

The Star,

AND CONCEPTION BAY SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Tuesday, September 17, 1872.

Number 36.

SEPTEMBER.

S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30
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MOON'S PHASES.

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

NOTICES.

J. HOWARD COLLIS,
 Dealer and Importer of

**ENGLISH & AMERICAN
 HARDWARE,**

Picture Moulding, Glass
 Looking Glass, Pictures
 Glassware, &c., &c.

TROUTING GEAR.

(In great variety and best quality) WHOLE-
 SALE AND RETAIL.
221 WATER STREET,
 St. John's,

Newfoundland.

One door East of P. 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 de-
 nominations

Music, Charts, Log Books, Playing Cards
 French Writing Paper, Violins
 Concertinas, French Musical Boxes
 Albums, Initial Note Paper & Envelopes
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 A large selection of Dime & Half Dime

MUSIC, &c., &c.

Lately appointed Agent for the OTTAWA
 PRINTING & LITHOGRAPH COMPANY
 Also, Agent for J. LINDBERG, Manufactur-
 ing Jeweler.

A large selection of
 CLOCKS, WATCHES
 MEERCHAUM PIPES,
 PLATED WARE, and
 JEWELRY of every description & style.
 May 14. tff.

BLANK FORMS

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

NOTICES.

PAINLESS! PAINLESS!!

TEETH

Positively Extracted without Pain

BY THE USE OF
NITROUS OXIDE GAS.

A NEW AND PERFECTLY SAFE METHOD.

Dr. LOVEJOY & SON,

OLD PRACTITIONERS OF DENTISTRY,
 would respectfully offer their services
 to the Citizens of St. John's, and the outports.
 They can be found from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.,
 at the old residence of Dr. George W. Lovejoy,
 No. 9, Cathedral Hill, where they are prepared
 to perform all Dental Operations in the most
 Scientific and Approved Method.

Dr. L. & Son would state that they were
 among the first to introduce the Anesthetic
 (Nitrous Oxide Gas), and have extracted
 many thousand Teeth by its use

Without Producing pain,
 with perfect satisfaction. They are still pre-
 pared to repeat the same process, which is per-
 fectly safe even to Children.

They are also prepared to insert the best
 Artificial Teeth from one to a whole Set
 in the latest and most approved style,
 using none but the best, such as
 received the highest Prem-
 iums at the world's Fair
 in London and Paris.

Teeth filled with great care and in the most
 lasting manner. Especial attention given to
 regulating children's Teeth.
 St. John's, July 9.

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Parsons' Purgative Pills.

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

BANNERMAN & LYON'S

Photographic Rooms,

Corner of Bannerman and Water
 Streets.

THE SUBSCRIBERS, having made suit-
 able arrangements for taking a FIRST-
 CLASS

PICTURE,

Would respectfully invite the attention of
 the Public to a

CALL AT THEIR ROOMS,

Which they have gone to a considerable ex-
 pense in fitting up.

Their Prices are the LOWEST
 ever afforded to the Public;

And with the addition of a NEW STOCK of
 INSTRUMENTS, CHEMICALS and other
 Material in connection with the art, they
 hope to give entire satisfaction.

ALEXR. BANNERMAN,
 E. WILKS LYON.

May 14. tff.

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Fellows' Compound Syrup

OF

HYPOPHOSPHITES

TENNESSEE'S PARTNER.

(CONCLUDED.)

How he met it, how cool he was, how he re-
 fused to say anything, how perfect were the
 arrangements of the committee, were all duly
 reported, with the addition of a warning moral
 and example to all further evil-doers, in the
 Red Dog Clarion, by its editor, who was pre-
 sent, and to whose vigorous English I cheer-
 fully refer the reader. But the beauty of that
 midsummer morning, the blessed amity of
 earth and air and sky, the awakened life of
 the free woods and hills, the joyous renewal
 and promise of Nature, and above all, the in-
 finite Serenity that thrilled through each, was
 not reported, as not being a part of the social
 lesson. And yet, when the weak and foolish
 deed was done, and a life, with its possibilities
 and responsibilities, had passed out of the mis-
 shapen thing that dangled between earth and
 sky, the birds sang, the flowers bloomed, the
 sun shone, as cheerily as before; and possibly
 the Red Dog Clarion was right.

Tennessee's Partner was not in the group
 that surrounded the ominous tree. But as
 they turned to disperse attention was drawn
 to the singular appearance of a motionless
 donkey cart halted at the side of the road.
 As they approached, they at once recognised
 the venerable "Jenny" and the two-wheeled
 cart as the property of Tennessee's Partner,—
 used by him in carrying dirt from his claim;
 and a few paces distant the owner of the equip-
 page himself, sitting under a buskeye tree,
 wiping the perspiration from his glowing face.
 In answer to an inquiry, he said he had come
 for the body of the "diseased," if it was all
 the same to the committee. "He didn't wish to
 hurry anything," he could "wait." He was
 not working that day; and when the gentle-
 men were done with the "diseased," he would
 take him. "Ef that is any present" he added
 in his simple, serious way, "as would care to
 jine in the fun, they kin come." Perhaps it
 was from a sense of humor, which I have al-
 ready intimated was a feature of Sandy Bar,
 —perhaps it was from something even better
 than that; but two thirds of the loungers ac-
 cepted the invitation at once.

