

# The Star,

## And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

Vol. II.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Friday, July 18, 1873.

Number 8.

### USEFUL INFORMATION.

**JULY.**

S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	..	..
..	..	..	..	..	..	..

**Moon's Phases.**  
Calculated for Mean Time at St. John's, Newfoundland.

First Quarter... 1st, 2h. 49m., a. m.  
Full Moon..... 8th, 6h. 31m., p. m.  
Last Quarter... 15th, Noon.  
New Moon..... 22nd, 5h. 41m., p. m.

### Mall Steamers to Depart from St. John's.

For Liverpool.....	Thursday, June 19
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, " 25
For Liverpool.....	Thursday, July 3
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, " 9
For Liverpool.....	Thursday, " 17
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, " 23
For Liverpool.....	Thursday, " 31
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, Aug. 6
For Liverpool.....	Thursday, " 14
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, " 20
For Liverpool.....	Thursday, " 28
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, Sept 3
For Liverpool.....	Thursday, " 11
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, " 17
For Liverpool.....	Thursday, " 25
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, Oct. 1
For Liverpool.....	Thursday, " 9
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, " 15
For Liverpool.....	Thursday, " 23
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, " 29

### Wholesale Prices Current, St. John's.

**BREAD**—Hambro' No 1, 32s. 6d.; No. 2, 28s. 6d.; No. 3, 24s. 6d. Local No. 1, 26s.; No. 2, 23s. 6d.; F. C., 22s. 6d.  
**FLOUR**—Canada Fancy 42s. 6d.; Canada Superfine, 38s.; New York Extra, 33s. to 39s.; New York Superfine, 35s. New York No. 2, 30s. to 32s.  
**CORN MEAL**—White and Yellow, per brl. 18s. to 20s.  
**OATMEAL**—Canada, per brl. 30s.; P. E. Is land, 27s. 6d.  
**RICE**—East India, per cwt. 20s.  
**PEAS**—Round, per brl. 20s. to 21s.  
**BUTTER**—Canada, good 1s. to 1s. 2d. Nova Scotia, good 11d. to 1s. 1d.; American 8d. to 10d.; Hambro' 8d.  
**CHEESE**—9d. to 10 1/2d.  
**HAM**—9d. to 10d.  
**PORK**—American mess 95s. to 100s.; prime mess 90s.; extra prime 7 1/2s.  
**BEEF**—Prime, per brl. 35s.  
**RUM**—per Imp. gallon 7s. 10d.  
**MOLASSES**—Muscovado 2s. a 2s. 1d.; Clay-ed 1s. 9d.  
**SUGAR**—Muscovado, 45s. to 47s. 6d.; American Crushed 72s. 6d.  
**COFFEE**—1s. 1d. to 1s. 3d.  
**TEA**—Congou and Souchong, ordinary broken leaf, 1s. 7d. to 1s. 9d.; fair to good, 2s. to 2s. 6d.  
**LARD**—American and Canadian 7d. to 8d.  
**LEATHER**—American and Canadian 1s. 5d.  
**TOBACCO**—Canadian, 1s. 7 1/2d. to 1s. 8 1/2d.; American 1s. 5d. to 1s. 6d.; Nova Scotian, 1s. 5d. to 1s. 6d.  
**CORDAGE**—per cwt. 65s.  
**SALT**—per hhd. Foreign, Liverpool, 7s. 6d.  
**KEROSENE OIL**—New York manufacture 1s. 9d.; Boston 1s. 9d.  
**COAL**—per ton, North Sydney 30s.

**172 WATER STREET, 172**  
**JAMES FALLON,**  
**TIN, COPPER & SHEET**  
**IRON WORKER,**

**B**EGS 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. John Munn & Co., 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.

**JOBGING**  
Done at the Cheapest possible Terms.  
Dec 13.

### NOTICES.

**JAMES 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 material, made to order.  
St. John's, May 10.

### FOR SALE.

**RESREVES & GROCERIES!**

Just Received and For Sale by the Subscriber—

Fresh Cove OYSTERS  
Spiced do.  
**APPLES**

**PEACHES**

Strawberries—preserved in Syrup  
Bramberries do.  
—ALWAYS ON HAND—

**A Choice Selection of GROCERIES.**  
T. M. CAIRNS.  
Opposite the Premises of Messrs. C. W. Ross & Co.  
Sept. 17.

### HARBOR GRACE

**BOOK & STATIONERY DEPOT,**  
**E. W. LYON, Proprietor.**

Importer of British and American  
**NEWSPAPERS**

—AND—  
**PERIODICALS.**

Constantly on hand, a varied selection of School and Account Books Prayer and Hymn Books for different denominations Music, Charts, Log Books, Playing Cards French Writing Paper, Violins Concertinas, French Musical Boxes Albums, Initial Note Paper & Envelopes Tissue and Drawing Paper A large selection of Dime & Half Dime

**MUSIC, &c., &c.**

Lately appointed Agent for the OTTAWA PRINTING & LITHOGRAPH COMPANY Also, Agent for J. LINDBERG, Manufacturing Jeweler.  
A large selection of  
**CLOCKS, WATCHES**  
**MEERSCHAUM PIPES,**  
**PLATED WARE,** and  
JEWELRY of every description & style  
May 14.

**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.  
Export orders punctually attended to.  
St. John's, Jan. 4.

### HARBOR GRACE

**MEDICAL HALL,**  
**W. H. THOMPSON,**

Proprietor,

Has always on hand a carefully selected Stock of

**DRUGS, MEDICINES,**  
**DRY PAINTS,**

**Oils, &c., &c.,**

And nearly every article in his line that is recommendable:

Gallup's Floriline for the Teeth and Breath  
Keating's Worm Tablets  
" Cough Lozenges

Rowland's Odonto  
Oxley's Essence of Ginger  
Lampough's Pyretic Saline  
Powell's Balsam Aniseed  
Medicamentum (stamped)  
British Oil, Balsam of Life, Chlorodyne,  
Mexican Mustang Liniment  
Steer's Apodiloo

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  
Sponge, Tooth Cloths  
Nail, Shoe and Stove Brushes

Wood's Walch's Pills Morrison's Pills  
Cook's " Radway's "  
Holloway's " Ayer's "  
Norton's " Parsons' "  
Hunt's " Jaynes' "

Holloway's Ointment  
Adams' Indian Salve, Russia Salve  
Morehead's Plaster, Corn Plaster  
Mother's Feeding Bottles  
Bond's Marking Ink, Corn Flour  
Fresh Hops, Arrowroot, Sago, Gold Leaf  
Nelson's Gelatine and Isinglass  
Bonnet Glue, Best German Glycerine  
Lime Juice, Honey, Best Ground Coffee  
Nixy's Black Lead

Roth & Co.'s Rat Paste  
Brown's Bronchial Troches  
Woodill's Worm Lozenges  
" Baking Powder  
McLean's Vermifuge  
Lear's India Rubber Varnish  
Copal Varnish  
Kerosene Oil, Lamps, Chimneys, Wicks,  
Burners, &c., &c.  
Cod Liver Oil,  
Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites

Extract of Logwood, in 1/2 lb. boxes  
Cudbear, Worm Tea, Toilet Soaps  
Best Perfumeries, Pomades and Hair  
Oils  
Pain Killer  
Henry's Calomel Magnesia  
Enema Instruments, Gold Beater's Skin  
Fumigating Pastilles, Seidlitz Powders  
Furniture Polish, Plate Polish  
Flavouring Essences, Spices, &c., &c.  
Robinson's Patent Barley  
" Groats

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

**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, 1873. tft

**BLANK FORMS**

Executed with NEATNESS and DESPATCH at the Office of this paper.

### POETRY.

#### Out of the Tavern.

Out of the tavern I've just stepped to-night:  
Street! you are caught in a very bad plight;  
Right hand and left are both out of place—  
Street, you are drunk—'tis a very clear case!

