

# The Star,

## And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Tuesday, October 8, 1872.

Number 42.

**OCTOBER.**

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FOR SALE.

**PRESERVES & 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. HURONS, 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, Manufac-  
turing 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 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 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. WHLKS LYON.**  
May 14. tff

**W. H. THOMPSON,**  
AGENT FOR

**Fellows' Compound Syrup**

OF

**HYPOPHOSPHITES.**

**G. F. FARIES.**

**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.

**P O E T R Y .**

**The Lovers of the Dawn.**

As the rosy clouds of morning  
So float our loves away,  
When the idle ease of the dawning  
Gives place to the toil of the day;  
For the dawning of life is leisure,  
But its high noontide is toil,  
And passion and love and pleasure  
Are lost in its wild turmoil.

For manhood has care and trouble,  
And labor both early and late,  
Whilst love is merely a bubble  
That floats on the stream of fate;  
And the closest of ties must sever,  
The kindest of loves must part,  
When the fatal truth, "Forever,"  
Rings out like a knell from the heart.

But when evening's shadows are falling  
The dream of the dawn returns,  
And its long-lost joys recalling  
(Sweet perfume from memory's urns),  
From out of the past's abysses  
Come floating on silent wing  
Pale phantoms of bygone blisses,  
Lost visions of Life's young spring.

And from the heart's recesses  
The wraiths of the loved ones rise,  
Fair faces and flowing tresses  
Seen vaguely through tear-dimmed eyes  
Our hands are stretched forth in greeting,  
So life-like the vision seems,  
Though we know there's for us no meeting  
On earth, save in waking dreams.

But when from Death's sable quiver  
The fatal shaft is hurled,  
And we drift o'er theathomless river  
That leads to another world,  
Will love or will death prove the stronger,  
And shall we on the farther shore  
Be united—in dreams no longer—  
Or parted for evermore?

**EXTRACTS .**

**Another Catastrophe.**

HAVANA, Aug. 30.  
Captain Jefferson Maury, of the steam-  
ship *Bienville*, arrived here this morning  
from Nassau and reports the burning of  
his vessel at sea.

The steamship *Bienville* left New York  
on the 10th of August for Aspinwall.  
When in latitude 45 12, longitude 74 15,  
at a quarter to four o'clock on the morn-  
ing of the 15th instant, fire was discovered  
among the cargo. Steam and water were  
immediately turned on; but the steam  
pumps, after a few revolutions, broke  
down, and could not be worked.

Captain Maury then ordered the hatches  
battened down, hoping thereby to smother  
the fire, and at the same time the fire  
extinguishers were used between decks  
and the steam kept on.

The fire gained rapidly, however, and  
at six o'clock the Captain, fearing an ex-  
plosion from powder stored in the hold if  
he remained by the ship any longer, or-  
dered the six boats launched, and the  
passengers and crew began to embark.

At 7.30 Captain Maury was forced to  
leave the ship, being the last man on  
board.

One of the boats was capsized on leav-  
ing the ship, and from seven to ten of the  
inmates, including two women, were  
drowned.

After sunrise a fresh breeze sprung up,  
the capsized boat was righted and bailed  
out and reached Cat Island in safety.

The other boats, except one, reached  
Eleuthera Island, 150 miles from the  
scene of the disaster.

The missing boat has not been heard  
from, but it is supposed it was picked up  
by a passing vessel, as an empty boat  
was seen adrift near Eleuthera Island  
with a life preserver in it.

One of the boats in attempting to land  
at Eleuthera Island was capsized and nine  
were drowned, including Mrs Brander  
and her three children.

At half-past one p.m. the *Bienville* ex-  
ploded and immediately sunk.  
When the fire was first discovered it  
was supposed to be in the forehold, where  
a large quantity of powder cargo was  
stored; but it proved to be between decks,  
over the boilers and among the cargo.

The passengers and crew lost all their  
baggage and saved nothing except the  
clothing they had on.

Captain Maury reports that the people  
of Nassau treated the shipwrecked kindly  
and administered to their wants. Vice  
Consul Saunders has cared for the sea-  
men. Out of 127 persons on board the  
ill-fated ship 34 are unaccounted for.

**China and Japan.**

The peaceful progress of civilization in  
the East is in danger of being interrupt-  
ed by the horrors of war. The latest  
news represents the Chinese as making  
preparations for defending the mouth of

the Peiho so as to prevent the plucky  
little Japs from visiting unceremoniously  
the Brother of the Sun. No doubt if hos-  
tilities should break out the combined  
European and American fleets would be  
able to exercise such an influence as would  
considerably mitigate the evil effect of  
the conflict on the commercial interests  
of foreigners. At the same time it is  
evident that the loss inflicted on the trad-  
ing interests could not fail to be serious.  
For this reason the progress of the dis-  
pute between the two Eastern govern-  
ments will be watched with anxiety both  
here and in Europe. We are naturally  
inclined to take sides with the Japanese,  
because they have shown an eagerness to  
avail themselves of the advantages of our  
civilization, while their opponents con-  
tinue to wrap themselves up in a haughty  
and selfish isolation. Unwilling to recog-  
nize the benefits which a free intercourse  
with other nations would not fail to con-  
fer, the people and government of China  
shut themselves off from all that sym-  
pathy which the Japanese invite. The  
friendship and preference shown by these  
latter to our country and our institutions  
are other bonds of union between us.  
But the chief and most lasting union  
must be based on mutual interests. The  
Japanese have shown that they compre-  
hend this fact, as well as the difference in  
our peaceful commercial policy from the  
chief European Powers. Hence the de-  
sire of the Japanese to cultivate close  
political and commercial relations with  
us. We should regret the occurrence of  
any conflict which would have the effect  
of turning the minds of this singularly  
gifted people from the pursuit of that  
peaceful progress in which the true hap-  
piness of nations is to be found.—*Ameri-  
can paper.*

**Newfoundland.**

The correspondent at St. John's, of the  
*Toronto Globe* writes to that journal:—  
The tide of emigration from this island  
to the United States, which has been  
checked by the prosperity of the last two  
years, is again rising. This emigration  
is mainly confined to that portion of our  
population who are of Irish descent. To  
them, as the people of Ireland, the Uni-  
ted States is the Land of Promise. Many  
of their connections are settled there and  
the glowing accounts they send of their  
prosperity induce many to follow. The  
Protestant portion of the population are  
by no means so much inclined to look to  
the States as a home; and hence the Ro-  
man Catholic part of our people is declin-  
ing in proportion to the Protestant, in  
consequence of this emigration. The  
working classes see the uncertainty of  
steady employment in a country which is  
dependent solely on the precarious re-  
turns of the fisheries. Should a bad Au-  
gust fishery follow on the back of our late  
disastrous seal fishery, wide-spread desti-  
tution among our poor fishermen would  
be the result. Their wages rarely allow  
of their saving anything against a disas-  
ter; and when an unfavorable season ar-  
rives, supplies are cut short and the great  
privations follow. Our great drawback  
here is that our population are almost  
solely dependent on the uncertain re-  
turns of the fisheries; and while the po-  
pulation is increasing, the produce of our  
marine industry does not advance. The  
remedy lies in combining agriculture with  
the fisheries and developing home man-  
ufacturing industry. Millions of acres of  
good land lie untouched in the fine val-  
leys of the west and north. As for climate  
we have none of the prostrating, enervat-  
ing heats of Canada and the United  
States. During our hottest days we are  
almost certain to have a pleasant breeze,  
which tempers the heat agreeably. On  
the 3rd, 4th, and 5th of July, when the  
telegrams informed us how the New  
Yorkers were panting in more than tropi-  
cal heat, and 200 cases of sunstroke oc-  
curred, the thermometer here did not rise  
higher than 68 deg., and during the first  
week of July the highest temperature for  
the week 57.7 deg. During the second  
week of July, the thermometer was only  
once as high as 78 deg., the mean being  
60.8 deg. With a west wind blowing dur-  
ing our summer months the atmosphere  
is balmy and exhilarating. A north-east  
wind is rather chilling, even in summer,  
while the east and south-east winds are  
apt to roll in the sea-fog upon the land.  
This fog however, being generated at sea  
by the co mingling of the waters of the  
Gulf Stream and the cold Arctic current  
which runs past these shores from the  
Greenland seas, never penetrates far in-  
land, but hangs around the coasts and  
headlands when the wind blows from the  
south east. During the month of June  
especially, the space of ocean from the  
outer edge of the shallow water of the  
banks to the eastern and southern shores  
of the island is frequently enveloped in  
fog—a provision of nature which probably  
increases the security and multiplication  
of fish and marine treasures in that  
gloomy region. The northern and west-  
ern shores are rarely visited by fogs; and  
even when a vast fog curtain stretches