It was noon when the body of Tennessee
 was delivered into the hands of his partner. As
 the cart drew up to the fatal tree, we noticed
 that it contained a rough, oblong box,—apparently
 made from a section of sluicing, and half filled
 with bark and the tassels of pine. The cart
 was further decorated with slips of willow, and
 made fragrant with buckeye blossoms. When
 the body was deposited in the box, Tennes-
 see's Partner drew over it a piece of tarred
 canvas, and gravely mounting the narrow seat
 in front, with his feet upon the shafts, urged
 the little donkey forward. The equipage moved
 slowly on, at that decorous pace which was
 habitual with "Jenny" even under less solemn
 circumstances. The men—half curiously, half
 jestingly, but all good-humoredly—strolled
 along beside the cart; some in advance, some
 a little in the rear of the homely catafalque.
 But, whether from the narrowing of the road
 or some present sense of decorum, as the cart
 passed on, the company fell to the rear in
 couples, keeping step, and otherwise assuming
 the external show of a formal procession. Jack
 Folinsbee, who at the outset played a funeral
 march in dumb show upon an imaginary
 trombone, desisted, from a lack of sympathy
 and appreciation,—not having, perhaps, your
 true humorist's capacity to be content with the
 enjoyment of his own fun.

The way led through Grizzly Canon,—by
 this time clothed in funeral drapery and shad-
 ows. The redwoods, burying their moccas-
 ined feet in the red soil, stood in Indian-file
 along the track, trailing an uncouth benedic-
 tion from their bending boughs and upon the
 passing bier. A hare, surprised into helpless
 inactivity, sat upright and pulsating in the
 ferns by the roadside, as the cortege went by.
 Squirrels hastened to gain a secure outlook
 from higher boughs; and the blue-jays spread-
 ing their wings, fluttered before them like
 outriders, until the outskirts of Sandy Bar were
 reached, and the solitary cabin of Tennessee's
 Partner.

Viewed under more favorable circumstances
 it would not have been a cheerful place. The
 unpicturesque site, the rude and unlovely out-
 lines, the unsavoury details, which distinguish
 the nest-building of the California miner, were
 all here, with the dreariness of decay super-
 added. A few paces from the cabin there
 was a rough enclosure, which in the brief days

of Tennessee's Partner's matrimonial felicity
 had been used as a garden, but was now over-
 grown with fern. As we approached it we
 were surprised to find that which we had taken
 for a recent attempt at cultivation was the
 broken soil about an open grave.

The cart was halted before the enclosure;
 and objecting the offers of assistance with the
 same air of simple self reliance he had display-
 ed throughout, Tennessee's Partner lifted the
 rough coffin on his back, and deposited it, un-
 aided, within the shallow grave. He then
 nailed down the board which served as a lid;
 and mounting the little mound of earth beside
 it, took off his hat, and slowly mopped his face
 with his handkerchief. This the crowd felt,
 was a preliminary to speech; and they dis-
 posed themselves variously on stumps and bould-
 ers, and sat expectant.

"When a man," began Tennessee's Partner,
 slowly, "has been running free all day, what's
 the natural thing for him to do? Why, to
 come home. And if he ain't in a condition to
 go home, what can his best friend do? Why,
 bring him home! And here's Tennessee has
 been running free, and we brings him home
 from his wandering." He paused, and picked
 up a fragment of quartz, rubbed it thoughtfully
 on his sleeve, and went on: "It ain't the first
 time that I and 'Jenny' have waited for him on
 his hill, and picked him up and so fetched him
 home, when he couldn't speak, and didn't
 know me. And now that it's the last time
 why—" he paused, and rubbed the quartz
 gently on his sleeve—"you see it's sort of
 rough on his pardner. And now, gentle-
 men," he added, abruptly, picking up his long
 handled shovel, "the fun's over; and many
 thanks, and Tennessee's thanks, to you for
 your trouble."

Resisting any proffers of assistance, he be-
 gan to fill in the grave, turning his back upon
 the crowd, that after a few moments' hesita-
 tion gradually withdrew. As they crossed the
 little ridge that hid Sandy Bar from view,
 some, looking back, thought they could see
 Tennessee's Partner, his work done, sitting
 upon the grave, his shovel between his knees,
 and his face buried in his red bandanna hand-
 kerchief. But it was argued by others that
 you couldn't tell his face from his handker-
 chief at that distance; and this point remain-
 ed undecided.

In the reaction that followed the feverish
 excitement of that day, Tennessee's partner
 was not forgotten. A secret investigation had
 cleared him of any complicity in Tennessee's
 guilt, and left only a suspicion of his general
 sanity. Sandy Bar made a point of calling on
 him, proffering various uncouth, but well-
 meant kindnesses. But from that day his rude
 health and great strength seemed visibly to
 decline; and when the rainy season fairly set
 in, and the tiny grass-blades were beginning
 to peep from the rocky mound above Tennes-
 see's grave, he took to his bed.

One night, when the pines beside the cabin
 were swaying in the storm, and trailing their
 slender fingers over the roof, and the roar and
 rush of the swollen river were heard below,
 Tennessee's Partner lifted his head from the
 pillow, saying, "It is time to go for Tennessee;
 I must put 'Jenny' in the cart"; and would
 have risen from his bed but for the restraint
 of his attendant. Staggering, he still pursued
 his singular fancy: "There, now, steady,
 'Jenny'—steady, old girl. How dark it is!
 Look out for the ruts,—and look out for him,
 too, old gal. Sometimes, you know, when
 he's blind drunk, he drops down right in the
 trail. Keep on straight up to the pine on the
 top of the hill. Thar—I told you so!—thar
 he is,—coming this way, too,—all by himself,
 sober, and his face a-shining. Tennessee's
 Pardner!"

And so they met.

The Prize Ring has suffered great disgrace
 in the United States by the cowardly conduct
 of Maco and O'Baldwin, who have met several
 times for a "mill" without getting to blows.
 They avoid fighting by refusing to agree on a
 referee.

A romantic lady of the French nobility,
 aged 82, is spending her time and money in
 renovating the tomb of Abelard and Eloise at
 Peré la Chaise.

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 BAY SEMI-
 RTISER,

the Proprietors
 and WILLIAM R.
 opposite the pre-
 ater Street, Har-

FE DOLLARS per
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 the most liberal
 seventeen lines,
 ch continuation,

uted in a man-
 utmost satisfac-

J. Foote,
 W. Horwood,
 R. Simpson,
 C. Rendell,
 B. Miller,
 H. J. Watts.



HARBOR GRACE, SEPTEMBER 17, 1872.