Moon! 'tis a very queer figure you cut—  
One eye is staring while the other is shut;  
Topsy, I see; and you're greatly to blame:  
Old as you are, 'tis a terrible shame.

Then the street lamps—what a scandalous sight!  
None of them soberly standing upright;  
Rocking and swagging—why on my word  
Each of the lamps are as drunk as a lord!

All is confusion—now isn't it odd,  
I am the only thing sober abroad?  
Sure it were rash with this crew to remain;  
Better go into the tavern again.

#### The Motherless Turkeys.

The White Turkey was dead! The White Turkey was dead!  
How the news through the barnyard went flying!

Of a mother bereft, four small turkeys were left,  
And their case for assistance was crying.  
E'en the peacock respectfully folded his tail,  
As a suitable symbol of sorrow,

And his plainer wife said, "Now the old bird is dead,  
Who will tend her poor chicks on the morrow?  
And when evening around them comes dreary and chill  
Who above them will watchfully hover?"

"Two, each night, I will tuck 'neath my wings," said the Duck,  
"Though I've eight of my own I must cover!"

"I have so much to do! For the bugs and the worms,  
In the garden, 'tis tiresome pickin';  
I have nothing to spare—for my own I must care!"  
Said the Hen with only one chicken.

"How I wish," said the Goose, "I could be of some use,  
For my heart is with love over brimming;  
The next morning 'twill be fine, they shall go with my nine  
Little yellow-backed goslings, out swimming!"

"I will do what I can," the old Dorking put in,  
"And for help they may call upon me too,  
Though I've ten of my own that are only half grown,  
And a great deal of trouble to see to.  
But those poor little things, they are all heads and wings,  
And the bones thro' their feathers are stickin'!"

"Very hard it may be, but O, don't come to me!"  
Said the Hen with only one chicken.

"Half my care, I suppose, there is nobody knows  
I'm the most overburdened of mothers!  
They must learn, little elves! how to scratch for themselves,  
And not seek to depend upon others."

She went by with a cluck, and the Goose to the Duck  
Exclaimed, in surprise, "Well, I never!"  
Said the Duck, "I declare, those who have the least care,  
You will find are complaining forever!  
And when all things appear to look threatening and drear,  
And when troubles your pathway are thick in,  
For some aid in your woe, O, beware how you go  
To a Hen with only one chicken!"

### EXTRACTS.

**"Where Ignorance is Bliss, &c.**

The first step in education is to learn one's ignorance. In an article on "Authors and Authorship," which we find in an exchange, the writer opens with the following curious story, as illustrative of the difficulties of authorship may have on some of his readers who are troubled with the *cacoethes scribendi*—  
"Some years since a great French surgeon—wheth'r it was Larrey or Velpeau, does not matter—went down to the provinces. He had taken a holiday from his profession, and was travelling in his own coach, with a sufficiency of lackeys. One of his horses, as it so happened, had cast a shoe, and he stopped at a smithy to have the defect made good. While the shoe was being replaced, the surgeon took a stroll in the neighborhood. The very first man he met had only one arm, the missing member having been amputated at the shoulder. The surgeon asked him who had relieved him of the limb, and was told it was the blacksmith then at work on the horse shoe. The surgeon was curious, and obtained permission to examine the shoulder. He looked at it critically. Certainly it had been well done. A little farther on he met a woman with a scar on her forehead. On inquiring, he learned that it marked the site of an enormous wen of which she had been relieved by the blacksmith. Back went the surgeon to see the rural operator. He found him intelligent—a fellow with a large head, a keen eye, and the lines around his lip denoting firmness and coolness. He learned that the smith had performed over fifty such operations. Here, thought the surgeon, is a man of genius and ability, who only wants education to become at once a wonderful operator. I must take him, and put him in his proper sphere. So he urged him to go to Paris, offered him a sum of money sufficient to defray his expenses and a letter commending him to the attention of his colleagues of faculty. The blacksmith consented, and the surgeon, his horse being now shod, entered his coach and went on his way.  
The surgeon got back to Paris in due time, but forgot about his student, in the press of his professional duties. At length, however, he was called on to couch a cataract for a high dignitary of the church who was too infirm to leave his diocese. On his way, he passed by the village where he had before found the surgical maker of horse shoes, and stopped at the smithy to see who had succeeded his friend at the anvil and forge. To his great surprise, there stood, making the sparks fly in showers around him, the identical blacksmith whom he had sent to the university.  
Why, what do you do here, my friend? he asked. You promised me to go to Paris.  
I went.  
And to study surgery?  
I studied.  
But what brings you back?  
I learned as much as I care to know. I was there for two years.  
That was rather a short time.  
Long enough to learn what I ought to have known before.  
I do not understand you. Have you performed any major operations since you returned?  
No, and shall not again, I promise you. Explain.  
Why, you see, said the blacksmith, I went to Paris and studied. I got acquainted with the skeleton—with the bones and ligaments. It was very well. I mastered most of the muscles. It was better. They said I picked up everything marvelously quick. Then I began at the arteries. My faith, it was terrible!  
Here the blacksmith passed his horny hand over his forehead, and wiped off a perspiration rising from horror, and not from labor.  
I began to see that I had narrowly escaped committing murder fifty times. I remembered my uncle, whose orashed thigh I amputated within two inches of the hip-joint. I used the actual cautery to the femoral artery. If it had failed, he would have bled to death like an ox. Let who will operate, I will not. I have learned enough to know that I know nothing.

#### For a Walk.

There is much in a person's walk denoting character.  
A rapid walk indicates energy, something of importance on hand which requires immediate attention.

A slow walk suggests an easy-going turn of mind, a disposition to let things take their own course, and if they go wrong, it will be all the same in a thousand years.

A shambling walk belongs to indolence, the body seeming to be an unwelcome burden to the feet, which they attempt to shirk, by hugging the ground as closely as possible.

A rolling walk is the gait of the "jolly tar," and if the natural walk of a landman denotes an independent don't-care-tiveness, and good humor.

A nippy walk, which twists and turns from side to side, cutting off and putting a period after each step, is the sign of a snappish, terrier disposition.

A graceful, deliberate swing walk indicates a proud and haughty nature, with plenty of self-conceit.

A slight bend and intense swing of the body, with elbows out and nose snuffing the air above the heads of other people, and the least pigeon-toed walk, suggests

vanity, and a frivolous devotion to style and display.

A hesitating walk denotes a changeable mind, lack of perseverance, and a growing mental shallowness, resulting from want of energy.

A careless walk, always running against somebody, denotes a person wrapped up in self, without ability to see much outside.

The studied, and accurately measured, aren't you all looking at me walk, denotes an unreliable superficial, deceitful person, whose pride is in fashion, beauty, the cut of hair, trimming of whiskers, fit of a dress, or some such attraction given by the tailor, barber, or dressmaker.

A loitering walk indicates a person whose thoughts are always placidly, hazily contemplating a narrow sphere of life, in which self is the prominent figure. Such persons, when thrown upon their own resources, are as helpless as a turtle on its back.

The sharp, quick, clean step over rough or even places with prompt precision as if every footfall was marked, indicates a person of full mental faculties and far-sightedness, with an eye which surveys the ground in advance, guided by a quick intelligent, sharp business qualification, and a readiness to battle with life, making the most of everything. Such persons are self-reliant, hard to trip, quick to rise when once down and never in doubt which way to go when once upon their feet.

Best Time to Cut Grass.

To the stock farmer this is a question of great importance, unless he lives in that fertile belt where grass is green the year through and his stock forage for themselves, instead of requiring warm shelter and the best of prepared food. Such of our readers as live in this belt of perennial green can read this article and sympathize with their less favored brethren.

