

The Star,

And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Tuesday, January 7, 1873.

Number 67.

JANUARY.

S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
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27	28	29	30	31

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

MUSIC, &c., &c.,
Lately appointed Agent for the OTTAWA
PRINTING & LITHOGRAPH COMPANY
Also, Agent for J. LINDBERG, Manu-
facturing 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 DENTIS-
TRY, 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 Me-
thod.

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 a
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.

Blacksmith & Farrier,

BEGS respectfully to acquaint his num-
erous patrons and the public gener-
ally, that he is EVER READY to give
entire satisfaction in his line of business.
All work executed in substantial manner
and with despatch.
Off LeMarchant St., North of Gas
House.
Sept. 17.

W. H. THOMPSON,
AGENT FOR

Parsons' Purgative Pills.

BANNERMAN & LYON'S
Photographic Rooms,

Corner of Bannerman and Wa-
ter 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.
ALEX. BANNERMAN,
E. WILKS LYON.
Nov 5 tff

W. H. THOMPSON,
AGENT FOR
Felows' Compound Syrup
OF
HYPOPHOSPHITES.

POETRY.

Too Late.

Flitting amid the shadows,
Flaunting amid the glare
Of shimmering jets of gas-light,
Turning with wanton stare,
Up and down and over
The crowded city street,
The Magdalens of misery,
Alas! how oft we meet!—
Muttering, smiling, sobbing,
Ru-ning on to their doom:
Cursing, pleading, drifting
Down to the gates of gloom.

Some in shimmering satin,
Some in tatted garbs,
Some with the wiles of Satan,
Some with prayers and sighs,
Some with their innocent of childhood
Pleading at memory's door,
Some with a happy girlhood
Tempting them evermore,
Flitting, flaunting, c'eping,
Ever in darknessness,
Mocking, scoffing, shrieking,
Loathing their loathsomeness.

Cursing the light of morning,
Shunning its lightsome rays,
Innocent faces scorning,
And innocent women's ways,
Some with a mother's prayers
Haunting their wretched life,
Some with a sister's pleading
Ringing amid the strife,
Haunted, goaded, bitter,
Reckless of heavenly love,
Lured by Satan's glitter,
Lost to the light above.

Some by want and misery
Rush o'er the river's brink;
Some, one false step taking,
The poisoned chalice drink;
Some, with love deceived,
Bring forth this as a plea,
That God should be deserted,
Baal raised on high,
Gibing, scoffing, doubting
At that better life,
Moaning, groaning, sobbing,
Conscience dies in grief,

Pointing with derision
At God's holy word,
Turning with decision
Into Satan's ho-de,
Bought by earthly pleasure,
Lost to angels' sight,
Drifting to the whirlpool—
"Late! too late! they cry!
Struggling, drowning, gasping,
Within the eddies there,
Shrieking, groaning, gasping,
"Late! too late for prayer!"

Some in homes of plenty,
Some by passion sway,
Forget their woman's duty,
Forget the narrow way,
Lose all the soul's rich treasure,
Temptation comes and goes:
A victim's added quickly—
How many God but knows.
Walking, talking straightly,
With modest outward show,
Living a "whited sepulchre,"
And God alone doth know.

Dear Lord! in pity save them,
And, Christian workers, fly
To point to erring sisters
Salvation, hope, and, by
A gentle word of warning,
Save feet swift rushing down
To dark and endless ruin,
A Saviour's endless frown.
Gently, kindly, tenderly,
He spoke to Magdalene:
Gladly, humbly, believably,
She followed to the tomb.

The last to bow in sorrow
Beside her master's feet;
The first to kneel in waiting,
In prayer humbly meek;
In her strong love, requesting,
With woman's feeble strength,
To bear the precious body
Of Jesus safely thence—
Washed and pure and holy,
Though once near lost as thou,
Gladly, meekly, lowly,
Canst thou not follow too?

It is far easier to detect error than to
discover truth: the one lies on the sur-
face, and can easily be discerned; the
other lies deeply hidden, and few are
able to find it.

THERE are now five ex-Lord Chancellors
each in receipt of £5,000 a year as pen-
sion—Lord St. Leonards, Lord Chalmers-
ford, Lord Westbury, Lord Cairns, and
Lord Hatherley.

In France it has been ascertained that
when illuminating gas finds its way into
tree-covered ground, the rootlets are
destroyed and the growth of the timber
is seriously interfered with.

EXTRACTS.

An American Poet on Scott.

At the unveiling of the memorial
statue of Sir Walter Scott in Central
Park, New York, on the 2nd of Novem-
ber, Mr. William Cullen Bryant, who
wore a sprig of heather on the breast of
his coat, addressed the assemblage and
concluded his speech as follows:—"I
have seen a design by some artist in
which Scott is shown surrounded by the
personages whom, in his poems and ro-
mances, he called into being. They
formed a vast crowd, face beyond face,
each with its characteristic expression—
a multitude so great that it reminded
me of the throng, the cloud, I may call
it, of cherubim which, in certain pictures
on the walls of European churches, sur-
round the Virgin Mother. For 40 years
has Scott lain in his grave, and now his
countrymen place in this park an image
of the noble brow, so fortunately copied
by the artist, beneath which the person-
ages of his imagination grew into being.
Shall we say grew, as if they sprung up
spontaneously in his mind, like plants
from a fruitful soil, while his fingers
guided the pen that noted down their
words and recorded their acts? Or
should we imagine the faculties of his
mind to have busied themselves at his
bidding in the chambers of that active
brain, and gradually to have moulded
the characters of his wonderful fictions
to their perfect form? At all events, let
us say that He who breathed the breath of
life into the frame of which a copy is be-
fore us, imparted with that breath a por-
tion of His own creative power. And
now as the statue of Scott is set up in this
beautiful park, which, a few years since,
possessed no human associations, histor-
ical or poetic, connected with its shades,
its rocks, and its waters, these grounds
become peopled with new memories.
Henceforth the silent earth at this spot
will be eloquent of old traditions; the
airs that stir the branches of the old
trees will whisper of feats of chivalry to
the visitor. All that vast crowd of ideal
personages created by the imagination
of Scott will enter with his sculptured
effigy, and remain—Fergus and Flora
McIvor, Meg Merrilles and Dirk Hatter-
aik, the Antiquary and his sister, and
Edie Ochiltree, Rob Roy and Helen Mac-
gregor, and Baillie Jarvie and Dandie Din-
mont, and Diana Vernon and Old Mor-
tality—but the night would be upon us
before I could go through the muster-roll
of this great army. They will pass in
endless procession around the statue of
him in whose prolific brain they had their
birth, until the language which we speak
shall perish and the spot on which we
stand shall be again a woodland wilder-
ness.

Our Copenhagen Correspondent re-
ports, under date November 26:—"Of
the Nordenskjold expedition some news
has been received of a nature to alleviate
the fears entertained of its fate, if not to
dispel them altogether. A Norwegian
whaler, the Pepita, has arrived at Tromsø
some hours after the steamer Albert,
which had been chartered by the Govern-
ment to take assistance to Spitzbergen,
had left the port. The captain of the
Pepita reports that another Norwegian
whaler, with a crew of 20 men, left Spitz-
bergen on the same day as he himself,
but was separated from him by snow,
and that the remaining four whalers, all
with good captures on board, lay frozen
in at Grey Point, on the northern coast
of Spitzbergen. Of the men belonging
to these vessels some 20 had ventured
in boats to the Swedish shores, on the
western coast of Spitzbergen, supposed
to be still open. Professor Nordenskjold,
with his three vessels, was, according to
the reports of the Pepita, enclosed by
the ice in Mossel Bay (by some supposed
to be Mofen Bay or Mofen Island). He
is said to be rather short of provisions
for the large number of men with him,
and, what is worse still, he will, in all prob-
ability, be unable to carry out his project
of approaching the pole over the ice,
the reindeer that were to draw his sledges
having taken to flight and disappeared.
As soon as the news reached Tromsø a
steamer was sent out after the Albert to
communicate the information to its chief,
and was fortunate enough to overtake it
a short distance from the shore. As the
Pepita reports the western waters of Spitz-
bergen to be still open, there may be
some hope of the Albert penetrating that
way, and assisting all the vessels retained
there—not only Professor Nordenskjold's
expedition, but also the still missing four
Norwegian whalers.—London Times.