along the southern and eastern coast,  
half a mile inland people are basking in  
bright sunshine, under a sky unclouded  
as that of Italy. Even on the south-  
eastern shores the number of days dur-  
ing which thick fog prevails does not ex-  
ceed 20 for the whole year, while light  
fogs or mist, which last only for a portion  
of the day, may prevail during as many  
more days. It is a rare event for the  
thermometer to rise higher than 77 deg.  
or 78 deg. Thunder and lightning are  
very rare. Being also free from the ex-  
tremes of cold in winter, our climate is  
remarkably salubrious, and the inhabi-  
tants, spending so much of their time in  
the open air, are a healthy race, instances  
of great longevity being very common.  
The first thing that is likely to turn the  
tide and render the country a desirable  
field for enterprise and an attractive resi-  
dence, will be union with the Dominion.  
Civilizing influences would then be felt;  
education would advance, and steamboats  
and railroads would unite us to more ad-  
vanced and energetic communities. Al-  
ready the symptoms of a transition period  
have set in. A middle-class, born in the  
country and regarding it their home and  
a fair field for the energies of their child-  
ren, is every year increasing in numbers  
and wealth, and its members are taking  
a share in the staple industries of the  
country.

**Composing and Distributing  
Machines.**

The *Times*, in noticing the machinery in  
motion in the International Exhibition,  
says:—The composing and distributing  
machines patented by M. Kastenbein, and  
exhibited by Mr. Walter, call for special  
notice, since they are both effective and  
new, and likely to come into use. The  
distributing machine is the more remark-  
able, as being exceedingly simple, and  
yet the first instance in which such a ma-  
chine has been brought to do good work.  
Composing machines of more or less  
clever construction have been from time  
to time patented, but the bar to their  
use has always been that either the type  
had to be distributed by hand, which ne-  
cessitated the retention of a staff of com-  
positors, or that it to be distributed by  
machine the type was required to be of  
some special construction, M. Kasten-  
bein's machines work with the ordinary  
type, and when we say that they are now  
in use in the *Times* office, and that the  
composing machine is worked by two boys  
who can compose as fast as three highly  
skilled compositors, and that the distri-  
buting machine, worked by one lad, can  
distribute rather faster than a highly  
skilled compositor, the value and impor-  
tance of M. Kastenbein's invention will  
be at once seen. A new invention cannot  
well be described without illustrations,  
but it will give our readers some idea of  
these machines if we say that in the com-  
posing machine the different letters, &c.,  
are arranged vertically in a series of cases  
just of a size to hold them, and in con-  
nection with pianoforte-like keys. Be-  
fore these a lad sits, and as he reads his  
copy so he strikes a key with his finger,  
upon which the letter wanted drops into  
its place in a groove. In this groove the  
type gradually forms a long line, which  
is pushed along the slide by means of a  
treadle motion which the boy keeps up  
with his foot, till it falls into the hands of  
another boy seated with his face towards  
the groove. This second lad "justifies"  
the long line of set up type as it moves  
towards him—That is, he cuts it into  
lengths equal to the breadth of a column  
of the newspaper or page of the book, and  
fixes it in a "form" which is then taken  
away and stereotyped or printed from,  
as the case may be. Each lad has his  
task smoothed by all sorts of simple  
and handy little mechanical contriv-  
ances, difficult to describe but easy to  
manipulate; and the rate of work is as  
we have said. The distributing machine,  
or machine for separating the type after  
it has been printed from, so that it may be  
used again, works by the same method re-  
versed. A lad sits at a key-board, the keys  
of which are marked with the various let-  
ters, &c., and reads the type as each line  
is cut from the "form" and pushed up  
into a groove under his eyes. Striking  
the key corresponding to the letter he  
wishes put back into its place, it slips  
down a groove and into a case exactly  
similar to that from which it fell on the  
key being struck in the other machine.  
These cases are moveable, and correspond  
in each machine, so that, when a case of  
some particular letter has been filled at  
the distributing machine, it can be remov-  
ed (an empty case being put in its stead)  
and placed in a rack till needed for the  
composing machine, when it has only to  
be fixed in its proper position, there to stay  
till emptied by repeated striking of the  
key which causes one of the letters it con-  
tains to fall into the proper groove.

**Minnesota as a Field for Emi-  
gration.**

The Rev. George Rodgers, of Stal bridge  
Dorsetshire, has just arrived in Liverpool



from the United States, after spending seven weeks in search of a tract of land on which to place a colony of Englishmen. He has come to the conclusion that Minnesota presents the most alluring prospects for emigrants of the class in whom he is most immediately interested. The reverend pioneer of the projected colony seems quite enraptured with the beauty and natural wealth of the land, and only fears that, despite his cloth, he would not be believed in England if he gave full expression to the impressions that he has received. He states, however, that the estimate which he has formed of the suitability of the State of Minnesota as a field of emigration for English agriculturists and mechanics is fully shared by all who accompanied him from England, and the majority have given proof of their faith in the new country by at once settling down and making it the land of their adoption. The ground, he says, is so rich that it has literally only to be tilled to make it smile a harvest. He has but a poor opinion of the industry and skill of the present farmers of Minnesota, and believes that the English farmers would make the land doubly productive. The richness of the soil prevents the necessity of using manure at present, and accordingly none is used, although the result must be eventual impoverishment of the soil, and the crops are allowed to be overgrown with weeds. Mr. Rodgers specially instanced one farm, the owner of which informed him that his net annual profit was £2000 a-year, and expressed a belief that an English farmer would double that income. Not only is manure not used and weeding paid no attention to, but the system of rotation of crops has no existence in Minnesota. The land is so cheap, and produces so abundantly, that the present farmers don't care to be troubled with the refinements of high-class farming. It ought to be stated that the land taken for the colony will cost from 10s. to 32s. an acre, the price to be determined by the locality and quality. Seven years' credit will be given; but should ready cash be paid, a liberal discount will be made.

A French Tragedy.

The Paris correspondent of the *Swiss Times* writes:—A mysterious and dramatic event has happened at the bridge of Bry, which is being re-built. The other day four individuals, vendors of wine barrels at Bercy, dined at the Restaurant Dubac. One of them was accompanied by his wife, a young and pretty woman. During the repast a quarrel broke out, and the wife struck her husband. Soon after she got with her brother-in-law into a boat that the party had hired in the afternoon; it was then about ten o'clock at night. The husband and a young man a cousin, were seen creeping along behind the enormous stones brought for building the bridge, when suddenly, in the middle of the river, the young woman was seen struggling and crying out for help, while her brother-in-law, instead of trying to save her, rowed away as fast as he could. A sailor who had been left in care of a boat freighted with sand was awakened by the cries, but on looking to see whence they proceeded could distinguish nothing, and they soon ceased. However, he gave the alarm, and two persons walking on the banks of the river came to join him. One of them, M. Dupulle, got into a boat and rowed in pursuit of the fugitive, and came up with the assassin, who replied to his menaces by brandishing an arm with which he had provided himself. Upon this the brother-in-law allowed himself to be taken into custody. His two companions were also arrested after a short pursuit. They at first tried to deny that they knew the woman. At last one of them, a brutal-looking fellow, acknowledged that she was his wife. The woman's body was found on the following morning, and the prisoners were confronted with it on the banks of the Marne, but remained unmoved. The young woman had been married for her money. The doctor by whom she was examined declared that she was in the habit of drinking. The youngest of the three men who had remained with the husband, and who seemed to await the end of the tragedy, does not belong to the family. His examination has brought to light overwhelming evidence against the husband and the brother-in-law. The fourth individual has escaped.