The first point to determine is when grass contains the greatest amount of nutriment in a soluble and digestible condition. There is no doubt that grass and all forage plants contain the most absolute nutriment at the time of the perfection of the seed but in perfecting the seed the stalk yields up its soluble matter and becomes tough and woody, so as to be nearly indigestible to the animal. It has also been determined by chemical analysis that at the time of blossoming the grasses contain all the nutriment required to perfect the seed without receiving anything more from the soil, and that by keeping the roots moist and without any earth the seed will perfect itself. Wolff, the German chemist, by careful analysis found clover just in blossom to contain only 25 per cent of crude fibre, but when seed was fully formed, 48 per cent, showing the great rapidity of change in the stalk, from soluble to insoluble matter.

From these solid facts it appears that grass at the first blossoming contains all the nutriment that the stalk and seed both contain after ripening. And it follows that if the farmer will cut his grass when its nutritive matter is most digestible, his animals will thrive as well upon it as upon ripe hay. From a number of experiments upon Indian corn, we found that if it were cut when the kernel had first taken form, and set with the butts in damp earth, the ear would ripen from the nutriment contained in the stalk the kernel's being plump. It is thus certain that those stalks contained all the nutriment afterward forming the grain.

Sewing on Buttons.

A facetious contemporary thus describes the male process of sewing on buttons: The man clutches the needle around the neck, and forgetting to tie a knot in the thread, commences to put on the button. It is always in the morning, and from five to twenty minutes after he is expected to be down street. He lays the button exactly on the site of its predecessor, and pushes the needle through one eye, and draws the thread after, leaving about three inches of it sticking up for use way. Then he comes back the other way, and gets the needle through the cloth, and lays himself out to find the eye, but in spite of a great deal of jabbing, the needles point persists in backing against the solid part of the button, and finally, when he loses patience, his fingers catch the thread, and that three inches he had left to hold the button slips through the eye in a twinkling and the button rolls leisurely across the floor. He picks it up and makes another attempt. This time when coming back with the needle he keeps both the thread and the button from slipping by covering them with his thumb, and it is out of regard for that part of him that he feels around for the eye in a very careful and judicious manner, but eventually losing his philosophy, as the search becomes more and more hopeless, he falls to jabbing about in a loose and savage manner, and it is just then the needle finds the opening, and comes through the button and part way through his thumb with a clarity that no human ingenuity can guard against. Then he lays down the things, with a few familiar quotations, and presses the injured hand between his knees, and then holds it under his arm, and finally jabs it into his mouth, and all the while he prances about the floor and thalls upon heaven and earth to witness that there has never been anything like a button in the world was created, and howls and whistles, and moans, and sobs. After a while he calms down, and puts on his slippers, and fastens them together with a stick, and goes to his business, a changed man.

Some very superior views are now on exhibition at the book-store of Mr. E. Wilks Lyon. They are the productions of Messrs. McKenney & Parsons, Photographic Artists, St. John's. "The Rescue of the Polar Party," "The Cable Fleet at Heats Content," "The Telegraph Office at Heats Content," and are all beautifully toned, perfectly finished, and certainly in every respect far in advance of anything of the kind hitherto produced in Newfoundland. We understand that Mr. Lyon is prepared to receive orders from parties wishing to possess copies.

HARBOR GRACE, JULY 18, 1873.

THE American Mails, per "Nestorian," arrived here yesterday; principal news anticipated by telegraph.

CRICKET.

ON Tuesday last a friendly match of Cricket—between an eleven of the officers of the "Great Eastern" and the same number of the Harbor Grace and Carbonear "teams"—was played at Alexandra Park. The day being cool and fine, large numbers were early on the ground, including a pretty sprinkling of the "fair sex," anxious to witness the exciting contest, as well as the many comic and serio-comic incidents peculiar to such an occasion. To facilitate the day's amusement, the different mercantile establishments were closed, and business throughout the town suspended. At noon, the usual preliminaries were arranged, and the "Great Eastern" Club, having won the toss, sent their opponents to the wickets. At the conclusion of the first innings refreshments were freely partaken of; and here we may say that the cates embraced everything the market could afford, and were ably disseminated by the cricketers and their friends, the latter including a vast number from Hearts Content, Carbonear, Brigus and Bay Roberts. And, by the way, we were happy to notice, among the spectators, our honorable friend, the gallant ex-Major, whose portly figure and martial bearing attracted no small amount of attention. The utmost good will prevailed throughout; and, altho' the "Great Eastern" cricketers lost the match, they took all in good part, evidencing, in an unmistakable manner, their ability to sustain defeat with that exemplary degree of forbearance so commendable under such a circumstance. Subjoined are the scores:—

Table with columns for 1st Innings and 2nd Innings, listing players and runs. Includes names like Jarvis, c Payne, 13; Youdall, b Payne, 0; Taylor, c Payne, 0; etc.

"GREAT EASTERN."

Table with columns for 1st Innings and 2nd Innings, listing players and runs. Includes names like Sullivan, b A. Giles, 0; Rutherford, c Head, 0; Beal, c Head, 0; etc.

In the evening, an assembly of the youth and beauty of the town took place at the Masonic Hall, the cricketers and their friends, being of course, the prime movers. At 9 o'clock—under the southerly influence of the Quadrille Band—the lovers of the dance took possession of the floor, and soon their happy countenances and graceful movements gave unmistakable evidence of the hearty manner in which they were enjoying themselves. This innocent and healthful amusement was kept up with great animation till the "wee sma' hours," when the Master of Ceremonies rose up, like a prophet in drink, and, after paying a flattering tribute to the ladies, thanked them for honoring the occasion with their presence; and, before concluding, expatiated on the merits of cricket playing, the decorations of the hall, and "several" other matters. Thus ended a day's enjoyment not likely to be soon forgotten.

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We have much pleasure in quoting from the London "Daily News" of the 1st inst., the following interesting notice of our venerable Premier, the Hon. Charles Fox Bennett:—

The Prime Minister of Newfoundland.

Mr. Bennett, the Prime Minister of Newfoundland, has arrived in England, where he purposes to make a stay of a few weeks. Mr. Bennett was born in England, but has made Newfoundland his home for more than half a century. He is the only original member of the Newfoundland Chamber of Commerce now alive. For many years he devoted himself to opening up the resources of the colony, and amassed a large fortune in commerce. He is now 84 years old, and is, we believe, the oldest Premier in the world. In Newfoundland he is as popular as Lord Palmerston was in England. Although he has ever maintained the interest of the Colony, he has never deviated from the principle that the Island is an integral portion of the British Empire, and that close union between it and the parent State will be to the mutual advantage of both countries. His latest act before leaving the colony was to notify to the Atlantic Cable companies, which, until now, have possessed a monopoly of the shores of the Island, that this monopoly must cease, and we believe that he is determined to establish, as far as regards Newfoundland, the same free trade in submarine cables as exists in other English colonies.

The annual Conference of the Ministers of the Wesleyan Methodist Church of Eastern British America terminated its sittings last week. We are indebted to the Rev. Charles Ladner for the following list of appointments:—

- ST. JOHN'S DISTRICT. St. John's—Rev. G. S. Milligan, M. A., Rev. Joseph Pascoe, Rev. Jas. Nurse, Bonaville—Rev. John Goodison, Twillingate—Rev. John Reay, Burin—Rev. George Forsyth, Grand Bank—Rev. James Duke, Rev. C. Measuring, Exploits—Rev. Simeon Dunn, Little Bay Islands—Rev. Charles Myers, Fogo—Rev. Wm. Swan, and one to be sent. Greenspond—Rev. Solomon Matthews, Musgrave Town—Rev. John T. Bowell, Musgrave Harbor—One to be sent, French Shore—One to be sent, Port-au-Basque—Rev. Charles Pickles, Rev. Jeremiah Embree, Bonaville—One to be sent, Flat Island—Rev. Thos. H. James, G. S. MILLIGAN, M. A., Chairman, J. S. PASCOE, Financial Secretary.

CARBONEAR DISTRICT.