TEMPERANCE.

THE progress made in temperance principles can best be estimated by considering the character of its advocates. It is only a short time ago that it was deemed unfashionable or ill-bred to urge a word in favour of this reformation. Silly jibes of "moral weaklings" were then popularly responded to by a hearty laugh. At the present day it is different. "Weaklings" may utter their jibes; but they do not pass current. Truer thoughts have supplanted these fables of the past. We now find that such men as Sir Thomas Chambers, M. P., the Most Reverend Archbishop Manning, Sir Wilfred Lawson, Reverend Dr. Cuyler, and a host of other celebrities of the day, are among the advocates of temperance. The "Alliance" continue to hold monster meetings in Exeter Hall, London, addressed by such men as we have named. The extent and evils of this course have roused the leading minds of Britain and the States to unite for its overthrow. Archbishop Manning, speaking of the Permissive Bill, puts the matter in a very clear light. He shows that during the reign of Edward VI. a statute was passed providing that "For as much as intolerable hurts and troubles to the Commonwealth of this realm do daily grow and increase through abuses and disorders as are had and used in common alehouses and other called tipping-houses, it is therefore enacted that justices of the peace, two of them, shall have full power and authority to remove, discharge and put away common selling of ale and beer in the said common alehouses and tipping-houses in such towns and places as they may think meet and convenient." There is therefore "nothing in the Permissive Bill which goes beyond" nor yet as far as the statute of Edward VI. The power is asked to be given to two-thirds of the residents that formerly vested in two justices of the peace. The Archbishop proceeds to show the evil of allowing a handful of householders, by application to a magistrate, to secure a license "for some quiet locality where the workmen live in peace and where there is not one public house." His Eminence pictures the change that soon shows itself in the havoc it works among the people, and leaves opponents to say why it should be right for the few to injure the many and wrong the many to protect themselves and their children. We shall endeavour to make room for these excellent speeches in subsequent issues. The Sons of Temperance are about "perfecting a project for the establishment of Temperance Societies." This is a wise determination. The restraints and exactions of heavily cumbered societies prevent some men coming forward to aid the good work. We do not refer to the exactions of the pledge, but rather to the regular attendance required and filling of offices, &c. Societies more free from such taxes and open to all comers would meet an emergency. The "Sons" will find their vocation in watching progress, opening new ground, and stimulating zeal. We hope to hear such a society as that contemplated may soon be formed at Harbor Grace, not doubting but that it would accomplish much good. The last number of the "Temperance Journal," from which we make above extracts, is worth the small annual subscription charged for that periodical; every family should have a copy. It is not alone on temperance that it edifies; its matter is made up of interesting and instructive articles. The cost is only six shillings per annum, thus placing it within reach of the people generally. Mr. Watts, agent at Harbor Grace, will, we are sure, be glad to receive orders for the "Journal."

Alleged Discovery of One of the "Bella's" Crew.

THE Tichbourne "Claimant" is making his rounds with great success. It has recently become known that a seaman of Swansea, by the name of Morgan Harris, was as he alleges, one of the ill-fated crew of the "Bella." He deposes to having been wrecked in the "Bella" in 1854, and being picked up by the "Osprey" and landed in Australia, and that on board the "Bella" there was a Mr. Tichbourne, who on arrival at Australia, took the name of Castro. The same Morgan Harris was shipwrecked in the "Thetis" in 1856, and it was thro' saying to his father "I have been twice shipwrecked," (naming the vessel) that this new chain of evidence in favour of the "claimant" has been brought about.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[FOR THE HARBOR GRACE STAR.]

Outer Point.

We Newfoundlanders know little of this part of the coast except from occasional run-outs. This is due to the isolation of extern settlements. Cut off as they have been from intercourse with the capital, they have looked elsewhere for the connection our St. John's merchants ought to have formed and cultivated. A very large and lucrative business is carried on between Nova Scotians and these people. The consequence is that they are in many respects far in advance of their countrymen in the neighbouring outports and north of us. Their most lucrative fishery is late in the fall and during winter, long after our lines are reeled away. Jacks carrying from 15 to 30 qtls. round fish are the craft used, and these they have trimm'd up like yachts. Two men and a dog constitute the crew. Frequently these jacks come in literally a mass of ice; and yet tho' the hardships borne must be trying, the fishermen prefer the hazards of the voyage to summer fishery. The value of this fishery, coming in as it does at a time when the sea harvest is over elsewhere, must be apparent. But it has another important bearing: the training makes better seamen, while intercourse abroad expands the mind and educates the people in a school that is all but inoperative elsewhere. A class of vessels is found on the shore that we see nothing of north of us, this being the result of intercourse with those in advance of our ideas. Our people talk of the folly of "selling our country" under Confederation. Western men object to hampering their trade by taxes on butter and all they import from their neighbouring customers. It is clear enough that there will, sooner or later, be an exodus somewhere of the southern and northern people, if matters continue as they are. The question for our rulers to decide is whether the people are to die in their present homes, or make new ones to the westward rather than leave the country. For tho' we have spoken of Outer Point as sterile and unfit for agricultural pursuits, there is abundance of fine lands in close proximity. Dr. Howley and others who have visited the Bay of Islands and Cod Roy localities, testify that thousands of our people could there build up comfortable homes. All that is needed is a well-defined system of emigration, under the auspices of the Government, with the necessary information to awaken the people to a knowledge of the inducements warranting a removal. In connection with such views how important the project of a railroad through the country! Is there any way out of Confederation that such a road is likely to be built? It is objected to that any such road would result from union; but then it will be remembered it is not even spoken of in any other way. The truth is, we have been asleep while all around us were intelligently advancing. A solitary new house building amongst us—a new vessel on the stocks satisfies us—while a new steamer sets us off into the heroic. This is mere child's play. Towns and cities are being built elsewhere during the time it takes us to erect a score of houses or bring under cultivation a few hundred acres of land. But we have neglected our friends of Outer Point. Bluebeard we have spoken of, and he is there to answer for himself. Betterman was our fancy card. A regular twister in argument, he found no difficulty in proving that a thimble was a gimlet or vice versa. He was owner of a little cherub who shortened the hours for every one—he being second only to his "better half" in hospitality. We commend all travellers to our friend Betterman. Of Napsy Jo we shall say no more than that he is a lineal descendant of Mr. Wragge, the celebrated mapper of character, and that he wears the laurels so honourably won by his ancestor. Duffin lives some little distance west. The only fault with this gentleman is that one cannot see enough of him. He is the only man we know likely to puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer. No patient was ever done for by medical science as Duffin does for excisemen. We made a short passage with him and saw him play the collector. That important personage had barely shaken hands and asked the news before he found himself sitting in the cabin, with the best sample of Old Jamaica before him he had tasted for some time—so he said! "Glad you like it," said Duffin, "try another!—nonsense, ain't a head-ache in a gallon." The collector saw the force of the argument. "Now then," said Duffin, "come up till we git the hatches off, and see if I can't sell you a few barrels of choice potatoes." The collector thought the sample good, but ventured to predict that Duffin made a mistake in barrelling his cargo, as the barrels would be of no use—and so he left. Duffin's wink told us the rest. Our share was a respectable keg that nearly keggered us before we were its owner for 24 hours. Should any one want cheap smoking tobacco or the best Old Jamaica, give us an order on Duffin any time between this and five years hence.

