

# The Star,

## And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Friday, November 1, 1872.

Number 49.

NOVEMBER.						
S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
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FOR SALE.

RESERVES & GROCERIES!

Just Received and For Sale by the Subscriber—  
Fresh Cove OYSTERS  
Spiced do.

PINE APPLES  
PEACHES  
Strawberries—preserved in Syrup  
Brambleberries do.

—ALWAYS ON HAND—

A Choice Selection of  
GROCERIES  
T. M. CAIRNS.

Opposite the Premises of Messrs. C. W. Ross & Co.  
Sept. 17.

NOTICES.

J. HOWARD COLLIS,

Dealer and Importer of

ENGLISH & AMERICAN  
HARDWARE,

Picture Moulding, Glass

Looking Glass, Pictures

Glassware, &c., &c.

TROUTING GEAR,

(In great variety and best quality) WHOLE-  
SALE AND RETAIL.

221 WATER STREET,

St. John's,

Newfoundland.

One door East of P. HURCHES, 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  
Anesthetic (Nitrous Oxide Gas), and  
have extracted many thousand Teeth by  
its use

Without Producing pain,

with perfect satisfaction. They are still  
prepared to repeat the same process,  
which is perfectly safe even to Children.  
They are also prepared to insert the best  
Artificial Teeth from one to a whole Set  
in the latest and most approved style,  
using none but the best, such a  
received the highest Prem-  
iums at the world's Fair  
in London and Paris.

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

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.

ALEXR. BANNERMAN,  
E. WILKS LYON.

May 14. tff

G. F. FARRELLS.

Blacksmith & Farrier,

RESPECTFULLY to acquaint his num-  
erous patrons and the public gener-  
ally, that he is EVER READY to give  
entire satisfaction in his line of business.  
All work executed in substantial manner,  
and with despatch.

Off LeMarchant St., North of Gas  
House.  
Sept. 17.

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Fellows' Compound Syrup

OF

HYPOPHOSPHITES.

POETRY.

Expressed Love.

This gift I send  
Is to a friend  
Whom I love dearly, true:  
I need not tell—  
You know it well—  
That friend is surely you.

When Tuesday eve,  
As shadows weave,  
And I go whizzing by,  
If you love me,  
I hope to see  
A sly wink of your eye.

And, if you wink,  
'Tis then I'll think  
I am beloved at last:  
And—oh the bliss!—  
I'll throw a kiss  
As I go quickly past.

For, dearest one,  
I'm not in fun—  
These words come from my heart;  
And if you'll go,  
For weal or woe,  
With me, we ne'er shall part.

Each time I see  
You look at me,  
I know my fate I've found.  
My heart is true:  
Now, then, will you  
To me for life be bound?

Next Friday night  
Please be in sight,  
And high your kerchief fling.  
'Twill be the sign  
To tell you're mine:  
I claim you with a ring.

Now, every one,  
My story's done.  
And the moral I will tell:  
Be guarded lest  
Within your breast  
Awakens such a spell.

Express is fast,  
The time is past,  
She held her kerchief high;  
And now, a wife,  
She gladdens life—  
The express chap am I.

EXTRACTS.

Bliss in Blunder.

We are fast becoming converts to the  
Dean of Westminster's doctrine that,  
for some purposes, falsehood is better  
than truth. It is as lovers of knowledge  
that we are led to this conclusion. We  
find that there are certain cases in which  
falsehood—not necessarily falsehood in a  
moral sense, but falsehood of statement,  
error as to facts and inferences—is not  
only consistent with, but actually implies,  
a greater amount of knowledge than  
some statements against the truth of  
which there is not a word to be said. It  
is impossible to make a statement every  
word of which shall be literary true to the  
smallest detail, but which shall yet dis-  
play greater ignorance of the matter in  
hand than the most amazing blunder. For,  
as we have before now pointed out, a  
blunder implies a certain amount of  
knowledge; a man cannot, strictly speak-  
ing, blunder about things of which he  
knows nothing whatever. For a man to  
produce a good blunder he must be  
thinking about the subject on which he  
blunders. He must have heard some-  
thing about it; he must know some of  
the facts; he must have on his lips some  
of the phrases used to describe those  
facts; he must know something of what  
other people have been thinking and  
saying about the matter; otherwise he  
has not the materials for producing a  
blunder. On the other hand there is a  
class of men who do not blunder, simply  
because they have not knowledge enough  
to blunder. There is something very  
amusing when a new light suddenly  
breaks in upon a mind of this kind.  
Something which other people have  
known all about for years, something  
about which accurate men have been  
thinking and speaking accurately for  
years, something about which blunders  
have been blunders for years, but about  
which both accurate men and blunders  
have at any rate been thinking and  
learning something, has all this while  
been to him a perfect blank. He has  
thought nothing about it and has known  
nothing about it: the thing has never  
come into his head at all during all the  
time that the others have been busying  
themselves about it, each in his own way.  
At last by some chance he stumbles on  
some statement of the whole matter  
which puts him at once in a certain way  
on a level with those who have been  
working at it for years, and, if he is only

discreet, the world need never find out  
that he is not really on a level with them.  
But commonly by a sort of righteous Nem-  
esis he is tempted to announce his new  
light to the world with all the glee and  
all the pomp of a new discovery. All  
that he puts forth may be perfectly true,  
perfectly accurate in every detail, with-  
out the faintest whiff of a blunder about  
it. The joke is that he cannot help show-  
ing that he fancies that what is new to  
himself must be equally new to the rest  
of the world. He trumpets forth the  
truth which he has lighted upon in a way  
which, to those who have been working at  
the matter all their days, sounds very  
much as if one were to read "It is not  
generally known that the bones of fossil  
elephants have been found in Europe,"  
or "It has been announced in a paper  
read at the last meeting of the British  
Association that there are plants in the  
solar system further off from the sun than  
Saturn." In cases of this sort we do  
maintain that falsehood is, in a sense,  
better than truth. The false statements  
of the blunderer who has been really  
trying to find out something about the  
matter are more respectable than the true  
statements of a man who has been sleep-  
ing on and doing nothing, and who at last  
wakes up to enter on the fulness of other  
men's labours.