Ice-Bound.

At a private meeting held on Thursday
at the National Club, Mr. James Bateman,
F. R. S., in the chair. The Rev. E. Cow-
ley, of New York, made the following state-
ment in regard to the religious state of
New York, especially in reference to the
orphan and de-titute children of English
parents:—"According to the last official
report there were some 250,000, in a popu-
lation of 800,000, who are Briti-h-born, in
New York. Of these 250,000, some 60,000
are Protestants, and the Protestants of the
city are, it is supposed, only slightly in the
majority—say about four-sevenths of the
whole—while the foreign born population,
including German and other Europeans,
is nearly equal to that of the native-born.
By the manipulations of politicians, the
foreign has become the governing and
controlling element in that city. The
election just held shows that the candi-
date for the foreign and opposition party
for the Presidency got a majority of 23,
000 votes. During the taking of the last
census the United States officials went to
the Vicar General of the Roman Church,
asking for a report or schedule of the prop-
erty owned by his Church in the city.
This had been readily furnished by the
other denominations, but the Vicar Gen-
eral could not be induced to accord it.
He would neither give a list of the items,
nor an aggregated estimate of the value
of Church property. So, to save time and
prevent any legal entanglement, the Uni-
ted States authorities appointed an officer
who should make particular inquiry as to
all property owned by the Roman Church
in the city, and appraise its value. The
report afterwards rendered showed that
while the denomination was, in its mem-
bership, among the poorest, yet it had
succeeded in accumulating about \$60,000,
000 worth of real and personal estate, or
considerably more than any other religio-
ous body. This was a surprising fact.
The property could not have been acquir-
ed in the usual way of gifts and bequests,
but had been obtained, very largely, by
grants from the State and city Govern-
ments. Thus, although in theory there is
no State Church, yet, practically, by the
votes and influence of the foreign popu-
lation, the Roman Catholics get the lion's
share (say about nine tenths) of all dona-
tions to charitable institutions, whether
made by the State Legislature or by
grants of land from the city. Hence the
vast property they have secured both
within and beyond the city's limits. This
has been obtained, for the most part, un-
der cover of support of orphanages, refu-
matories, schools, &c.; yet, notwithstanding
these agencies, three-fourths of all the
criminals, paupers, and vagrants in New

Piecework.

Lord Nelson, in an address which his
lordship has recently circulated among his
tenantry of Whiteparish, in Wilts, says:—
"I press you to give piecework for every-
thing, winter and summer. Turning,
spreading and casting dung will all come
into piecework. You will not pay a far-
thing more for the quality of the work
done. You will be enabling the best men
to earn what they are really worth, and you
will be educating and bringing up a bet-
ter style of labour. What can be worse
policy than to keep an active young man,
under 20, at a lower wage than his elders
simply because they are older or may be
married men? Piecework at once cures
this evil, and enables the young man to
hold his own when he has the ability and
desire to lay by. I know it can be done
so as to raise the wages to a clear 14s.
throughout the year, without counting the
wife's or children's earnings, and if it can
be made to pay in one case why can't it in
all? But if piecework is to educate the
labourer he must be kept continuously on
one farm, and I must plead for the same
hands being kept on, both winter and sum-
mer, if you would really wish to improve
the character and value of the labour of
your district." Piecework has also been
strongly recommended in similar terms to
the farmers of Dorset.

The Franco-German War.

The "German Correspondent" says:—
The historical department of the general
staff having ascertained beyond doubt
that the first French eagle was captured
in the campaign of 1870-71, by the 3rd
Battalion of the Fusilier Guards at the
battle of Sedan, the patriotic prize offered
for the conquest of this trophy and de-
posited in the Ministry of War, has been
adjudged to ex-Lance Corporal Goldacker,
of the 11th company, and Under Officer
Busch, of the 10th company. Of the
entire sum—670 thalers—the former re-
ceived 256 and the latter 214 thalers.
The remaining 200 thalers were, accord-
ing to the intention of the donor, in case
of rival claims being advanced, to be
awarded by lot. Fusilier Goldacker was
so lucky as to win these 200 thalers,
but in the true spirit of comradeship, he
immediately presented one-half to Under
Officer Busch.

Religious Denominations in
New York.

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HARBOR GRACE, JANUARY 7, 1873.

We learn that the barque "Fleetwing," Capt. Pike, which left this port on the 14th ult., for Brazil, is at Lisbon with heavy damage and part cargo jettisoned.

The "Chronicle" of Friday last contains the following relative to the reported loss of the schooner "Elizabeth," of Carbonear:—

Rumors are current of the loss of a schooner belonging to Mr. Rorke, of Carbonear, bound, it is said, from St. George's Bay to that place, and of the more grievous disaster of the drowning of over twenty persons who were on board, returning to their homes. We could not get any positive information last evening respecting the matter; and although we earnestly hope the rumor may be without foundation, it is to be feared there is some degree of truth in it."

A letter from Ferryland, dated December 29, gives us the names of four men lost with the Magnolia. They are—James Haberman and George Newby of Brigus, (North) and Stephen Hibbs and Charles Churchill of Portugal Cove.

"The mate was thrown ashore almost naked, his clothing from the hips down having been torn off him. He remained near the wreck all night, and was found about ten o'clock next morning in the woods, and taken to Mrs. Neil's. After nearly seven hours persistent rubbing and warm applications he was brought to signs of life being exhibited about five o'clock p.m. He is now improving, and it is to be hoped in a few days will be able to go on to St. John's.

"The body of Charles Churchill was thrown ashore. Mr. Carter had it washed and buried. We have seen no sign of the Captain, or the bodies of the other three men."—Chronicle.

Yesterday the steamship Severn, from Hamburg to Philadelphia with a cargo of railway iron, twenty-seven days out, arrived in this port. She has experienced a succession of very heavy gales, and has received some damage.—Ibid., Jan. 3.

The Intercolonial Company's Steamer Newfoundland, 1000 tons burden, built expressly for the mail service between St. John's and Halifax, arrived home Dec. 16th to receive boilers and engines.—Ibid.

[FOR THE HARBOR GRACE STAR.]

To the Metropolis and Back—Jottings by the Way.

BY HOMO.

The occupants of the "Lizzie's" little cabin were six in number; all bound to the metropolis—some on business, others for recreation, or rather "to see and be seen!" As our nautical friend Captain P. gave the command—"Back her!"—and the good boat began to move in the direction indicated, we felt that we were really under weigh, and, as a matter of course, commenced to speculate as to the favorableness of the weather and the time of arrival at our destination. We glided "swiftly" down the harbor, and—having touched at Carbonear for the purpose of receiving mails, &c.—shaped our course for Portugal Cove. Notwithstanding the roughness of the water, very little seasickness was experienced—no auctioneering—and when fairly out upon the waters of the Bay, the "corkscrew" was applied, and amid a copious flow of claret and cognac, four of our company settled down to a social game. While thus engaged, many a well-seasoned joke was cracked and various interesting anecdotes recited, all of which greatly tended to "drive away dull care" and that dispiriting "ennui" so peculiar to all afflicted with seasickness.