Sept. 16.

RATTLER.

[FOR THE HARBOR GRACE STAR.]

Stage-Struck.

BY "AULD REEKIE."

Having paid a visit to the Theatre the other evening, in order to see the "Rag-Picker of

Paris," I got what one might call stage-struck. My ideas of the soothing effects of wine coincide with Father Jean's to a T.

On my return home on the night referred to, I tried to imitate his fathership in the disposal of wine, brandy and champagne; and latterly to toss the empty bottles about as he did. My success was only average, for after drinking as much as F. J., seemed to. I found it impossible to keep my balance as well as he did. I managed to throw a bottle against the oil lamp, which put me in total darkness (might have put me on fire). Some ghostly being in white apparel soon put a light on the subject, for I found myself drawn upstairs by the feet, the back of my head playing a tune on the steps, like a stick drawn along an iron railing.

I was ordered by the same orderly wretch to proceed to bed; I did so, but was pitched out before one could say "Jack Robinson," merely because I turned in with my hat and boots on. Probably I had a small snore on the floor, for suddenly starting up I remembered something about FAMILY JARS, and proceeded to investigate the shelves in every nook; when to my great satisfaction I found about fifty Jars of Jam, each one big enough for a family. Immediately I capsized the contents of each side by side on the kitchen table. They looked like so many moulds of potted meat. Mounting the table I now began an oration which was abruptly brought to a close by my slipping and falling, face down, on the table top. Mouth, nose, eyes, and ears were stuffed sweetly, and a good suit of clothes completely spoiled. This is what I got by being Stage-Struck.

(From the Newfoundland of Friday.)

The local event of this week has been the opening of the Exhibition at the Victoria Rink on Wednesday, which was proclaimed a holiday for the occasion by His Excellency the Governor.

We have been obligingly furnished with the subjoined account of the proceedings:

EXHIBITION.

FOR THE "NEWFOUNDLANDER."

"The Exhibition" is now the "household word." When we speak of the Exhibition every one knows what is meant—an Exhibition may be of anything and everything, animate or inanimate, and this particular one is so varied in its character and composition that it would be impossible to describe it more precisely than as "the Exhibition." It is not international either—it is purely local, and all the credit and *kudos* are local, and considering that everything on view is of the place, that the collection is got together from the place, and is the aggregate of the ready and generous contributions of this community, that it is the first attempt of the kind, and that such as it is, the result is mainly due to the genius and energy of one man, accomplished in a very short period of time in a country where the resources for such an undertaking are so very limited—the Exhibition is a remarkable success, and is highly creditable to the country, the people, and the Reverend gentleman who is the designer and author of the project.

The idea once conceived, Mr. Botwood, the Incumbent of St. Mary's Episcopal Church, set to work with amazing energy to give it effect and to carry the undertaking to a successful issue. The Reverend gentleman prepared the way by a general invitation, without distinction, of all the residences in the town and its neighborhood where it was at all probable the occupants could contribute articles suitable for the occasion. We need hardly say that the characteristic kindness and good feeling of the community were not found wanting, and that all persons, we believe, without exception, who were in a position to aid Mr. Botwood's project, did so with ready cordiality.

When we heard of the design, we must say that, in common with most people, we believed the attempt would be a failure, however good the idea, and however desirable its accomplishments. We have been agreeably disappointed. The supply of articles has been abundant, and on the whole the quality is almost as satisfactory as the quantity. Objects of great interest, artistic, curious, antique, natural and artificial, and of every imaginable kind have found their way from the houses the Cabinets, the Drawing Rooms, the Libraries and the Work Shops of our Citizens, into the public light of day for the inspection, study and amusement of the crowds who are gathering to the Victoria Rink. Pictures cover the walls of that immense Hall—the *tout ensemble* the general effect of these is good, but as may be expected, the productions of high art are not very many, although most of the paintings, plates, and photos are good, some of the last named, particularly those of Notman, especially fine. In native art, there is a display in painting, drawing, needle work, &c., that must surprise those who inspect the department of native talent. It is needless to go into particulars of the several departments, which are divided as follows:—

Native Talent, and Miscellaneous Home Productions, Natural History, Geology, Pictures, and Curiosities. Besides these there is a department devoted to gifts for the benefit of St. Mary's Church, one of the objects being the erection of a spire with bells. This department is not conducted in the usual manner of a Bazaar, but the articles have been rated by a Committee at their intrinsic value, and are

sold to persons making application at the named price.