In this way of looking at the matter  
we may have more sympathy with an  
inaccurate statement than with an ac-  
curate one. The case indeed may be  
argued from another point of view. A  
blunder is undoubtedly a work of art;  
a good blunder is a precious work of art  
which is not given to every one to call it  
into being. As we have said, the blunder-  
er must know something of the matter  
in hand. But his knowledge must be  
only partial; it must be judiciously mixed  
with a twofold ignorance—partial ignor-  
ance of the matter in hand, and total  
ignorance of the extent of his own ignor-  
ance. But if, as some philosophers teach  
us, happiness is the end of man, and if,  
as others teach us, ignorance is bliss, it  
follows that there is a state yet higher  
than that of even the best blunderer.  
For, as his ignorance is only partial, his  
bliss must be partial also; perfect bliss  
must be sought for in the higher region  
of perfect ignorance. It is then a less  
exertion of art, a less close approach to  
the perfection of man, to produce a blun-  
der which, however good, implies only  
partial ignorance than to produce some-  
thing which implies at all events the past  
possession of total ignorance. We speak  
thus carefully because it may be objected  
that when the man puts forth the ac-  
curate statement of the matter which he  
has just learned, he is no longer wholly  
ignorant, but is on the contrary very well  
informed. The fact is, that the pleasure  
of the display of total ignorance—that is  
the pleasure of calling on others to share  
in the highest bliss—can only be purchas-  
ed at the cost of giving up some part of  
the total ignorance itself. As long as a  
man knows absolutely nothing about a  
matter he cannot display his ignorance of  
it, because he cannot talk about it at  
all. But, again, if ignorance is bliss, it is  
hard that a man should be driven to keep  
his bliss to himself. The second best  
thing then undoubtedly is, that a man  
should be able to announce how very  
short a time ago he was in a state of total  
ignorance about a given matter; and  
this he most thoroughly does by putting  
forth something which other people have  
known for a long time, but which he him-  
self has just learned for the first time,  
as if it were equally new to all the world.

Interesting Scientific Experi-  
ment on the Body of a Hang-  
ed Man.

Barclay, the young man who was  
hanged at Columbus, Ohio, on Friday last,  
for a most brutal murder, consented that  
the students of a medical college in that  
city could have his body for experimental  
purposes, and ten minutes after it was  
cut down it was placed in a wagon  
and driven rapidly to the college, where  
a powerful battery had been placed in po-  
sition for the purpose of trying the effect  
of electricity as a medium to restore life.  
At 24 minutes to 1 o'clock six students  
lecturing room of the college, where were  
assembled the students and all the prom-  
inent medical gentlemen of the city. It  
was then taken from the coffin and plac-  
ed upon the operating table. The pup-  
ils of the eyes were found to be dilated  
and the face discoloured. The body was  
stripped of its clothing, and at thirteen  
minutes after death, the students began  
operations. The electrical instrument  
used was one of the most powerful known  
consisting of six cups of Aunsen's battery  
attached to Ritch's induction coil of the  
largest size. It was operated by Profes-  
sor Holderman, an eminent electrician,  
while Professor Wormly and Professors  
Holderman and Denig conducted the  
experiment. Two currents of electricity  
were used—one placed at the lower ex-

trinity of the body, and the other drawn  
along the arm, neck, face and breast. The  
effect was wonderful: the eyes opened,  
the face drew up as if in pain, the mouth  
jerked to one side, the arm raised as if to  
strike and the fist clenched. The limbs  
also raised and the toes and fingers work-  
ed, and once the body almost turned to  
one side. The arms were next laid bare  
and a current of electricity introduced.  
The whole system seemed to respond and  
the movements of the body were at times  
violent. At four minutes to two o'clock  
the electricity was removed and faint ac-  
tions of the muscles could even then be  
observed. The body was afterwards left  
until ten minutes after three, when the  
electricity was again applied, and the  
muscles of the body still responded as be-  
fore, but with less force. The breast was  
then opened and a current passed into  
the heart, but it gave no response. It was  
carried to the hands and feet, and all  
responded as before. The heart was then  
taken out and found hard as muscle and  
full of blood, the lungs not congested,  
the brain very healthy, free from any  
congestion. At eleven minutes after  
4 o'clock electricity was again applied  
and a good response was had; at eighteen  
minutes after 5 a faint response was given  
and at fifteen minutes to 6, five hours and  
thirty five minutes after death, the strong-  
est current that could be applied failed  
to move a muscle. The experiment ex-  
hibited was then brought to a close, the  
crowd dispersed and the mutilated body  
of John Barclay was replaced in its coffin,  
delivered to the coroner and given its  
final burial.—Boston Herald.

Dying Words.

Lord Macaulay tells an anecdote of  
Michael Godfrey, the Deputy Governor  
of the Bank of England, who was standing  
near King William and was under fire at  
the siege of Namur. "Mr. Godfrey,"  
said William, "you ought not to run  
these hazards, you are not a soldier, you  
can be of no use to us here." "Sir," an-  
swered Godfrey, "I run no more hazard  
than your Majesty." "Not so," said  
William, "I am where it is my duty to  
be, and I may without presumption com-  
mit my life to God's keeping; but you—"  
While they were talking a cannon-ball from  
the ramparts laid Godfrey dead at the King's feet.

The dying words of Wolfe are well  
known and well authenticated. On hear-  
ing an officer exclaim—"See how they  
run!" he eagerly raised himself on his  
elbow, and asked, "Who run?" "The  
enemy," answered the officer; they give  
way in all directions." "Then God be  
praised," said Wolfe, after a pause, "I  
shall die happy." His antagonist, the  
Marquis of Montcalm, received a mortal  
wound whilst endeavoring to rally his  
men, and expired the next day. When  
told that his end was approaching, he  
answered, "So much the better; I shall  
not live to see the surrender of Quebec."

