

The Star,

And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Tuesday, October 22, 1872.

Number 46.

OCTOBER.

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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. HUTCHINS, Esq.

N. B.—FRAMES, any size and material, made to order.
St. John's, May 10. ttf.

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. ttf

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 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 as received 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. ttf

G. R. BARNES,

Blacksmith & Farrier,

BEGS 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.

OF LeMarchant St., North of Gas House.
Sept. 17.

W. H. THOMPSON,
AGENT FOR

Fellows' Compound Syrup

OF

HYPOPHOSPHITES.

POETRY.

England and America.

One people in our early prime,
One in our stormy youth;
Drinking one stream of human thought
One spring of heavenly truth;

One language at our mother's knee,
One in our Saviour's prayer,
One glorious heritage is ours;
One future let us share.

The heroes of our days of old
Are yours not ours alone;
Your Christian heroes of to-day,
We love them as our own,

There are too many homeless lands
Far in the wild, free West,
To be subdued for God and man,
Replenished and possessed;

There is too much good work to do,
And wrong to be undone:
Too many strongholds for the foe
That must be forced and won—

That we whom God hath sent to be
The vanguard of the fight,
To bear the standard of his truth,
And to defend the right,

Should leave the mission of our race,
So high, and wide, and great,
On worldly points of policy,
To wrangle and debate.

Nay, side by side, in East and West,
In wild or heathen lands,
One prayer upon our hearts and lips,
One Bible in our hands.

One in our earliest home on earth,
One in our heavenly home,
We'll fight the battles of our Lord,
Until his kingdom come.

EXTRACTS.

The Story of Alice Blanche Oswald.

Some further details respecting the history of Alice B. Oswald, the unfortunate young woman who recently committed suicide from Waterloo Bridge, were published in the *London Telegraph* of the 17th ult. It appears that on or about the 10th of July she called upon Mr. Nunn, Vice-Consul of the United States, and stated that she had come from America with a lady as nursery governess, and had accompanied her to Wick, in the north of Scotland. On arriving there it was discovered that the domestic servants had left the house where the lady lived, and in these circumstances she was requested to perform ordinary household work for some little time until other servants could be procured. She replied that she had not engaged to do that sort of work, and declined to comply with the request. It is understood that she represented to Mr. Nunn that she had asked the lady for assistance to return to America, but obtained none; and when she left Wick all the money she had in her possession amounted only to between £3 and £4. After coming to London the poor girl soon found her slender means exhausted, and was compelled to pawn or sell her watch in order to purchase the necessities of life. It was after this that she called at the American Consulate, and acquainted the Vice-Consul with these facts. Mr. Nunn asked if she wanted any thing, to which she answered "No." What she did want, she added, was a situation. Mr. Nunn accordingly gave her an introduction to Mr. Gascoyne, manager of the Langham Hotel; but whether she went there or not has not been ascertained. During this time she had been trying very hard to get into service as a housekeeper. This is evident from an application which she made to a gentleman residing near Edinburgh, who was in want of a person of that description. She communicated with this gentleman early in July, under the name of Lillian Lockie. At his request she called and had a personal interview with him, lasting ten or fifteen minutes. She recounted to him a good deal of her history, mentioning that she had managed a large hotel in Melbourne, Victoria. From her representations the gentleman understood that she had only recently come from Australia more especially as she made no allusion to America. Her application for the place of housekeeper not being successful, she wrote on the 10th of the same month to the gentleman, expressing pain at the "horrid words, that she did not suit," and repeating the phrase "don't suit" in a manner which showed that she was distressed at her want of success. She went on to explain certain disagreements in her family about which she had spoken to him, and stated that when she was seventeen years of age she was engaged to be married to a solicitor. Her mother,

however, disapproved of the match on the ground that her intended was a Roman Catholic; and she was consequently sent to live with some relatives in New South Wales. While there her sweetheart was accidentally killed, and she wore widow's weeds "for him who was dearer to her than father, mother, and all the world." In the letter in question she further mentioned that all she wanted was a situation for a few years until she could go back to Australia, it is understood) with one of her brothers, and volunteered the information that her family had been buried for several hundred years in Melrose Abbey. She also referred to some lawyers residing in Edinburgh. On the 14th of July she wrote again to the same gentleman, still expressing her disappointment at his refusal, which she represented was unexpected. "If he feared she did not know how to clean boots, iron shirts, and cook a dinner, &c., he was wrong. There were harder lessons to be learned in life than house-hold duties, and if she was too young she could braid her hair and wear a mop-cap." Again, on the 19th July, she once more wrote to this gentleman, saying that she was quite aware of the delicacy of forcing herself on his notice; still, would he not give her a trial? In this letter she alluded to the weary walks she had had after situations, remarking "if she had been less plain she might have attracted more sympathy." She also professed her willingness to do anything in the way of work, though she would not lose her self-respect or that of our fellow-creatures. If engaged by this gentleman as his housekeeper, she felt sure he would not have to complain of any want of obedience or humility on her part. Perhaps he might be asked why she had not written to her parents. She had done so, but had not received any answer to three letters, and she felt herself almost a stranger to them. Nearly every article of value she had possessed (she next stated) had gone, including her watch and several articles of jewellery, but she would not murmur if she could only get some honest employment. Her last hope now was tremblingly waiting his answer. The letter of which the foregoing is a summary, is signed "L. E. Lockie," and in a postscript she says, "I enclose some lyric verses I composed last night. While looking out of my window I saw a star, and wondered if it could pity my wretchedness. I have written for an Australian journal." The handwriting of the letter is that of an imperfectly educated woman. The style is very feeble, and many words are mis-spelt. The following is an exact copy of the "lyric words" which she enclosed:—

Tell me herald of hopes so calm and bright
Shining amid the gloom of night
Tell me Ah! tell me while enchanced I stay
Shall my future be guided by hopes bright ray
Tell, Ah, star, where the future guides
Shall I rush through life or stay, where peace abides
Tell me to come what my life shall be
A race with time to meet eternity
Shall I waking dread evil and dream despair
And start for to find it is rely here,
shall I leave in my path the stain of crime
Or shall my name in the annals of history shine
Say shall I with joys glee begin
& start with horror from the gluf of sin
& hoping start forward with a cry and a prayer
& sink back to find that sorrow is there
shall chasms of sorrow appear at my feet
Of hopes that are blighted of friendship's deceit
shall love be dispised for the charm
Shall my pride lose its strength
or my heart lose its power,
Ah star while your light o'r my heart holds
its sway
are the joys of my youth all doomed to decay
Or like thy twinkling companions that
come and go
or the clouds that surround thee like
garments of snow
Now disappearing—now drifted away
Shall the joys of my youth still linger or
stay
or my sins still appear on this sin stricken
Earth
& I clinging to life yet loning for death
With some dark hidden sin yet under the
spell
Of pride & of fear cheif agents of hell
Fiends incarnate that make wretched my
life
when conncience reposes renewing the
strife
Am I doomed for to wonder none for to
save
& weary of life sink into the grave
unmorned & unwept all alone
not even a friend for to raise a head stone
Shall I along the path of ruin be driven
to sell my soul and lose all hopes of
heaven
Oh star tis a mercy to tell me my fate
let the warning come er yet tis to late.
L. E. L.

The funeral of the unfortunate girl took place on Tuesday, 17th Sept. It was attended by a party of American ladies.

The Greatness of Small Things.

God frequently invests the acts of a plain common man with a power of connections and remote relations that travel's reductively into the future, after the man himself has retired from this earthly scene. In this way little things as well as great may make our lives sublime.

As an example, let us cite the case of a wandering pedlar, who, more than two centuries since, called at the house of Baxter's father, and there left a religious book, which the youthful Richard Baxter read, and by which he was first awakened and then converted to the gospel of Christ. This was the first result of that accidental visit. Baxter becoming a Christian, in due season gave to the world religious writings, that being studied by Philip Doddridge, were the chief means in forming his spiritual character, and this was a second result of the pedlar's visit. "The Rise and Progress of Religion," written by Doddridge, was owned of heaven to cause the conversion of William Wilberforce, the philanthropist; and thus we come to a third result in the advancing series. "The Practical View of Christianity," coming from the pen of Wilberforce, brought Legh Richmond to a knowledge of the truth; and hence a fourth result was added. Legh Richmond wrote "The Dairyman's Daughter," producing a little work which has been read by millions, and by God honoured to the salvation of a great many souls.