This Exhibition then was formally opened on Thursday at 12 o'clock, at which hour His Excellency the Governor and Mrs. Hill, attended by the Aides-de-Camp, entered the Rink and were received by the Rev. Mr. Botwood and a committee consisting of about a hundred gentlemen of the place of all positions. The Band played the National Anthem. His Excellency and Mrs. Hill with suit took their places on the Dais, when Mr. Botwood read the following

ADDRESS:

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

It has been well said that "Nature knows no pause in progress or development, and that she abhors all inaction." It is the same with Nations. And in view of this great truth we cannot but have in our minds the gradual improvement in the condition of England, from the time when she lay in a state of barbarism, up to the time when "Albert the Good" as the world delights to call him, conceived and consummated the grand and elevating idea of a universal Exhibition, which has resulted in numberless benefits to the kingdom which was blessed by God with the presence of that illustrious Prince, and to the world at large.

For other Nations, perceiving in that conception, so single in its kind and excellence, the elements of worth and progress, have one after another adopted the Exhibition, till the entire universe has been benefited by it. Inseparably connected with it is the beloved name of its most noble Author, and living together they remain an association for good—a talisman to destroy inaction in men and nations, and the security of progress and development.

Urged by the example of the many peoples who have availed themselves of the splendid advantages set before them by his powerful and active intellect, some of our Sister-Colonies, both near and remote, have already adopted the Exhibition as a means of greatness; and it is our happiness to find this ancient and loyal dependency of the British Crown amongst them, embracing the same views and endeavouring to draw attention to her many capabilities; to develop her resources, and to advance her material and social prosperity.

Time has matured the opportunity for holding an Exhibition in Newfoundland; and we therefore humbly approach your Excellency with the prayer that in the name, and as the Representative of our august and honored Sovereign, the blessings of whose precious life and reign may God preserve to us and to the world for many years to come, you would graciously proceed to open this first Exhibition ever attempted in this country; and we would fain hope that under the fostering care of your Excellency it may become an Institution amongst us.

We believe that, fraught with advantages, a new era in the history of this Colony opens to-day; and though we are fully conscious of the existence of a natural imperfection in this our first attempt, an imperfection which has marked all similar efforts, we are nevertheless convinced that the present Exhibition will exceed the expectation of the people, especially as an illustration of the talent of the country; and that, stimulating us all to a greater endeavour, it will prove the forerunner of better things to come.

And now, thankful to the Great Preserver of men for the safe return of your Excellency and Mrs. Hill to Newfoundland, we would humbly beg permission to express our sincere gratification at receiving your Excellency and your amiable consort amongst us again; and pray that the day of your separation from us may be far removed.

We have the honour to be
Your Excellency's
obedient and humble servants,
EDWARD BOTWOOD,
Projector.

and about 100 other signatures—the Committee.

His Excellency then read his

REPLY:

Mr. Botwood, Gentlemen of the Committee, and Ladies and Gentlemen:

The courage and spirit of enterprise with which a large amount of capital is embarked in commercial pursuits in this country, cannot but excite universal admiration; but I think some of the skill, adventure, and outlay which is devoted to mercantile undertakings may with great benefit to the Colony and to the speculators be applied to operations connected with manufactures, mining, &c., &c., &c.

To prosecute these pursuits, however, with any hope of success, some insight into the actual resources of our Island is essential. It is then to endeavour to obtain this very necessary information that we meet here to-day.

We are assembled to draw attention to the capabilities of Newfoundland, to make known to her people what really can be done by Newfoundlanders, and, as you say in your address, to advance her material and social prosperity. I believe no more certain means exist to obtain these ends than that which you now propose. The tendency to Exhibit is a special feature of the 19th century. National prosperity and success depend at the present day to a very large extent upon the publicity and display which Exhibitions afford,—indeed National Exhibitions do more than advertise

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At Brigus, John Bartlett

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—they bring together a people on one ground where petty animosities are effaced and an honourable spirit of rivalry is engendered.
It is therefore with extreme gratification that I find myself about to respond to your very gracious address to open the first Exhibition ever attempted in this country. With you I would fain hope that it may become an Institution amongst us.

The respectful tribute which you pay to the memory of the late Prince Consort, whose illustrious name is so inseparably associated with all Exhibitions, is but one of the many eulogies which are incessantly offered by all classes of Her Most Gracious Majesty's subjects in remembrance of him whose existence was devoted to our beloved Queen and to the advancement of Her people. What pleasing memories does not the name of Prince Albert recall! Is not the recollection of it enshrined by all that is noble, virtuous, and good! To whisper it appears to create within us thoughts which no words of mine can express, but that all must feel who contemplate the life of him

"Who revered his conscience as his king;
Whose glory was redressing human wrong,"
And who—

"Not making his high place the lawless perch,
Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage ground
For pleasure; but thro' all this tract of years
Wearing the white flowers of a blameless life."

Without entering into details of the articles to be exhibited, I may invite attention to a map in which the main topographical features of the interior of this Island are delineated. Visitors will now have an opportunity of acquiring a correct knowledge of the natural features of a great portion of Newfoundland, which up to the present day, owing to the want of proper surveys, was little known. The coast line of the map has been executed from the surveys of Staff Commander Kerr and his staff. The topographical features have been added by our esteemed Geologist, Mr. Murray. I may also invite attention to many choice and valuable objects which the kindness and liberality of our friends has enabled us to exhibit.

The zeal and activity displayed by the gentlemen of the Committee is beyond praise, and the untiring exertions of the projector deserves the warmest commendation. I am sure I only acquiesce in the views of all present when I attribute the accomplishment of this Exhibition to the labours of the Rev. Mr. Botwood; and in thanking him for the services which he has bestowed upon what I must call his undertaking, I congratulate him most heartily upon the success of his project.