Dying words and speeches present an  
ample field for the inventive faculties of  
biographers and historians. It is report-  
ed that Louis XIV's to Madame de Main-  
tenon were:—"We shall soon meet  
again;" and that she murmured, "a  
pleasant rendezvous he is giving me;  
that man never loved any one but him-  
self." Of Talleyrand, M. Louis Blanc  
relates:—"When the Abbe Dupanloup  
repeated to him the words of the Arch-  
bishop of Paris, 'I would give my life for  
M. de Talleyrand,' he replied, 'he might  
make a better use of it,' and expired. Do  
such narratives command implicit faith?  
Did Goethe die calling for light? or Fred-  
erick Schlegel with *aber* (but) in his  
mouth? or Rabelais exclaiming, "Drop  
the curtain just after telling the servant  
with characteristic politeness, 'Give Day-  
rolles a chair?' or Locke remarking to  
Mrs. Mesham, 'Life is a poor vanity?'"  
Did the expiring Addison call the young  
Earl of Warwick to his bedside that he  
might learn "how a Christian could die?"  
Was Pitt's heart broken by Austerlitz?  
and were the last words he uttered—"My  
country, oh, my country?" George Rose  
who had excess to the best information,  
says they were; and says also that the  
news of the armistice after the battle of  
Austerlitz drove Pitt's gout from the ex-  
tremities to the stomach. But the Duke  
of Wellington, who met Pitt at Stanmore  
Priory shortly after the arrival of the  
news, always maintained that Pitt's spirit  
was not broken by any means by the dis-  
appointment. On plausible grounds it  
has been alleged that Canning's last ill-  
ness was aggravated by suppressed anger  
at one of Lord Grey's attacks; that he  
had serious thoughts of being called up  
to the House of Peers to answer it, and  
his dying words were—"Give me time!  
give me time!"—Quarterly Review.

Cannot Afford to Marry.

We all know that luxury is on the in-  
crease with us. Year by year people's  
houses grow finer, inside and out. Peo-  
ple are clad better, wear more expensive  
jewelry, and there is more riding on fine

horses and driving in fine carriages than ever before.

It is delightful to live amid all this splendor, and no one can enjoy it more than I; but now and then I stop to think. Then the skeleton of all this sensual beauty stalks before me, and this is what I say to myself:

A price is being paid for this wearing of purple and fine linen, and for the palaces we live in, and for faring sumptuously every day, that as yet we hardly understand. It may be that these splendid houses are robbing us of homes; it may be that, to sweep the streets with velvet, many are bidding farewell to all that brings Heaven near to earth. If so, give us rather the poorest shelter that ever covered Christian head, and let us clothe ourselves in hoddin gray.

Do not misunderstand me. A palace can be as happy a home as a cottage. The millionaire may live as he likes; but in this land, at least, what the rich man may do the poor man thinks he must, and there the evil creeps in. The house-keeper runs in debt for velvet sofas, and mirrors that reflect his own anxious countenance when he would rather not see it. His wife worries herself into a shadow over fripperies that only contrast drearily with her worn-out look, and his daughter puts it out of the power of any man to woo and win her who has not a little fortune at command, by dressing as though she were a duchess. As for the young men themselves, what with finery, drink and smoke, the largest salary that can be commanded is insufficient for their personal wants. They are just as bad as the girls, and worse.

The result is evident. Those above the mechanic class who yet have limited means, remain single, or marry from mercenary motives. Those who fall into Cupid's trap, and 'engage' themselves, drag the weary years along, waiting for means to live in style, each too utterly selfish to think of the least self-sacrifice, each half regretting the momentary impulse that led to a pledge to be fulfilled, if fulfilled at all, after youth and beauty and the first sweet longing for each other's love have faded utterly.

He won't do for me, says the girl of eighteen, as she thinks of the young lover with whom she has been flirting for a month or so. He has only a thousand dollars a year. I couldn't dress on that.

It won't do to propose, says the man to himself. The old gentleman won't be able to leave her anything.

And so it goes. Women of twenty five and men of forty and many oftener than those in their spring-time, now a-days; and though there may be a good deal of kindness and happiness in these autumn marriages, may I be forgiven for doubting that there is much romance or passion interwoven in the compact that gives one a housekeeper, and the other a banker. If she had married the boy she loved when she was seventeen, if he had won the woman he chose before he could afford to marry, life would have been a different thing to both.

Perhaps it is better than nothing; who knows? But better to have fought the fight with poverty under Love's banner. It used to be the old folks who drove away Cupid once. The old gentleman of the play, who stamps about the stage because the young soldier, with no fortune but his sword, has offered to the old gentleman's daughter, and the old lady who will marry her daughter to a gouty old nobleman, are well known; but now a-days the young folks themselves are the prudent ones. Old people stand amazed at their ideas of marriageable incomes. Kid gloves are more to them than kisses, and a diamond necklace a better thing to twine around the neck than the most loving arms. To wiggle down the street with a silken train sweeping the mud; to be as thoroughly on exhibition as any member of the *demi monde*, whenever she appears in public; to look so much like her that, at a distance, it is hard to tell them apart—this is the ambition of the New York girl of to-day. The young men admire her. They also, attired in the fashionable, promenade and flirt, call on her, and dance with her at entertainments.

They don't mean to marry. The girls know it. They can't afford to marry. It costs too much to dress, to eat, to drink, to live generally. Get a man up to the position of clerk in a large retail dry goods store, and he becomes so intensely genteel, that if his home cannot be a whole brown stone house, he will have none at all.

The mechanic can marry his pretty milliner, for he can live "on a floor" and be happy; but on less than good mechanic's wages, your clerk must outdress his employer, and be as expensively dissipated as his employer's son and heir, if possible. After this if the poor young man pays his board now and then, what more can be expected of him? Certainly he cannot marry. And in view of that he is fast becoming—a fashion plate that smells of whiskey and cigar smoke—it would not be so bad a thing perhaps, though to my mind love and wedded happiness are life's purest blessings. It would not be so bad, if the result were merely lonely old bachelorhood and dreary spinsterhood—men lounging at clubs in their old age, and women lecturing to other single women on the brutality of man regarded as a husband. But I fear this is not the worst.

Do girl's faces look as pure to you as they did ten years ago? Do you meet a brazen stare and a suspicious ogle oftener than a modest blush? And do you ever shudder a little and ask yourselves whether those men who "can't afford to marry" are as safe companions for young and attractive girls, as men who are looking for pure wives who will never disgrace them might be? I candidly confess I do not think they are.—AN AMERICAN LADY.