We reached the Cove in due time, and after a series of backing and going ahead (so necessary to some nautical men), were enabled to land with much difficulty. We then proceeded to the house of B., for the purpose of regaling the inner man before proceeding on our journey overland. Here a scene occurred deserving of passing notice. It would seem that our venerable friend Mr. C., on entering, became suddenly actuated with a desire to play the lover, and on the impulse of the moment, without considering the probable consequence of so rash a procedure, threw his arms around the neck of our worthy hostess, and with all the agility of youth (notwithstanding his age—72 years), succeeded in imparting a kiss that would have done credit to the more agile Mr. J. O. F. We were greatly amused, and while congratulating the old gentleman on the success of his feat, felt somewhat surprised at the manner in which our hostess reciprocated: Having disengaged herself from the loving embrace of C., she stood in the centre of the room, and for a moment or two appeared to be surveying the situation; then walking very deliberately up to her old lover, dealt him a blow on the side of the cranium that set

him cogitating on the best method of prosecuting the Seal Fishery.

Under the judicious management of Mr. Coughlan, everything was soon in readiness to resume the journey. Accordingly, we set out amidst an almost blinding drift. Nothing of note transpired on the route, save an occasional "outburst" from the two sons of Neptune (T. and P.), occupying the rear vehicle. They frequently elevated themselves in the sleigh and gave vent to their hilarity in loud and prolonged cheers—which had the effect of scaring the jaded steeds on their stormy course. Friend C., during the drive out, maintained profound silence—no doubt reflecting on the impossibility of a seventy-two-year-old being able to play the lover with success. At half-past five o'clock we arrived at Knight's Home, and here we will remain 'til the next issue of the "Star."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A New Year's Gift.

BY "AULD BREEKIE."

It has been wisely said that "Fun is better than physic, and exercise than meat." Acting under that belief, I got up the other morning at two o'clock, and jumping into my pants, throwing myself into my coat, and knocking my head into my hat, resolved on a walk. Just before going out my better half suggested that I should—when taking my early exercise—call upon the doctor and wish him a happy New Year. The idea was a good one, so off I went, at five yard strides, for the air was frosty. I encountered none of the human race on my way, but met about a dozen canine friends, who anxiously enquired, "Whither bound so early?" To these I replied as gently as possible with my walking stick (one that can't walk), and believing my story they left me in peace. Arrived at the man of medicine's, I roused him up, wished him in round numbers one hundred and eleven happy new years, and invited him to my cot for a little jollification. The doctor in tow, I reached home in safety, but here some pretext was made for my taking another stroll, the worthy follower of the healing art promising to wait my return. Back at last and ready to join in a little conviviality, my ears were startled by a faint scream. Proceeding to the room from whence the sound issued, I found the doctor and a strange woman in eager conversation, the latter having in her lap a bundle of flannel which kept constantly in motion, accompanied by a continued bawling. My curiosity getting the better of me, I was induced to ask what it meant—what it was in the bundle that caused these feeble screams. I was informed slowly but distinctly that it was a handsome New Year's Gift, tendered me as a memento of my early rising, and named

A BLESSED BABY.

I fainted away, right off, and it was only after the application of a red hot cinder to the tip of my nose, that my equanimity was restored. I have concluded to avoid early rising till the next time; in the meantime considering food superior to exercise, late or early.

REVISION OF THE BIBLE.—The Old Testament Revisers have just brought their fourteenth session to an end. The following members have been present:—The Bishops of Ely and Bath and Wells, Mr. Bensly, Professor Chenery, Dr. Davies, Mr. Geden, Dr. Ginsburg, Dr. Gotch, Archdeacon Harrison, Dr. Kay, Professor Stanley Leathes, Canon Selwyn, and Mr. Aldis Wright (secretary). The revision has been continued to the end of Deuteronomy, leaving chapters 32 and 33 for the next meeting.

The Bishop of Salford, in a letter which he has issued to his clergy, makes an appeal on behalf of the widow and children of the late Mr. J. F. Maguire, M. P. for Cork, who have been left destitute. This letter was read on Sunday in all the Catholic churches and chapels in the diocese.

Antoine Gimbrede, a French half-breed Indian, living near Pembina, Minn., was attacked by two old wild cats and three young ones, and though he killed and disabled all of them, and succeeded in getting to his cabin, he was so dreadfully torn and mangled that he died in a few hours.

It is stated that Lady Doughty is better. The taking of the evidence which she was to have given in the Tichborne case is therefore postponed.

A MAN was run over by a railroad train near Providence, and his head was severed from his body as neatly as it could have been done with an ax.

A lynching party in Southern Kansas, lately seized and hung a party of horse-stealers, consisting of seven men and four women.

York are Romanists. By the admission of their own priests three-quarters of all the inmates of penal and charitable institutions at Blackwell's Island are Roman Catholics. And the priests demand the right of officiating in the several chapels upon the island and administering the sacraments to the vagrant and criminal classes. Further, three-fourths of all the poor, the sick, and the criminal, coming under the public charge, are also foreign-born; while nine-tenths of the taxes for their support are paid by Protestants. The entire cost of pauperism and crime to the city and private institutions is about 500,000*l.* a year. Yet, after this sum is expended, there are 70,000 children and youth adrift in the city, who are destitute of a home and of all Christian influences. Many of them, by birth and by baptism, are Protestants, but without the least prospect of a Protestant education. They remain in the darkness of ignorance and moral depravity, because the Protestants of New York have their hands more than full in city missions, and in founding schools and churches in the Western country. While able to provide for their own wants they cannot supply those of all the world flocking there. Nor do some acknowledge the duty, nor accept the responsibility. "Hence," said Mr. Cowley, "arise the questions—Will the Protestants of England look on with apathy, knowing that thousands of the children of their countrymen are going down to ruin for want of a helping hand being outstretched to save them? Will they hand over to the Romanists those children who, by birth and baptism, are Protestants? An institution called The Children's Fold has been incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, for the protection of destitute children, orphans, or otherwise friendless, of British parentage; and also for affording Christian help and counsel to poor Protestants landing there from England, and having no definite plans of their own. This institution is in New York, and is under the visitation and has the cordial commendation of the Right Reverend Horatio Potter, Bishop of New York; and a board of Trustees incorporated under the laws of the State." After hearing the above statement and consultation it was resolved by the meeting to form a preliminary committee to consider the best mode of organizing efforts for the protection of poor emigrants and their children from Britain, and of aiding the institution in New York in giving a Christian education and support to the orphan and destitute children of Protestant parents referred to by Mr. Cowley. Messrs. Morton, Rose, and Co., Bartholomew house, Bartholomew-lane, London, have, we understand, consented to receive contributions from English friends for this object, to be paid to the account of "The Children's Fold" of New York. Mr. James Bateman, the chairman, The Hon. Captain Maude, R. N., Mr. Nugent, Mr. Deputy Elliott, Rev. F. J. C. Moran, Rev. G. R. Badenoch, and others have already agreed to co-operate in the work.—London Times.

Italian Brigandage.