Behold this series of providences, beginning with the simple and apparently unimportant act of an humble pedlar, placing that act in relations truly wonderful, and finally crowning it with significance that we have no capacities to measure. Withdraw the life of that pedlar, and the little thing which he did, from the series, and perhaps the whole would be gone. His act, viewed in connection with the sequel, impressively shows that a great result may have its incipient germ in the bosom of a very small cause.

A Rich Story.

A Parkersburgh paper says that several members of the Legislature took the cars at Grafton, late on the evening of the 17th ult., for Wheeling, and among the number was a Mr. G., of somewhat large proportions physically and a Mr. D., a proportional underize. These two, the stalwart Mr. G. and the smooth-faced little Mr. D., took a berth together, it seems, in a sleeping car. The little man lay behind, and the good-natured, waggish Mr. G. before. Mr. D. soon was sleeping and snoring furiously. Mr. G., more restless under his legislative burdens, soon arose, and was sitting by the stove, when an elderly lady came aboard, and desired a berth. "All right, madam!" said G., "I took a berth with my son; you can occupy my place in that berth where my little boy is sleeping." Taking Mr. G. at his word, the lady disrobed and laid down with the boy. After a quiet repose of some time the boy, Mr. D., became restless from some cause, and began to kick around, to the annoyance of the old lady. So, in a maternal manner, she patted him on the back, and said—"Lie still, sonny; pa said I might sleep with you." "Thunder and lightning!" cried the legislator; "who are you? I am no boy; I'm a member of the West Virginia Legislature."—*Houston Telegraph*.

A Kansas Tragedy.

The neighbourhood of Liberty, in the county of Clay, has been, says the "Kansas City Times," thrown into a furore of excitement by the intelligence that Miss Julia Wills, a beautiful and accomplished young lady of seventeen years, had killed her brother, aged 22. At first the report was discredited; but on investigation it was found to be too true. About six o'clock on the morning of August 9th, a dispute arose between Miss Wills and her brother, in what is known as the cow lot on the farm, three miles west of Liberty, in regard to the conduct of their youngest sister, and whether it had justified the manner in which she had been treated by her brother, who, it is said, had whipped her severely. The young man, who had the reputation of being very quarrelsome, became angry at the upbraiding of his sister, and, seizing an axe, raised it with the evident intention of striking her. She screamed violently, and rushed towards the house, closely followed by her brother. On reaching the house she seized a shotgun, which lay in the dining-room, and warned him not to make any further demonstrations of injuring her, or she would kill him. He paid no attention to her admonition, but advanced, and as he did so she pulled the trigger. Wills fell dead, the contents of the gun having entered his neck a short distance below the chin. The young lady, pallid with fright, stood trembling, while her brother lay stretch-

ed before her, his life's blood fast ebbing. She is crazed with grief, and a close watch is kept upon her movements to prevent her from committing suicide. An inquest was held on the body of young Wills and a verdict returned of justifiable homicide. Mr. Wyatt Wills, the father is one of the oldest citizens of Clay County, and a gentleman who is held in the highest esteem.

An Egyptian Record of the Israelitish Exodus.

The Cologne Gazette publishes the subjoined.—"Doctor Eisenlohr, and Professor of the University of Heidelberg and a learned Egyptian scholar, went to England a few months since to examine a papyrus found in a tomb by Mr. Harris, editor of the Hieroglyphical Standard. This is the finest, largest, best written, and best preserved of all that has hitherto been discovered in the country of the Pharaohs, forming a roll of 134 feet in length, and 16 1/2 inches wide. It dates from the end of the reign of Rameses III. (the Rampant of Herodotus), and is thus more than 3000 years old. It contains most valuable information relative to the political and religious civilization of Egypt at that distant period, and is written in hieratic characters, that is to say a mixture of hieroglyphics and signs for letters and syllables. The text is an allocution from Rameses III., to his people and all the men on earth, on the great deeds of his own reign and those of his father Seti. It is a period of religious evolution, highly important for the study of biblical writings. Rameses himself recounts how he re-established the ancient Egyptian worship, rebuilt the temples, and endowed them with a munificence on the effects of which he dwells largely. At the end of his address, the King enumerates his warlike exploits and all the services he had rendered to his people. The religious movement alluded to relates to the period of Moses, to the monotheistic worship founded or restored by him, and comprises all the events which terminated in the ruin of monotheism in Egypt and exodus of the Jews. The papyrus is, consequently, of the highest interest for the study of the Mosaic religion and legislation, and is eminently useful to explain, co-ordinate, and confirm a great variety of details. Dr. Eisenlohr recently gave a lecture on this subject at Heidelberg, at a meeting of the Historico-Philosophical Society, and read a complete translation, made by himself, of this historical address by Rameses to his people. A report of the sitting has just been published by Henrichs of Leipsic."

A Plea for Night Air.

Scribner's Monthly says: "What air can we breathe at night except the night air? The choice lies between pure night air from without and foul night air from within. Most people prefer the latter, it is true, but it is night air all the same, though they may not be aware of the fact. Did you ever test these two kinds of night air by going early in the morning into the room of a person brought up to sleep with closed windows, and immediately afterward into one where the sash has been lowered six inches from the top, and raised six from the bottom? Well, what did you find? In one, however pretty and well arranged, however healthy, neat, and well-bred its occupant, a smell of bed clothes, of damp towels, of dust, of carpet—all slight, but all indicative of that used up condition of the atmosphere which is so fatal to a sleeper. In the other, no better situated or furnished, an elastic feel, a perfume of freshness which made breathing pleasant. Was it not so? Or did you ever compare your own sensations after sleeping in fresh air with those produced after sleeping in foul? How many of the failures, the mischances of life, the morning dullness which hindered this or that, the refusal of the brain to work at a critical moment, the apathy, the blindness of perception, date back to that unaired bed room which sent us forth unrefreshed to our work, and ushered in a depressing and discouraged day. How few of us recognize, as the long winter creeps away, and shrinking from the outward chill, we cover into fireside corners and warm wraps; how day by day we are insensibly contenting ourselves with the same breathed over air which, scarcely renovated since supplying our lungs yesterday and the day before. 'Open the windows, indeed, we cry; 'why, it's all we can do to exist with them tightly shut! Yes, but, paradox as it seems, there is warmth in the very cold which an open window would admit. That is, the oxygen of the purer air, quickening the circulation and bringing the temperature of head, hands and feet into proper balance, will of itself induce a glow which helps the fire to rewarm the room after its airing."

Execution of More Communists.

At Satony, on Wednesday morning, three more executions of Communists took place. The names of the men were Lolive, aged 33 years, found guilty of complicity in the assassination of the Archbishop of Paris, and condemned to death on the 25th of May last; Denivelle a man of some 31 years, sentenced on the 19th of June last for assassinating the Comte de Beaufort; and Deschamps, 34 years of age, who, on the 18th of May, was ordered to be shot for killing a soldier. As usual in such cases, the time fixed for the execution was not made known to them till the very morning of the event had arrived, and as a consequence, the unfortunate men exhibited considerable surprise when awakened from their sleep and informed that their hour had come. They soon recovered self-possession, however, and spent their last few minutes in prison in partaking of coffee, and writing letters to their friends. Deschamps smoked a pipe till he arrived at the post at which he was to stand for execution, when it was taken

from him by order of an official. Although deadly pale, the men all walked with a firm step, and resolutely faced the three pickets of soldiers detailed as duty executioners. Some difficulty being experienced in binding Lolive to the post, he observed with great coolness that the trouble taken was really thrown away, as he needed nothing of the kind. Just before the word was given to the troops to fire, Deschamps, in a clear ringing voice, shouted out twice, "Vive la Republique democratique et sociale! A bas les traitres!" Denivelle cried, "Vive la Commune!" Lolive said nothing. Very soon the tearing sound caused by the discharge of musketry was heard, and the three bodies were seen shrank up side by side—Denivelle writhing spasmodically for a few seconds, and receiving the coup de grace. It was five minutes past six when the troops began marching past with bands playing. Although the morning was exceptionally fine, there were but few spectators of the strange scene, the police rigorously refusing civilians access to the ground.—Newcastle Weekly Chronicle, Sept. 21.