And now, while I offer humble thanks to the Great Preserver of Men for the safe return of Mrs. Hill and myself to Newfoundland, I thank you for your kind expressions of welcome and assure you that we both warmly appreciate the cordial feelings which prompt you thus to greet us.

(Signed) STEPHEN J. HILL,
Exhibition Room,
11th September, 1872.

The National Anthem was then sung by the assembly, then numbering seven or eight hundred persons, the Band taking up each verse as a refrain.

The Reverend projector then offered up a short prayer asking a blessing on the undertaking, when the Governor declared the Exhibition opened; after which, according to the programme, Mr. Murray, F. G. S., delivered a brief lecture upon the Geological department, which we hope he may repeat after the public curiosity shall have been satisfied, as the effect of his admirable exposition was in a great measure lost.

The greatest good order was preserved, and the result of the first day's proceedings was the sale of one thousand six hundred tickets, besides many valuable purchases made at the Gift Table.

The opening of the Exhibition was decorous and impressive, and we anticipate for it a complete success as a public effort of a most attractive and inspiring character; and we have no doubt that in its mere pecuniary aspects, the secondary object, a fund for the benefit of the Projector's Church will be sufficiently answered to reward him in some degree for the service which he has rendered a community whose tastes and resources in matters of Art and Home Industries require enlargement and stimulation.

BIRTH.

At Brigus, on the 3rd inst., the wife of Capt. John Bartlett, jun., of a son.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF HARBOR GRACE.

ENTERED.
Sept. 16.—Burga, Mahiquey, Porto Rico, molasses—Punton & Munn.
Kate, Collins, Exeter, limestone—Punton & Munn.
17.—Rimano, Gabela, Porto Rico, molasses—Punton & Munn.
British Gem, Burnard, Hamburg, general cargo—Ridley & Sons.
Claressa, James, Liverpool, general cargo—Ridley & Sons.
CLEARED.
Sept. 17.—E. D., Ball, Waterford, oil, skins, & preserved salmon—Ridley & Sons.

WILSON'S THEATRE!

This (TUESDAY) evening the performance will commence with the FAMOUS DRAMA,

MOLL PITCHER!

Rip Van Winkle,
Rip Van Winkle,
Rip Van Winkle.

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. do.
- ALWAYS ON HAND—
- A Choice Selection of GROCERIES.
- T. M. CAIRNS.
- Opposite the Premises of Messrs. C. W. Ross & Co. Sept. 17.

—BY—
THE SUBSCRIBER,
231 Water Street—231

- Flour, Pork, Beef
- Butter, Malasses, Sugar
- Tea, Coffee, Cheese,
- Ham, Bacon, Pease, Rice
- TOBACCO
- KEROSENE OIL, &c., &c.
- CHEAP FOR CASH, FISH OR OIL.
- DANIEL FITZGERALD.
- Sept. 13. tf.

FOR SALE!

THE Right, Title and Interest of the Subscriber in that DESIRABLE PROPERTY, situated on the West Side of Victoria Street, consisting of

Three Dwelling Houses

WITH LAND ATTACHED.

Immediate application requested, when all Particulars will be furnished.
R. MORRIS,
No 10, Victoria St.
Sept. 11.

G. F. 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 a substantial manner, and with despatch.
Off LeMarchant St., North of Gas House.
Sept. 17.

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
- Laplough's Pyretic Saline
- Powel's Balsam Aniseed
- Medicamentum (stamped)
- British Oil
- Balsam of Life
- Chlorodyne
- Mexican Mustang Liniment
- Steer's Opodilodoc
- 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 Isin! glass
- Bonnet Glue
- Best German Glycerine
- Lime Juice, Honey
- Best Ground Coffee
- Nixey's Black Lead
- Roth & Co.'s Rat Paste
- Brown's Bronchael 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 1/4 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 Pastilles
- Seidlitz Powders
- Furniture Polish
- Plate Polish
- Flavouring Essences
- Spices, &c., &c.
- Robinson's Patent Barley
- " Groats

134 Water Street, Harbor Grace Medical Hall, W. H. THOMPSON, Proprietor.

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

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. tf

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.

JUST RECEIVED

A FRESH SUPPLY OF

ADAMS'

INDIAN SALVE.

W. H. THOMPSON.

E. W. LYON

Has just received a large assortment of
Coloured French Kid GLOVES,
Which he offers to the public at VERY LOW PRICES.

MARRYING FOR LOVE.

Well, Henry, I suppose it will not be long before you are married? You have now found a girl suited to your taste, and it will be an easy matter to settle all preliminaries, and be made one before summer.

I am pretty sure, Charles, that you are not in earnest, replied Henry, or you would not speak of marriage in such a trifling way. When I marry, I shall be united to one I love, and—

But you do love Mary, said Charles; and, moreover, she loves you; and those who are acquainted with you both agree that your marriage would be a most excellent match. Why, not long ago, when I was speaking with Miss Dawson, her very intimate and I believe confidential friend, she told me that she should be glad to see the marriage take place, but could not just then spare Mary's company. Everybody seems to take an interest in her; and then for you to tell me you will marry one you love! Who else is that but Mary? You only confirm my suspicions.

Charles, said Henry, you are one of my best friends—certainly my only confidential friend. You know my pecuniary condition, and when you spoke to me I was in a serious mood, and disposed to speak of marriage as a serious matter. I appreciate your kindness, but rest assured that if I ever get married it will not be for some time to come. I love Mary too well to marry her at present, should she be foolish enough to accept my offer. That offer shall not be made till I am able, with my heart and hand, to give her a comfortable home.

Just what I should do, thought Charles to himself. But he was determined to fathom his friend's mind fully, and still continued the conversation. You can give her a loving heart, and a willing pair of hands, and what more can a girl want?

Oh! I can give her those without being married. I can love her, and do, and will, and yet that does not compel me to marry her at once. Come, come, said Henry, desiring to turn the conversation, you have not yet convinced me of the necessity of being married.