Reading in the Cars.

A distinguished oculist says, in reference to the habit of reading in the cars, the constant motion and oscillations of

the car render it impossible to hold the book in one position—its distance from the eye is constantly varying, and no matter how slight this variation may be, it is instantly compensated for by the eye, thus keeping the organ constantly employed accommodating itself to distance. This becomes fatiguing, the eyes have a sort of weary, heavy feeling, and if the reading is persisted in, soon becomes "bloodshot" and painful. We have often observed young misses, intently engaged in the perusal of some romance while upon a rapidly moving railway train, who have only been able to finish their story with perceptible discomfort. We have noticed them rubbing their eyes, shifting their position, and holding their books at various distances from the eye, making the greatest efforts to see with eyes that have already been fatigued beyond endurance. Such practices lead to serious injury to the eyes, and it is not infrequently the case that the oculist is called upon to prescribe for a patient who has paralysis of the visual powers of the eyes produced by reading in railway cars.

Telegraph Round the World.

THE MISSING LINK.

A communication dated from the Forks of the Saskatchewan, from Captain W. F. Butler, author of the "Great Lone Land," urges a plan for the establishment of telegraphic communications between Europe and Asia, via Behring Straits. Looking at the points now reached by telegraphic enterprise in Asia and America, he divides the intervening distance into two portions—Fort Garry, in the new Canadian province of Manitoba and Nicolaevsk, at the mouth of the Amoor River, in Eastern Asiatic Russia. These are distant along the route about 5000 miles. The first portion of this distance from Fort Garry to Behring Straits to the Amoor, is about 2000 miles. Almost in a direct line from Fort Garry to the Straits of Behring, three great river systems and four large lakes lay their lengths towards the north-west for 3000 miles. These are the Saskatchewan, the Mackenzie, and the Yukon Rivers, and the Lakes Manitoba, Winnipegosis, Athabaska, and Great Slave. Captain Butler proposes to take advantage of this immense system of inland water by laying a river cable throughout such portions as come within the required line.

After an examination of the details of the route on the American side, it is stated:—1. The advantages to be derived from this plan of utilizing the river systems of the north-west are many—1. The facility with which a cable could be laid by the boats which at present navigate these rivers. 2. The cable would require to be only half the thickness and one quarter the weight of an ocean cable. 3. Security from fire and from the accidents caused by falling trees. 4. Ease with which a river cable could be underrun, and facility for travel along its route, by canoe in summer, by dog train in winter. 5. Safety from ice by reason of depth of rivers, ice never exceeding five feet in thickness. 6. Absence of all disposed Indians along the route. 7. The fact of Hudson Bay stations already existing along the entire route, at intervals of about 100 to 150 miles apart, rendering unnecessary the establishment of additional stations on the American continent. 8. All the rivers, except the Saskatchewan, for 300 miles, having their currents running towards the Straits of Behring. 9. The rivers are deep, free from rapids, and being useless for commerce, from the locked oceans which they seek, a cable would not be liable to accident from anchoring of ships. These rivers must, in fact, for ever remain as they are at present—closed against commerce. The second section of the route is that between the Straits of Behring and the mouth of the Amoor River, about 2000 miles. This distance may be divided into the Sea of Behring (200 miles), the River Anadyr (300 miles), the River Myan (150 miles), a Portage (50 miles), the River Penjina (150 miles), and the Sea of Okhotsk (700 miles); total, 1600 miles to the mouth of the Amoor. The Sea of Behring is at all times free from icebergs, the currents setting into not out of the Polar Ocean, its average depth is only 20 fathoms, and its bottom is composed of soft clay and mud. Telegraphic communication at present stops on the shores of the Pacific. Five thousand miles of ocean still forbid the laying of a cable between San Francisco and Japan. Nevertheless, the task is easy of fulfillment by the route and means here indicated.

Another Fasting Girl.

A correspondent of the Birmingham Post writes—"Being in the neighbourhood of Feckenham about a month back, a report reached me of a girl who, it was alleged, had taken no food for a long period, and had lain many weeks in an unconscious state. I accordingly went to a farm-house about a mile on the Droitwich road, and saw the girl. She appeared greatly emaciated, her breathing inaudible, pulse scarcely perceptible, and her hands cold. She appeared to be about 15 years old, and was brought up a Protestant. Her parents (who, by the way, are respectable farming people) stated that she had taken scarcely any food since last February, when she was first taken ill. The greater part of this time she has lain unconscious, except for a few hours at a time, when she has been restored to her normal condition by applying a current of electricity from a magneto-electric machine. At times she becomes ecstatic, and describes to her attendants visions she sees of Jesus, angels, &c. It is said she lay for about twelve weeks without taking anything—not even water. At other times, when food has been forced upon her, her stomach has rejected it. She now takes about a quarter of a soaked fig, which lasts her a week. For the benefit of 'miracle mongers,' I will state that the 'visions' recur at irregular intervals, and as often

on one day as on another. The foregoing statements are given just as I had them from the parents of the girl, and were corroborated by many persons I met with while in the locality. The parents have neither asked nor refused any one seeing the girl. They state what they believe to be 'the facts of the case' freely, and appear anxious to have the matter investigated by some fully-competent person. I was told her medical attendant was a Dr. Buck, of Inkberrow; and throughout her illness she has been visited by the Rev. Mr. Home, rector of Bradley Green."

A Menagerie in a Storm.