- Carbonear—Rev. James Dove, Rev. John Currie, Har or Grace—Rev. Charles Ladner, Brigus—Rev. Thomas Harris, Rev. W. E. Shenstone (superannuated), Port-de-Grace—Rev. George Boyd, Black Head—Rev. J. S. Peach, Island Cove—One to be sent, Old Perlican—Rev. Thomas Fox, Hants Harbor—Rev. Joseph Hale, Catalina—One to be sent, Shoal Harbor—Rev. Thos. W. Atkinson, Trinity—One wanted, Green's Harbor—One wanted, Labrador—Rev. John G. Currie (summer months), THOMAS HARRIS, Chairman, JAS. DOVE, Financial Secretary.

We learn that Mr. and Mrs. Hayward intend visiting this town on Monday next, for the purpose of giving a series of entertainments. They are now performing at the metropolis, with great success, large audiences and good profits being the result of each performance. Our St. John's correspondent, writing under date of 15th inst., says:—"Mr. and Mrs. Hayward made their debut in Mechanics' Hall last evening, to a crowded house. The entertainment was a pleasant and amusing one. The sentimental and comic pieces were delightfully rendered by Mr. Hayward, while the rapidity with which he changed costumes, in representing characters, was truly marvellous."

DEATH OF THE VERY REV. ARCHDEACON WALSH.

It is our sad duty to-day to chronicle the demise of the Very Rev. James Walsh, P. P. of St. Kieran's and Archdeacon of the diocese. This good Priest was called to his reward at 3 o'clock on last Saturday morning. Born about the year 1803, in the County Kilkenny, and having prepared himself for the priestly duties by a long course of study in the College of Kilkenny, he received Ordination at the hands of the Most Rev. Dr. Fleming in the city of Dublin. For the last 37 years he has labored zealously in the vineyard of the Lord. The principal scenes of his missionary labors were the Bays of Conception and Macenta, where his name is held in veneration by all who either received his ministrations, or had the pleasure of his acquaintance. He was essentially a churchman. The glory of God and the salvation of souls were the two thoughts of his life, the motive power of his every action. Gentle and charitable towards the poor, of a naturally retiring disposition and mortified habits, he was a man of rare virtues. The glory of God's temple consumed him. His church at St. Kieran's, built in great part out of his private funds, is a gem of architectural design and art—it was his pride in his life; it is now his epitaph. "The zeal of God has eaten me up." Full of years and merit, the good priest, the zealous missionary, has at last gone to his rest. Com. to Newfoundland.

Latest Despatches.

LONDON, July, 10.—Reuter. it is said, loaned the Shah 14 million dollars, which will never be repaid. Italian crisis over, a new ministry formed under Signor Minghetti.

LONDON, 11.—Arrangements are being made in Belfast to maintain order at the Boyne celebration to-morrow. Cholera is appearing in several places in Germany.

NEW YORK, 11.—Extraordinary preparations are being made to prevent rioting to-morrow at the Orange parade.

ANTIGONISH, 11.—Father Chiniquay lectured last evening on the errors of the church of Rome, and otherwise gratuitously abused the Catholics; rotten eggs resulted. His visit to Antigonish is universally condemned.

LONDON, 11.—The Duke of Edinburgh will marry the Grand Duchess, daughter of the Czar of Russia, thus foregoing his right to succession of the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg.

Four thousand Republicans were routed by 3,000 Carlists, at Bayonne. The Internationals at Alcos shot the Mayor and tax gatherer, and burned 60 houses, dragging their bodies through the streets.

NEW YORK, 12.—The steamer "Tigress" dropped down the bay, she will sail for Disce to-morrow. Orangetown's parade passed off quietly here and at Philadelphia.

Gold 116. OTTAWA, 12.—Adams G. Archibald is gazetted Lieut-Governor of Nova Scotia, and Judge Ritchie appointed to the Equity Court.

NEWS ITEMS.

AN EDITORIAL BRUTES.—An editor out West indulges in the following talk to his delinquent subscribers and patrons: The famous speech of Brutus, on the death of Caesar, as rendered by Shakespeare, is made to do new service in this amusing travesty: "Hear us for our debts, and get ready that you may pay; trust us, we are in need and have regard for our need, as you have been long trusted; acknowledge your indebtedness, and dive into your pockets that you may promptly fork over. If there be any among you—one single patron—that don't owe us something, then to him we say, step aside; consider yourself a gentleman. If the rest wish to know why we dun them, this is our answer: not that we care about ourselves, but our creditors do. Would you rather that we went to jail, and you go free, than you pay your debts to keep us moving? As we agreed, we have worked for you; as we contracted, we have furnished our paper to you; but as you don't pay we dun you. Here are agreements for job work, contracts for subscriptions, promises for long credit, and duns for deferred payment. Who is there so green that he don't advertise? If any, let him slide; he ain't the chap neither. Who is there so mean that he don't pay his printers? If any, let him shout, for he's the man we're after. His name is Legion, and he's owing us for one, two, three, four, five, six years—long enough to make us poor and him rich at our expense."

IMPORTANT SCIENTIFIC INVENTION.—The man who can set the Thames on fire has made his appearance in England. His name is Ruck. He has, it is claimed, perfected an invention for economically utilizing the hydrogen in water for purposes of light and heat, a result long sought by scientific speculators, but hitherto unattained. His process as described, is simple. The water being first reduced to steam, is passed through a red-hot tube in a heating furnace, where it is superheated till the oxygen and hydrogen are ready to dissolve their alliance. It is then passed into a retort filled with incandescent cooke and iron fragments. The oxygen is taken up by the iron, and the hydrogen passing through the retort becomes a heating gas, the cost of which is but seven pence per 1000 cubic feet. This heating gas, by a further process, can be carbonized for illuminating purposes, and in this condition can be produced of a quality equal to sixteen candle coal gas at a price less than fifty cents per 1,000 cubic feet. The invention is spoken of as meritorious and practicable by the scientific journal entitled "Nature." If it really accomplishes what is claimed for it, the importance of the discovery can hardly be over estimated. The scarcity of coal in England appears to have stimulated men of inventive genius to unusual activity in the efforts to provide substitutes for that description of fuel. A Mr. Wright of Sheffield has just patented a new invention for giving heat and light. Air is the material used by Mr. Wright. The air is

carbonized, and thus combustible gas is produced, which it is said burns brighter than coal gas, and when mixed with atmospheric air gives a heating power sufficient to melt copper wire.

LORD RUSSELL writes to the "Times" that there is intense distrust and much uneasiness in Germany. The preparations in Austria and Hungary, the introduction of new arms and armaments, the attention paid to military subjects, the speech of the Archduke to the Poles, the attitude of the non-German press, all cause distrust, and the suggestion that Austria is afraid of Russia is met with expressions of entire disbelief. It is almost certain that a perfect understanding exists between Russia and Prussia that the former will not permit Austria to assume an offensive attitude if the latter feels called upon to direct her troops into the French provinces lately evacuated. The very earth groans under the weight of armies in Prussia and Northern Germany. The evil-felt is declared to be intolerable, but it is accepted as inevitable so long as Austria and France are arming. Education is dying out in the schools and in the universities. There are four thousand schools for which masters are not forthcoming.

SINCE the beginning of this year there have been three forms of government in Spain, two Cortes and ministries absolutely without number. He who can follow the kaleidoscopic changes in the ministries and governments must be gifted with extraordinary powers. To-day it is Figueras who is at the head of affairs; to-morrow it needs a repetition of the satisfactory dose, and it is conceded with the addition that the premier may reconstruct his cabinet if he will. The spectacle is both ludicrous and mournful. The Cortes seem to tire of a Cabinet as quickly as a boy gets tired of a new toy. Stability there is none, policy there can be none. Scores of men play at Government for a day or two, and before they are fairly warm in their places are turned out. The prospect for a respectable government in Spain is gloomy indeed.