The Scotch Herring Fishery.

PETERHEAD.—We cannot report any great progress in the fishing. Unpropitious weather and other causes have kept the boats from going to sea, and thus only a few crans have been added to the season's average, which now stands at about 160 crans. Large arrivals of stock have taken place. Prices may be quoted at 30s. for f.c.b., and 24s. for matties and spears. Extensive shipments going on.

FRASERBURGH.—Friday and Saturday were fairly successful days. Monday night was stormy, and more than half the boats put back. Tuesday was densely foggy throughout, and the signal gun was fired at intervals all day. The same process had to be repeated on Thursday morning. None ventured out on Tuesday, the fog having continued, and some of the boats having been late in arriving. There was considerable loss of nets, but no other casualty attendant upon these adverse circumstances of weather. Our fleet is much reduced by the departure of many boats whose owners were made up. Shipped during the week, 14,993 barrels; during the season, 60,555. Average for season to this date, 192 crans.

WICK.—At Wick, and along the Moray Firth ports, no progress has been made. It would thus appear that Peterhead, Fraserburgh, Aberdeen, and Gardenston, have been the specially successful ports for the season.

A War of Extermination.

A war of extermination is now being carried on by the Chinese Government against the aborigines in the mountains of Kweichow. In a letter from a correspondent of the *Shanghai Courier* at Kweichow, we read:—I have just received news from a reliable source that a party of Miaoutze took the city of Ma ho chow the other night. The civil Mandarin, however, managed to make good his retreat to some neighboring stockades of Tso's troops, who early next morning took the city, and the Miaoutze retired (with the loss of course!) Nearly at the same time about thirty battalions—the centre of Tso's lines—gave way before a vigorous attack, led by Lee-tai-foo; but the troops retook their positions next day. The losses are not stated. This may account for the taking of Ma-ho-chow, just in the rare of the left centre. There is a rumour current in this city that the tribe of Hung Miaoutze have revolted and killed the Mandarin at Yung-shun foo, near the frontier of Hunan. In my last I told you that Tso's troops had been defeated at, or near, Sin-chen. It now appears that the Ma homedans of Sin-chen sallied out one night, and took seven stockades, and killed about three hundred of their besiegers. The force on the left, too, while making a raid on the Miaoutze, near Chung ngan-kiang, were beaten back with two officers and a few soldiers killed, and some wounded. The barbarities of the struggle are so horrible as almost to defy belief. Writing on the 16th May, this correspondent says:—The Chinese Imperialist generals managed to persuade five Miaoutze chiefs to intrust themselves to their honor. Taking a live rooster, they tore it to pieces, and mixing the blood with wine, each one quaffed a cup of it, which was equivalent to telling the Miaoutze that, as they shared the same blood, they were prepared to share the same fate; in other words, they, the generals, guaranteed with their lives the lives of the five Miaoutze chiefs. Having thus got the chiefs into their hands, the generals then presented them to the Tee-tai, who in his turn, sent them here with compliments to the Foo tai, and his high dignity speedily told the poor Miaoutze that the Emperor had sent orders to behead them! Accordingly they, or at least four of them, were taken out yesterday to be killed—a little at a time—as usual. The eyelids were first cut off, then the hands, then the two breasts, then the heart and the liver, and finally the head was cut off. One only of the five escaped this dreadful fate, being fortunate enough to find the means of stabbing himself before the horrible torture commenced. One of the victims was the Kia-kwoh-wong, 'founder of the Nation prince.' Another was Pau-wong or Pau-yah-tu, as he was commonly called on account of his stoutness. He was formerly the most powerful chief of the Heh-liao tribe. The Chiefs were marched out to the 'slaughter ground' under an escort, headed by the Imperial 'badge of authority.' The only crime imputed to these men was an attempt to throw off the utterly selfish and corrupt government of the alien Manchus. Two days later the same correspondent sends the following further news concerning the Miaoutze of Kweichow:—A few days ago the Tee tai's troops took some villages near Shiang-loo-shan and killed every one they came across. The Kin-wong and Lee-tai-too, however, managed to make good their escape with a few thousand followers, killing, it is said, their own women and children before leaving. They fought their way through the lines to Yuching hsien and other cities in that direction, where some of the troops have now gone to hunt them to death. There are still a few thousand Miaoutze left on Shiang-loo-shan, who seem determined to hold out to the bitter end, rather than surrender to certain death by the knife or starvation. At this moment quite a large number of young Miaoutze females are being dragged about from place to place for sale by soldiers and camp followers.

A Strange Watery Grave.

Some curious facts are related in connection with Lake Tahoe, California, by a correspondent writing from there to the *San Francisco Bulletin*. It appears that several persons have been drowned in the lake during the past ten years, but none of their bodies had ever been discovered. This fact gave rise to the superstitious belief that some monster dwelt in the waters, and that all the bodies were consumed by it. The true explanation of the mysterious non-appearance of the bodies is said to be due to three causes. The first is the great purity of the water and its consequent lack of buoyancy. The second and main cause is due to the great coldness of the water. Even at this, the warmest season, the surface water is as cold as the drinker, desires it to be, but it is warm there compared with its temperature at the depth of 100 or 200 feet. When a body sinks in the lake to the depth required, it is frozen stiff. The process, of course, preserves it, so that the gas which originates in the body from the decay in other water is prevented, and distention checked. The body is thus kept in a state of greater specific gravity than the water in which it is suspended, and thereby prevented from rising to the surface. The third cause lies in the great pressure of pure water on anything which is sunk to a great depth in it. Corks placed on deep sea nets are pressed down in a week to half their size, and one of the oldest residents of the lake expresses the belief that by the time a man's body has been suspended for a week at a depth of about 200 feet (it is, not likely that it ever reaches the cavernous and almost fathomless bottom of the great lake) the compression of water has reduced its size to that of a child's. Doubtless the idea of unconfined suspension in such a "world of water" is not a pleasant one to contemplate, but to be pressed into a solid mass and suspended in a liquid coffin of ice temperature, may be quite as

pleasant as interment and mouldering in the ground.

Alleged Cure for the Potato Disease.

The following letter appeared in the *London Times*:—"Sir,—By your kind permission I would crave space to make known to your numberless readers that a root applied to the haulm of potatoes immediately on the appearance of the disease (or, mayhap, it would be better applied in smaller quantities during their growth) appears to me to be an antidote to this fatal malady; it certainly is a most perfect disinfectant of the foul odours consequent on the attack of the disease. It occurred to me that as sulphur judiciously applied is a safe and well known remedy for mildew or plants, the oidium on vines, &c., why not for the potato fungus? I supposed soot contained sulphurous matter, and knew it was a cheap substance, and could be applied in quantity during the growth of plants without injury, otherwise the remedy would be as bad as the disease. I therefore immediately purchased a quantity, and had it dusted over a great quantity of my crop about the 17th to the 20th of July last, at the rate of about 20 bushels per acre. The results, so far as can be at present judged, or until the crop is lifted, are favourable beyond my most sanguine hopes or expectations, so much that on the 27th ultimo I had an additional lot of soot applied to the same crop at the rate of about twelve bushels per acre, the atmosphere betokened a recurrence of the disease. The action of the soot on the blighted haulm appears to be threefold,—drying up the infected leaves and stems, so when badly smitten, purifying the noxious vapours arising from the attack of disease, and apparently increasing the vigour of the plants, the young leaves and growth becoming of more rich green colour. I am very pleased to have carried out the experiment bearing as it does on a similar idea conceived by Dr. Roberts of London, and made public by your favor on the 30th ult. I fully believe it is now only for the learned to say what are the chemical properties of soot and their probable action on the potato disease. I can only say further that I shall be only too pleased to communicate the practical result of my experiment for what it is worth as I take up the crop. I have plots of the same kind where no soot was applied, and others where the haulm was pulled, and others which were dug at the time of applying the soot—all of which now become and may be noted as comparative tests, and which during the next 8 or 10 days will be open for inspection by and to whom it may be convenient to come, see, and judge for themselves. My time also is at his service; hoping, under God's providence, it may be a goodly knowledge gained as the basis of more perfect experiments in future years. Believing the importance of the subject renders any apologies for trespassing on your space needless, I am, &c., ROBERT H. PORTER, The County Seed Establishment, Taunton, September 1.