The Prophet Jeremiah in Ireland.

Mr. J. B. Barnett, a Hebrew scholar, writing in the Jewish Chronicle, contends that the Prophet Jeremiah with the remnant of the tribe of Judah migrated to Ireland, and was no other than the celebrated Irish reformer and law-giver Ollam Fola. The prophet brought with him the Lia Fail, or Stone of Destiny, which was subsequently conveyed by an Irish prince to Scotland for coronation purposes, and centuries afterwards removed to Westminster Abbey by King Edward the Third, since which time all the Kings and Queens of England down to Victoria, have been crowned upon it. This stone, Mr. Barnett says, was that which was originally kept in the sanctuary of the first temple at Jerusalem, and was known as "Jacob's Stone," being none other than the stone directly apostrophised by King David as "the stone which the builders rejected," but which was destined for peculiar honours. Mr. Barnett's essay has at least the merit of being very curious and very learned.

Singular Phenomenon.

A curious and beautiful phenomenon has been observed on the shore of the Atlantic, off Nahant, U.S. It is thus described in a letter from that New England Brighton:—After a series of terrific thunderstorms, culminating in one on the 13th August in which thirty persons were struck by lightning, there followed ten days in which the sea assumed a most singular appearance. "There were great broad bands of purple, blue, and green-blue water, with faint streaks of rose. The green blue was a perfect chrysolite tint, as ethereal as was ever seen in a sunset sky. The men of science talk of the spawn of jelly fish and of a certain fish oil as the cause. The water is milky when seen in a bucket. The sea was only to be compared to a flowery meadow, or to the Roman Campagna; but it was more ethereal than either, as if a thousand rainbows were slowly dissolving, their rigid bands of colour were untied, and floating away in the new element. While it lasted no fish would bite. The water was analysed, and only the new ingredient of oil detected."

Threat to Murder the Tichborne Claimant.

Those who attended the meeting held at the Amphitheatre, Liverpool, on Thursday evening for the purpose of hearing the Claimant and his friends were surprised to see extraordinary precautions taken on the part of the police, and various speculations were indulged in as to the meaning of them. A large number of constables, under the direction of Mr. Ride, chief divisional superintendent, Messrs. Divisional-superintendent Sibbald, Superintendents Hancox and Dawson, surrounded the building. The passages were carefully guarded, and detectives were to be seen in every part of the theatre. Inquiries that have since been made have explained these extraordinary precautions. It seems that early on Thursday morning the Claimant received, at the North Western Hotel, where he was staying, a letter addressed to "Sir Roger Charles Doughty Tichborne." On opening the missive, the Claimant found it was a threatening letter of a very serious kind. On the top of it were rude sketches of pistols, daggers, and a death's head; and the "warning" which it contained was to the following effect:—"The writer sent this warning for the Claimant not to appear at the meeting at the Amphitheatre that night, for if he did his blood would flow." The writer added that he had sworn at the shrine of the Virgin that, if the Claimant did appear, he should "die either by pistol or dagger, and if he (the writer) fell there were others who would take his place." This alarming document was signed, "One you have wronged. Beware." The Claimant seemed to have been alarmed by this threatening communication, and, acting upon the advice of some of his friends, it is said that he sent for the police authorities, and laid the matter before them. The general impression appears to have been that the whole affair was an idle, wicked, stupid joke, but the claimant and his friends treated the matter in a different light, and the police, as they were bound to do, took the necessary precautions to prevent any attack upon "Sir Roger." As we have said, the police were in force when the meeting commenced. As the claimant took his seat, a suspicious looking person, accompanied by several others, took up a position immediately at the back of his chair. Whether this was the would-be assassin or not, the police at all events thought proper to remove him; and in his place Detective Maxwell and another officer were placed, who stuck by the claimant's chair all the evening, to the wonderment of the audience.—Liverpool Mercury.

History of the Corset.

The corset had its origin in Italy, and was introduced from that country into France by Catherine de Medicis. Mary Stuart and Diana de Poitiers did not however, follow the fashion; but it was at once admitted by all the ladies of the French court that it was indispensable to the beauty of the female figure, and was therefore adopted by them. The corset, in the days of its infancy, assumed more of the rough character of a knight's cuirass. The frame was entirely formed of iron, and the velvet which decorated the exterior had a frightfully heavy aspect. This state of things, so detrimental to health, and the cause of so much personal inconvenience, not to say torture, could not last long, and the artisans of those days presently contrived to give more pliability and lightness to the metallic frame, preparing the way by degrees for the use of whalebone. But as reformers are always slow, the cold iron continued to clasp the warm hearts of the fair wearers in its embrace for a long time. The use of the corset, was however, dependent in France on the favour of the court, and after the reign of Louis XIV., who looked kindly on it, it was threatened with banishment from the toilette, for fashion, then running to an extreme, took a rural and simple turn, the court being almost guided by the taste of Boucher, in whose pictures many of the court celebrities figured as shepherds and shepherdesses. This reaction was only for a season, when the pinter departed, fashion returned to the prim eccentricities of former times. During the revolution the corset was again forgotten, and under the Directory it was completely interdicted by the fashionable world. The belles of the day took a classic turn, and assumed the Roman dress, the toga, sandal, &c. The Empire, in its turn, dethroned the classic fashion, but without taking the corset into favour. High waists came into favour, but with the fall of the empire fell also to the waist, and then came, as a necessity, the return to the corset. Since that period it has never been entirely relinquished.—The Ladies.

A Papal Conspiracy.

The Dublin correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette says that, unexpectedly, and in a very private way, the members of the League of Sebastian met on Friday week in the Gresham Hotel, Dublin, under the presidency of Capt. D'Arcy, of the Pontifical Zouaves. There were several priests present, but no laymen of any note. Not more than forty persons appeared to have attended. It was stated that lately Lord Granard, Lord Archibald Douglass, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Southwark, Mr. Callan, M.P., and Lord Walter Kerr have joined the movement, which has now its organ in the press—The Crusader. The immediate object was, it was said in a report which was read, to increase the members in Ireland, and to prepare an organization powerful enough to afford material help for the overthrow of the Italian monarchy and the temporal restoration of the Pope. It was stated that the abandonment of the public meeting was owing to a communication from Cardinal Cullen received at the last moment. A council was elected of fifty active and ten honorary members, five of the latter to be resident in Ireland and five in England. Resolutions which condemned the "Piedmontese" Government were moved by a priest of the Jesuit order, named Delany, late chaplain of the Pontifical Zouaves. It was stated that the League of St. Sebastian now exists in Belgium, France, Holland, and Canada. Special reference was made to the extension of the society in Newfoundland. The Catholic bishops of Ireland have held a meeting at the Presbytery, Marlborough Street, under the presidency of Cardinal Cullen. Almost every prelate in Ireland was present. Various important questions of policy were discussed. The proceedings were conducted in private.—Newcastle Weekly Chronicle, Sept., 28.

THE STAR.

HARBOR GRACE, OCTOBER 22, 1872.

THE weather of the past ten days or so has been most remarkable. Rain has fallen copiously, the air being alternately hot and cold, and altogether detrimental to gardening or mercantile operations. Fish handling (to-day excepted) has been out of the question, but we trust that, owing to the scarcity of that valuable article of consumption, the delay thus caused may be for the best. Possibly the foreign markets will offer a greater inducement to shippers at a later period.

MARKING OFF THE BAR.

LAST week the process of marking off the Bar was begun; the first buoy being already anchored at the most northerly point. Another buoy is in course of preparation, and will we learn, be early at its moorings. This is indeed a step in the right direction, as vessels entering or leaving the harbour in the daytime or on clear nights will be enabled to proceed with safety. The buoys are made of wood, conical shaped, and painted white, and all the requisite material being obtainable in town, the cost to the Government will be but comparatively small, while to the navigator these indicators of safety must be of great value.