You believe she loves you, said Charles; I will not deny it; but is there not a possibility that she might love some one else?

Charles meant to tease his friend a little; but Henry had too much good sense to suffer such a question to disturb him.

I think you put the question too severely, replied Henry. She might, to be sure; but then I wouldn't want her for a wife. If she were my wife she might love another, but in neither case do I think she would. This is why I love her; for her virtue, kindness, and undeviating affection may be read in every look, in every word and action. She is not so very beautiful; but she has a sweet smile that is sunshine to my soul; eyes beaming with love and kindness; words that are like pearls of great price falling from her ruby lips; a mind as pure and unsullied as her snow-white brow—that can expand with mine, and contemplate the visible manifestations of divine providence—that can imagine like the poet, the obscure yet even glorious and resplendent realities of a hidden world. This can only be done by a virtuous, a pious, a heavenly mind. This is she whom I love! Do you think I would dare link my sorrow, misery, poverty and worthlessness with such a creature? Do you know me?—I think you do, and you must admit that my determination is right. Her happiness, next to my hope of heaven, is now the first object of my existence. And not until providence blesses me with the means (and I pray for such blessing only for her sake) will I think of marriage. If, after that, misfortunes come, she can endure them with heroic christian fortitude. Then I should be exonerated in my own mind, and could not accuse myself of having knowingly plunged in sorrow one who should only live to be supremely happy!

Give me your hand, Henry, said Charles. I find your mind as I always have found it, pure and noble. I admire your principles, and I feel assured that he who blesses the upright in heart will not neglect you. I know your mind full well. Mary loves you, and in her centres your happiness. To win her honorably and give her a comfortable home, and the warm loving heart she deserves, is your ambition. You aim well, and will win the prize!

Henry grasped his hand in friendship. He could not speak. His heart was full. Real gratitude cannot fully be expressed in words. Ah! 'tis bliss to have a faithful friend. We must now turn back and give the kind

reader some information respecting Henry Barton and his love for Mary.

He was the only son of a man who had once been one of the wealthiest merchants in the city; but who, through the perfidy of others, became a bankrupt, and was consequently compelled to quit the splendid mansion in which for many years he had resided. He fixed his abode in a small house, the rent of which he expected to pay through his son Henry. It was hard for him to deny himself the luxuries in which from his youth he had indulged. This, together with the cares of his family and his reduced condition, pressed so severely upon his mental and physical energies, that in a few years he was taken by the welcome hand of death to that bourne from whence no traveller returns. He left behind a lone widow, who for a time struggled against the unpropitious course of events. She however survived her husband only a few years. Henry was left alone in the world. Former friends and acquaintances forsook him, for now that his means would no longer permit him to share in their extravagance, they regarded him as a troublesome, unwelcome companion.

This gave Henry little anxiety; but he was in love; engaged to one with whom the reader is already acquainted. All his visions of happiness were for a time dispelled by these sad reverses; and at the age of twenty-six he was compelled to start afresh in business—to undergo the same toil and anxiety which he had calculated would be over long ere this period. When he sought employment he could find none which to him was in the least satisfactory. He became sad and desponding, and resolved to leave his friends, and one to whom he applied a much dearer appellation, to seek prosperity elsewhere.

A few months after the death of his mother he received a communication from a firm in a manufacturing town with which his father in more prosperous days had been connected in business, offering him a situation as assistant book-keeper, preparatory to filling the place of the first clerk, who was to leave for China in a few months. He at once resolved to embrace this offer.

Mary, his affianced bride, was the first to whom he made known his determination. They had loved each other long and well, and the thought of a separation for a time bereft Mary of her senses. Her face was the picture of distress. A thousand fears for his safety—and that she might be forgotten—at once rushed upon her imagination. Her cheeks were pale as death, and her lips colourless and parted. Her eyes were riveted upon him as though she would read his very soul. Both for a while remained silent and immovable. Mary knew his poverty, and the peculiar delicacy of his mind, and she almost fancied his desire was to tear himself from her, and forget her.

My dear Mary, said Henry, who was the first to break the painful silence with his affectionate and impassioned words, oh! why thus yield to gloomy and unfounded fears? Do you doubt my love—my constancy? Can I ever so forget my own and your happiness as to break the solemn engagement I have made with you?

No, no; I believe you, she replied. But oh, Henry—why, I cannot tell—I feel an unaccountable foreboding of some sad event. Say you will stay with me—will not leave me!

But, my dear, consider what you ask, said Henry. I do not desire to leave you for my benefit, but rather for your own. It will pain me exceedingly to part with you even for a short time, and I shall never be happy till I return. It is for your sake that I desire to leave this place—say that you will consent to my departure.

He stopped for a while. Agitating thoughts flashed through his bewildered mind. The grief of the fair young girl was more than he could endure, and in anguish of spirit he was about to give way to her request.

If you doubt my love, he said; if, after the assurances I have given, you still dread to part with me, I will stay!

This generous offer made Mary ashamed of her momentary selfishness. Henry was willing to sacrifice everything to her—should she be less devoted?

No, no, she said, go, and God bless you! Tears prevented her saying more.

Henry soothed her; and expatiated on the advantages of his absence, so that Mary soon became fully reconciled to the separation. She knew that it was only for her sake he left her, and that, if the special Providence of God did not prevent it, he would return and bestow upon her his hand, and heart. This was all she asked. Riches she coveted

not; nay, she regarded them in many instances rather as a curse than a blessing. Her tears ceased. The heaving sigh no longer escaped her agitated bosom—and, as she looked fondly upon her lover, she smiled—ah! happy was he; she smiled approvingly upon him. He understood that lingering look, and in the ecstasy of the moment he pressed her to his heart. And now the thought of parting grieved only him. A tear which stood in his eye was hastily dashed aside, and the lovers were calm, contented, and happy, forgetting the sorrows of a separation, and looking forward to a felicitous meeting.