Beecher for Greeley.

W. H. Beecher, writing in a Greeleyite journal, stands up for the "honest farmer of Chappagua" in the following curious style:—"I find many of our orthodox Republicans have the notion that Greeley is an infidel. Now, I believe him to be a Christian. He is a communicant of Dr. Chaplin's Church, and believes in the ultimate restoration of all God's children, here or hereafter. I suppose he has used some profane language. But so has Grant, and so has Wilson, for he is not habitually profane; even Washington and Jackson were guilty of the same. I do not consider this an evidence of piety, but neither is it evidence that one is not right at heart, and many a Christian witnessing great injustice feels swar if he don't utter it."

Horrible Crime in America.

A serious crime is reported from Memphis. A small steambot, called the *Ellen Brooks*, apparently abandoned, on the 17th of August, floated down the Mississippi, and grounded on the shore about ten miles above that city. A negro was on board, and he, jumping ashore, disappeared in the woods. He was afterwards captured, and his statement and that of the captain of the *Ellen Brooks* who had been ashore at a village 18 miles above, revealed the crime. At this village the *Ellen Brooks* and a trading boat alongside her had been fastened to the wharf, when a man who was disorderly was put ashore by the captain of the *Ellen Brooks*. This man went to a Justice of the Peace, got a warrant, and had the captain arrested. While the captain was absent several persons boarded the boat, murdered the captain's child, a man, and two women, who were aboard, plundered it, and, throwing the bodies overboard, set the vessel adrift. The negro who jumped ashore claims to have been pressed into the service of the murderers, but he is held in custody.

NEW ATLANTIC CABLE.—The Great Eastern steamship, lying in the Medway, a short distance above Sheerness, is now faking on board some of the new electric cable which a French Company intend to lay from the Land's End to Halifax. About 30 miles of cable per day is received on board and carefully coiled in one of the vast tanks. The Great Eastern will not leave her present moorings to deposit the cable till next summer.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made in Dublin for a Peat Fuel Commission, the object of which is to investigate the best modern systems for making improved peat fuel that may be found successfully in operation anywhere.

The steamer "St. Gothard" has foundered in the Lake of Zurich, incurring a great loss of life.



HARBOR GRACE, OCTOBER 8, 1872.

THE "Star" is issued to-day in an enlarged form; and the supply of paper being plentiful, "news" will be as plentifully reported. The appearance of the "Star" is enhanced, and contains as much reading matter as any semi-weekly printed in the colony. The price of subscription is moderate, and additional subscribers can at any time be enlisted. We are well aware that owing to the absence of many on the various fishing grounds, our already long list is incomplete, and trust to receive a large addition to the patronage so liberally given us, on their return.

THE Labrador mail steamer "Osprey" called at this port on Sunday afternoon to land letters, this being her last trip for the season. She left Red Bay on the 30th ultimo, bringing dates from the coast to 26th. The accounts are uniform in representing the weather as unfavourable for fish operations, there not having been one fine day for a month ending 25th September. Herrings continued plentiful in nets and will help the voyage materially. A later arrival gives dates to 4th inst., up to which time there was no change: herrings continuing abundant.

POTATO PRODUCTIVENESS.

ON Saturday last a person in town turned up seventy-eight potatoes, the product of ONE, the lot weighing sixteen pounds. Considering the poor quality of the soil, this indeed illustrates that much can be done by the use of good seed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[FOR THE HARBOR GRACE STAR.]

A m i t y .

The disruption of the bonds of amity, whether national or personal, generally proceeds from selfishness. Nations go to war for the sake of conquest to extend their borders or to resent insult, and personal misunderstandings proceed from the same causes. In the one case the sword is unsheathed and reddened in blood for—it may be—an idea; and in the other, a trivial cause expels one of the healthiest influences of our nature and shuts the door to impulses that brings man within reach of angels' whispers. Since the fall there has been the inclination to shift blame to other shoulders. "The woman whom Thou gavest tempted me." I was not to blame! Had she not been here I should never have tasted! And so it is in all quarrels—both parties are right. It is only when results are estimated that people realize how senselessly they have acted. There are quarrels that could not have been avoided. National and personal grievances must be vindicated at whatever cost. Such a war was that forced on Britain by the cruel Theodorus, in which it will be remembered that the only trophy of the victors was the son of the tyrant, the captive not being held in chains, but taken to be educated and sent back at the fitting time to extend to his countrymen the freedom and civilization of the foremost nation of the earth. But most wars owe their origin to a spirit of aggrandizement that thinks nothing of oceans of blood spilt or the inexpressible misery resulting from the carnage. Personal misunderstandings are generally prompted by selfish motives: we look at things from a selfish standpoint. It often happens that we do things ourselves which if done by others would be pronounced heinous. We are sure to have a mantle to throw over our acts whatever their character, but exposure becomes a duty when others are concerned. Is it not the case that "backbiting" in the world is too common? We are willing to admit a man's good qualities "after he is dead," but for the most part we studiously conceal if we don't deny them while he is living. Now, no two men are constituted alike. A thing may be said to and of one man without occasioning but a laugh that would be deemed an insult by another. The crusty bachelor who said that Adam's wife was called Eve, because when she appeared man's day of happiness was drawing to a close, might be allowed to pass with a smile, whereas if a man told his wife she was the pest of his life, he would commit a mistake he could never forget or forgive, because it would rancour in his family. Smart things are very well in their way, but they should not be indulged in merely to give pain. We have heard of a person who went crazy from being called a "pro-noun." We all respond to the appellation every day in the year, but in the instance referred to, the term was ignorantly associated with the idea of something disgraceful which does not extenuate the offence. There is no greater necessity to wound another than to cheat a neighbour; we don't envy

the man who delights in giving pain; such an one can know nothing of the pleasures of true friendship. Indeed as the world goes the tendency is to ignore the sacredness of friendship than which no earthly influence can move the heart. After the war in America between the North and South, a northern and southern gentleman—formerly fast friends—happened to meet, when, after some conversation the former tauntingly said, "the difference between you southern and we northern is that the northern man blacks his own boots and the southern man boots his own blacks—What will you drink?" Surely the courtesy would be enhanced were the taunt omitted. In extended communities things may be said that would act injuriously in smaller settlements; and as we are all brothers the duty is incumbent to avoid giving pain unnecessarily, because there is no profit on the one side, whereas many evils flow from the other.

A A E.

Oct. 7th.

[FOR THE HARBOR GRACE STAR.]

Bachelors.

What are they? Why, the very essence of knowledge—so they think; but being often indulged in odd fashions it is matter for congratulation. It is not an uncommon story in a bachelor's life for him to express his fear of marriage in such a way as to evoke female sympathy with that disdainer of an holy ordinance. Not long ago a bachelor gave as a reason for never marrying, that if his wife turned out a tartar she would kill him, and if like a house plant, (that is, perfectly tame) he would likely kill her. However there is something gracious about the bachelor family: invariably knowing astrology to perfection; ability to foretell the weather after it is told; profound inspiration inspired with law. Dedication to morbidity and familiarity with the dust. Such painful reflections as the bachelor is subject to is apparent in his every movement. Downcast eyes, slovenly gait (sometimes unsteady). Feeble knowledge outside of what he reads of, and a particular fancy for potatoes. The love of potatoes is good, and unblamable, but the manner in which he would grow them and have them dug and preserved shows clearly the crania of their class to run on wheels. Good-bye, bachelors; you have been long in our society—only too long. Cold weather is coming! Blankets are cheap!!

