

The Star,

And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

Volume I.

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

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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. tff.

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. 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 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. tff.

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 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 undersize. 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 acts which had brought to a term 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 Heinrichs of Leipzig."

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 small bed of 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 SIR,— 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 SIR,— 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't 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 workhouse.

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, Wycocomagh, 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. †††

LEMESSURIER & KNIGHT,

[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 danger-
 ous source—from the handful of tube-
 roses in her lap. Their spiritual, dreamy
 beauty and rare, rich perfume always
 held her as in a spell of measureless con-
 tent. 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 still-
 ness of the tropic noon drove her to the
 house, a grand old home hid among
 giant live-oaks gray with the solemn wav-
 ing 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 Or-
 leans.

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 be-
 came accustomed to the dim light of the
 carefully closed shutters, he saw a pic-
 ture that he never more forgot—a most
 lovely girl, in the first bloom of maiden-
 hood, 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 tuberose 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, fol-
 lowed by a negro valet, returned, and
 Mabel languidly opened her great pen-
 sive 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 intro-
 duction and apologies necessary.

Allan Monteith was a young Scotch-
 man, 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 beau-
 ty, 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, in-
 nocent and impressible, soon returned
 his passion with a love even more ab-
 sorbing 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 tuberose and jas-
 mine 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 for-
 tune 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
 tuberose bloom, I will be here again,
 Mabel, darling! were Allan's last whis-
 pered 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 sum-
 mer 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. Claim-
 ants 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 let-
 ter 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
 promise her father never to write to Al-
 lan without his permission, but she con-
 sidered 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 wheth-
 er 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 evan-
 gels, 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, lux-
 urious 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 offi-
 cer 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 ad-
 vice of her friend, she established her-
 self in a fashionable locality and com-
 menced the teaching of music. I think
 few women could have been more success-
 ful. 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 suffi-
 cient, 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 extraor-
 dinary and magnetic. Her rare beauty
 was undiminished, though more thought-
 ful and spiritual in character; her dress
 was uniformly the same—a pale pink
 lustreless silk, with tuberose 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 quiet-
 ly 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 incre-
 dible 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 Scot-
 land almost broken-hearted at the destruc-
 tion 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 sleep-
 ing 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 mem-
 ory of his lost Mabel were one and in-
 divisible in his heart.

Thus two walked apart who should
 have walked hand in hand, and it seem-
 ed as if the years only widened that
 breach over which two souls looked long-
 ingly and called vainly. But there are
 ills which happen for good; and I think
 any one who would have taken the trou-
 ble to analyze the gain in character
 which this separation and struggle pro-
 duced, 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 wo-
 man, beautiful in all the majesty of com-
 pleted 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 a
 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 go-
 ing 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 toi-
 let was completed before others had be-
 gun. 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? Absolu-
 tely 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 under-
 tone. 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 follow-
 ed 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 un-
 comforted. 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 beau-
 tiful Mabel Rae sleeps the sleep that
 knows no waking. Half the year round
 you would know her grave by the deli-
 cate odor of the tuberose 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 af-
 fection.

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 one? 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 even-
 ings 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 mid-
 night, 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 entertain-
 ment.

"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 meet-
 ing. 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 buttry win-
 dow, 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 approach-
 ed the subject of his narrative with
 downcast looks. Well, boys, he said, I
 s'pose I've got to foot the bill. Unfor-
 tunately my wife asked too much of me.
 When I got home I found the back door
 unlocked, so I got into the house with-
 out 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 edu-
 cated one of the Lord's chosen people,

how, when very hungry, do you think
 you would have deported 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 mi-
 nister, who asked him as to his success.
 The angler, after replying, said to the
 minister—"Dae ye no try the rod your-
 self?" 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 yester-
 day, 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 believ-
 ed 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 ab-
 ruptly, 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 grie-
 vances; protect the young and tender
 branches of your family; plant a smile
 of good-temper on your face, and care-
 fully root out all angry feelings, and ex-
 pect a good crop of happiness.

A SHABBLIY 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 com-
 plain of, for, after the fifty years of mar-
 ried life, she thus got the last word—and
 rather a severe one.

A YOUNG lady entered a country book-
 store 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 fash-
 ionable 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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