Our Naples Correspondent writes, under date November 26:—"The story of the capture of Signor Mancusi by the brigand chief Manzi has already been told in fragments; but it will not be uninteresting to many if I collect the *disjecta membra* and present them to you in an entire form. It was, then, on a fine summer's evening that an Italian gentleman and a friend were discussing the village gossip of Giffone in the middle of the Piazza. All the world was out, for precious is the hour of *Ave Maria* after a sultry day, and no one dreamt of any disturbance of the profound tranquillity which surrounded them. Suddenly, however, shots were fired, and cries were raised of *Viva Francesco II.* and some, too, in an opposite sense—anything to conceal the main object of the band of brigands, who now presented themselves well armed. The Italian gentleman alluded to was Signor Mancusi, a rich proprietor of that neighbourhood, and therefore just such a victim as would be sought after by those mountain wolves. Moreover it is said that he appeared in the witness-box against Manzi when the brigand was condemned to irons for life, and a fine opportunity presented itself for gratifying vengeance. Without any opposition being made, he was hurried off by his captors to the rocky heights in the neighbourhood, and for three or four months was dragged backwards and forwards, up and down those mountains which divide Avellino from Salerno, and which now loom up in the horizon all burnished with purple and gold. It is extraordinary that in spite of continued researches no traces of Manzi were ever found; his whereabouts remained a mystery. Yet during the whole time he was almost within grasp, eluding without difficulty the eager investigations of Carbineers, and all the local force that could be brought against him. From one spot to another they removed without repose, sometimes ascending almost inaccessible rocks sometimes penetrating almost impassable woods, and divide into subterranean caverns known only to the goatherd or the brigand. These rapid movements were doubly trying to Signor Mancusi, who was lame, and how he came so well out of his trials is a wonder. The weather was glorious, the ground productive, and at first all went merrily. The pursuit, too, was not in the beginning very hot, so that Manzi's friends, whose name is legion, supplied him with the fat of the land. He paid dear, however, for provisions, for the risk was great, and, as his sympathizers had him by the throat, they could demand any price they chose. Gold (for your brigand insists on the ransom being always paid in the precious metal) circulated freely—many a peasant held a coin he had never seen before—and poor Mancusi was well fed. In other respects he was badly off; during the whole time of his captivity he slept on the bare ground, under the cover of the sky, sheltered at times from the burning

heat or rain by the branches of trees, or in a cavern. He seems, too, to have been treated with much attention and respect, being addressed as *Compare*, Godfather; but Manzi never left him. He was too precious a prize to be abandoned to the caprice of his followers, one of whom, it is said, threatened to murder him, in vexation at the ransom not being paid. As time went on, however, and the pursuit became hotter, supplies were scarce, and the whole party were compelled to feed upon the chestnuts; but there were intervals of festivity, as towards the last the Carbineers came upon a grotto in which they found the skulls of goats recently killed, and had they been an hour or two earlier they might have assisted at the dinner. That a handful of men could for four months keep a whole province in apprehension, and set at defiance all the force that was brought against them, seems at length to have stirred up not so much the Government as the people themselves, 400 of whom, from a small place called Acerno, turned out on the manhunt. They captured no one, made no discovery, but the result was that four of Manzi's band, finding the country too hot for them, soon after presented themselves, fully armed, and gave up chains and watches which had been sent by order to Manzi from Mancusi's friends. And now the end was drawing near. All means of forwarding the remainder of the ransom had been cut off—the sum itself which had been collected was sequestered; but this act was rescinded as illegal, and Manzi, having at length received his demand in full, prepared to fulfil his obligations. After having exacted between £10,000 and £11,000, say most—though there are different statements—Manzi set his prisoner at liberty—nay, more escorted him to a place called Acqua l'Abena, at the very gates of Calabria. Mancusi, fearing some disappointment or disaster, frequently thanked the rascals for the honor of their company; yet Manzi would not leave him; assuring him with the "most tender expressions," that he was deeply interested in his safety and his health, and feared he might receive insults from some *malvivente* on the road. His "delicate attentions" did not stop here, for he gave him 400 lire to pay his expenses, and on Mancusi thanking him the fellow answered that it was a mere nothing; 400 lire more or less could not make him either rich or poor. The first person to meet Signor Mancusi was the Delegate of Police of Calabria; all the authorities and population turned out to greet him, and his journey thence to Giffone, where he rejoined his family, was an ovation. Thus ends a brigand story, the site of which was within a short distance of the second city of the Two Sicilies, or at least of that part of it called *Al di qua del Faro*. Naples is within an hour and a half's distance from it; the Italian army, swollen to exaggerated proportions may be counted by hundreds of thousands; yet a quiet country gentleman can be carried off by an armed band, and kept in confinement in defiance of all authority. As regards Signor Mancusi, though I have made inquiries in Amalfi and Salerno, there is little else to report. "It would appear," say Italian friends on the spot, "that he desires to observe a profound silence; and mystery about his late misfortunes; and perhaps he is right, for the *Calvaro*, of Catanzaro, relates that another band in that neighbourhood, unable to extort money from a gentleman, had just burnt down property of his amounting in value to 70,000 lire. As for Manzi, he is alive and triumphant, enriched by his recent spoils, relieved of the embarrassment of his captive, and protected by the fear and the sympathy of the peasantry, by impenetrable woods and inaccessible fastnesses. We shall doubtless hear of him again, as figuring in another romantic adventure.—Ibid.

Crossing the Border.

At least every tenth woman who crosses the Detroit river carries smuggled goods. The Custom-house officials at the ferry dock are as vigilant as officers can be, but what chances have they against monster hoop skirts and gigantic bustles? They cannot stop to peep under shawls, examine pockets, look into baby carts, and hold a crowd on the boat, and so they must continue their work with the knowledge that goods are being smuggled, and that one grand and sudden haul of their nets can trap the guilty and frighten the innocent so that they shall never dare to pursue the business. The net was drawn yesterday (Oct. 21). The officers commenced about 2 o'clock walking 15 or 20 women upstairs into the Customs room, and handing them over to a woman to be searched. Every boat load which landed for about three hours was treated in the same manner—that is, all the female portion. During the afternoon about 150 women were confronted by Uncle Sam, and the old man had a good deal of fun, and made some wonderful discoveries. For instance, a modest little woman, who was in a great hurry to go home to her sick child, pulled out a few pins, and 10 yards of English flannel fell to the floor. A tall woman, with tears in her eyes, who asserted that she would sooner chop her head off than think of smuggling, unfurnished a pound of tea from her skeleton, and asserted that it must have been placed there by some designing person. Another indignantly denied "the right of search," but after remaining a prisoner for an hour or two told the searcher to "take it and go to grass," throwing a package of ribands and laces on the floor. A lot of calico was found on another, some velvet on another, and at least 10 per cent. of the whole number were found to be engaged in smuggling. The officials were satisfied with confiscating the goods.

It is said that iron is a good tonic for debilitated young ladies; that may be so, but ironing is a better one. Leading article—a locomotive.



Latest Despatches.

MONTREAL, Dec. 28. Sir Hugh Allan and Mr. Abbott leave for England on the 2nd of January to arrange for Canadian Pacific finance matters. The Railway trains are snowed. The weather still remains cold. BERNE, 27. Diplomatic relations between the Swiss government and the Vatican have been broken off. The Papal Legation at Lucerne will probably be abolished. The charge d'Affaires, and attaches have been recalled.

LONDON, 28. It is expected that 7,000 British coal miners will strike on the 1st of January. The "Annyntas" was lost while on her voyage from Holyhead for Workington. Every person perished. A severe gale prevailed in the English channel yesterday. Several marine disasters are reported. Markets quiet.

NEW YORK, 28. The water panic at Buffalo is over. The city is supplied with the usual quantity. The Modoc Indians attacked a party of soldiers lately, killing two and wounding four. Fires in New York destroyed Mailiard's Restaurant Hotel and Chocolate Manufactory and another property. Loss \$200,000. North Adams, Massachusetts \$150,000. At Wilmington, \$40,000. Philadelphia, \$30,000. At Windsor, Canada, \$30,000. The ice jam at Memphis, destroyed numbers of boats and a great lot of coals. Gas Works are without a supply.