THE BOY SURVIVOR OF THE "ATLANTIC."—Alderman Kelly, of Rochester, visited Newark and proposed to the relatives to take charge of and educate little John Hanley, the boy survivor of the "Atlantic" wreck. The sisters had the proposition, together with that from the White Star Company, under consideration for some days and finally decided to retain the child and bring him up themselves. The proposition of the steamship company was to educate the child with the understanding that he should afterwards enter their service. His sisters have however, been very unwilling to part with him, and have decided finally not to do so. The money he has thus far received from all sources is less than \$500, and the larger portion of that consists of the money collected for him at the New York Exchange.

MR. PLIMSOLL'S crusade in behalf of our merchant seamen is, apart from his own individual exertions, bearing fruit in many directions, and all sorts of inventions are cropping up for saving life at sea. Thus, we are to have a schooner-rigged steam life-ship, the mainmast being a tapering steel tube, forming the funnel for the furnaces. All sorts of life-buoys and rafts are being brought out, and Messrs. Fellow & Co., of South Lambeth, are now selling, for a few shillings each, beds for ships, formed in corrugations, filled with cork, which weigh from 5 lbs to 10 lbs., bukkie with straps and rolled up in a small compass. The value of these beds cannot be over-estimated, for fastened round the person, they form Life Buoys, and the cork maintains the natural heat of the body when in the water.

THE Tichborne Trial still drags its slow length along. Mr. Whalley makes, through the "Times" an appeal for funds to enable the claimant to carry on his defence. He says that the latter has not a penny beyond what is subscribed for him by the public. The case, for the prosecution is nearly completed, and we shall soon hear what the other side have to say.

THE news from Spain is far from satisfactory. The Carlists have gained some successes, and 6000 have risen in arms in Biscay. In Madrid affairs are in a most unsettled state, and the government is almost powerless.

IN Germany, Prince Bismarck is making the Catholic Bishops feel his power. He is pressing the new ecclesiastical laws against all who refuse to obey them and he has struck at once against the highest of the offenders.

FIVE gunners of the 12th Brigade, Royal Artillery, at Drake's Island, Plymouth, have been sentenced to five years' penal servitude each for mutiny.

The Shah's Motive in visiting England.

The Telegraph's special correspondent says that the journey was undertaken against the wish of the nobility and priesthood of Persia, and moreover that the chief object which his Majesty has in view is to secure the friendship and support of England in future complications, the occurrence of which he believes to be inevitable. He is aware that the destinies of his country must be mainly influenced by two great European Powers, one of which he fears, while he is disposed to trust the other. The political views and predilections of the Shah, I am further informed, are fully shared by his Prime Minister, who accompanies him in his travels, and who has the reputation of being a cultivated and intelligent statesman. The Shah desires, in view of certain eventualities, to arrive at a clear understanding with the British Government, and he brings with him to our shores an ardent desire not only to acquire our friendship, but also to study our institutions. Could he be satisfied of England's firm support in the difficulties that he anticipates he would assuredly be prepared to identify his policy in Asiatic matters with ours, and he looks forward to the result of his visit to England with great but hopeful anxiety.

The Shah's Presents.

The Shah has presented her Majesty, and also to the Prince of Wales, his portrait set in diamonds, which constitutes the highest Persian order existing. He has instituted a new order, called the Order of the Sun, and which is for ladies only. The recipients of this order are, up to the present, the Queen of England, the Princess of Wales, the Empress of Germany, the Princess Imperial of Germany and the Czarina.

ITALY.

POLITICAL EFFECTS OF THE DEATH OF RATAZZI—THE ABDICATION OF THE KING MORE PROBABLE THAN EVER.

New York, June 29.

A letter from Rome of the 11th inst., says that the death of Rattazzi has made the abdication of Victor Emmanuel more probable than ever. It is no secret that the King is extremely anxious to celebrate his civil marriage with the Countess Mirafiori. It is equally well known what a bitter opposition to this design exists on the part of Prince Humbert, who has threatened to leave Rome and to lead a revolution if his father attempted to carry his design into execution. The existing cabinet is more a cabinet of Prince Humbert than of the King, and Minister Lanza has been almost as zealous in opposing this wish of his sovereign as the prince himself. But as long as Rattazzi lived, there was a chance that Lanza and his cabinet might be overthrown and Rattazzi placed at the head of affairs. Now that Rattazzi is dead this scheme falls to the ground, and the King now contemplates abdication as the only thing left for him.

The Shah of Persia at Home.

Nasiru'din Shah, the present Ruler of Persia, is 41 years of age, five feet six inches high, well and rather strongly made, with black and long moustaches, but no beard, hazel eyes, and a mild good humoured expression. He stood to receive the foreign envoys. Round his neck were six strings of pearls and emeralds, each gem of which might have been an earl's ransom, and he wore a diamond cigarette in his lamb-skin cap that would have been a dowry for any empress. The scabbard of his sword was studded so thickly with diamonds, from hill to point that a ray of light could not have entered between them, and was worth, they said, a quarter of a million sterling. In face of that blaze of jewels our policemen's coats and gold lace looked utterly mean.

By Authority.

His Excellency the Governor in Council has been pleased to appoint the Rev. Alfred Wanser, (Herring Neck), to be a member of the Protestant Board of Education at Millington, in the room of the Rev. Josiah Darrell, left the District.

Secretary's Office, 11th July, 1873.

DIED.

On Saturday 4th inst., after a short illness, James, eldest son of Mr. Michael Bryan, aged 19 years.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEW FOUNDLAND.

A DIVIDEND on the Capital Stock of this Company, at the rate of Ten per Cent, per Annum, for the year ending 30th June, 1873, will be payable at the Banking House, in Duckworth Street, on and after TUESDAY the 15th instant, during the usual hours of business. (By order of the Board, R. BROWN, Manager. St. John's, July 14, 1873.)

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

LUMBER! THE SUBSCRIBERS

ARE now Landing and offer For Sale the Cargo of Schooner Kate, from Bridgewater, N. S., consisting of— 40 M. Hemlock BOARD 20 " Spruce do. 20 " Pine do. GEO. C. RUTHERFORD & Co. July 15, 1873.

COMING! COMING! COMING!

ENTERTAINMENT FULLY "UP TO THE TIMES." One Night Only! Continued & Unequivocal Success OF THE HAYWARDS' GREAT COMIC AND MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT. Look out for Lots of Fun and Good Singing. Full particulars in large and small bills.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE Annual General Meeting of the Proprietors of this Company will be held on SATURDAY, the 12th day of JULY instant, at 12 o'clock, noon, at the Banking House, in Duckworth Street, in accordance with the Act of Incorporation. (By Order of the Board, R. BROWN, Manager. St. John's, July 2, 1873.)

Very Important Notice!

The Wonder of the World!

GOOD NEWS FOR ALL!!

Prof. HERMAN'S WORLD RENOWNED VERMIN DESTROYER!

WHICH IS KNOWN TO BE Far Superior to Anything Ever Yet Discovered

FOR KILLING Rats, Mice, Insects on Poultry, Ants, Bugs, Cockroaches, Black Beetles, Fleas on Dogs, Bright and Insects on Plants, Moths in Furs, Ticks or Scab on Sheep or Goats also on Cattle, &c., &c.

Sold in Packets at 25 cents per Packet or Six Packets for \$1.25.

The Powder is warranted free from all bad smell, and will keep in any Climate. It may be spread anywhere without risk, as it is quite harmless to Cats or Dogs, as they will not eat it.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE ON EACH PACKET MANUFACTORY

Gravel Lane, Houndsditch, CITY OF LONDON, ENGLAND.

The above discovery has gained for Professor Herman a Silver Prize Medal at the Inter-Colonial Exhibition of Victoria, Australia, of 1866, besides numerous testimonials.

