

The Star,

AND CONCEPTION BAY SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Friday, September 13, 1872.

Number 35.

SEPTEMBER.

S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
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22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30
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MOON'S PHASES.

NEW MOON..... 2nd, 9.23 P. M.
FIRST QUARTER.... 10th, 11.33 A. M.
FULL MOON..... 17th, 1.34 A. M.
LAST QUARTER.... 24th, 9.51 A. M.

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

PERIODICALS.

Constantly on hand, a varied selection of
School and Account Books
Prayer and Hymn Books for different de-
nominations
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, Manufactur-
ing 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 Anaesthetic
(Nitrous Oxide Gas), and have extracted
many thousand Teeth by its use

Without Producing pain,
with perfect satisfaction. They are still pre-
pared to repeat the same process, which is per-
fectly 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 as
received the highest Prem-
iums 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 suit-
able 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 ex-
pense 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.

W. H. THOMPSON,
AGENT FOR

Fellows' Compound Syrup
HYPOPHOSPHITES.

How to Cure the Gout.

Some tales are told a passing hour to cheer;
Some to win the favour of a lady's ear;
Some to excite our sympathy or pain;
And some the plaudits of the town to gain.
Mine is none of these; 'tis simply about
The way to cure an old man of the gout.
Some passes through life with pleasant nods
and grins;
And some are punish'd for their faults and
sins.
Our hero had, as long as he was able,
Indulged in all the dainties of the table;
But now, exhausted by his former freaks,
And close laid up with gout for many weeks,
In his arm chair, with flannel round his toes,
With now an awful pain, and now a doze.
When from his dreams he suddenly awoke,
He fill'd with terror, and the room with smoke.
"Halloo! Susan! Jane! why what's amiss?
Murder! Fire!" he cried. Why, simply this:
A boy, employ'd to clean a neighbour's flue,
He walk'd the roof, to take a bird's-eye view,
And coming back, not wishing to offend,
Had miss'd the pot down which he should
descend;
And there he stood, all soot, and smoke, and
smother,
The unwilling cause of all this dirt and pother.
If wisdom fail'd him, it cannot be denied
That wit, to some extent, the want supplied.
"Ha! ha!" the urchen cried, "I wish you
joy!
My master's coming soon for you, old boy!
Drest in a twinkling up the chimney new;
Quick as a railway-engine from the view,
Old gouty started up with quick surprise.
Bewilder'd, terrified, he rubb'd his eyes,
And 'gan to think of offering up his prayers;
"But stop!" said he, "I'll first run down the
stairs."
Here ends the tale—the meaning's soon made
out—
'Twas fright that cured the old man of the
gout.

TENNESSEE'S PARTNER.

I do not think that we ever knew his real
name. Our ignorance of it certainly never
gave us any social inconvenience, for at Sandy
Bar in 1854 most men were christened anew.
Sometimes these appellatives were derived
from some distinctiveness of dress, as in the
case of "Dungaree Jack"; or from some pec-
uliarity of habit, as shown in "Saleratus Bill,"
so called from an undue proportion of that
chemical in his daily bread; or from some un-
lucky slip, as exhibited in "The Iron Pirate,"
a mild, inoffensive man, who earned that
baleful title by his unfortunate mispronoun-
cation of the term "iron pyrites." Perhaps
this may have been the beginning of a rude
heraldry; but I am constrained to think that
it was because a man's real name in that day
rested solely upon his own unsupported state-
ment. "Call yourself Clifford, do you?" said
Boston, addressing a timid new comer with in-
finite scorn; "hell is full of such Cliffords!"
He then introduced the unfortunate man,
whose name happened to be really Clifford, as
"Jay-bird Charley,"—an unhallowed inspira-
tion of the moment that clung to him ever
after.
But to return to Tennessee's Partner, whom
we never knew by any other than this rela-
tive title; that he had ever existed as a sepa-
rate and distinct individuality we only learn-
ed later. It seems that in 1853 he left Poker
Flat to go to San Francisco, ostensibly to pro-
cure a wife. He never got any farther than
Stockton. At that place he was attracted by
a young person who waited upon the table at
the hotel where he took his meals. One morn-
ing he said something to her which caused her
to smile not unkindly, to somewhat coquet-
tishly break a plate of toast over his upturned
serious, simple face, and to retreat to the
kitchen. He followed her, and emerged a few
moments later, covered with more toast and
victory. That day week they were married
by a Justice of the Peace, and returned to
Poker Flat. I am aware that something more
might be made of this episode, but I prefer
to tell it as it was current at Sandy Bar,—in
the gulches and bar-rooms,—where all senti-
ment was modified by a strong sense of hu-
mour.
Of their married felicity but little is known
perhaps for the reason that Tennessee, then
living with his partner, one day took occasion
to say something to the bride on his own ac-