A snow storm prevailed in Canada since Tuesday. It is ceased snowing now. Trains running. NEW YORK, 28. Gold 111 7-8. Thirty-eight lives were lost by shipwrecks near Boston during the late storm. NEW YORK, 30. A disturbance arose during a municipal election at Tampico, Mexico, and 8 persons were killed and wounded. LONDON, 31—p.m. The amount of bullion deposited in the Bank of England on balance is £224,000 stg. The tempestuous weather of late caused great damage to the shipping on the coast. Cardwell, at a meeting at Oxford, spoke in favor of the New Ballot Law and Licensing Act, and expressed satisfaction at the result.

The British steamer "Sparrow Hawk" has been ordered to Honolulu. The trial of Stokes for the murder of Fisk is still unfinished. Testimony introduced to-day shows that a pistol, represented to belong to Fisk was picked up on the stairs after the shooting. The total loss by the burning of the 5th Avenue Theatre, was \$300,000. Gold not quoted.

TOSSED BY A BULL.—Her Majesty the Queen, attended by her suite, drove recently to the Flemish Farm, Windsor Great Park, for the purpose of making an inspection of the cattle under the superintendence of Mr. Bröbner. Preparations were made upon the arrival of Her Majesty to parade the cattle before the carriage, and while this was being done, Thomas Hughes, a herdsman, had occasion to fix what is called a "nose iron" on a bull of the Hereford breed, named Prince Leopold. On trying to place the ring in the animal's nose it made a furious attack upon the youth, gored him dreadfully in the groin and tossed him over his head, Hughes falling to the ground seriously injured. He was at once taken to the Windsor Royal Infirmary, where he was received by Mr. Jones, the house surgeon, and placed in the Herbert Ward, under the charge of Dr. Turral.

THE BALLOT ACT.—The first petition under the Ballot Act in Lancashire has been lodged with the Town Clerk of Blackburn by Robert Whittaker, a defeated candidate for Park Ward, Blackburn, on the first ult. The petitioner prays for an inquiry into the number of votes, and asserts that he had a legal majority of votes in his favour, and he claims the seat now occupied by his opponent, Mr. Goodfellow.

GUN LICENCES.—In the financial year 1871-72, 124,939 persons in the United Kingdom paid the 10*s.* for a license to use or carry a gun; in the preceding year, the first year of this tax, the number was only 93,677. The number of game certificates issued rather declined—viz., from 66,911 in the year 1870-71 to 65,857 in 1871-72.

MR. GLA.—A clergyman of one of Sheffield, situated in Mr. Gladstone and "would that religious office." Tent with remark that said that the applic Irishman, have been d tice to a ve the Rev get Mr. Gladst tary to repl in the lectu publicly co "regrets th save the cre caused them of a falseho

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NEWS ITEMS.

MR. GLADSTONE AND CATHOLICISM—A clergyman named Potter, incumbent of one of the ecclesiastical districts of Sheffield, recently declared at a "Constitutional" meeting in Shropshire that Mr. Gladstone was a Roman Catholic, and "would publicly declare himself of that religion as soon as he was out of office." The Rev. gentleman, not content with repeating an assertion which has been often contradicted, ventured to remark that Mr. Gladstone was "a man of great talents, of which it might be said that God gave the use and the devil the application." Mr. Potter is an Irishman, whose powers of invective have been developed by constant practice to a very high pitch. A report of the Rev. gentleman's lecture was sent to Mr. Gladstone, who directed his secretary to reply "that the statements made in the lecture as to his religion had been publicly contradicted long ago," and he "regrets that it is not in his power to save the credulous from the annoyance caused them by the impudent repetition of a falsehood."

THE POTATO CROP.—Much has been written of late about the potato disease, and although the subject seems exhausted, there yet remain a few facts to be told. In Cambridgeshire, for instance, the kinds of potato which have been least affected by the disease are Myatt's ash-leaf kidney and Rivers Royal ash-leaf kidney. These have yielded crops containing full 90 per cent of good sound potatoes, and very fine samples as to size. The Nonpariel kidney has also yielded satisfactorily, the crop being prolific and to effect of the disease positively insignificant. Among the round kind of potato the rock has produced good crops, and with but only a small share of disease in many instances. All other kinds of potatoes planted for use in winter, whether kidney or round, have been an utter failure. Some crops have been deemed not worth taking up. It has been found that in planting potatoes trenches in sets has been followed by larger or fuller crops than when the sets are dibbled in or ploughed in.

THE NEW KNIGHT.—Sir Edward Lee, who has just received the honour of knighthood from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, is the second son of the late Rev. Frederick Lee, M. A., rector of Eastington, Oxon, and vicar of Stanbury, Bucks, and grandson of the Rev. T. T. Lee, B.A., for nearly 50 years vicar of the Prebendal Church of St. Mary, Thame, Oxfordshire—the male representative of the Lees of Pocklington and Spelsbury. The Rev. F. Lee married in 1831 Mary, the only daughter of Mr. George Ellys, of Aylesbury. Sir Edward was born at the vicarage house, Thame, on the 16th of October, 1833, was educated at the grammar school of that town; and afterwards, having studied art for some years, became librarian and director of the literary department of the Crystal Palace. When the Dublin Exhibition was planned, Sir Arthur Guinness appointed him its Director. In acknowledgment of his labours, Lord Spencer, at its closing ceremonial, conferred upon him the honour in question.

THE DANISH INUNDATIONS.—A public meeting, convened by the Mayor, (Mr. G. E. Samuelson), was held in the Town-hall, Liverpool, to take steps to alleviate the suffering and distress to which a large portion of the people of Denmark had been exposed in consequence of the hurricane and floods which have devastated many parts of the country. The meeting had been called in compliance with a requisition signed by merchants, shipowners, brokers, and other inhabitants of the borough. There were not more than 20 persons present. The Mayor, in opening the proceedings, said he had been informed by the Danish Consul that the distress which now existed was something indescribable, and that therefore immediate relief should be sent. At our feasts and merry-makings we were continually extolling the Princess of Wales. We know what she had done in this country, and how her heart beat in sympathy with the people of England. They might depend upon it that her present thought was, "What will the English people do for my poor countrymen and countrywomen?" Therefore let them do all in their power to show their sympathy by doing what they could to relieve the sufferers. On the motion of Mr. Carse, seconded by Mr. F. Prange, the following resolution was passed:—"That this meeting desires to express its deep sympathy with the distress which has befallen a large portion of the people of Denmark by the late hurricane and consequent inundations." A committee of which the Mayor consented to be chairman, was appointed to carry out the objects of the meeting, and a subscription list was open in the room, upwards of £250 being at once promised,

BIRTH.
At St. John's, on the 31st December, last, the wife of Charles Bowring, Esq., of a daughter.

MARRIED.
At Bird Island Cove, Dec. 18th, by the Rev. A. E. C. Bayly, Mr. Alexander Lawrence, son of John Lawrence, Esq., Bonavista, to Miss Jane Hills, of Bird Island Cove.

SHIP NEWS.
PORT OF ST. JOHN'S.

ENTERED.
Dec. 30—Glynwood, Sinclair, P. E. Island, Clift, Wood & Co.
31—Lady Mary, DeRoy, New York, Harvey & Co.
Jan. 2—Severn, Bland, Liverpool, (bound to Philadelphia, put in short of coals), A. Shea.
Portland, Coffill, New York, A. Shea.
Portia, Prout, Philadelphia, Bowring Bros.
Solano, McLeod, New York, J. Murray.