PASHA.

Oct. 7.

LOCAL ITEMS.

We think we may now set it down as an unquestionable fact that the potato disease has been more damaging in its effect this season than for some years past. Our farmers were congratulating themselves, and with some show of reason that as the disease appeared to be annually growing less in extent and virulence, it would in a few years almost altogether die out; but this hope can no longer be cherished. About St. John's the past season's crop is hardly worth gathering, and this is the case too in many of the near outports. There are some localities, of course, where the crop is much less injured, but it is certain that many thousand barrels of potatoes will this year be lost. In Newfoundland the partial loss of the potato crop is a very serious misfortune, for that edible enters very largely into the consumption of our people.—*Chronicle*, Oct. 4.

PRESENTATION CONVENT AT HARBOR BRITON.—On board the last Western steamer a Community of five nuns of the Presentation order left this town, by direction of His Lordship, Dr. Power, to found a branch institution at Harbor Briton. This order has for very many years diffused the blessing of good Education upon the female youth of the Island, and results the most beneficent attest the value of their labors in every direction. We cannot doubt that the Catholics of Harbor Briton will soon reap their portion of the same excellent fruit of the seed about to be sown there by those devoted ladies who have just entered on their sacred mission.—*Newfoundlander*

Coals is going to be coals in St. John's this winter, and those who are so unfortunate as to be without their winter's supply may expect to have a longer price to pay for it than usual. Of the 12000 tons required for the consumption in this city during the winter, only 4000 tons have yet been received; and although some cargoes are on the way, and will probably shortly arrive, yet it is very improbable that the receipts from now to the end of the year will reach the requirements. To make matters worse, there were some rumors in town yesterday of a strike having taken place amongst the coalminers in Cape Breton, the immediate effect of which will be to delay shipments, and the ultimate effect to further increase the price. So that to housekeepers amongst us the outlook in the matter of coal supply is not pleasant.

Under the circumstances, and having regard to the many who will be unable to purchase coal for fuel, the people of the Northern Bays would do well to bring on as much wood fuel as this fall as possible. More than they can bring will be required, and they are pretty certain to dispose of their cargoes without difficulty at remunerative prices.—*Ibid.*





Latest Despatches.

LONDON, Oct. 1.

The Pope has appointed the Rev. Vaughan, Bishop of Salford. The Bishop elect was recently connected with the missions of spiritual instructions of the colored people of the Southern States.

The American ship "Jane J. Southard" took fire yesterday off the coast of Munster, Ireland, and was scuttled. A telegram from Ragusa reports that a fight occurred on Monday between the Turks and Montenegrins, many were killed on both sides.

The time for choosing between German and French citizenship has expired and there has been an overwhelming exodus from the conquered provinces to France. All the French newspapers appeared in mourning.

LONDON, 2.

The train from London to Edinburgh this morning, while running at a very great speed, came in collision near Kirtlebridge, with a freight train, causing instant death of nine persons, many others were injured, and it is feared some of them will die.

The "Gazette" officially announces that Lord Hathert, has resigned the Chancellorship.

Miss Nellie Grant and her brother Ulyses, have arrived in London.

George J. Essel, Sol-General, made a speech to his constituents at Dover last night. He dwelt at some length on the operation of the new ballot law, and congratulated his hearers, that England was at peace with all nations, and declared that the award of the Geneva Board would be paid within one year, without increasing the taxes of the country.

NEW YORK, 2.

The coal and iron company has failed, with liabilities of \$1,000,000.

A long list of disasters on the lakes, the result of the storm on Saturday and Sunday.

William F. Havermayer was nominated for Mayor of New York last night by the reformers.

A fire at Montreal this morning destroyed St. Patrick's Hall, and several stores. Loss \$200,000.

Gold 114 1-8.

LONDON, 3.

Sir Charles Adderley, conservative M. P., for north Staffordshire, addressed a large meeting of his constituents at Barstun last night. He alluded to the Geneva tribunal and the settlement of the dispute between England and America, and said the prosperity of the world depended on the cordial understanding between two nations. England has made great sacrifices to terminate the state of semi-alienation, and relieve the anxiety of Canada. The settlements of the difficulties arising out of depredations of Confederate cruisers had been dearly purchased by England, and parties who had fitted out these vessels, and made fortunes at the risk of the honor of the country ought to bear the burden of the Geneva tribunal.

The Staffordshire ironmasters have reduced the price of finished iron, two dollars per ton.

Sir J. Shaw Willis, an English judge committed suicide while temporarily insane, on Thursday.

The Pope declared in an address that the triumph of the Church in Rome will yet come.

One hundred and twenty-five Alsations have volunteered as soldiers in the German army.

Despatches from India, say that the Russian forces are marching on Khiva. Khiva is a country of independent Turkistan, with a population of 200,000, mostly wandering tribes.

New York, 4.—Gold 114 3-4.

"Dolly," Will You Go?

Oh! had we some bright little isle of our own,  
In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone;  
Where the leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,  
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers!  
Where the sun loves to pause  
With so fond a delay,  
That the night only draws  
A thin veil o'er the day;  
Where simply to feel that we breathe,  
That we live,  
Is worth the best joys that life elsewhere can give.

There, with souls ever ardent and pure  
As the clime,  
We should love as they loved in the first golden time;  
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,  
Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there!  
With affection as free  
From decline as the bowers,  
And with hope, like the bee,  
Living always on flowers,  
Our life should resemble a long day of light,  
And our death come on holy and calm as the night!

The following are the particulars of the loss of the schooner "Nimrod," Charles Brett, Master, from Joe Batt's Arm to White Bay, abandoned on 19th September last:—

The "Nimrod" left Joe Batt's Arm at 11 o'clock on the morning of Thursday, Sept. 19, with a light breeze from the S. E., but a thick fog. Steering N. W. by N., made Cape St. John at dark, the land close aboard. Attempted to stay the vessel, but failed; wore round and hoisted mainsail a short time after, vessel rolling heavily. Split mainsail and got anchor ready to let go; but finding vessel drifting rapidly towards land, had to abandon her to save life. The crew saved nothing but what they stood in, with the exception of a gun. The master and crew were taken to Twillingate in the "Tiger." The names of those on board the "Nimrod" are: Charles Brett, Master, Aaron Brett, John Brett, Alexander Coffin, W. H. Brett, Peter Brett, Eliza Brett. From the Chronicle of To-day.

That intoxicating liquors are sold on the Sabbath day in violation of the Act is easily seen by the casual observer as he walks the street on that day. Last Sunday about noon not fifty yards from our office, a crowd of people surrounded three drunken men, whose uncouthly yells, and fearful oaths, the passers by were compelled to listen to; and not a policeman to be seen for fully half an hour, between this scene of noise and confusion and the market house. Where were they? We appear to have a large staff in this town at present. How was it that they were off this beat at the time? Had they been these miscreants would likely have been arrested and punished, and we have no doubt the authorities would have learned from them from whom they procured the liquors, and thus these violators of law, order, and decency, would have just punishment meted out to them. Ledger, Oct. 1.

MARK TWAIN AS A REPORTER.—In a recent lecture delivered in Chicago, Mark Twain gets off the following: I reported on that morning newspaper three years, and it was pretty hard work. But I enjoyed its attractions. Reporting is the best school in the world to get a knowledge of human beings, human nature, and human ways. A nice, gentlemanly reporter—I make no reference—is well treated by everybody. Just think of the wide range of his acquaintanceship, his experience of life and society? No other occupation brings a man into such familiar social relations with all grades and classes of people. The last thing at night—midnight he goes browsing around after items among police and jail birds, in the lock-up, questioning prisoners, and making lasting friendships with some of the worst people in the world. [Laughter.] And the very next evening he gets himself up regardless of expense, puts on all the good clothes his friends have got [laughter], goes and takes dinner with the Governor, or the commander-in-chief of the district, the United States Senator, and some more of the upper crusts of society. He is on good terms with all of them, and is present at every public gathering and has easy access to every variety of people. Why, I breakfasted almost every morning with the Governor, dined with the principal clergymen, and slept in the station house.