Our correspondent "Health and Order," in to-day's issue, is, we consider, justly down upon the Road Board as to

the unfinished state in which Water Street, our principal thoroughfare, has been left. It seems as if the Board has determined to turn a deaf ear to all requests as to a satisfactory account of its neglect. We must positively say that such a "puddle" as the street presents on a wet day is a disgrace to any civilized community.

It is well known that the Permissive Law was put in operation in the district of Bay de Verde and Port de Grave, in the month of February, by a vote of the people. Since then the licenses to sell ardent spirits in these localities have all expired, and the magistrates in duty bound have refused to renew them. Notwithstanding this, it is said that liquor continues to be sold both in Bay de Verde and Brigus. The magistrates say they can do nothing in the matter, unless some one bring a charge against the person or persons who transgress the law. Thus those whose duty it is to see that the law is observed, stand by and see it broken with impunity. Private citizens cannot be expected to leave their employment in order to bring the transgressors to punishment; and why should they, when there are men appointed and paid by the Government for this very purpose? It is as much the duty of the magistrates and police to bring to account those who sell liquor without license, as it is their duty to apprehend those who disturb the peace of our streets; and wherever they have reason to suspect that the law in this case is infringed, it is their duty to satisfy themselves whether it is so or not. In the capital too there are numbers of unlicensed liquor sellers who pursue their unlawful calling undisturbed by the police.—Ledger.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[TO THE EDITORS OF THE STAR.]

DEAR SIRS,— A short time ago I observed in your valuable columns a few pity remarks as to the condition of our main street during a rain-fall. It is to be regretted that the Road Board has not taken up the matter, for truly such a deplorable state of muddiness as Water Street is subjected to, is altogether ridiculous, not to say unjust. I refer to the north side of the street, say from the Literary Institute and Telegraph Office eastward. The Road Board for some time carried on the work of repairs in a very praiseworthy manner, but, like everything else that puts on "too much steam," has apparently broken down. The reason for this neglect is due (officially) to the public. Snow will doubtless early make its appearance, and the street will then even be worse than it has lately been. Why then do those in authority not look after such a glaring nuisance? It is hard for anyone to write thus; but "necessity knows no law." Agitate the matter, and I hesitate not to say, that if the work in question is not attended to, the public at least will get a reason for the neglectful conduct of the "powers that be."

Yours, &c., HEALTH AND ORDER.

Oct. 21.

OVER-THE-LEFT COTTAGE, } Oct. 21st, 1872.

[TO THE EDITORS OF THE STAR.]

DEAR SIRS,— Not having heard from me for some time, perhaps a few lines now will not be amiss. Having been away (without Mr. Stanley) on an exploring expedition, I have made a most important discovery and trust Her Britannic Majesty will not only present me with a snuff-box of pure gold and precious stones, but in addition place in my possession the freedom of all the snuff factories in the world. You are anxious possibly to learn what this great discovery may be. Well, it is nothing less than the fact that a huge iceberg, or something like one, has already made its appearance in the harbour, and can now be seen sticking fast at the north-east end of the bar. The iceberg, unlike the "Bar," is not, however, "in a disabled condition." I hear it said, by those who saw, that the approach of another monster of a similar size may shortly be expected. Now there, if that is not a discovery, what is? Why this drives all our weather notes to—"Dixey"—don't it sonny? Yaas, I bet. Some say it is a "boy," now if a boy can be found so foolish as to swim there night and day, I'll eat my hat, provided it be cooked, and turns out tender.

Yours truly, AULD REEKIE.

ONE FOR THE DEAN.—A clergyman in Scotland, while on his pastoral rounds a short time ago, met a tinker lad playing on the bagpipes. He listened with attention to the various airs played, and expressed his admiration of the excellent manner in which the music had been performed; but being apprehensive that the performer's musical talent had been cultivated at the expense of knowledge of a more momentous character, he asked him if he knew "What is man's chief end?" The musician, after a pause, replied, "I dinna ken I'm shure; but if ye'll whistle I'll play't!"



Latest Despatches.

LONDON, Oct. 16.

A suit, brought against the United States Consul at Liverpool, by a man named Alcott, who entered as a seaman on the privateer "Alabama," for compensation for detention at Liverpool, as a witness, by order of the Consul, at the time the "Alabama" sailed, has just resulted adversely to the plaintiff. The court decided that the Geneva tribunal settled all claims connected with the "Alabama" case, and directed a verdict for the defendant.

The Spanish Cortes, by a vote of 205 against 69, has voted a reply to the address from the Throne. The negatives were Republicans and Alphonsonists.

A railway between Yokohama and Yeddo, Japan, has been formally opened by the Mikado.

LONDON, 17.

Parliament reassembles on the 19th of December.

Four cars of a passenger train on the eastern counties railway, were thrown down an embankment near Chelmsford to-day. The list of casualties has not yet been received.

Consols 92 1/2.

Markets generally steady.

NEW YORK, 17.

During to-day's session of the National Board of Trade, the committee of conference with the Canadian delegates reported resolutions to the effect that the Executive Council memorialized Congress for an appropriation for a commission to act in conjunction with the State department to negotiate a treaty with Great Britain for reciprocal trade with the Dominion of Canada on a liberal basis, which shall also include the enlargement of the Canadian canals by the Government of Canada, and the right of American vessels to navigate said canals under the same conditions as that imposed upon Canadian vessels. The resolution was made the order of the day for to-morrow.

Gold 113. Exchange 10 1/4.

LONDON, 18.

A railroad accident occurred at Kildaven. Ten cars went over an embankment, and were badly wrecked. Only one passenger, a lady, was killed outright. Twenty three were injured. Two or three of whom may die.

The treaty for the reduction of postage between France and the United States has received the approval of the State departments of both countries and its early application is expected.

MADRID, 17.

The end of the revolt in Ferrol is officially announced. The insurgents fearing the result of the attack began to disperse during the night which was dark and stormy. Some took refuge on board vessels they had taken and sailed for Sejo, others fled through the town under fire of the troops, and about 100 were captured. The government forces entered the arsenal this morning meeting with no resistance. Four hundred insurgents remained within the walls, all of whom were made prisoners.

NEW YORK, 18.

Gold 113. Exchange 10 1/4.

The proposition before the National Board of Trade looking to reciprocity with Canada, was debated to-day, and favorably acted upon. Mr. McGivern of Canada returned thanks on the part of his associates for the courtesy they had received. He expressed his conviction that their actions in regard to reciprocity would be beneficial to both countries, and concluded by inviting the National Board of Trade to meet next January at Ottawa.

A Toronto despatch says the epidemic among the horses has extended throughout the Dominion, seriously interrupting business. The street cars in Montreal have stopped running, and in their stables are more than 500 horses sick. Farmers are unable to bring grain to the markets. The disease is not fatal, but recovery is slow.

A correspondent of the "Messenger du Midi," relates the following anecdote about an object of historical interest: "One of my friends possesses, amongst other curious objects, a silver watch which belonged to Marat. It lay on a chair by the side of his bath when he was killed. His sister preserved it until her death, when it was sold with the furniture which she left. It is in the form of a Phrygian cap; in the interior, a pelican is piercing its own breast to feed its young. On the two outer sides of the case are two streamers, bearing this double inscription: "N'obeir qu'ala loi; N'aimer que la patrie."

The Prince of Wales and the Czarewitch are expected in Paris early in October, when a series of fetes will be given in their honour at the Elysee.

NEWS ITEMS.

The smallpox is increasing rapidly in Boston, and a sickly season is anticipated.

Mrs. BEECHER STOWE is coming out during the approaching lecture season in America as a public reader of selections from her own works.

A FIRM of opticians at Manchester have presented 1500 pairs of spectacles for distribution to the poor of the work-house.

The Countess of Loudon has replaced the sword of Wallace in Loudon Castle, whence it was taken by the last Marquis of Hastings to England a few years back.

MEXICO is again in confusion—The U. S. Government have imposed a ten per cent discriminative tax on French ships, as retaliation for the policy inaugurated by Thiers.