count, at which, it is said, she smiled not un-
kindly and chastely replete,—this time as
far as Marysville, where Tennessee followed
her, and where they went to housekeeping
without the aid of a Justice of the Peace.
Tennessee's partner took the loss of his
wife simply and seriously, as was his fash-
ion. But to everybody's surprise, when
Tennessee one day returned from Marysville,
without his partner's wife,—she having smiled
and retreated with somebody else,—Tennes-
see's Partner was the first man to shake his
hand and greet him with affection. The boys
who had gathered in the canon to see the
shooting were naturally indignant. Their in-
dignation might have found vent in sarcasm
but for a certain lack of humorous apprecia-
tion. In fact, he was a grave man, with a
steady application to practical detail which was
unpleasant in a difficulty.
Meanwhile a popular feeling against Ten-
nessee had grown up on the Bar. He was
known to be a gambler; he was suspected to
be a thief. In these suspicions Tennessee's
Partner was equally compromised; his con-
tinued intimacy with Tennessee after the af-
fair above quoted could only be accounted for
on the hypothesis of a copartnership of crime.
At last Tennessee's guilt became flagrant.
One day he overtook a stranger on his way to
the Red Dog. The stranger afterward related
that Tennessee bugled the time with inter-
esting anecdote and reminiscence, but illogi-
cally concluded the interview in the following
words: "And now, young man, I'll trouble
you for your knife, your pistols, and your
money. You see your weppings might get
you into trouble at Red Dog, and your money's
a temptation to the evilly disposed. I think
your address was San Francisco. I shall endeav-
our to call." It may be stated here that
Tennessee had a fine flow of humor, which no
business preoccupation could wholly subdue.
This exploit was his last. Red Dog and
Sandy Bar made common cause against the
highwayman. Tennessee was hunted in
very much the same fashion as his prototype
the grizzly. As the toils closed around him,
he made a desperate dash through the Bar,
emptying his revolver at the crowd before the
Arcade Saloon, and so on up Grizzly Canon;
but at its farther extremity he was stopped
by a small man on a gray horse. The men
looked at each other a moment in silence.
Both were fearless, both self-possessed and
independent; and both types of a civilization
that in the seventeenth century would have
been called heroic, but in the nineteenth
simply "reckless." "What have you got
there?—I call," said Tennessee, quietly. "Two
browsers and an ace," said the stranger, as
quietly, showing two revolvers and a bowie
knife. "That takes me," returned Tennessee;
and with this gambler's epigram, he threw
away his useless pistol, and rode back with
his captor.
It was a warm night. The cool breeze which
usually sprang up with the going down of the
sun behind the chaparral-crested mountain
was that evening withheld from Sandy Bar.
The little canon was stifling with heated re-
sinous odours, and the decaying drift-wood on
the Bar sent forth faint, sickening exhalations.
The feverishness of day, and its fierce passions
still filled the camp. Lights moved restlessly
along the banks of the river, striking no an-
swering reflection from its tawny current.
Against the blackness of the pines the win-
dows of the old loft above the express-office
stood out staringly bright; and through cur-
tainless panes the loungers below could see
the forms of those who were even then de-
ciding the fate of Tennessee. And above all
this, etched on the dark firmament, rose the
Sierra, remote and passionless, crowned with
remoter, passionless stars.
The trial of Tennessee was conducted as
fairly as was consistent with a judge and jury
who felt themselves to some extent obliged
to justify, in their verdict, the previous irregu-
larities of arrest and indictment. The law
of Sandy Bar was implacable, but not venge-
ful. The excitement and personal feeling of
the chase was over; with Tennessee safe in
their hands they were ready to listen patient-
ly to any defence, which they were already
satisfied was insufficient. There being no
doubt in their own minds, they were willing
to give the prisoner the benefit of any that
might exist. Secure in the hypothesis that
he ought to be hanged, on general principles
they indulged him with more latitude of de-
fence than his reckless hardihood seemed to