A reporter has to lie a little, of course, or they would discharge him. That is the only drawback to the profession. That is why I left it. [Laughter.] I am different from Washington; I have a higher and grander standard of principle. Washington could not lie. I can lie, but I won't. [Prolonged laughter.] Reporting is fascinating, but then it is distressing to have to lie so. Lying is bad—lying is very bad. Every individual in this house knows that by experience. I think that for a man to tell a lie when he can't make anything by it, is wrong.

BIRTH.

At Hearts Content, on the 29th ult., the wife of E. Weedon, Esq., of a daughter. Yesterday evening, the wife of Captain T. Noble, of a son.

MARRIED.

On the 2nd of October, at St. Mary's Church, Heart's Content, by the Rev. G. Gardner, brother of the bride, H. H. MacKenzie, Esq., of the New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company, to Mary Elizabeth, second daughter of James Gardner, Esq., J. P.

DIED.

At Lazy Bank, on Thursday, 3rd inst., after a long and painful illness, Mr. James Crane, aged 27 years, a native of Upper Island Cove, Conception Bay.

At St. John's, on Tuesday morning, 1st inst., after a painful consumptive disorder, borne with exemplary patience, Anastasia, third daughter of the late John Blundon, Esq., aged 21 years.

At same place on Wednesday evening, after a brief illness, Mary Ashton Eales, the beloved wife of Mr. John Eales, aged 72 years.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF HARBOR GRACE.

ENTERED.  
Oct. 7—Glynn, Keen, St. Vincent, molasses—Punton & Munn.

CLEARED.

Oct. 2—Devil, Tulloch, Liverpool, oil and skins—Punton & Munn.  
4—Levant, Fraser, Baddeck, ballast—Paterson & Foster.

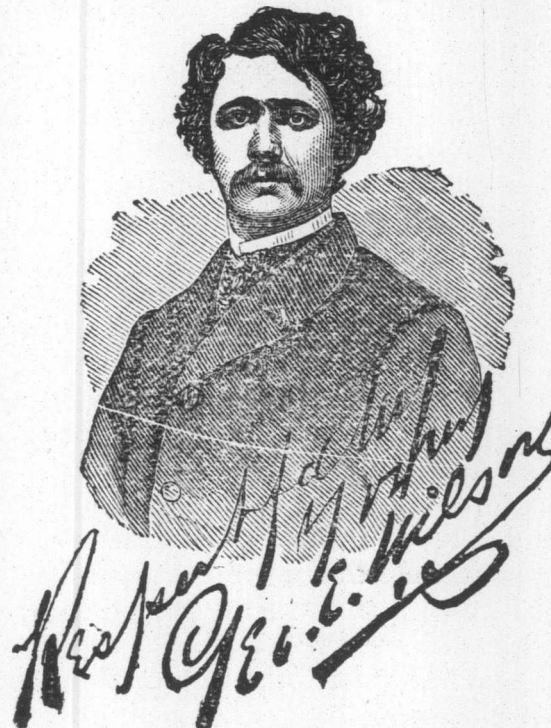
PORT OF ST. JOHN'S.

ENTERED.

Oct. 3—Amparo, Morill, Cadiz, C. F. Ansell.  
Eagle, Jackman, New York, Bowring Brothers.  
4—Romano, Gavita, Porto Rico, P. Rogerson & Sons.  
Perle, Day, Cow Bay, H. J. Stabb.  
Saint Herbert, Eorgeron, Boston, Clift, Wood & Co.

CLEARED.

Oct. 2—Alfred, Carmichael, Baddeck, J. & W. Pitts.  
Netherton, Brien, St. Vincent, Job Brothers & Co.  
Snipe, Percy, Charlottetown, J & W Pitts.  
3—Miranda, McNabb, Pictou, Bowring Brothers.  
Jane Louisa McNeil, Margaree, J & W Pitts.  
Bianca, Hill, Ceara, N. Stabb & Sons.  
Josephine, Ganion, Glace Bay, G. Browning.  
G J Troop, Boudrot, Sydney, the master.  
Hedwig, Hafrander, Sydney, W H Mare.  
4—Greenland, Rhodes, Pictou, N Stabb & Sons.  
Lion, Ash, London, W Grieve & Co.  
Courtney, Jackman, London, Baine, Johnston & Co.



WILSON'S Theatre!

GREAT SENSATION OF THE SEASON!

THIS (TUESDAY) EVENING,

Complimentary Testimonial

TO

MR. G. E. WILSON,

Who will have the pleasure of presenting James Pilgrim's celebrated Drama, entitled

ROBERT EMMET

WITH HIS ORIGINAL DYING SPEECH

After which the New Farce of the SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM!

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Curtain to rise at 8.

FOR SALE!

75 Brls. Choice Extra FLOUR

20 do. CORN MEAL

20 BOXES No. 1 Family SOAP

9 Doz. CHAIRS.

—BY—

R. ANDERSON,

Opposite Messrs. Punton & Munn's. Oct. 1. †4i.

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Fellows' Compound Syrup

OF

HYPOPHOSPHITES.

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

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[LATE EVANS, LEMESSURIER & KNIGHT,]

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July 9. †f.

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VIOLET'S STORY.

[CONCLUDED.]

Violet, he said, this is the last time. God knows I have been constant, but a man cannot bear too much. Three years have I followed you—three years striven to win you, by every means in my power. Again I come to you; again I offer you my heart, my hand, and all that is mine. If you refuse it I shall offer it no more. Pride has stooped long enough—Love has held sway beyond his time—and you—

The last chance, eh? she said lightly. Very kind of you to give it.

You are cruel, Violet, he answered. You sneer at such tender love as many women never have offered them in all their lives. My God! I can win hearts I care nothing for; why not this?

It was the echo of her own secret cry. It touched her. She stood still, and tried to think.

It was true love that was offered her, and a good man, and a handsome man offered it; and all that made life sweet might be hers, but for a silly dream. Shall I waste my heart any longer on a man who does not want it? she said to herself. I'll not be so weak. Then she glanced at Charles Moreland. He had turned away, but not so far but that she saw tears in his eyes. She went toward him.

Charles, she said, her lip quivering. I do not scorn your love. It honors me. If you really care for me so much, you may have me.

Then his arms were about her, and he was glad; and she strove to be.

They walked on the beach for a long while. From it they walked to the clergyman's house. He seemed to fear that she should change her mind, and he wished to put it out of her power to do so.

They were married that morning, the clergyman's wife and daughter smiling witnesses of the ceremony. And that day he promised to let her go back alone to her hotel, and to sing as she had agreed to do that night. The next morning the news would be abroad, and he would claim her.

And I will not see you, or speak to you again until to-morrow, Charles, she said, then this life ends, and my new one begins.

So they parted.

She put her wedding ring upon her watch chain, and so wore it—not upon her finger. As she stepped forth upon the stage that night, she thought that this would be the last time she gave her neither joy nor sorrow; but as she advanced, she saw a face among the faces of the audience that made the ring lying over her heart turn hard and cold there, to her fancy. Arthur Hurst looked up at her, and smiled—a glad, free smile, unusual to him. She smiled back, but she could have screamed. She sang, but not well; she made mistakes, and faltered. Between the first part of the concert and the last she turned faint; but the final song aroused her. It was love's last adieu to the beloved. It was, as she felt, her adieu to Arthur—a German song rich with German romance and ardor. It thrilled her heart as her voice thrilled the crowd of listeners. One felt the tears standing in his eyes. She could not see them; her own had blinded her.