OUTPORT AGENTS: Messrs. Squires & Noble, Harbor Grace; Messrs. Duff & Balmer, Carleton Place; Messrs. G. & J. Smith, Brigus; Mr. P. Nowlan, St. John's; Mr. G. C. Jervis, St. John's; Mr. Robert Simpson, Bay Roberts; Messrs. Gessie, Spaniards Bay; Messrs. Wholesale Agents for the Island of Newfoundland, Messrs. W. & G. RENDELL, St. John's.

Who will supply all Outport Agents who may be appointed by the English Representative, as only Agents so appointed can be supplied.

May 23, 1873.

LUMBER!

H. W. TRAPNELL Now landing, from "Atalanta," from Port Medway, N. S.

20 M. Seasoned Prime Pine BOARD 20 do. Hemlock do. 20 do. No. 2 Pine do.

July 30.

NOTICES.

METROPOLITAN LIFE Insurance Company, OF NEW YORK.

JOSEPH F. KNAPP, President. J. R. HEGEMAN, Vice-President. R. A. GRANNISS, Secretary. WM. P. STEWART, Actuary. B. R. CORWIN, Manager. THOS. A. TEMPLE, Attorney.

DEPOSIT AT OTTAWA

For Canadian Policy Holders only.

HON. L. A. WILMOT, D. C. L., Lieut.-Governor of ex-Brunswick, Director at the Board for Canada

The Reserve Dividend System

Is one more step in the march of progress. Presented only after mature thought, it invites the test of the severest scrutiny. Its chief merit is its PERFECT ADAPTABILITY to the wants of insurable lives. The RESERVE DIVIDEND and RESERVE ENDOWMENT POLICIES originated and published by the Company's Actuary, under copyright in 1869. The principle involved renders every form of insurance a provision in life. It converts an ordinary life Policy, otherwise payable only in the event of death, into a CASUAL ENDOWMENT, MATURING EVERY TEN YEARS.

W. H. THOMPSON, Harbor Grace, General Agent for NEWFOUNDLAND.

April 1, 1873.

SAILMAKING!

The Subscriber

BEGS respectfully to acquaint the Ship-owners and public of Harbor Grace and the outports that he has taken the Workshop lately occupied by Mr. Robert Morris, No. 10 Victoria Street, where he is prepared to perform all work in the above line in a satisfactory manner, and hopes by strict attention to merit a fair share of public patronage.

GEORGE CARSON. May 23, 1873.

C. BREAKER, Sailmaker,

WOULD respectfully intimate to the Shippers and public of Harbor Grace and vicinity that he has taken the Workshop lately occupied by Morris & Parsons, (opposite the premises of Messrs. John Munn & Co.) where he is prepared to make and repair SAILS of all shapes and sizes in a manner calculated to afford general satisfaction, and with the utmost dispatch.

April 25, 1873.

Bazaar!

THE co-operation of CHRISTIAN FRIENDS is respectfully solicited in aid of a

BAZAAR

To be held in NOVEMBER next, for the purpose of raising funds for the liquidation of the debt on

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH

IN THIS TOWN.

The sum of \$2,300 has been expended in completing the enlargement of the original Building. The balance remaining unpaid at this date is about £300. Our friends in St. John's kindly contributed \$100, and the rest, amounting to \$1,900, has been raised by the untiring efforts of the congregation.

Contributions in Money, in Useful and Fancy Articles, or in Materials for making up, will be thankfully received by

Mrs. S. ANDREWS, W. O. WOOD, EVILL, TAPP, C. ROSS, A. BUTHERFORD, BADCOCK, FORD, A. CLIFF, HIGGINS, BERTRAM JONES.

March 23, 1873.

BLANK FORMS

Executed with NEATNESS and DESPATCH at the Office of this paper.

FOR SALE.

Just Received A SUPPLY OF THE

'Favorite' SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINES,



Manufactured by the Kendall Manufacturing Co., Montreal.

CHEAPEST AND BEST.

THE 'FAVORITE' SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINES

Are a wonderful achievement of inventive Genius and Mechanical Skill.

For Simplicity, Durability and Beauty they stand Unrivaled.

Stitch Alike on Both Sides.

They will do all kinds of FAMILY SEWING

With perfect ease, and are equally good for light Manufacturing purposes.

They have a large Shuttle and Bobbin and make the regular

LOCK STITCH, the same as made by the Singer, Wheeler & Wilson, Weed, and all other First Class Machines.

They use a short, straight Needle, and the

Four Motion Drop Feed, which is considered the best in the World. The Feed being made of one piece, it is impossible for it to get out of order.

THE SHUTTLE CARRIER is also made of one piece, and is so constructed that the Shuttle face is always kept close to the race, which prevents the Machine from missing stitches.

Each Machine is furnished with a Hemmer, Gatherer, Braider, Self-Sewer, Quilter, 6 Needles, 4 Bobbins, Oiler, Screw Driver, Gauge and Screw.

Directions and Spools ready for use.

Makers' Price List.

By Hand, on Marble Slab, Retail Price, \$22.00

With Plain Walnut Table, 27.00

With Quarter Case Walnut Table, 30.00

Orders executed free of return post, and Machines sent free of expense, ready to commence sewing immediately—with explicit instructions.

THE ADVANTAGES

OF THE 'FAVORITE' SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINES

OVER ALL OTHERS.

1st.—They are simple, perfect, and easily operated.

2nd.—They make the celebrated Lock Stitch alike on both sides, that will not rip or ravel.

3rd.—They are sold at a price within the reach of every family in the land.

4th.—They can be operated by a child.

5th.—They are particularly adapted for all Family Sewing and Dress Making.

—ALSO—

No. 2 SINGER MANUFACTURING MACHINES,

New Improved Pattern, F. W. BOWDEN, St. John's, Agent for Newfoundland.

ALEXR. A. PARSONS, Sub-Agent Harbor Grace.

FOR SALE.

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, FISH OR OIL.

DANIEL FITZGERALD.

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, 1873.

W. H. THOMPSON, AGENT FOR

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

JUST RECEIVED A FRESH SUPPLY OF

ADAMS' INDIAN SALVE.

W. H. THOMPSON.

PIANO TUNING!

Mr. J. CURRIE, TUNER AND REPAIRER OF

PIANOS.

IN returning thanks for past favours, BEGS 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, 1873.

Blacksmith & Farrier,

BEGS respectfully to acquaint his numerous patrons and the public generally, that he is EVER READY to give entire satisfaction in his line of business. All work executed in substantial manner and with despatch.

Off LeMarchant St., North of Gas House.

Sept. 17, 1873.

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.

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, 1873.

W. H. THOMPSON, AGENT FOR

Fellows' Compound Syrup OF HYPOPHOSPHITES

Sunshine.

Joy! joy! the royal bounteous Sun  
Is kissing rock, and hill, and river;  
It laughs where mirth and music run,  
And where the young leaves dance and quiver.

It sparkles in the feathery spray,  
And flutters in the crystal fountain;  
It turns to gold the heather gray  
Upon the brow of rock and mountain.

It gems the green woods' fragrant sod,  
And flowers by myriads smile in wonder;  
It writes in living letters "God!"  
As breaks the billowy clouds asunder.

It rests where cooling waters lave;  
It robes the sea in silver shimmer;  
It glances on the blue, blue wave,  
And where the white sails softly glimmer.

It drops its silver in the hall,  
Its gold upon the poor man's portal;  
Heaven-sent elixirs softly fall,  
And make the joy of life immortal.

It peeps beneath the cottage roof,  
Companion of the sad and lonely;  
It weaves men's hearts in fairest woof  
Of kindness and friendship only.

Give praise to God for summer's sheen!  
Sing out your anthems sweeter, longer!  
And pray that with the glittering scene,  
Your love, and faith, and hope grow stronger.

SELECT STORY.

Phantom Fingers.

Chapter II.

CONCLUDED.