CLEARED.
Jan. 2—Cora, Taylor, Barcelona, Baine, Jonston & Co.
Forest King, Buckingham, Pernambuco, P. & L. Tessier.
Wild Flower, Kidman, Barcelona, J. & W. Stewart.
Severn, Bland, Philadelphia, A. Shea.
Rebecca, Dormon, Barcelona, W. Grievé & Co.
Dante, Jenzon, Barcelona, Baine, Jonston & Co.
George Duckless, Tupman, Barcelona, W. Gaeve & Co.

NOTICE.
COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

A DIVIDEND on the capital Stock of this Company, at the rate of Ten per cent per annum, for the half year ending 31st December, 1872, will be payable at the Banking House, in Duckworth Street, on and after TUESDAY, the 7th instant, during the usual hours of business.
(By order of the Board.)
R. BROWN,
Manager.

GEORGE BOWDEN,
Repairer of Umbrellas and Parasols,
No. 1, LION SQUARE,
ST. JOHN'S, N. F.
THE SUBSCRIBER, in tendering thanks to his friends for the liberal patronage hitherto extended to him, begs to state that he may still be found at his residence, No. 1, Lion Square, where he is prepared to execute all work in the above line at the shortest notice, and at moderate rates.
All work positively finished by the time promised.
Outport orders punctually attended to.
St. John's, Jan. 4, 1873.

172 WATER STREET, 172
JAMES FALLON,
TIN, COPPER & SHEET-
IRON WORKER,
BEGS respectfully to inform the inhabitants of Harbor Grace and outports that he has commenced business in the Shop No. 172 Water Street, Harbor Grace, opposite the premises of Messrs. Punton & Munn, and is prepared to fill all orders in the above lines, with neatness and despatch, hoping by strict attention to business to merit a share of public patronage.

JOBBOING
Done at the Cheapest possible Terms.
Dec. 13. tft

J. Mellis,
TAILOR & CLOTHIER,
208, Water Street, St. John's,
BEGS respectfully to inform the public of Conception Bay generally that he has always on hand a complete assortment of

CLOTHING
For all seasons of the year, which can be obtained at the LOWEST remunerative PRICES. All Clothing to order, cut in the most fashionable styles, and forwarded with despatch. Terms moderate. Orders from the outports promptly attended to.
J. M. visits Conception Bay twice a year, of which notice is duly given.
Dec. 10. 1yt

NOTICE.
PIANO TUNING!

Mr. J. CURRIE,
TUNER AND REPAIRER OF

PIANOS.
IN returning thanks for past favours, I beg respectfully to solicit a continuance of the same. All work executed punctually, and satisfaction guaranteed.
CONCERTINAS also repaired.
Satisfactory references as to ability will be given on enquiry.
Orders left at No. 170 Water Street will receive immediate attention.
Dec. 17. tft

Bazaar!
A BAZAAR for the purpose of LIQUIDATING THE DEBT incurred by recent repairs and additions to the Wesleyan Church here, will be opened on or about the 15th JANUARY next. Contributions in aid of the same are solicited, and will be most thankfully acknowledged by the Ladies furnishing Tables, or by the
REV. C. LADNER.
Dec. 6.

CAUTION!
HEREBY GIVE NOTICE that, after this date, I will not be responsible for any Debts contracted in my name, without a Written Order from myself.
LUCINDA BARTLETT.
Bay Roberts,
Nov. 13, 1872.

FOR SALE!
BY
THE SUBSCRIBER—
1 Good Horse
1 Set Harness
1 Cart
1 Dray, and
1 Catamaran.
Dec. 3. JAMES POWER.

A Dwelling House
—AND—
LAND
Attached, (known under the name of Snow Hill) situated on the Carbonear Road, one mile from Harbor Grace. This is an eligible place for farming operations, and is alike suitable for rich or poor. For particulars apply to
JAMES POWER.
Oct. 29.

SEALER'S AGREEMENTS
FOR SALE at the Office of this paper.

General Post Office Notice.
FROM and after the 1st day of November the Postage Rates on Letters, Books, Parcels, Circulars and Newspapers, addressed to the Dominion of Canada and Prince Edward Island will be as follows, viz.:
Letters, per half-ounce..... 6 cents.
Books and Parcels, per lb..... 16 "
Circulars, each..... 2 "
Newspapers, each..... 2 "
Prepayment compulsory.
A similar reduction will take place on the correspondence to and from the United States, when the Postal Convention has been signed, which will be about the first of December.
Correspondence transmitted by Contract Steamers leaving St. John's for Liverpool, will be, for Letters at the reduced rate of six cents per half-ounce. That per steamer via Pictou and Halifax to Liverpool, at the same charge as now made, of twelve cents the half-ounce.
JOHN DELANEY, P. M. G.

W. H. THOMPSON,
AGENT FOR
Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

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
Lamplough'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

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

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. tft

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 O.L.
DANIEL FITZGERALD.
Sept. 13. tft
JUST RECEIVED
A FRESH SUPPLY OF
ADAMS' INDIAN SALVE.
W. H. THOMPSON.

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 tft
W. H. THOMPSON,
AGENT FOR
Fellows' Compound Syrup
OF
HYPOPHOSPHITES.

Patches.
REAL, Dec. 28.
Mr. Abbott leave
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Pacific finance
are snowed.
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BERNE, 27.
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-72.

Two Sides of the Window.

This side the pane Of window glass, Fair childish faces Peep and pass; That side the pane, A beggar's brat Looks wistfully This way and that. This side, a kiss Buds with a prayer; That side are fagots Thronged with care. This side, white hands, In careless pose, Through tresses bright Touch cheeks of rose; That side, hard palms At labor clutch, And brows born fair Show soil and smutch. This side, proud looks Perchance may flout; That side, the wolf From eyes looks out. But old Jack Frost, (Wise democrat,) To keep the peace This side and that, Weaves wondrous screens Of fern and feather, That both may see And love together: White fairy dells By pictured pass, Wide waterfalls, Tall prairie grass, With plume and spray, With star and crown, River and rill, And steeped town, As fair that side As this to see, Oh, wise Jack Frost Works skillfully!

ELECTORY.

THE WOMAN-HATER.

Phil, why don't you marry? asked the younger of two gentlemen who were lounging in the cozily furnished bachelor apartments of the one addressed, and lazily drinking in the fresh breeze that came in through the open windows. "Marry? My dear boy, I am astonished that you should ask such a question, when you know I settled down long ago for a bachelor. Bachelor? Nonsense! replied the other, with a laugh. It is a shame for a splendid fellow like you to be living here like a bear in his den, when you might marry some good woman, who would make your home pleasant and you happy. Very pretty picture! But I think I am comfortable enough here, glancing around over the tastefully furnished apartment, and with Mary and you to visit, I am satisfied. O you old incorrigible! said Fred, with a hasty laugh. Suppose we should move away? The case is not supposable; you will not move, replied Phil, with a lazy yawn. And, changing his six feet of masculinity to a more comfortable position, he continued, I tell you, my boy, women have sadly degenerated since the days of our grandmothers; there used to be women in those days, but now there is nothing but a fashionable composition of bustles, paint, false hair, "et cetera." If I were to marry, I should want a wife that would be a companion and a blessing, instead of a fashionable, doll-like creature who cares for nothing but fashion and dress. Phil, you are a down-right woman hater! There are just as good and as true women now as there ever were, only, as you do not happen to meet them, you think there are none. But never mind, old fellow, we will have you married yet. Will you come over this evening? Mary told me to be sure and ask you, as she wants you to come very much. It is well enough for you to talk that way, Fred, when a woman like Mary is your wife, said Phil, ignoring Fred's question. But she is one in a great number—a womanly woman. If I could find such a one, I would be tempted to get married myself. There are plenty of them, replied honest Fred, as he rose to go. But you will be sure and come to-night? Come where? Why, over to our house. Yes, I will come. And Phil settled back in his easy chair for a nap. Phil Hardeth was a wealthy, indolent gentleman, just on the shady side of thirty, kind-hearted, and naturally possessed of excellent qualities, both business and social; but he had allowed both to rust and decay, while he drifted indolently along with the tide. With no parents hand to guide him when he most needed guidance, it was only through his natural stamina of character that he remained pure and unscathed.