IMPERATIVE orders (says the Paris correspondent of the "Telegraph") have been given by the French Government for the arrest of Don Carlos, who is supposed to be concealed on the frontier, waiting to put himself at the head of a new outbreak in Spain.

If we may credit the "Dresden Journal," the results of the shooting of the modified needle gun (Aptirtes Zundendelgewehr) have been very extraordinary. A Company of chasseurs at 1200 metres attained an average of 75 per cent, and at 800 metres a company of grenadiers attained the large percentage of 91—that is to say, 182 balls out of 200 fired reached the bull's eye.

This, according to the Pittsburgh "Leader" is the way Greeley talks: "His tone and accent were of the marked Yankee character, speech slow and drawing, each word set out clear, and free from those which preceded it, and which can only be described by stringing the letters of them together with hyphens and two-em dashes between them, thus: 'The—wise—king—s-a-y-s,—there—is—a—t-i-m-e—for—war—a-n-d—a—t-i-m-e—for—p-e-a-c-e.'"

NEWS INDEED.—The following intelligence from the "Courier de France" of the 16th ult. will be new to our Roman Catholic readers: "Monsignor Manning, the English Archbishop, who it is said, is called upon to succeed Pius IX., passed through Paris yesterday on his way to Rome, after having had a short interview with Mgr. Chigi. Mgr. Manning was accompanied by Lord Deburg, recently converted to Catholicism after the manner of Lord Bute."

RESULT OF THE INCREASED COST OF COAL.—It is stated that the high price to which steam coal has been raised in this country has driven one of the leading Steamship Companies trading between Liverpool and New York to transfer their purchases from this country to the other side of the Atlantic. It is affirmed that coal can be put on board at Pictou at 8s. per ton, for which 35s. is charged at Cardiff. Other steam Companies trading from Liverpool have been forced to lay up a number of vessels in consequence of the increased cost of coal having taken away the margin of profit which enabled them to carry on a remunerative trade.

A REMARKABLE instance of tolerance by the human system of the excessive use of tobacco is afforded in the case of Mr. Laes, of Rotterdam. This gentleman, who was known as the "King of Smokers," has just died in his eightieth year, and is said to have consumed during his long life more than four tons of tobacco. The ruling passion was apparent in the will of the deceased, and in his eccentric request that his oak coffin might be lined with the cedar of his old cigar-boxes, and that a box of French corporal and a package of old Dutch tobacco might be placed at its foot, and by the side of his body his favorite pipe, together with matches, flint and steel, and tinder.

EVERY MAN A FISH.—An ingenious Frenchman has invented a species of artificial fins, by the aid of which the swimmer can walk in the water with comparative ease. It is rather strange that of late years inventors desirous of enlarging the sphere of man's locomotion have confined their attention almost exclusively to the air. They have seemed bent upon making man a poor sort of bird, when it would have been much easier to make him a successful fish. Water being a much denser element than air, it follows that it presents fewer difficulties to the man who desires to become amphibious than are presented by the thin air to a man who desires to fly. Why should not man be enabled to walk or run on the water as easily as he does on the land? How to make this possible is a problem which inventors might profitably undertake to solve, and it would seem as though they would be far more likely to succeed in such an effort than in the often-tried attempt to make balloons or artificial wings of any practical value.

It will be remembered that Dickens wrote his stories from month to month; when one number was published he had not written what was required for the next—a method of composition which gives interest to the following incident, related by Mr. Charles Kent:—"Somewhere about the middle of the serial publication of 'David Copperfield,' happening to be out of writing-paper, he sallied forth one morning to get a fresh supply at the stationer's. He was living then in his favourite haunt, at Fort House, in Broadstairs. As he was about to enter the stationer's shop, with the intention of buying the needful writing paper for the purpose of returning home with it, and at once getting to work upon his next number, not one word of which was yet written, he stood aside for a moment at the threshold to allow a lady to pass in before him. He then went on to relate—with a vivid sense still upon him of mingled enjoyment and dismay in the mere recollection—how the next instant he had overheard this strange lady asking the person behind the counter for the new green number. When it was handed to her, 'Oh, this,' said she, 'I have read. I want the next one.' The next one she was thereupon told would be out by the end of the month. 'Listening to this, unrecognised,' he added, in conclusion, 'knowing the purpose for which I was there, and remembering that not one word of the number she was asking for was yet written, for the first and only time in my life I felt—frightened!'"

HAPPY ENGLAND.—The Spanish Consul in London has sent his Government a memoir on England, in which he remarks as surprising the scarcity of places suited to social relaxation, "cafes being almost unknown, and dancing halls maintained chiefly by foreigners and visitors for the season," while the clubs served mainly for the communication of fruitful ideas, for the development of industry, agriculture, and commerce, and for the discussion of the enterprises which promote the wealth, power and prestige of this great nation within and without the United Kingdom.

"Vanity Fair" says that the private claims of the King of Hanover are in the course of settlement, and his Majesty is in treaty for the purchase of a considerable estate in England, where he will probably reside henceforth. He will retain the titular rank of King during his life, but the Crown Prince will only succeed to the title of Duke of Cumberland and Teviotdale.

A paper suit of clothes for 2s is the latest novelty from New York.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF HARBOR GRACE.

ENTERED.
Oct. 19.—Symmetry, Foxworthy, Halifax, empty barrels—Ridley & Son's.

CLEARED.
Oct. 19.—William, Bailey, Pernambuco, fish—Punton & Munn.

PORT OF ST. JOHN'S.

ENTERED.
Oct. 17.—Welcome, Cohen, Halifax, Baine, Johnston & Co.
Georgina, Bridge, Sydney, LeMessurier & Knight.
Charlotte, Palfrey, Glace Bay, S. March & Son.
Hibernian, Watts, Liverpool, A. Shea.
18.—Gilbert, Wheaton, Crispey, Cadiz, Bowring Brothers.
Linda, McDonald, Antigonish, J. & W. Pitts.
Comet, Cort, Cow Bay, A. Shea.
Henrietta, Decent, Bermuda, Baine, Johnston & Co.
Helen Isabel, Ralston, Greenock, Baine Johnston & Co.
R. McRae, McLean, Baddeck, Clift, Wood & Co.

CLEARED.
Oct. 16.—Albert Edward, McDonald, Wycomagh, J. & W. Pitts.
Gem, Facey, Halifax, W. Grieve & Co.
17.—Arab, Forest, Glace Bay, Clift, Wood & Co.
Rein de Prevoyance, Lewis, Sydney, W. & G. Rendell.
Hibernian, Watts, Halifax, A. Shea.
Tickler, Curtin, Pictou, J. & W. Pitts.
18.—Fearless, Martin, Pictou, N. Stabb & Sons.
Lily, Ryan, Sydney, N. Stabb & Sons.
Restless, Brown, Waterford, W. Grieve & Co.
Zizine, Wills, Oporto, E. Duder.
Ernest, Ball, Gibraltar, E. Duder.
Henrietta, Decent, Sydney, Baine, Johnston & Co.

Passengers.—In the *Hibernian* from Liverpool.—Right Rev. Dr. Carfagnini, Revs. Philip Carolan and McCormack, Mr. and Mrs. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Gait, J. Delaney, Esq., (Postmaster General), and Messrs. W. A. Bull, J. P. LeGros, Thompson, Wilkinson, Carrington. Intermediate—Misses M. Shelly, Elizabeth Smith, Eliza Fasher, Mr. Charles Fasher.
Per *Hibernian* for Halifax—Mr. and Mrs. McKay, Mr. and Mrs. Sweetland, Mr. and Mrs. Rubini, Miss Munn, Miss Wilkie, Messrs. W. P. Munn, T. Patterson and five in steerage. For Baltimore—Mr. Currie, wife and child, Mrs. Fox, Mr. A. Kirk.

BRITISH HALL,
Harbor Grace.

Benefit

Miss Jessie Howard.

This (TUESDAY) Evening, representation for the first time in Newfoundland of T. N. Robertson's Great Domestic Drama, entitled,

CASTE,

OR,
LOVE LEVELS ALL.