A correspondent of the Chicago Inter-Ocean, writing from Davenport, Iowa, describes a terrible scene caused by a menagerie being attacked by a heavy thunder storm in the dead of night. Mr. Forepaugh's establishment, consisting of a menagerie, museum, and circus, exhibited at De Wit, Ohio, on August 17, and at midnight started for Davenport. At Pleasant Hill, a small village, it encountered one of the most terrific storms of thunder, lightning, and rain ever experienced in that part of the country. It was about two o'clock on Monday morning when the storm broke upon the caravan. There were 175 dens or cages of wild beasts and birds, a museum equipage, baggage wagons, &c., drawn by 500 horses, and following the great chariot. This, in turn, was preceded by a dozen camels and the elephant Romeo Jun. As the storm increased in fury the chariot horses became unmanageable, and started off at a fearful speed. The camels, unable to stand, crouched down by the roadside, trembling with fear; and the elephant lay down in the middle of the road, and stubbornly refused to rise, completely preventing the further progress of the long train of cages, which were scattered along the road for nearly two miles. The animals, thoroughly frightened, mingled their yells and roars with the deafening thunder, and bounded from side to side of their narrow cages with tremendous force. This caused many of the horses to follow the example of those before the chariot, and, as no further progress could be made, the whole train soon became inextricably confused. The driver of the lion cage was hurled from his seat by the falling of the wheel horses, and over went the cage containing four large lions. The museum wagon was struck by lightning. The terror of the scene demoralised about 20 drivers, who deserted their horses and fled to the woods. One of the cages left driverless contained a gnu, or horned horse, a vicious brute, and the horses plunging from one side of the road to the other overturned the cage, causing the top to break open. Instantly the brute leaped into the road, and overturning a cage filled with monkeys, dated into the woods. The situation of the caravan at this juncture was very critical. Ten horses had been killed by lightning, four drivers were injured seriously, and one killed. With the assistance of the farmers in the vicinity matters were soon put in a presentable shape.

LOSS OF A SCHOONER IN TRINITY BAY.

In the gale of Sunday night last, a fore-and-aft schooner, while on a run from St. John's to New Harbor, Trinity Bay, with a cargo of provisions, went ashore at Chapel Head and became a total wreck. Fortunately no lives were lost; but of the cargo, only five barrels of flour were recovered. The craft was owned by Mr. Thomas Newhook of New Harbor, and, we believe, was uninsured.



UPROAR AT CARBONEAR.

Challenging the Police.

ON Wednesday last, Henry Ryan, of St. John's, a seaman, thought to create a sensation in the usually quiet town of Carbonear. To effect that end he got "gloriously drunk", and, arming himself with a picket, staggered about as if monarch of all he surveyed, and to impress that idea on the minds of those near, challenged the police in a masterly manner. The police force at once endeavored to secure him, but he meant fighting, and swung the picket heavily and surely, injuring the constables badly—Sergeant McGee being seriously cut about the face and hands. Some of the onlookers (to their shame be it said) were for rescuing the offender, thus hindering those empowered to prevent disturbances from executing their duty with facility. The rowdy was brought here yesterday morning, tried and sentenced to two months' imprisonment, so that ample time is given him to calculate whether "a little spree" with a picket or two months' earnings is of most value. The police force at Carbonear is too small, and of the Harbor Grace police force the same can be said. We would suggest that the latter be increased, say to fifteen men, thus giving a stronger body to each beat. We hope, however, that no serious disturbance will take place, and that by-and-by we will be able to record the good conduct of the liegcs.

THEATRICAL.

THE Boston Theatrical Company continues to give nightly entertainments at the British Hall. The plays are ever varied, and appreciative audiences spread the talent of the Company far and wide; so much so that the theatre has become the popular place of amusement. To-night the entire Company will appear in the thrilling drama, entitled, "Ireland as it was."

What is Slate and How is it Formed.

That slate may have been once mud is made probable by the simple fact that it can be turned into mud again. If you grind up slate, analyse it you will find its mineral constituents to be exactly those of a fine, rich, and tenacious clay. The slate districts—at least in Snowdon—carry such a rich clay on them wherever it is not masked by the ruins of other rocks. At Ilfracombe, in North Devon, the passage from slate below to clay above may be clearly seen. Wherever the top of the slate beds and the soil upon it is laid bare, the black layers of slate may be seen gradually melting, if I may use the word, under the influence of rain and frost, into a rich tenacious clay, which is now not black like its parent slate, but red, from the oxidation of the iron which it contains. But granting this, how did the first change take place? It must be allowed at starting that time enough has elapsed, and events enough have happened, since our supposed mud began first to become slate to allow of many and strange transformations. For these slates are found in the oldest beds of rocks, save one series, in the known world; and it is notorious that the older and lower the beds in which the slates are found the better—that is, the more perfectly elaborate—is the slate. The best slates of Snowdon (I must confine myself to the districts which I know personally) are found in the so-called "Cambrian" beds. Below these beds but one series of beds is as yet known in the world, called the "Laurentian." They occur to a thickness of some 80,000 feet, in Labrador, Canada, and the Adirondack mountains of New York; but their representatives in Europe are, as far as is known, only to be found in the north-west high-lands of Scotland and in the island of Lewis, which consists entirely of them. And it is to be remembered, as a proof of their inconceivable antiquity, that they have been upheaved and shifted long before the Cambrian rocks were laid down "uncomfortably" on their worn and broken edges.

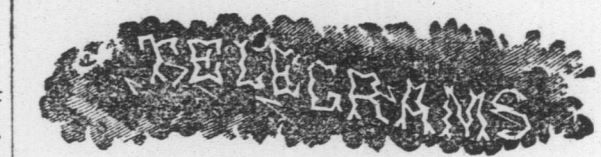
A GRAND CANAL.—A Canal across the Isthmus of Darien is seriously contemplated. A recent despatch says:

There is a prospect that the long talked of inter-oceanic canal uniting the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, will be made a fixed fact, and the route of the canal will be that known as the 'Napipi Route,' so thoroughly surveyed by Commander Thomas O. Selfridge in 1871. The profile and estimates of this route have been submitted to the inspection of some of the most eminent engineers in this country, all of whom endorse the project.

Mr. Walter Shanley the successful contractor and engineer of the Hoosac Tunnel, writes: "The section you showed me presents a much less impractical route than, from all I had learned of those previously explored, I imagined could be obtained. A tunnel of the dimensions you contemplate is not "all tunnel,"—in the tunneller's sense of the term,—that is to say the work would not all have to be done by the expensive process incident to boring. First tunnel property, say ten to fifteen feet high on the top, and all the rest could and should be treated as an open cut, and as such need not cost more per cubic yard than a cubic yard of similar rock on other parts of the work."

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—It is announced by the Windsor "Mail," that Mr. William Fish, blacksmith, of Ellershouse, had discovered a method of making steel from the quartz rock amalgamated with iron, and has obtained a patent therefor at Ottawa, dated 9th day of August last.

