *mustard* is poisonous unless made afresh every day, he left it alone, and it is a pity he should ever have tried it. Newspaper Editing is a fine theme for the d—; he can tell anyone more about his component parts than the editor "or any other man."

**VARIETIES.**

A FEW days since, an individual called at the Book and Stationery Depot in this town, and asked for an "unwrote letter and an antelope." After a little interrogation, it was discovered he wanted a sheet of letter-paper and an envelope.

A quiet old gentleman of New York thinks that it would be a good thing if Boston would invite all the street musicians of New York to take part in the coming jubilee, and keep them afterwards.

A cat near Iowa city has successfully "brought up" a family of young foxes.

The last New York strike is that of the coffin makers.

**Latest D**

The claims for damages Boston, Sallie, Jeff have been dismissed by demurrer of Great B other vessels is over-run Florida was concluded is believed awards \$2,000 defendants. The Board the Alabama to-day. The excessive heat of weeks in England, with thunder-storm which The potato disease since.

The conditions of the with the prospects of It is understood that journals the government communication relative to the Geneva Tribunal.

It is ascertained that the correspondent was death was accidental. The Liverpool railway and the business is discussed in the House of Commons there was a discussion rivals of French com Sir Robert Peel after Germany expelled Jes whether the government the section of the Re Act, of 1829, provided from England of all n Jesuites. Mr. Gladst important, and must consideration by the that although the law half a century old, no for its enforcement.

Stokes' lawyers are Safford to liberate him President Grant letting for Washington to ness. The steamer *New St. John* to Boston, on the Wolves, 15 m ran ashore in a dense tal loss. She is valuable. Passengers an Gold 1144.

M. O. A. C Paris is threatened duel for the 26th D being M. O. A. de a solicitor, in his pu Araucania, and no throne of that count de Tonneins has been and among a people factions side of que M. de Tonneins might markable man. Bot for a while as solici then emigrated to S soon obtained so gre different peoples of united together and in 1861. The new r self Orelie-Antoine constitution like the joyed, proclaimed the poleon, and, with a relations between his er country, appealed for a public subscri the expenses of emig was not a success, tember, 1861, the P an article which ad the cause of the soli the French for their railing at a man v cally endeavouring of France. How A ly have feared unde is no saying, for t taking alarm at Or clared war against January, 1862, just returned to the pla making a tour thro ganize the national ped by a troop of C prisoned at Nacime been an independen there being some ir war declaration, it count de Cazotte, ti tiago, that King O to international law trovery on this poi the king escaped through the bars of