She went home to her hotel. The youth of the place made that old-time demonstration, of taking the horses from her carriage, and dragging it to its destination. They called her out into the balcony to receive their applause, and she smiled and bowed. Then she sat down upon a sofa in the pretty flower-bedecked parlor, and took her wedding ring from its chain and put it on.

I am the wife of a true man, she said, and I will be a true wife even in thought, God helping me.

Just then a tap came at the door. It was a servant, who uttered these words:

A gentleman, Miss. He says it's late, but just a moment.

Violet arose. One gentleman had a right to summon her at any moment now. She had forbidden him, but she would see him for a little, it might be best for her. She went down to the parlor. Arthur Hurst arose to meet her. He led her to a seat, for the second time in his life he drew near to her, and took her hand in his. His great black eyes were dewy, his mouth sweetly tremulous, his voice not his usual voice.

He put her hand to his lips, to his cheek. She felt his heart beating against her arm. Then he kissed her. She sat as one in a dream.

Violet, he said, I wonder whether my hopes mislead me. I have loved you so long! You know that, do you not? and you—you don't shrink from me.

It has been so long, so hopeless he continued. I have held my peace for three years, and struggled with fortune the while. And it has come at last—the success I have striven for. With all my other shortcomings, I could not ask you to share a fate so beggerly as mine seemed likely to be. But it is past now. I shall be a rich man in a year or two.

Violet, my darling Violet, will you be my wife?

The ring lay cold as ice upon her finger—the wedding ring of Charles Moreland.

An hour after this, a woman slipped into the chemist's shop of Bethelport, and asked for arsenic. The chemist answered doubtfully; he hardly knew about selling it. It might be used for a bad purpose. When a doctor ordered it he sent a prescription.

The lady put back her filmy hood.

I am Miss Marten, she said. You heard me sing to-night. We professional people must keep up our complexions.

Then she smiled, and the chemist smiled also, and thought to himself that this accounted for that transparent skin, and thought no more of it until next morning, when Miss Violet Marten was found dead. She left two little notes behind her—one to Arthur Hurst the other to her husband. No one but those to whom they were addressed knew what they contained.

At the inquest the chemist gave his evidence, and the papers had a paragraph concerning the beautiful cantatrice who died for the sake of a fair complexion, and moralized on the folly of beauty feeding itself on arsenic, and so being liable to take over doses. And they will show you the grave at Bethelport church-yard where lies the singer, beautiful, young and successful, and married that morning to a millionaire, who killed herself through excess of vanity, but by pure accident, since she had everything to live for. And there is a stone there which is a marvel of carved beauty, that her husband had placed over her; but a strange, slow-growing vine that is creeping over it, was planted by a gentleman no one knew—a lame gentleman, with a very sad pale face.

Doubtless Violet left sore hearts in this world when she went out of it, but whether they healed or were broken we will not seek to know. Our story was Violet's, and with her life it ends.

The Stolen Curl.

Upon the shores of Lake Pontchartrain, and on the southern border of the state of Mississippi, a long row of elegant villas, a group of warehouses, and here and there a public building or private institution, form the lovely and quiet town of Pass Christian, noted for its balmy climate, the beauty of its situation, its handsome residences, and the wealth and refinement of its citizens.

To the young ladies' academies and military institutions of Pass Christian, many of the wealthy planters were wont to send their daughters and sons to be educated; and as the pupils of the representative institutions would meet in their daily promenades, many admiring glances would be exchanged between them, and longings felt to become acquainted.

Among the fair pupils of the Lake Academy, none were more beautiful than Rosa Verner, the sole heiress to all her doting father's cotton estates, situated upon the Mississippi river. A shower of golden curls fell upon her shoulders. Blue dreamy eyes, a bright, smiling face and a graceful form, added to a disposition of the truest womanly sweetness, made the young girl of fifteen particularly attractive to all who knew her. Many a handsome cadet from the military academy had fallen in love with the bewitching beauty at the first glance from her heaven-lit eyes; but to none did she show a preference when meeting at the soirees and receptions given by the different schools.

One of Rosa's greatest, though silent admirers, was Edward Griffith, the son of a Mississippi planter, whose estate lay adjoining that of Mr. Verner; but between Mr. Verner and Colonel Griffith there existed great bitterness, and for years the families had not spoken, though meeting constantly in social intercourse at the neighboring planters.

The feud commenced long years before, when Mr. Verner and Colonel Griffith were rivals for the hand of Edward's mother. Colonel Griffith had won her heart and hand and married her; and his success so enraged Mr. Verner that he challenged his successful rival, a duel followed, and in the encounter Colonel Griffith came off victorious severely wounding his adversary.

Since that day neither had spoken to the other, and all interchange of friendly intercourse between even the negroes upon the plantations was forbidden.

Meeting once at Pass Christian, though Rosa could not but see that Edward Griffith admired her, and he felt that she was not indifferent to his gaze, both were governed by the remembrance of the feud existing between their parents, and gave no sign of recognition of the other's feelings.

Towards the close of a lovely summer's day, in the year that this story opens, the fair pupils of the Lake Institute had gone down the long pier leading out into the lake, to the bath house of the institution. Soon a merry party of damsels were splashing about in the

water, riding the breakers, and chasing each other about in glee.

It was a pretty sight, dressed as they were in their various colored bathing suits, and a handsome youth of twenty-one, clad in the stylish uniform of the Pass Christian Military Academy, gazed and gazed upon the lovely scene. Suddenly a shriek was heard, and a dark form was borne away by the tide, out of reach of aid from her companions. With the speed of a deer the young cadet sped down the long pier, reached the bath house, and regardless of the cries of the frightened girls, bounded head-long into the water. Vigorously did he breast the waves, and soon overtook the fair girl, who was nobly struggling to sustain herself above the waters, for she was a fair swimmer.

Soon he came nearer; and seeing that help was at hand, her courage forsook her and she sank beneath the waters, while shrieks of distress from the shore showed that her companions believed her forever lost. With a deep dive the youth succeeded in catching hold of the drowning girl, and with renewed strength started shoreward.

Bravely did he struggle, and at last he felt that he would reach the shore, for when almost at the bath house, two of the professors of the institute, alarmed at the cries of distress, had run down to the scene, and swimming out a few yards had relieved the tired youth of his precious burden.

Without a word the young man turned once more away, and to the surprise of all, commenced to swim down the coast. In vain did they call to him from the shore; on he swam, and night coming rapidly on, he was soon no longer visible.

After continuing slowly, and with a strong and steady stroke some distance down the coast, the cadet swam towards a pier that projected into the lake, and drew himself greatly fatigued, from the water. Looking around him to see that he was not watched, he walked rapidly up the pier, and struck off across the fields for the academy. Arriving there, he sought his room, and reached it unperceived, where he hastily changed his clothing.

Before descending to the study hall to join his fellow students, he drew from the pocket of the saturated jacket he had thrown aside, a long, golden curl, dampened by the water.

I could not resist the temptation to sever this beautiful curl from its golden mates; she will miss it, and yet she will never know who it was that saved her life.

And carefully drying the tress of hair the cadet placed it securely away.

A great excitement was created at Pass Christian by the saving from a watery grave of the beautiful Rosa Verner, and the strange conduct of her noble preserver, whoever he might be; for it was impossible to discover his name, and all that could be ascertained was, that he was a cadet from the Military Academy.

This much the young girls had noticed as he sprang from the pier; and Rosa, having become unconscious, could not describe his features.

The missing curl was commented upon and the faces of all the cadets were eagerly scanned by the pupils of the Lake Institute and the citizens, who evinced a deep interest in the mysterious affair, but still an expression of innocence rested upon every student's face and gave no clue.

Mr. Verner came to the Pass, and in vain did he visit the academy and endeavour to find out the brave youth who had rescued his daughter from death. It was useless, and after a time it was thought over only as a thing of the past.

Three years have passed since the incidents mentioned above, and from the shores of the sunny Gulf the scene changes to the banks of the Mississippi River.

Riding slowly along the road are two persons, a lady and a gentleman, on horse-back. Earnestly they are conversing together; and then the maiden draws rein, and rests her gloved hand upon her companion's arm.