ONE OF THE MANY.—A schooner trading between St. Pierre and ports in Cape Breton has been seized, for breach of the revenue laws, by one of the Dominion Revenue Cutters, and taken into Sydney. The schooner belongs to an "M. P."



Latest Despatches.

ONTARIO, Oct. 26.

Hon Mr. Monat has formed the new Ontario Cabinet as follows: O. P. Monat, Premier and Attorney General, Adam Brooks, Treasurer; T. B. Harde, Secretary of State; A. McKellar, Minister of Public Works, and R. W. Scott, Commissioner of Crown lands.

LONDON, 25.

The Spanish Cortes refuse to abolish capital punishment for political offences.

The opposition meetings to the army conscription continues in the provinces. Prince Napoleon's protest against his expulsion from France is to be presented to the National Assembly.

Memmer's celebrated chocolate factory in France was damaged to the extent of 300,000 francs.

LONDON, 26.

The weather to-day in England, and on the coast is tempestuous.

The German referees, handed their reports to the Emperor four weeks ago. The reports will not be published. They charge England with vagueness in wording the treaty of 1846, and state that the word southerly means the shortest channel to the Strait of Juan de Fuca.

Cross & Company's Cotton Mills at Bolton, were burnt last night. They employed 41,000 spindles. An alarming number of operatives are thrown out of employment.

The overflow of the river Po, has not abated. Many persons have been drowned, and a vast amount of property destroyed.

NEW YORK, 26.

The unfavorable weather has aggravated the horse distemper. Grocery and provision dealers suffer heavily.

It is probable that some of the European steamers will be detained to-day on account of their cargo not being ready for want of horses for draggage. Nearly all the horse cars stopped running in Boston.

This morning the barque "Medway" from London went on the Hen and Chickens last night, and is a total loss. The captain and part of the crew were saved. Seven left in a boat and doubtless perished.

A cold rain storm prevails over the middle States and New England.

Gold not quoted.

LONDON, 25.

A section of the Cortes has authorized a resolution for the impeachment of Senor Sagasta, and his ministry.

The Spaniards have petitioned for the establishment of an Anglo-Spanish bank in London.

The evacuation of Marne and Upper Marne, by the German troops, will be completed on Nov. 4th.

The organ of the Compté de Charbonbord appeals to the Orleansists to unite with Legitimists and aid the rightful heir to the throne, with heart and soul and swords.

The Paris Tribunal of Commerce has decided that the Suez Canal company cannot alter the tonnage dues on vessels passing through the canal.

LONDON, 28.

The licensing act requiring drinking saloons in Liverpool to close at 9 o'clock on Sunday nights was enforced for the first time yesterday, and gave rise to considerable excitement, in some cases calling for police interference.

Stanley, of the Livingstone fame, will leave for America on Nov. 9th.

Consols 92 1-2.

PARIS, 28.

A despatch has been received by President Thiers from President Grant, congratulating him on the progress of Republicanism in France as shown by the recent elections for vacancies in the National Assembly.

NEW YORK, 28.

The steamer "Guatlamala," of the Panama and Acapula line, was wrecked on Santa Chiapas bar on the 16th inst. Twenty-three lives were lost. The saved are at Tehuantepec waiting transportation.

Indictments have been found against four Aldermen of New York for frauds, in ceding property for railroad purposes.

A land slide on the Northern Central road, threw engine and express cars from the track, killing the engineer and badly wounding a fireman.

It is believed the horse malady has reached its climax, and the resumption of business is hoped for in a few days. Meanwhile, oxen, mules, and hand carts and every other substitute for horse-power is being used. The malady has spread east to Bangor.

Gold 113; Exchange 10 1-4; Money seven per cent.

MONTREAL, 28.

Flour very heavy. Extra \$6.50c. to \$7.00c.; Fancy \$6.25c. to \$6.30c.

OTTAWA, 29.

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The Canadian "Gazette" contains the appointment of Matthew Henry Cockrane of Compton, Quebec, to be Senator, instead of Samborne, resigned. Samborne of Sherbrook, to be a Judge of the Superior Court.

TORONTO, 28.

The Quebec volunteers arrived here yesterday from Fort Garry. There are nineteen ocean steamers in port.

Information has been received of the wreck of the Danish barque "Adalia" and the "Lebanon," an English vessel, on the coast or Anticosti.

LONDON, 28.

The Pope has given a peremptory refusal to Cardinal Cullen's request for his interference in behalf of the Catholic clergy of Galway.

The question of Local self-government in the rural districts of Prussia, has caused a lively quarrel between the Upper and Lower Houses of the Diet.

Thousands of persons are rendered homeless in Italy by the overflow of the river Po. Whole towns and villages are submerged, and many houses becoming undermined, have fallen.

A terrible hurricane swept over the province of Syracuse and thirty-two persons were killed in one place by the falling stones.

NEW YORK, 29.

The horse distemper is increasing in New York, but in Boston most of the horses are improving.

Marauders from Texas have raided into Mexico, and are burning the dwellings. Some Americans were killed in a melee. The United States authorities will pursue and punish the marauders.

A new expedition to Cuba has been organized. It is said to comprise 2,500 men and 500 arms.

MONTREAL, 29.

The ceremonies attending the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the R. C. Bishops' ordination, were held to-day. There was a procession, special service, and a banquet. The church was illuminated, and beautifully decorated.

New York, 29.—Gold 113.

Latest.

NEW YORK, 30.

St. Patrick's Hall will not likely be rebuilt.

The gentlemen of the civil service at Ottawa are agitating for an increase of pay.

The horse epidemic is spreading in Pennsylvania, Maryland and Ohio. In New York City the disease shows a favorable change, but many cases are proving fatal.

The wife of Horace Greeley died this morning.

The horse disease has reached Eastport, Me.

A private letter from Earl Russell says that if an Irish Parliament is set up in Ireland all the energies will be wasted in political contention. He remarks—"I therefore wish to direct the forces which might give heat and comfort, instead of concentrating them in a manner to produce a conflagration."

New York, 30th. Gold 112 5/8.

LONDON, 29.

Lord Massey's country seat in the county of Limerick, Ireland, was burned last night. Loss £50,000.