I will not detain the reader with a description of the parting. Suffice it to say, Mary manifested a confidence and attachment to Henry, which endeared her to him more than all the caresses and flattering words which she had spoken in the days of his prosperity. Adversity is the true test of attachment!

Every week brought Mary a full, closely written letter. How eagerly she read them may be divined by those who have been in similar situations. It was the most delightful task Henry had, to write out his thoughts to her he loved, knowing the pleasure which their perusal afforded her. And he was thrice happy in being able to communicate in every letter renewed indications of prosperity in his career. In three months he became principle book-keeper, and by assiduity and attention he acquired the esteem of the firm under which he served, and was daily increasing its business. Thoughts were even entertained of sending Henry back to the metropolis to open an establishment in connection with the firm.

About four months after Henry had communicated this intelligence to Mary, she received a letter from a gentleman in Australia, from which she learned that a rich uncle of hers had died and bequeathed all his property to her. The writer engaged to secure it for a reasonable compensation.

The project of the firm with which Henry was connected was put into execution. Henry's prospects were now highly promising and his friend Charles urged upon him more than ever the propriety of being married. Mary's consent was easily obtained. Henry was at once possessed of all he desired, and both were happy in the consciousness that their constancy had been well tried and proved unchangeable. Henry only regretted that his father and mother did not live to share his happiness. He often said Mary and I love each other all the better for our resolution not to marry until better times. God helps those who help themselves, but to court poverty by a rash and hasty marriage is sinful. Let those who love, determine to succeed, and wait patiently. Providence, in His own good time, will then make all things right.

THE SUNSHINE AFTER.

So much happiness, I can scarcely realize it, Herbert. And Blanche Clifton looked up at the dark, handsome face of Herbert Winthrop, with a glad light in her sweet blue eyes, and a smile on her pale, fair face.

It is indeed true, darling, and my mother longs to see her whom she now calls her daughter, answered he. Come, dearie, let us walk down through the maple grove, and live over again the dear old happy days.

So he carefully folded the mantle over her shoulders, and arm-in-arm they sauntered quietly along down the gravel walk from the little white cottage where Blanche Clifton had passed so many happy days in the long ago.

It was at the close of a bright June day, and the sun was casting his mantle of glory over the pleasant landscape. Everything whispered of love and peace, especially to our hero and heroine, who were thinking of naught but their own precious selves.

Let us take a look backward, and see them as they were five long, long years ago. These were happy days for Blanche, when the home group lived so happily together before the circle was broken. Mr. Clifton was a very prosperous merchant, but, dying suddenly, his affairs were found to be in an unsettled state, and, after everything was settled, only a small portion was left for the widow and her daughter. Blanche immediately set to work, and succeeded in obtaining a few scholars in music. She hired a small cottage a few miles from the city, and here they dwelt in quiet and peace. Herbert Winthrop had wooed and won the heart of Blanche Clifton. He was the only surviving son of Colonel Winthrop—a haughty man of quiet habits and indomitable will—and, at twenty-two, was the pride of his parents' hearts. Handsome, talented, with easy manners, he was the lion of society, and many a

belle who met him at fashionable "soirees" and summer resorts tried to win his heart, but all to no purpose, for, sweet, gentle Blanche Clifton possessed what many a haughty beauty envied—the deep, pure, unchanging affection of that heart.

Colonel Winthrop, in emphatic terms, had declared that Herbert should not inherit a single farthing of his immense property if he continued to persist in his foolish caprice, as he termed it. The blood of the Winthrops, in all its fiery passion, flowed in Herbert's veins, but there was an undercurrent of pure and noble feeling that controlled his otherwise imperious temper. So he bade adieu to home, after having obtained a commission in the East Indies, then, bidding Blanche "keep up a good heart," and trust in his love, he promised to earn a fortune, if not a name, and in five years he would come and claim her for his own.

Five years of hopeful, patient waiting for Blanche, and of untiring energy and unfaltering hope for Herbert, then, when Spring danced with merry feet over the earth, he set sail for his dear native land and his darling awaiting him there.

His parents missed him sadly and wrote him letter after letter, urging him to return home, and they would make no further opposition to his choice.

Thus we find them on the eve on which our story opens.

Now the sun has folded his robes around him, and in the quiet of Blanche's little sitting-room they are enjoying the twilight hours. Herbert is carelessly lounging on the sofa, while Blanche is trying to think she is busy as she weaves the bright-hued worsted in and out of the soft purple canvas.

Blanche, dear, favor us with some music, pleaded Herbert, as he playfully held one hand prisoner.

And Blanche sang, in her clear, sweet voice, song after song, till the stars began to gleam, and the moon threw its silvery beams across her face; and tenderly drawing her towards him, they stood in its misty radiance and were happy—happy because the clouds had passed away, and they were in the sunshine of life.

When the autumn came, there was a merry wedding at the Winthrop mansion, which was one blaze of splendor. Blanche, in her white silk robe, was more beautiful than ever before. Herbert was triumphant, and acknowledged that he had chosen wisely and well. For what is wealth, without love and intellectual attainments? With them one is thrice blessed.

"MA, has your tongue got legs?" "Got what, child?" "Got legs, ma?" "Certainly not; but why do you ask that silly question?" "Oh, nothing, only I heard pa say that it runs from morning till night, and I wondered how it could run without legs; that's all."

QUALIFICATIONS FOR AN EDITOR IN AMERICA.—An American paper tells us that an editor must possess the constitution of a horse, the obstinacy of a mule, the independence of a wood-sawyer, the pertinacity of a dun, the endurance of a starving anaconda, and entire resignation to the most confounded of all earthly treadmills; and we will add, says another, he must be a moving target for everybody to shoot at.

"How rapidly they build houses now!" said Tom to an old acquaintance, as he pointed to a two-story house; "they commenced that building only last week, and they are already putting in the lights."—"Yes," rejoined his friend, "and next week they will put in the liver."

THE STAR

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