Edward, here you must leave me, and forever. It is hard to give you up, but my father will never forgive and forget the past, not even for my sake, dearly as he loves me. I cannot again meet you. This morning he discovered our secret interviews, and forbade me ever to see you; and upon your return home you will find a bitter letter from him, demanding my letters. You know how dearly I love you, and yet you know we must part. Good-bye, Edward, and that Heaven may protect you will ever be my prayer. And bright diamond tears rolled down the beautiful face of Rosa Verner, and fell upon the roadside.

I will not urge you to disobey your father, Rosa. I have ever loved you, since a little girl, I used to see you dashing about on your little pony. When at the Pass at school, I loved you more dearly; and how I blessed kind fate that threw us together, untrammelled by the presence of our parents, when you came up the river a year ago on board

the steamer. Then I felt that you controlled my life's happiness, and dearly have I enjoyed our stolen interviews. Now all is over, and we must part. I will do as your father asks me in his letter—return all you have sent me. Rosa, my own darling, good-bye!

Thus the lovers parted; and while Rosa returned to her father's plantation, a mile down the river, Edward Griffith leaped his horse into a cotton field that bordered the river bank, and darted away in the direction of his own home; for death had lain his father in the grave, and he was master and owner of the large estate.

Arriving at his own door, a negro messenger from the Verner plantation awaited his coming, and presented him with a letter. Entering his library, he broke the seal, and his brow darkened as he read the contents.

For her sake I will forbear, and for her sake I return her letters—every little memento of her love; yes, all!

A few minutes after the ebony messenger rode away, bearing in his hand a small package addressed to "William Verner, Esquire, Sunny Side Plantation."

Mr. Verner was pacing the broad verandah that encircled his handsome residence. A stern, haughty man, his brow was darkly clouded, and his eyes wore an angry expression as ever and anon, he glanced down the avenue, as if in expectancy.

Ha! at last! I hope he has not dared to refuse my demand; if so—

And he grasped the package held out to him by the negro boy.

Breaking the seal, he glanced over the contents. The frown darkened, then his face suddenly paled. The letters and love trinkets fell to the floor, as he exclaimed: What does this mean?

In his hand he held a curl, flashing like golden strands in the light of the setting sun.

Upon the card attached he read:—"Rescued from the waves. Pass Christian, June 15th, 1850."

One moment he glanced at the card, his face changing with the emotions that swept over him, and then he called out to the retreating messenger, Robert come, here!

The negro again advanced.

Mount your horse, and return at once and quickly to Griffith Manor. Present my best wishes to Mr. Griffith, and say that I request the pleasure of seeing him immediately at Sunny Side Plantation.

Yes, sir. And while the messenger started away at full speed, Mr. Verner continued his walk up and down the verandah.

An hour had not passed when Edward Griffith rode up to the door, dismounted and ascended the broad steps, wearing upon his face a puzzled expression at his strange and unexpected summons to Sunny Side.

Advancing toward him, Mr. Verner extended his hand, while he said in a firm voice, Edward Griffith, I never believed that you, or one of your race, would ever be invited across my threshold. Your package, sent me this evening, told me who it was that saved my daughter's life three years ago; hence I bury the hatchet and offer my hand. You are a noble young man, and I believe will accept it.

Thus the feud was settled, all animosities buried, and the two families united by the strongest ties; for Edward and Rosa were married soon after, and all this happiness came about through the romance of the stolen curl.

WOMEN OF BUSINESS.

It has long been a question with me, whether what woman gains in strength she does not lose in grace. I am sure this need not be so; at least only so long as we are in the crudities. I jealously watch every conversation on such subjects between the sexes. Not long since, I overheard some remarks of a relative to a widow whose husband, a builder, was just deceased. She had been as much a stranger to business up to this period as one of her own children, when she suddenly announced her determination to complete several houses for which he was under contract. Friends stood aghast. But, nothing daunted, spite of indifference and discouragement, she went bravely on. The men in her employ soon found out that they could not be eye-servants; for was not Madam upon the ground as early as seven in the morning, to see if they were at their posts, and performing their several duties? Nor were they forgotten when pay-day came. Money was given out and receipts were taken as if she had been brought up on ledgers and bank accounts.

I pricked up my ears. Was this the "coming" woman? Had she children? Who washed their faces, mended their clothes, spanked them when necessary, and kept the raspberry jam intact?

While I listened for an answer to these queries, I found others had been curious; particularly the male sex. One from whom I expected notes of admiration, remarked, with raised eyebrows, "Sharp woman that—where was the baby the while?" From not one did I hear an approbative remark. And yet these very men would have been the first to

deplore an added burden to the already over-weighted father or brother.

I inquired as to the graces—whether she had lost sight of them during this spasm of business. I found that my lady's bonnet was as daintily trimmed by her own fingers as if they had not been smirched by ledger accounts. She entertained at dinner; she presided at tea; she graced a reception. Still the men shook their heads. What could be the matter? For a long time I puzzled my head in vain; for her character to my eye seemed to be as round as a circle. At last I hit upon it. Dr. Holland, I hit upon it! she was not "the clinging vine!" She stood on her own feet, though the oak was felled to the earth.

Moral: Every woman should carry a staff, though she may not need to use it.

HOW TO RULE A HUSBAND.

Above all things, if a wife wishes to make home attractive to her mate, let her keep a sharp eye on the cook; nothing makes a male creature more discontented with his house than bad dinners, ill served. If there is anything that will make him swear (and there generally is, my dear young lady, although his temper was angelic when he was a wooing) it is a cold plate with hot meat, or a hot one with his cheese. Neglect of this sort is unpardonable. Again it may not be possible to give dainties, but it is easy to avoid monotony by a careful study of the cookery-book; and it was quite astonishing how the monster man can be subjugated and assuaged by a judicious variation of his meals. The creature may be allegorically pictured lightly led by a fair lady with a wedding ring through his palate. Indeed, there are a thousand ways to lead him, if women would show a little tact, with which they are so falsely credited. Opposition, contradiction, makes him furious; he stamps, he roars, and becomes altogether dangerous. Whereas, treat him tenderly, O wife, and you shall vindicate him round your marriage finger. I have seen wives miss their chance of gaining what they have set their eyes on a hundred times through sheer stupidity. They know that a certain line of conduct is sure to anger him, and yet they pursue it when smooth and easy victory awaits them in another direction. Tact! Such women, I say, have not even instinct. Birds of paradise, for instance, not to be rude, would act in a more sagacious manner.

A canvasser for the "Life of Horace Greeley" importuned a St. Louis man to purchase a copy, which he declined to do, when the following dialogue ensued:—

"Are you not a democrat?"  
"Yes, I am."  
"Will you not vote for Greeley?"  
"Yes, I think I will."  
"Then why not buy this book?"  
"Because if I should read his life I am afraid I would change my mind and refuse to vote for the old cuss."

An old lady slightly blind while engaged in a futile attempt to sew buttons on young Augustus's jacket, remarked: "Drat these buttons. I can't find the holes and they split all to pieces every time I stick the needle into 'em. To which replied young Augustus: Now, look 'ere, Granny! you just let my peppermint drops alone. You've split 'em a half of 'em already."

A WIFE wanted her husband to sympathize with her in a feminine quarrel, but he refused, saying "I've lived long enough to learn that one woman is just as good as another—if not better." "And I," retorted the exasperated wife, "have lived long enough to learn that one man is just as bad as another, if not worse!"

AN Indiana editor says that he now believes in total depravity, as some wretch lately stole his only pair of boots, which will confine him to the house till the opening of the barefoot season.

In a brief temperance article the other day, a Western paper attempted to say something about "the chief point in the battle," but the perverse types got it "the chief pint in the bottle."

GENIUS is the gold in the mine, talent is the miner who works and brings it out.

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 lines, for first insertion, \$1; each continuation 25 cents.

Book and Job Printing executed in a manner calculated to afford the utmost satisfaction.

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