Minister Washburne states that a postal treaty with France will be definitely arranged before long on basis suggested by the American Government.

A Paris telegram says, General Council of the Department of the Seine have adopted a resolution in favor of compulsory education, and the appointment of lay teachers in the public schools, and will petition the Assembly for legislation to that effect.

President Thiers has ordered an enquiry into the conversation of certain army officers at La Faise, who are charged with asserting that at the council of war, General Cissey, and members of the staff entertained strong sympathies for Bonapartists.

In the Cortes, Senor Garridos said the Radical party in Spain existed only by the sufferance of the Republicans. This remark gave rise to a short encounter between Senor Zorilla, President of the Council, and Senor Figueros. The latter in an excited speech, declared that the present was the last Spanish Ministry that would be formed under King Amadeus.

President Thiers has given permission to Princess Clothilde, wife of Prince Napoleon, to remain in France if she so desires.

NEW YORK, 22.

The trial of Mayor Hall, will probably be finished.

The steamer "Sicily" has arrived at Montreal. It is the first Italian steamer that ever visited this port.

The Empress of Russia will shortly proceed with Prince Nicholas to Jerusalem, and will probably stay there during the winter. They will pass through Constantinople, where the Sultan is preparing a solemn reception.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE Staffordshire iron-masters have reduced the price of finished iron \$2 per ton.

VISCOUNT DE PAIVA, cousin of the former minister of Portugal in Paris, committed suicide in that city on the 2nd inst.

READ THIS, YE MISERS.—Amherst has all its shops closed at 7 o'clock in the evening, having a bell rang at that hour as the signal.

PARTITIONS FALLING.—On Sabbath week the Rev. James King, B. A., of London, preached in the Jedburgh Free Church, both in the forenoon and evening. The Rev. Mr. King is a minister of the English Church.

A DESPATCH from Cuba to the "New York Herald" says:—"Two surgeons—one an American, the other a German—were lately found serving in the insurgent hospital in the Tacajo Mountains. They were captured by a detachment of the Matanzas battalion and immediately executed."

THE agricultural returns for Great Britain for the present year show that 3,599,188 acres were under wheat, 2,316,235 under barley, 2,705,648 under oats, 564,083 under potatoes, and 61,928 under hops. The number of live stock on the 25th of June was—5,624,106 cattle, 27,922,864 sheep, and 2,784,890 pigs.

THE "Detroit Post" publishes the following notice:—"Gentlemen contemplating suicide by drowning will confer a favor upon the harbor master and coroners by leaving word at the central station what dock they intend jumping from. The harbor master is now provided with a handsome new drag and set of grappling hooks, and is prepared to bring up dead bodies with neatness and despatch."

CANADIAN CROPS.—The following appears to be a fair estimate of the Canadian harvest:—Fall wheat much injured; yield from 15 to 20 bushels per acre; the smaller yield where breadth sown the most. Spring wheat from 22 to 25 bushels; but the larger yield where breadth sown the most. Oats, from 25 to 48 bushels; the larger yield at Whitby only; average being 30 to 35 bushels. Barley, from 25 to 65 bushels; largest yield, as before, only at Whitby; the average about 25 bushels; quality good, but discoloured. Hay yields from 1 ton to 1 1/2 per acre; good quality. Corn, 40 to 50 bushels per acre. Potatoes from 65 to 150 bushels. Cornwall crops yielding latter figure; other districts very much damaged by the bug and bad weather. Other roots a low average, having suffered from drought. Flax is reported good average in London and St. Anne, and deficient at Hamburg. At Cobourg a large area of Fall Wheat was ploughed up and land re-sown for spring crops, which did well.

FOR SALE!

A Dwelling House

—AND—

LAND

Attached, (known under the name of Snow Hill) situated on the Carbonear Road, one mile from Harbor Grace.

This is an eligible place for farming operations, and is alike suitable for rich or poor. For particulars apply to JAMES POWER.

Oct. 29.



General Post Office Notice.

FROM and after the 1st day of November the Postage Rates on Letters, Books, Parcels, Circulars and Newspapers, addressed to the Dominion of Canada and Prince Edward Island will be as follows, viz.:

Letters, per half-ounce..... 6 cents. Books and Parcels, per lb. .16 " Circulars, each..... 2 " Newspapers, each..... 2 "

Prepayment compulsory. A similar reduction will take place on the correspondence to and from the United States, when the Postal Convention has been signed, which will be about the first of December.

Correspondence transmitted by Contract Steamers leaving St. John's for Liverpool, will be, for Letters at the reduced rate of six cents per half-ounce. That per steamer via Pictou and Halifax to Liverpool, at the same charge as now made, of twelve cents the half-ounce.

JOHN DELANEY, P. M. G. General Post Office, St. John's, 19th October, 1872.

BRITISH HALL,

Harbor Grace.

This [FRIDAY] Evening production of the Thrilling Irish Drama, entitled, IRELAND AS IT WAS!

TO-MORROW Evening will be presented the Grand Drama, called the

Lonely MAN OF THE OCEAN!

OR,

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BRIDAL!!

In course of preparation Shakspeare's Grand Tragedy, entitled,

Othello

OR, THE

Moor

OF

Venice,

And the Celebrated

Tragedy

—Entitled—

Macbeth.

FOR SALE!

THE SUBSCRIBERS will Sell their UNEXPIRED INTEREST in those

DWELLING HOUSES,

Situated in LeMarchant Street,

Presently occupied by Mrs. McCARTHY and Mr. JOHN STRATHINE.

Also—in those

DWELLING HOUSES,

Situated in Harvey Street,

Presently occupied by Mr. JAMES QUIRK and Mr. PATRICK McGRATH.

Further particulars made known on application to

RUTHERFORD BROTHERS, Oct. 11.

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. Panton & Munn's. Oct. 1. †41.