"True hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

To be followed by the Side-Splitting Farce, entitled,

Nan,

THE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

To-morrow (WEDNESDAY) Evening will be performed the Great Drama, entitled,

TICKET

OF

LEAVE

MAN.

On THURSDAY Evening will be performed Victor Hugo's startling play, entitled,

LUCRETIA BORGIA.

To be followed by Miss Emma Hall in a Beautiful Bouquet of Ballads.

FOR SALE!

THE SUBSCRIBERS will Sell their UNEXPIRED INTEREST in those

DWELLING HOUSES,

Situated in LeMarchant Street, Presently occupied by Mrs. MCCARTHY and Mr. JOHN STRATHIE.

Also—in those DWELLING HOUSES,

Situated in Harvey Street, Presently occupied by Mr. JAMES QUIRK and Mr. PATRICK MCGRATH.

Further particulars made known on application to RUTHERFORD BROTHERS. Oct. 11. †1m.

FOR SALE!

75 Brls. Choice Extra FLOUR

20 do. CORN MEAL

20 BOXES No. 1 Family SOAP

9 Doz. CHAIRS.

—BY—
R. ANDERSON,
Opposite Messrs. Punton & Munn's. Oct. 1. †4i.

NOTICES.

HARBOR GRACE MEDICAL HALL,

W. H. THOMPSON,

PROPRIETOR,

HAS ALWAYS ON HAND A CAREFULLY SELECTED STOCK OF

Drugs, Medicines, Dry Paints, Oils, &c., &c.,

And nearly every article in his line that is recommendable:

- Gallup's Floriline for the Teeth and Breath
- Keating's Worm Tablets
- " Cough Lozenges
- Rowland's Odonto
- Oxley's Essence of Ginger
- Lampough's Pyretic Saline
- Powel's Balsam Aniseed Medicamentum (stamped)
- British Oil
- Balsam of Life
- Chlorodyne
- Mexican Mustang Liniment
- Steer's Opodilloc
- Radway's Ready Relief
- Arnold's Balsam
- Murray's Fluid Magnesia
- " Acidulated Syrup
- S. A. Allen's Hair Restorer
- Rossiter's " "
- Ayer's Hair Vigor
- " Sarsaparilla
- " Cherry Pectoral
- Pickles, French Capers, Sauces
- Soothing Syrup
- Kaye's Coaguline
- India Rubber Sponge
- Teething Rings
- Sponge, Tooth Cloths
- Nail, Shoe and Stove Brushes
- Widow Welch's Pills
- Cockle's " "
- Holloway's " "
- Norton's " "
- Hunt's " "
- Morrison's " "
- Radway's " "
- Ayer's " "
- Parsons' " "
- Jaynes' " "
- Holloway's Ointment
- Adams' Indian Salve
- Russia Salve

- Morehead's Plaster
- Corn Plasters
- Mather's Feeding Bottles
- Bond's Marking Ink
- Corn Flour, Fresh Hops
- Arrowroot, Sago, Gold Leaf
- Nelson's Gelatine and Isinglass
- Bonnet Glue
- Best German Glycerine
- Lime Juice, Honey
- Best Ground Coffee
- Nixey's Black Lead
- Roth & Co.'s Rat Paste
- Brown's Bronchial Troches
- Woodill's Worm Lozenges
- " Baking Powder
- McLean's Vermifuge
- Lear's India Rubber Varnish
- Copal Varnish
- Kerosene Oil, Lamps, Chimnies
- Wicks, Burners, &c., &c.
- Cod Liver Oil
- Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites
- Extract of Logwood, in 4 lb boxes
- Cudbear, Worm Tea
- Toilet Soaps
- Best Perfumeries, Pomades and Hair Oils
- Pain Killer
- Henry's Calcined Magnesia
- Enema Instruments
- Gold Beater's Skin
- Fumigating Pastiles
- Seidlitz Powders
- Furniture Polish
- Plate Polish
- Flavouring Essences
- Spices, &c., &c.
- Robinson's Patent Barley
- " Groats

All the above proprietary articles bear the Government Stamp, without which none are genuine. Outport Orders will receive careful and prompt attention. May 14. †††

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[LATE EVANS, LEMESSURIER & KNIGHT.]

COMMISSION AGENTS.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION GIVEN TO THE SALE AND PURCHASE OF

DRY & PICKLED FISH,

FLOUR, PROVISIONS, WEST INDIA PRODUCE

—AND—
DRY GOODS.

Consignments solicited.

St. John's, May 7. ††

FOR SALE.

—BY—
THE SUBSCRIBER,
231—Water Street—231
BREAD
Flour, Pork, Beef

Butter, Molasses, Sugar
Tea, Coffee, Cheese,
Ham, Bacon, Pease, Rice

TOBACCO
KEROSENE OIL, &c., &c.

CHEAP FOR CASH, CASH
OR OIL.
DANIEL FITZGERALD.
Sept. 13. ††

JUST RECEIVED
A FRESH SUPPLY OF
ADAMS'

INDIAN
SALVE.

W. H. THOMPSON.
Aug. 23. †

FOR SALE.

LUMBER!
—BY—
H. W. TRAPNELL.

Now landing, ex "Atalanta," from Port Medway, N. S.:

20 M. Seasoned Prime Pine BOARD

20 do. Hemlock do.
30 do. No. 2 Pine do.
July 30. ††

E. W. LYON

Has just received a large assortment of Coloured French Kid GLOVES,

Which he offers to the public at VERY LOW PRICES.
July 9. ††

BLANK FORMS
Executed with NEATNESS and DESPATCH at the Office of this Paper.

Conscience.

"Conscience makes cowards of us all!" I cry
 Not so! nor care by whom this thing
 was writ,
 Nor heed that through the centuries
 gone by,
 All cowards have for truth accepted it.

When in a human heart some thought
 of ill
 Like a foul weed takes unexpected root,
 And spreads, and springs, and burgeons
 there until
 It shows rank promise of unwholesome
 fruit.

If haply, ere this fruit be ripe to fall
 Upon the earth as an abhorrent deed,
 Is he a coward whom the imperious call
 Of Conscience bids pluck forth the no-
 some weed?

Which is the coward? He who fears the
 wrong
 And does the Right, though wrong the
 most allure;
 Or he who lulls his Conscience with the
 song
 Of some to-morrow which all sores shall
 cure?

Conscience make cowards! Why 'tis braver
 or then
 To fly than fight, to lie than tell the
 truth;
 To rob than give; to sin with many men
 Than to be virtuous with the few, for-
 sooth!

All this is sustain! He who dare obey
 His Conscience hath a courage sterner
 far,
 And nobler, and more difficult, than they
 Who calmly face the fiercest front of
 war!

Faithful Love's Reward.

Under the shadow of a great fig-tree a young girl sat, in a deep reverie. Such a tender light was in her eyes, such a sweet smile of full satisfaction on her face, that a stranger would certainly have said, she is thinking of her lover. But no lover had Mabel Rae, and her pleasure sprung from a far less dangerous source—from the handful of tuberoses in her lap. Their spiritual, dreamy beauty and rare, rich perfume always held her as in a spell of measureless content. To breathe their odor was to fill her soul with holy and tender thoughts, and the lovely waxen flowers, pale, pure and white as moonshine, haunted her heart and imagination, and received from her a perpetual love and worship.

There she sat until the heat and stillness of the tropic noon drove her to the house, a grand old home hid among giant live-oaks gray with the solemn waving southern moss. She went first to the large dim parlors, intending to put her favorites among the damp moss of the hanging baskets; but the dreamy languor of the darkened room overcame every desire but that of sleep, and she lay down on the nearest couch, holding her flowers in her hands.

Half an hour later, Mr. Rae opened the door and ushered in a gentleman who had accompanied him from New Orleans.

Sit down, Allan, he said. I will soon arouse the house. You see it is the hour for siesta, and I believe all take it at the same time when I am away.