"AVE you said all, young man? Now bear me! cried the captain, hotly. You can't have my niece. That's the end of it. Nobody shall have her till I am dead; and you shan't have her, whether I'm alive or dead.

Why not, I, sir? Fred's blood began to boil. Because I hate you, if you must know. Everybody has a prejudice; mine is against you. Valerie shall have a more worthy man, if any. You insult me!

I don't care, boy, whether I do or not! said Rothwell, roughly. Who are you, Jackanapes?

Atherstone's breath came fast, and in little fetiches; his ruddy skin turned white and sickly; and his body swayed from side to side.

I cannot control myself, man! he whispered. Don't tempt me too far, for God's sake! You know my demon temper!

Pah! It was the essence of contempt, this slight puff from the sailor's lips.

You miserable old coward! you take advantage of my weakness! said the other, clinching his nails till the palms of his hands bled.

The captain had hardly heard this, when he raised his great stick, poised it over his head an instant, and brought it down across Frederick Atherstone's broad shoulders.

The rod is for the impudent schoolboy he said.

The young man received the blow without a wince. There was a pause. He suddenly turned and darted away like a madman.

That night, Herr Marck encountered him coming up the steps of the great piazza.

How pale you look! Where have you been all day? Riding, I suppose? Well, I did not ask the good captain. His face was unfavorable. To-morrow will do.

Frederick seized his arm, and glared into his eyes.

Do you know, Marck, what is the noblest passage in Shakespeare? he hissed. It is Othello's cry—

"Blood, Iago! Blood, blood!"

The clock in the turret had just boomed out the hour of one. There was a dreadful shriek, coming apparently from the third corridor, and ringing throughout the house.

A single word was uttered in the voice of a man: Murder!

Everybody in the building rose, threw on some garment, seized a light, and ran.

The door of Captain Rothwell's apartment was open. Those who entered saw a fearful sight.

The old sailor lay on his bed, stabbed and strangled to death. On the white wall near his gray, matted hair was the print of a bloody hand.

Herr Marck, with starting eyes, pointed it out with his phantom forefinger.

See, said he, see! The right hand, and the forefinger gone at the second joint. Oh! Atherstone, my dear friend, what does this mean?

Frederick Atherstone stood stock-still like a man in a dream.

Chapter III.

WHAT does it mean? It means that he has been foully murdered—by whom, I know not!

But it is the print of your own hand cried the German. A fearful recollection rushes over me, my friend! What were your last words to me this night when I encountered you on your way to bed? You shrieked blood! Oh, dear Atherstone, for the sake of thyself and all, explain this!

Atherstone pulled up the sleeve of his arm, and placed his right hand upon the crimson stain. The coincidence was exact.

A look of horror, deeper yet, than that which had preceded it, sat on the faces of all.

The young man then slowly raised the same hand above his head.

As heaven is my judge, I am innocent!

But with the shadow still on every countenance, all shrank away but one, and left him with the dead. This one was Valerie. She was on her knees, her head buried in the pillow. He paused, and looked at her in silence. She rose and confronted him.

Do you believe what I assert? he asked, quietly.

I will not hold you innocent, she said, till you bring better proof of your innocence than this of your guilt.

He bowed his head, and left her. Hardly had he gained the corridor when he heard a querulous voice apparently calling some animal. It was the voice of Herr Marck.

Atous, where are you? Where are you, I say? Oh, this is what it is to have a silly dog, who cannot be trusted alone! You have run once more. It is distracting.

What now, Herr Marck? asked Atherstone.

My little dog is gone. I ran from my room in so great a hurry that I forgot to close the door. The little fiend is so fond of outside that it makes off at every opportunity. It is fled now and will take to the woods, and be starved to death, for it is stupid, and can never find its way back. Oh, I am so troubled this miserable night!

Never mind the dog, man, said the other, angrily. Murder has been done here; the corpse lies in yonder room; you had best seek the villain who has done so dreadful a deed!

I know, I know, sir, answered Herr Marck, sharply. But under your circumstances, I should not be so anxious for investigation. Reflect well, Mr. Frederick Atherstone.

What do you mean by this insolence.

Ah, forgive me. I am hasty, because I am provoked at the wretched dog. Let me take a light, and search the grounds.

They parted.

None retired again to bed that night. The servants were sent off to the adjoining town, with news of the murder, and a request for the presence of a coroner and the police.

Frederick Atherstone, as soon as breakfast was announced, went down, and took a position at the head of the table. All looked at him in wonder, and with the same horror as before.

You believe me guilty, said he. I see it in every eye. But I have sworn that I am not, and to this I shall stand while I have breath sufficient in my body to utter it. The officers of justice will arrive by noon. Let them come to my room, and take me thence to prison.

He went away, and left the breakfast to be eaten in a silence that was chill and ghastly.

At precisely noon, the police arrived. First they examined the scene of the crime; next, the coroner and the magistrate heard the testimony, and finally they went to look for Frederick Atherstone.

He was not in his room.

This was as great confirmation as could have been a judge's seal of death.

Pursuit was ordered. At the moment they entered the grounds from the house, they confronted the suspected man.

You came a little sooner than I had anticipated, said he; but it is all the same. Take me.

The inmates of the house were standing at the windows. The sun was shining brightly on the snow, and the air was fresh and generous. Suddenly Herr Marck opened the piazza door, and came down the steps.

Gentlemen, said he, do you believe this man to be guilty?

Let us first make the trial of that print on the wall, said the magistrate.

They returned to the chamber of the crime; it need not be said that all suspicion was confirmed.

So be it! broke in Herr Marck. I only waited for the decision of authority. Mr. Frederick Atherstone, you are a murderer; at your trial I shall be the principal witness against you. The end will be death!

He had hardly uttered these words

when there were pattering footsteps heard at the door. A little dog came trotting in. There was something in its mouth.

A bloody glove!

The man of the phantom fingers turned horribly livid, and fell against the crimson smear that was on the wall.

I see it all! suddenly shrieked Frederick Atherstone. That man has done this deed. Arrest him!

The dog came quietly round, dropped the glove, fixed its wild eyes on its master, stooped like a cat, and sprang at his throat.

Off, Atous! You little devil, off I say! It is I, your master, you are choking!

The spectators glared, in powerless and horrified surprise.

My glove! continued the excited Atherstone, in a voice of thunder—my glove, stolen from me, as I can prove, but a few nights since. I missed it from my pocket the night I took the ride, after my quarrel with Valerie. Do you not see, gentlemen, the dreadful depths of this conspiracy against me? This wretch did the murder, then marked the wall with the print of my hand, to throw the suspicion on me. Compare, gentlemen, for yourselves. Look, look!—the glove and the stain coincide identically! It is heaven's own work, this attestation of my innocence: for, observe, he writes between the teeth of his own dog, who has betrayed him! Do not let him escape! He will wrench away the dog, and fly, if you do not seize him.

Marck struggled with the animal for life. The long, white teeth pressed into his throat were strangling him.

Off, demon! he gasped. The dog is mad, my friends! Take him away, or he will kill me! See, he is on my chest and clings to my pipe of breath! I shall fall of exhaustion, and my death will be on your heads!

Atherstone, recovering his presence of mind, rushed forward, and pulled away the frantic beast. The officers then seized the German.

He panted in silence for nearly three minutes. By this time, every person in the house had entered the room.

It is so! came forth, in dry, husky words, I confess I planned as you have perceived. Was I not clever?

He looked up, and then around at the faces staring at him. Then he laughed.

But I have failed—perdition seize my accursed luck—I have failed!

He dropped into a chair, and hid his eyes in his long, slender, ghostly fingers. But by another effort, he recovered himself, took them away, and spoke again.

I confess my crime, said he, because I am tolerably confident, from what has happened, that the devil has deserted me, and that, at my trial, I should be found guilty. Now, as to details: My motive, in the first place—it was want of money. I took the old captain's out of his sea-chest, and hid it in my water-pitcher which possesses a false bottom.