The friendship between himself and Fred Northwin, had begun in old school-boy days, and each succeeding year only served to make it the stronger. Fred had not been blessed with wealth, but by patience and economy, together with good business qualities, he had worked up to the position of a well-to-do merchant. He had, a few years previously married a bonny, brown-haired, blue-eyed little lady—a distant relative of Phil's—which marriage had proved a happy one, for Mrs. Northwin was a true woman. And the evenings spent at their home were regarded by Phil, as oases in his desert of loneliness. With this short sketch of our characters, we will return to the incidents in hand. Evening came, and Phil started for Fred's home with many a grumble at having promised to go; not that he disliked going, but, like a great many others, he enjoyed the old-fashioned privilege of grumbling. You dear old Phil! How good of you to come! I was afraid you would not, said Mary, meeting him at the door. Come right into the parlor. I want to introduce you to one of the best of girls, added she, in a lower tone, as they neared the room. Ah! I see why you wanted me to come so badly, replied Phil, stopping short with a smile. But I say, Mary, excuse me this evening, and I will come over again when you and Fred are alone. Oh, no! Please stay—there's a good Phil! pleaded Mary. Besides, Elise is to remain with us some time, so you see you cannot avoid her. And the blue eyes twinkled mischievously. Phil hesitated a moment, and then, with a shrug of the shoulders, and, a nice scrape you have led me into he followed her into the parlor. The best of girls was standing by the open window when they entered. She was rather above the average height of women, but though tall, every movement of her well-rounded form was easy and graceful. This Phil noticed as she turned, on their approach, disclosing to his gaze a firm, pleasant face, framed in with rich masses of dark brown hair, and illumed by marvelously beautiful hazel eyes. As Phil was, when he chose to exert himself, a good conversationalist, they fell into an easy conversation, in which Miss Verd showed that to her other gifts she added the additional charm of an intellectual and well cultivated mind. During one of the pauses in conversation, Fred entered the room. Truant! Where have you been? asked Mary, with a smile, and, not waiting for an answer, added, come and do penance by holding this wool for me to wind. I stopped into K—s new store on my way up this afternoon, Phil, remarked Fred, as he took a stool by his wife's side. Isn't he the man who has employed so many lady clerks? asked Mary. Yes. Women are next to useless in such places as that, said Phil. Do you think so, Mr Hardeth? asked Miss Verd, the hazel eyes speaking ominously. Certainly; men can do twice the work that women can, and do it better. Except as regards the heavier kind of work, I differ with you, K—told me he wouldn't change, broke in Fred. And others say the same, continued Miss Verd. I see you favor woman's rights, said Phil, with a smile. I favor woman's right to work, and her right to get paid for that work, replied she. Some women of my acquaintance are doing the same amount of labor that men would do, and yet do not receive near as large a salary. I hope to see the time when women will stand on an equal footing with men in that respect. With such a fair advocate to plead their cause, they ought surely to succeed, replied Phil. And the conversation was turned into different channels. Why did you not tell me you had a lady visitor, Fred? asked Phil, as the former dropped into his rooms, on his way homeward, the next afternoon. I was afraid you would not come if I did. You might at least have given me a hint as to her views, and not allowed me to make such a confounded block-head of myself, continued Phil, with an injured look. My dear fellow, how could I. Besides, I had a little curiosity to hear what you had to say on the subject, so waited for further developments. You got them with a vengeance, replied Phil with a grimace. Never mind I think Miss Elise will forgive you. But isn't she a splendid woman? Miss Verd is a well-read lady, and passably good looking, answered Phil, coolly. Humph! I suppose I ought to be thankful that you own so much, said Fred, rising to go. But I say, Phil, turning back as he reached the door,

don't you think she would make a good wife? Clear out! was the answer, as Fred went laughing, down stairs. Days lengthened into weeks, and yet Miss Verd remained with the Northwins. Phil's visits were quite frequent, though in no other way did he shew any signs of being impressed by Miss Verd's beauty; but he often found himself picturing a pleasant home, the mistress of which bore a strong resemblance to that lady. So matters progressed until, not having been to Fred's for a few days, Phil thought he would drop in and see them. I'm so glad you've come Phil, cried Mary, as he entered. Fred and I were beginning to feel really lonely. Such news as I have for you! she rattled on. You couldn't guess it if you tried ever so hard. Elise left us this morning. Whew! That prolonged whistle, and the blank look which accompanied it, expressed Phil's surprise and disappointment plainer than a whole vocabulary of words; but, quickly recovering himself, he said, with a laugh, and that is why you and Fred were looking so forlorn when I entered? But why did she leave so suddenly? She received a letter from a friend saying there was a situation open for her. A situation! Do you mean to say that Miss Verd works for a living? Certainly she does; didn't you know that? But do not interrupt me. Where was I? Oh, yes? This friend had a situation for her. Surprise number two, remarked Phil, "sotto voce." Keep still, sir! But she had to leave immediately to take it; so she packed her trunk, and left on the early train this morning. What is the name of the place to which she went? asked Phil. I don't remember; it is West somewhere; but she said she would write. Wouldn't be a woman if she didn't remark Fred, dryly. We will try and survive her loss, said Phil, gayly. Play something, Mary, and we will dismiss this forlorn topic. Mary complied with his request, and took her seat at the piano. A few moments later, Fred was called from the room and with a final crash of the keys, Mary whirled round, saying, I do not feel like playing this evening. As she turned, Phil stood by the mantel in a deep study. A mischievous light crept into the blue eyes as she noticed this. Phil, you are in love? For a moment they sat looking at each other, Mary's eyes dancing with merriment, while he wore the embarrassed look of one who had betrayed his secret. Then she burst into a merry laugh saying, You can't deceive me! I have found you out! As he answered nothing, she continued, more seriously, come, Phil, own up that you love Elise. After a short pause he answered, steadily. Yes, Mary, I do love her; but she probably thinks mean indolent, good-for-nothing wretch. Nonsense! She doesn't think any such thing; did you never notice how her colour rose and her eyes brightened whenever you came? Mary, do you think she would ever learn to love me? None so blind as those that won't see, sang Mary; adding, roughly, you must ask her that question. I will ask her, if I have to hunt the world over to find her, said Phil, while his eyes flashed, and his voice spoke will and determination. * * * * * Three years passed. The delicious fragrance of a bright June morning greeted the sense as a gentleman alighted from the cars into the busy noise of New York life, and, taking a carriage, was driven to a hotel. Two days more to wait for Fred and Mary, mused he. Now I am so near home, I feel more of a longing to finish my journey, and almost wish I had not promised to wait for them. But, being here, I must make the best of it. His musings were interrupted by reaching the hotel. Securing a room, and changing his travel-stained habits for others more suitable, he lounged away the time until dinner, after partaking of which the daily papers were brought into requisition, to decide the means of amusement employed for the evening. Seeing that a sale of fine paintings was to take place, and being something of a connoisseur, Phil—for it was none other—sallied forth to find the sale-room, which was not far distant. Passing up Broadway, in which the lights were just beginning to gleam and glow, it suddenly occurred to him that his gloves were rapidly becoming the worst for wear, and, having time to spare—as it was yet early—he entered one of the many stores, and, passing up between the heavily laden counters, paused before the glove stand. After making his purchases, he turned to go, and