For a few minutes the young man believed himself alone. The subtle, powerful perfume—quite unknown, but delicious beyond expression—was his first sensation. Then, as his eyes became accustomed to the dim light of the carefully closed shutters, he saw a picture that he never more forgot—a most lovely girl, in the first bloom of maidenhood, fast asleep on the silken cushions piled on a low divan. Her white robes made a kind of glory in the darkened corner. One hand had fallen down, and the flowers gemmed the carpet at her side; the other lay across her breast, as if embracing the tuberoses which it had scattered there.

Never in all his native mountains, never in any dream of love or fancy, had Allan Monteith seen a woman half so fair. Almost entranced, he stood gazing on Mabel as if he had seen a vision. There lay his destiny asleep; he knew it, and opened his whole soul to welcome love's young dream. But when Mr. Rae, followed by a negro valet, returned, and Mabel languidly opened her great pensive eyes, and stretched out her arms for her father's embrace, Allan almost thought he should faint from excess of emotion, and it was with difficulty he controlled himself to receive the introduction and apologies necessary.

Allan Monteith was a young Scotchman, the only son of a gentleman with whom in early life Mr. Rae had formed a most ardent friendship. Allan was rich, and by nature and birth equally noble; but he was utterly devoid as yet of any experiences but such as his college and his mountain home had brought him. Nevertheless, he was not destitute of the traditional business capacity of his houses as some late transactions in cotton and sugar in New Orleans had proven to Mr. Rae. And partly because he liked the young man, and partly as a matter of interest, he had invited him to his home

among the woods and lagoons of the ever-green bryou. Mabel, in this transaction had scarcely been properly considered; but to her father she was yet a child. True, he recognized her wonderful beauty, and was very proud of it; he knew too that she possessed an exquisite voice, and great skill in music, and the passing idea of showing his pearl of price to the foreigner rather flattered his vanity than alarmed his fears. He did not dream that he was introducing a new claimant for its possession.

Yet so it proved. Allan lingered as if in an enchanted castle, till he had no life, no will, no hopes but those which centered in Mabel Rae. And she, innocent and impressible, soon returned his passion with a love even more absorbing and far less selfish than her lover's.

Oh the sweet, warm, love-laden days in those solemnly shaded woods! Oh the blissful hours in the cool evenings, when the perfume of tuberoses and jasmine and oleanders filled the air! when the soft calm moonlight glorified every lovely and every common thing. It was like a dream of those days when the old rustic gods reigned, and to live was to love, and to love was to be happy.

With the fall, however, there came imperative letters from Scotland, and Allan could no longer delay. Love has its business as well as its romance, and this side was not so satisfactory. Mr. Rae would hear of no engagement for two years, by which time he said he hoped to be able to give Mabel such a fortune as would make her acceptable in the eyes of Allan's father. But for the present he absolutely declined to look upon the young people's attachment as binding on either side.

In less than two years when the first tuberoses bloom, I will be here again, Mabel, darling! were Allan's last whispered words, as he held her tenderly in his arms, and kissed again and again the face dearer than all the world to him. And Mabel smiled through her tears, and held the last tuberose of the summer to his lips for a parting pledge.

But the two years brought many and unexpected changes. That very winter the first war cloud gathered, and long before Allan could redeem his promise, the little inland plantation was desolate and deserted. Mr. Rae had gone to the war and Mabel boarded in a ladies' school in New Orleans. These were but the beginning of sorrows. Another year found her an orphan, and cruelly embarrassed in money affairs. Claimants without number appeared against the Rae estate, and creditors forced the plantation into the market at the most favorable time. She was driven from her home, in strict accordance with the letter of the law, but she felt and knew, though powerless to prevent it, that she had been shamefully wronged.

Poverty is a grand teacher however, and has many learned disciples, and now, for the first time in all her life, Mabel thought for herself and dared to look the future in the face. She had promised her father never to write to Allan without his permission, but she considered that death annuls all contracts, and surely now, if ever, it was Allan's duty to befriend and care for her. So she sent him word in a few shy, timid sentences, of her sorrow and loneliness. But it was doubtful if ever the letter would reach him; mails those days were not certainties; and even if it did reach Allan, it was still more uncertain whether he could reach Mabel.

And in the mean time she must work or starve—a blessed alternative in great sorrows, I say. People who have to fight a sea of troubles do not go mad. Work, the oldest of all preached evangelists, is the consoler, and brings them through. And though Mabel Rae could command no higher position than that of a nursery governess, yet she found in it a higher life than ever the dreamy, luxurious selfishness of her father's home had given her.

Her employers were of the ordinary class. I can weave no romance out of them. They felt no special interest in Mabel, neither did they ill use her. She was useful and unobtrusive, and asked neither for sympathy nor attention. No letter came from Allan Monteith, though she waited and hoped with failing heart and paling cheeks for more than a year. She had not the courage to write again, and her anxiety and distress began to tell very perceptibly on a naturally frail constitution. Then a physician advised her to try at once a more invigorating climate, and she not unwillingly agreed to accompany the invalid wife of an officer returning to her home in New York.

This was the dawn of a brighter day for Mabel. She found friends even if she did not find health, and her rare beauty and wonderful musical talents soon procured her the admiration of a large and influential circle. By the advice of her friend, she established herself in a fashionable locality and commenced the teaching of music. I think few women could have been more successful. Part of this was undoubtedly due to the social power of her friend; but neither this nor her own loveliness and winning manners would have been sufficient, without the genuine knowledge of

her art and that wonderful voice which charmed all who heard it.

So, in the second winter of Mabel's residence in New York, it became the thing to invite Miss Rae to preside over select social and musical entertainments. I have a friend who met her during this season frequently, and who describes her tact and influence as something extraordinary and magnetic. Her rare beauty was undiminished, though more thoughtful and spiritual in character; her dress was uniformly the same—a pale pink lustreless silk, with tuberoses in her hair and at her breast, for her passion for these flowers was stronger than ever; and when they were to be procured at any trouble or cost, her little room was always full of their peculiar fragrance.

During this winter Mabel had many lovers, and report said, more than one excellent offer of marriage, but she quietly ignored or else decidedly refused all advances. Her heart was still with the tall, fair mountaineer who had won it, amid the warmth and perfume of tropic noons and moonlit nights; and though twice two years had passed, she refused to believe him false.

And she was right. Allan deserved her fullest faith. Her letter had never reached him, and yet he had with incredible difficulty made his way to New Orleans, only to find the Rae plantation in the hands of strangers, his friend dead, and Mabel gone, none knew whither. After a long and dispiriting search, he left Mabel's discovery in the hands of well-paid agents, and returned to Scotland almost broken-hearted at the destruction of all his hopes.

But he still loved her passionately, and often in stormy nights, when the winds tossed the tall pines like straws, and mountain snows beat at barred doors and windows, he thought of the happy peace and the solemn silences in which he and his love had walked, listening only to the beating of their own hearts, or the passionate undernotes of the mocking-birds. Often, both in sleeping and waking dreams, he saw again that dim parlor, and the beautiful girl sleeping on the silken couch; and with these memories there always came the same sensation of some delicate perfume in the air. Far away amid the heather and the broom, and the strong fresh breezes of the North Sea, he still was visited by the breath of the tropic woods, and the fragrance of the tuberose and the memory of his lost Mabel were one and indivisible in his heart.

Thus two walked apart who should have walked hand in hand, and it seemed as if the years only widened that breach over which two souls looked longingly and called vainly. But there are ills which happen for good; and I think any one who would have taken the trouble to analyze the gain in character which this separation and struggle produced, would have said so.

For after five years of battle with life, Mabel was no longer a lovely, impulsive, thoughtless child; she was a noble woman, beautiful in all the majesty of completed suffering. And Allan's whole nature had swelled under the influence of a mighty and unselfish love, as seas swell under the influence of the sun and moon.

If we wait, however, the harvest of the heart will come. One day early in the winter, Mabel got a note from a friend, announcing her return from abroad, and begging her to be present at a small informal reunion at her house that evening. She went early in the day, and spent the afternoon in that pleasant gossip which young and happy women enjoy. Her hostess rallied her a good deal upon her growing years, and laughingly advised her to secure a young Scotchman with whom they had had a pleasant acquaintance in their travels, and who was now in New York and going to spend the evening with them.