Returning to this room, the dog followed me—curse him!—and saw the stab I gave. But was not the good Rothwell already dead? He was choked by these pretty white fingers, that play the piano so nicely. I used the knife, which you will also find in the water-pitcher, to get some blood wherewith to put over the glove; of course, one cannot print without ink. That is all.

It is not pleasant to elaborate narratives such as this, when they have reached so great a crowning point of horror. Therefore I condense the rest.

Herr Marck was tried, and, of course convicted. But he poisoned himself with the nicotine of a pipe he was, by special favor, allowed to smoke, the night before his execution.

His conduct while in prison was curious. He made prints of his phantom fingers all over the walls, where some of them may be seen yet. And in one spot he drew the portrait of a dog—Atous. Underneath he wrote: when a man loses the friendship of his dog, he is friendless indeed. This was in German, and in that language had more point than it can be given in a translation.

Atherstone and Valerie married; but not until he had succeeded in disciplining his temper. It is now very good.

Romance of an American Queen.

IN 1733, the settlement of Georgia was commenced by a number of English people, who were brought over by General Oglethorpe, and pitched their tents on the very spot now occupied by the city of Savannah.

In his intercourse with the Indians, he was greatly assisted by an Indian woman, whom he found in Savannah, by the name of Mary Musgrove. She had resided among the English in another part of the country, and was well acquainted with their language. She was of great use, therefore, to General Oglethorpe, in interpreting what he said to the Indians, and what they said to him. For this service he gave her a hundred pounds a year,

Among those who came over with General Oglethorpe was a man by the name of Thomas Rosomworth, who was the chaplain, or minister, of the colony.

Soon after his arrival he married the above-mentioned Indian woman, Mary Musgrove. Bosomworth, was at heart a bad man, although by profession he was a minister of the gospel. He was distinguished for his pride, and over riches and influence. At the same time he was very artful. Yet, on account of his profession, he was, for a time, much respected by the Indians.

At one of the great councils of the Indians, this artful man induced some of the chiefs to crown Malatche, one of the greatest among them, and to declare him prince and emperor of all the Creeks. After this he made his wife call herself the eldest sister of Malatche, and she told the Indians that one of her grandfathers had been made king by the Great Spirit over all the Creeks. The Indians believed what Mary told them, for since General Oglethorpe had been so kind to her, they had become very proud of her. They called a great meeting of the chiefs together, and Mary made them a long talk. She told them that they had been injured by the whites—that they were getting away the lands of the Indians, and would soon drive them from all their possessions. Said she: We must assert our rights—we must arm ourselves against them—we must drive them from our territories—let us call forth our warriors—I will head them. Stand by me and the houses they have erected shall smoke in ruins.

The spirit of Queen Mary was contagious. Every chief present declared himself ready to defend her, to the last drop of his blood.

After due preparation, the warriors were called forth. They had painted themselves afresh, and sharpened anew their tomahawks for the battle. The march was now commenced. Queen Mary, attended by her infamous husband, the real author of all their discontent, headed the savage throng.

Before they reached Savannah, their approach was announced. The people were justly alarmed. They were few in number, and, though they had a fortification and cannon, they had no good reason to hope that they should be able to ward off the deadly blow which was aimed against them.

By this time the savages were in sight of Savannah. At this critical moment an Englishman, by the name of Noble Jones, a bold and daring man, rode forth, with a few spirited men on horseback, to meet them. As he approached them, he exclaimed in a voice like thunder:

Ground your arms! ground your arms! not an armed Indian shall set his foot in this town!

Awe-struck by his lofty tone, and perceiving him and his companions ready to dash in among them, they paused, and soon after laid down their arms. Bosomworth and his queen were now summoned to march into the city, and it was permitted the chiefs and other Indians to follow—but without their arms.

On reaching the parade ground, the thunder of fifteen cannon, fired at the same moment, told them what they might expect, should they persist in their hostile designs. The Indians were now marched to the house of the president of the council in Savannah. Bosomworth was required to leave the Indians, while the president had a friendly talk with them.

In his address to them he assured them of the kindness of the English, and demanded what they meant by coming in this warlike manner. In reply they told the president that they had heard that Mary was to be sent over the great waters, and they had come to learn why they were to lose their queen.

Finding that the Indians had been deceived, and that Bosomworth was the author of all the trouble—that he had even intended to get possession of the magazine, and to destroy the whites, the council directed him to be seized, and to be thrown into prison.

This step, Mary resented with great spirit. Rushing forth among the Indians, she openly cursed General Oglethorpe, although he had raised her from poverty and distress, and declared that the whole world should know that the ground she trod upon was her own.

The warlike spirit of the Indians being thus likely to be renewed, it was thought advisable to imprison Mary also. This was accordingly carried into effect. At the same time, to appease the Indians a sumptuous feast was made for the chiefs by the president, who, during the better state of feelings which seemed to prevail, took occasion to explain to them the wickedness of Bosomworth, and now by falsehood and cunning he had led them to believe that Mary was really their queen—a descendant of one of their great chiefs.

Brothers, said he, it is no such thing. Queen Mary is no other than Mary Musgrove, whom I found poor, and who has been made the dupe of the artful Bosomworth; and you, brothers, the dupes of both.

The appearance of things was now pleasant.

The Indians were beginning to be satisfied of the villainy of Bosomworth, and of the real character of Mary. But, at this moment the door was thrown open, and, to the surprise of all Mary burst into the room. She had made her escape from prison; and, learning what was going on, she had rushed forward with the fury of a tigress:

Seize your arms! seize your arms! Remember your promise, and defend your queen.

The sight of their queen seemed in a moment, to bring back all the original ardor of the enterprise. In an instant every chief had seized his tomahawk, and sprang from the ground to rally at the call of their queen.

At this moment, Captain Jones, who was present, perceiving the danger of the president, and the other whites, drew his sword and demanded peace. The majesty of his countenance, the fire of his eye, and the glittering of his sword, told Queen Mary what she might expect, should she attempt to raise any higher the feverish spirit of her subjects.

The Indians cast an eye toward Mary as if to inquire what they should do. Her countenance fell. Perceiving his advantage, Captain Jones stepped forward, and, in the presence of the Indians, standing round, again conducted Mary back to prison. A short imprisonment so far humbled both Bosomworth and Mary, that each wrote a letter, in which they confessed the wrong they had done, and promised, if released that they would conduct themselves with more propriety in future. The people kindly forgave them both, and they left the city.

WIT AND HUMOR.

THE following epitaph is to be seen in a Parisian cemetery. The author of it is a forlorn American widower: Sacred to the memory of Theodora, the beloved wife of —, proprietor of the — newspaper. Yearly subscriptions — francs, payable in advance. She was a good wife and an excellent mother. The publishing office is in — Street; knock loudly at the door. Thou art bitterly regretted, oh, much-loved wife! Rejected manuscripts are not returned.

DRYDEN was so bound up in his books that his wife exclaimed: I wish I were a book, that I might always be in your society.

I wish you were an almanac, so that I could change you every year, replied he.

PAUL PRY hereabouts thrusts his fingers into a horse's mouth to see how many teeth the horse had. The horse closed his mouth to see how many fingers the man had. The curiosity of each was fully satisfied.

THE night before a Boston man died his faithful wife watched by his side all through the dreary hours, with no companion but the dying husband and a copy of Jack Sheppard.

I think John labors under the impression that he is not wanted here, said Prunkins to his wife, at the same time nodding his head in the direction of her nephew.

Oh, don't trouble yourself about that, replied his wife; John is to lazy to labor under anything, even an impression.

A man in London, who had made a fortune as proprietor of a newspaper, wanted to name a vessel The Printer's Devil, in memory of his old business; but that name being thought too long, the craft was called The Devil for short; and this name proving prejudicial to the owner, he finally got it changed to "The Newsboy."

When betting men say they'll take you, take care it's not in.

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