was walking leisurely out, when his attention was called to a lady clerk standing behind one of the counters. Her face was turned from him, but her form seemed familiar, and, on nearing the counter, Phil kept his eyes riveted on that one person. Presently she turned, and he recognised the one for whom he had been searching so long, Elsie Verd. The recognition was mutual; few words were spoken, but the glance of the eye, and the warm pressure of the hand, told better than words, how welcome to each was the meeting. Phil learned the number of the residence where Elsie was boarding, and received an invitation to call on her the next evening. This he readily accepted, and then departed for his hotel, rejoicing over his good fortune in finding one for whom he had been eagerly searching three long years. Prompt to the hour, Phil alighted at the door of a modest brick residence on one of the up-town streets. Inquiring for Miss Verd, he was shown into the parlor. He had hardly seated himself before Elsie entered, pleasure beaming on every feature. O Mr. Hardeth! How glad I am to see you! It seems so pleasant to see the countenance of a friend after being so long among comparative strangers. I was nearly wild with delight when I saw your friendly face in the store last evening. Are Fred and Mary well? You must excuse my questions, but so many things come to one's mind when meeting an old friend, that one hardly knows what to say first. Phil willingly answered all questions, noting, meanwhile, with sorrow, the thin, pale face, on which lines of care and trouble were beginning to show, though from the eyes the soul still beamed forth as of old, giving to the face a brightness and vivacity that revived, in a great measure, the care worn lines. After a lengthened talk, Phil arose to go. As they stood face to face, he bent over, and, taking her hand, said with a loving look, Elsie, I have looked and waited for you three long years, and now I have found you, must I go back alone? She looked up, and as Phil saw reflected in her eyes the loving light of his own, he knew that his search had not been in vain. The next day brought with it Fred and his wife. They were met at the depot by Phil. "Why, Phil, you look a great deal better than when you parted from us; the change must have done you good," said Fred, after the first greetings were over. It has done me good, replied Phil, with a merry smile, as they were driven to the hotel. He made no mention of his discovery until evening, when they all entered a carriage and were driven to Elsie's boarding place. Without a word of explanation Phil rang the bell, and they were ushered into the parlor. Neither Fred nor Mary noticed for whom he inquired, and remained seated, lost in wonder, when a rustle was heard, and Elsie stood before them. This is the lady who has wrought such a change in me, said Phil, leading her forward. Vain attempt to describe the meeting of the old time friends. Before they left, every thing was explained, and it was arranged that Elsie should return with them to their home, where the wedding was to take place. It was a happy quartette that made the homeward journey a few days afterwards, and when one short month had flown there was a quiet little wedding at the Northwins', the principal actors in which were Phil and Elsie. The remainder of the summer months after their marriage were passed with Fred and Mary, at a little farm house among the rugged hills of New Hampshire. On their return to the city began Phil's noble life, and his charities and benevolence became soon widely known in all of which he was warmly seconded by his beautiful wife. But, absorbing as they were in plans of benevolence, they did not forget that home claimed their first attention, and gradually their winning manners drew around them a warm circle of friends, chiefest among whom were Fred and Mary. Ten years later, it would have been hard to recognise in the active, pleasant featured man, around whose knees clustered children, and of whose arm leaned a happy wife, the indolent woman-hater of long ago; but so it was. Truly the love of a true woman availeth much!

ter chignon. We would form a much higher estimate of the young lady who has the moral courage to appear on the street, or at an evening entertainment plainly but neatly dressed, than one who would appear in a "court train" and other "fixings" to give you to understand that she was trying to conceal some dreadful deformity, and their hair so arranged as to remind you of a sausage shop. Slight not the young lady who has nothing more to recommend her to your notice than good practical common sense and a good reputation. A Word to Young Ladies. When you see young men driving fast horses and growing fast themselves, by following in the train of vice so prevalent just now, beware! When you see young men chewing the spicery so much used at the present time, beware! for of this class are the drinkers of spirituous liquors. When you see young men using tobacco in any form, beware! and when smoking they ask if it is offensive to you, always answer in the affirmative, for if the smoke is not offensive, the habit certainly should be to every lady of refinement. The young man who has nothing more to recommend him than steady and industrious habits is much more worthy your notice. The want of forethought during the time of courtship is the cause of so many unhappy marriages. Young ladies are too easily "taken" with a fine exterior and a "splendid horse and wagon." The principles of the person are of the least consequence—the fact that should be sought. We believe in people attending to all that is necessary in dress and personal appearance, but let not this be the only object and aim in life. Aim to win those who, by industrious habits, are worthy the name of man. How many persons disgrace all the noble qualities with which God has endowed them. Remember the old adage, "Many an honest heart beats under a rough coat." The Mocking-Bird. From a pleasant account in "Appleton's Journal" of a Southern garden, we extract the following in reference to that wonderful bird whose notes so charm and amaze the visitor for the first time to that sunny region. To the Southern garden exclusively is attached that Puck of the woodland wilds the inimitable mocking-bird. He is brave, sociable and useful. He is a game-looking bird, of quiet gray colors, with nothing about his plumage to separate him from the rough coverings of bark, and the pendant moss, that hangs in such weird grandeur from the limbs of decaying trees. Over the summer-house of the Southern garden, though occupied by visitors, the mocking bird will perch and curiously peer down on his human companions, as if he would divine their thoughts. He will sympathize with the sound of human voices, enjoys the conversation, and the laughter and the wrangling of children. Under such circumstances he will dash from limb to limb as if crased with excitement, occasionally giving vent to his spirits in carols that are full of genius and heavenly melody; or, perhaps, inspired with some heroic idea, he will crowd into rapid measure the impotent resentment of the chicken-hawk and the screams of the bald eagle. And when evening sets in and the moon rises over the charms of a Southern garden; when the night is warm, and the lattice is up, and the door is open to catch a passing breath of air; when the flowers have gone to sleep, leaving their fragrance to literally load the air; when Nature is half exhausted under this semi-tropical climate of the South, the mocking bird, perched upon some dead limb, that prominently protrudes beyond the rich purple foliage, will pour out his song of praise, his wonderful overture of sweet notes, inspiring all living things within the sound of his miraculous organ with a dreamy sense of pleasure and admiration, which seemed to be consonant with the floral wealth of the Southern garden. THE STAR AND CONCEPTION BAY SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER, Is printed and published by the Proprietors, ALEXANDER A. PARSONS and WILLIAM R. SQUAREY, at their Office, opposite the premises of Capt. D. Green, Water Street, Harbor Grace, Newfoundland. Price of Subscription—THREE DOLLARS per annum, payable half-yearly. Advertisements inserted on the most liberal terms, viz.:—Per square of seven teen lines, for first insertion, \$1; each continuation 25 cents. Book and Job Printing executed in a manner calculated to afford the utmost satisfaction. AGENTS. CARBONAR.....Mr. J. Foote. BRIGUS....." W. Horwood. BAY ROBERTS....." R. Simpson. HEARTS CONTENT....." C. Rendell. TRINITY HARBOR....." B. Miller. NEW HARBOR....." J. Miller. St. PIERRE, Miquelon " H. J. Waite. CATALINA....." Jno. Edgewcombe

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