Did fate knock softly on Mabel's soul then? For she blushed violently, and instantly, as if by magic, there sprung up in her heart a happy refrain which she could not control, and which kept on singing, "He comes! he comes! My lover comes!"

She dressed with more than ordinary care, and was so impatient that her toilet was completed before others had begun. So she sat down in the unlighted parlors, saying to herself:

I must be still. I will be calm; for how should I bear a disappointment, and what ground of hope have I? Absolutely none but that he comes from the same country. No, there is no hope!

But still, above the doubt and fear, she could hear the same chiming undertone. He comes! he comes! My lover comes!

She became nervous and superstitious, and when the silence was broken by a quick ring and a rapid footstep, she rose involuntarily from her chair, and stood trembling and flushing with excitement in the middle of the room. Ah, Mabel! Mabel! your heart has seen further than your eyes. Allan has come at last.

Ah, my darling! my darling! my fair, sweet flower, whose perfume has followed me o'er land and sea, I have found you again at last! exclaimed Allan, as he clasped Mabel to his bosom.

And so Mabel's winter of discontent

and sorrow was over. Never more did she have grief or pain unsoothed or uncomforted. I only wish I could close as the old fairy tales do, and say, so they lived happy ever afterward. But, alas! though a lovely Mabel Monteith, with her father's hair and her mother's eyes, makes light and gladness in Allan's home, the far dearer one has gone to the abodes where the eternal are.

In a little country church-yard not twenty miles from New York, the beautiful Mabel Rae sleeps the sleep that knows no waking. Half the year round you would know her grave by the delicate odor of the tuberoses with which it is covered; and even when snows cover it, and wild winds and rains beat over its senseless turf, one noble heart offers there still the incense of an undying affection.

For be sure that a true love strikes but one hour, and he or she has never loved at all who can say, I loved once. Was Mabel's short life a lost once? Oh no! Life is perfect in small measures, and she left upon the mountain tops of death a light that makes them lovely to those who shall follow her.

To Much for Midget.

Timkins, Tarbox, and Midget were a convivial trio. They were married men, and yet they spent many of their evenings at the tavern, thus leaving undone duties which ought to have been done, and doing a great many things which ought never to have been done. One night the trio sat at the festive board of Pimple's tavern until very near to midnight, at which hour they were about as drunk as men could be and not be dead. A dispute arose touching the payment of the bill for the evenings entertainment.

"Hole on," said Timkins. "Let's be till t'morrow. When we get home our wives'll be sure to tell us to do some unaccountable thing, and if any one of us refuses to do the first thing his wife tells him to do after he gets into the house, he shall pay the whole bill for the party."

This was agreed to, and it was further stipulated that each should give a true account of the result at their next meeting. On the following evening the friends met again. Timkins led off.

"Well, boys," said he, "I had a tough one, but I did it. It was dark as pitch in the house when I got home, and as I was lumbering through the kitchen, I stumbled against the stove, and knocked the tea-kettle off onto the floor. That started my wife, and she sang out to me,—"Say, you brute, tip over the cooking-stove, and done with it!" No sooner said than done. I gave the old thing a h'ist, and over it went.—My eyes!—didn't my wife come out of bed! But I did it."

Tarbox next gave his experience:

Good for you, Tim; but I'm even with you, though my job wasn't quite so tough. When I got home I had to get into the house through the buttery window, as usual, and I've no doubt that I made considerable of a clatter among the tin pans. If my wife had been asleep she woke up. "That's right!" she called out, at the top of her voice. "Tip things over, won't you! Don't miss the cream pot. Upset that too!" I knew the pot must be nearly full of cream, but I'd got the order, and was bound to obey, and over went the next churnin' on to the floor. What befell me very shortly afterward, and what particular language Mrs. Tarbox used on the occasion, I won't say,—but I obeyed orders.

Midget came next, and he approached the subject of his narrative with downcast looks. Well, boys, he said, I s'pose I've got to foot the bill. Unfortunately my wife asked too much of me. When I got home I found the back door unlocked, so I got into the house without making much noise; but in going up stairs, I stumbled, and the racket of my fall was quickly echoed by Mrs. Midget's voice, pitched in a most snappish and peremptory key. "There, Midget," she cried, "tumble again! Tumble and break your worthless neck!" Sa's I, that's too much for Midget! I'd rather pay the bill at the tavern. And so, boys, I'll settle up.

A Ready Response.

Dr. Sam. Duncan, Chancellor of St. Mary's, was a radical man, as set and rigid in his opinions as he was odd and restive, and as fond of the good things of life as he was of musty books. Among his peculiar tenets, which he strove to impress upon the minds of the students, was an adherence to the principles of the fathers. He would have the young honor the creeds of their ancestors, and had no confidence in the man who could cast aside the religion of his parents.

One evening the Doctor was at table where a fine roast spare-rib of pork was served, and his mouth fairly watered as he prepared to carve it; for, of all his gastronomic partialities, roast spare-rib was his favorite. He had just plunged his fork into the brown and juicy mass, and was ready with his knife, when one of the company interrupted him:

Doctor, if you had been born and educated one of the Lord's chosen people,

how, when very hungry, do you think you would have departed yourself in the presence of such a spare-rib of pork as this?

My dear sir, replied the Doctor, I should have made it a very respectful bow, and said to it, as Agrippa said to St. Paul, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.'

And he went on with his carving.

WIT AND HUMOUR.

SOME time ago on a Monday, a well-known angler was fishing at a trouting stream, when he was accosted by the minister, who asked him as to his success. The angler, after replying, said to the minister—"Dae ye no try the rod yourself?" Oh, no, replied the minister with pious awe and eyes upturned, I am a fisher of men. Oh, indeed, replied Sandy, but I doot ye're nae great hand o't, for I lookit in to your creel yesterday, and it was unco empty.

A young mother was in the habit of airing the baby's clothes at the window. Her husband did not like it, and believed if she saw her practice as others saw it she would desist. He so directed their afternoon walk so as to bring the nursery window in full view from the central part of the town. Stopping abruptly, he pointed to the offending linen flopping unconsciously in the breeze, and asked, sarcastically, my dear, what is that display in our window? Why, she replied, that is the flag of our union. Conquered by this pungent retort, he saluted the flag by a swing of his hat, and pressing his wife's arm closer within his own, said, and long may it wave.

A POSER.—Two weavers who were drunk went to the Rochdale Canal. One of them attempting to bathe was drowned; the other who was too drunk to attempt bathing, slept on the bank, and consequently wasn't drowned. We should like to know the temperance view of the case. The obvious conclusion is that the more drunk you get, and the more you avoid cold water, the better for you. Eh?

AN AMERICAN ELECTION LYRIC.—The following gem is by the author of "Mother, may I go to swim?"—"O, pa, may I go out to vote?" "Yes, my boy, and freely. Put on your old white hat and coat, And go for Horace Greeley."

GARDENING FOR LADIES.—Make your bed in the morning; sew buttons on your husband's shirt, do not rake any grievances; protect the young and tender branches of your family; plant a smile of good-temper on your face, and carefully root out all angry feelings, and expect a good crop of happiness.

A SHABBLILY dressed genius being treated disrespectfully by strangers, was asked why he didn't resent it. "It was my rusty old hat and coat that were slighted, and not myself," he replied. "If they choose to take it up and make a fuss about it they may, but I shall have nothing to do with it."

A LAST RETORT.—A recent obituary of an old lady concluded thus:—"She lived with her husband fifty years, and died in the confident hope of a better life." She surely had not much to complain of, for, after the fifty years of married life, she thus got the last word—and rather a severe one.

A YOUNG lady entered a country bookstore just as the proprietor had killed a rat, and said to the clerk, "I want to see 'What He Will Do With It.'" "Well," said the clerk, "if you'll just step to the rear window, you'll see him sling it into the back lot."

A PARSIMONIOUS merchant, at a fashionable dinner the other day, astonished the company, on the appearance of the fifth course, by laying down his knife and fork and exclaiming, "See here; I'll take the rest of this dinner out in money!"

JUDY is now buying coal by the pound and putting it on the fire with the sugar tongs.

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