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
Powell's Balsam Aniseed
Medicamentum (stamped)
British Oil
Balsam of Life
Chlorodyne
Mexican Mustang Liniment
Steer's Opodilloc
Radway's Ready Relief
Arnold's Balsam
Murray's Fluid Magnesia
Acidulated Syrup
S. A. Allen's Hair Restorer
Rossiter's
Ayer's Hair Vigor
Sarsaparilla
Cherry Pectoral
Pickles, French Capers, Sauces
Soothing Syrup
Kaye's Coaguline
India Rubber Sponge
Teething Rings
Sponge, Tooth Cloths
Nail, Shoe and Stove Brushes
Widow Welch's Pills
Cockle's
Holloway's
Norton's
Hunt's
Morrison's
Radway's
Ayer's
Parsons'
Jaynes'
Holloway's Ointment
Adams' Indian Salve
Russia Salve

- Morehead's Plaster
Corn Plasters
Mather's Feeding Bottles
Bond's Marking Ink
Corn Flour, Fresh Hops
Arrowroot, Sago, Gold Leaf
Nelson's Gelatine and Isinglass
Bonnet Glue
Best German Glycerine
Lime Juice, Honey
Best Ground Coffee
Nixey's Black Lead
Roth & Co.'s Rat Paste
Brown's Bronchial Troches
Woodill's Worm Lozenges
Baking Powder
McLean's Vermifuge
Lear's India Rubber Varnish
Copal Varnish
Kerosene Oil, Lamps, Chimnies
Wicks, Burners, &c., &c.
Cod Liver Oil
Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites
Extract of Logwood, in 1/4 lb. boxes
Cudbear, Worm Tea
Toilet Soaps
Best Perfumeries, Pomades and Hair Oils
Pain Killer
Henry's Calcined Magnesia
Enema Instruments
Gold Beater's Skin
Fumigating Pastiles
Seidlitz Powders
Furniture Polish
Plate Polish
Flavouring Essences
Spices, &c., &c.
Robinson's Patent Barley
Groats

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

LEMESSURIER & KNIGHT,

[LATE EVANS, LEMESSURIER & KNIGHT.]

COMMISSION AGENTS.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION GIVEN TO THE SALE AND PURCHASE OF

DRY & PICKLED FISH,

FLOUR, PROVISIONS, WEST INDIA PRODUCE

—AND— DRY GOODS.

Consignments solicited.

St. John's, May 7.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE.

THE SUBSCRIBER,

LUMBER!

H. W. TRAPNELL.

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, FRESH

OR OIL.

DANIEL FITZGERALD. Sept. 13.

JUST RECEIVED A FRESH SUPPLY OF

ADAMS' INDIAN

SALVE.

W. H. THOMPSON. Aug. 23.

Now landing, ex "Atalanta," from Port Medway, N. S.:

20 M. Seasoned Prime Pine

BOARD

20 do. Hemlock do.

30 do. No. 2 Pine do.

July 30.

E. W. LYON

Has just received a large assortment of

Coloured French Kid

GLOVES,

Which he offers to the public at VERY

LOW PRICES.

July 9.

BLANK

FORMS

Executed with NEATNESS

and DESPATCH at the Office

of this Paper.

**The Rule of Love, and the Rule of Fear.**

Yea, Parents, train your children  
In the way that they should go;  
On the tender boughs fair promise  
Your wariest ward bestow:

Pluck out the nascent canker;  
The rank luxuriance trim;  
Protect with de't devices  
The fair and shapely limb.

But in all this constant guiding,  
With your sterner wisdom blend  
The skill of a sweet persuasion,  
Lest you break, instead of bend!

There are grave and godly households  
Where the ten'ril plants of bloom  
In the hearts of little children  
Are nursed in noisome gloom;

Where the sunshine rarely enters,  
Where the laugh is seldom clear,  
For the rulers of these households,  
Still rule by the Rule of Fear!

There are other, brighter households—  
Though, alas! they are all too few—  
Where the morning sky of childhood  
Hath a wide and witching blue;

Where the tears that fall, like dew-drops,  
Are gemmed by the light above;  
For the rulers of those households  
Aye rule by the Rule of Love!

These are the two great problems  
Of the tendrils trainers here:  
Whether to bend with the Love Rule,  
Or break by the Rule of Fear.

And woe to them who blindly,  
In their own conceit, shall prove  
They have never conned the lesson  
That the God of Life is Love!

**On False Pretences.**

[CONTINUED.]

Four months ran by. Love, they say, sweetens any circumstances. So it may, but its flavour is sometimes lost in the big cup of bitterness it is expected to season. It was so with us. The false pretences of our courtship had loaded Roland with debt; the presents which my poor mother considered proof positive of his wealth, were still unpaid for; the Hastings expedition, which kept up her delusion, had anticipated half his salary. So the days came when in our splendid villa there was not a ready sixpence to pay even the poor milkman, who could trust no more. Soon the tradesmen, who had believed in the false pretences of The Thorns, grew churlish, the very servant insolent, and all the humiliation of debt—we well deserved it, I can say that now—fell on us. Of course Roland's love was precious then, but it did not blunt the butcher's impertinence nor pay his bill when he threatened 'law' in the hall, while the housemaid Lucy giggled on the stairs. Love in a cottage may be a rosy cherub, but love in a villa with the rent unpaid is a wretched scrubby boy. In short, I think that love is born of heaven, and lightens such trouble only as heaven sends. Ours was the creature of folly, pride, and false pretence. For all this we kept up our state dinners, parties, and gatherings, such as we were taught became us, by means and shifts that did not become us, for false pretences begun must be kept up till, like a bubble, they burst themselves.

But darker times came, when love failed me too. My husband became dull and grave. The evenings which we used to pass so happily together, he passed now in his own room; and often while I wept myself to sleep, his steps were falling overhead. Soon even the little comfort of hearing and being near him passed away. He came home late, later, until it was hard to say whether by night or day; and the morning showed that in his looks, which was worse to see than worry, despair, or weariness. I saw the gulf into which he was slipping; but what could I do to make that debt-shadowed place cheerful? I could murmur or expostulate, to be answered roughly, or if with affection, with a bitter sadness that was more dreadful than sullen silence.

So the Winter dragged away, and Spring found us deeper in difficulties, and Roland's changed temper deepened with them. I was a foolish girl; a suspicion grew upon me that this was due to something more than our domestic troubles, from which, after all, we might soon emerge, for were not my birthday and Aunt Stebbing's visit close at hand? I grew watchful. Where were his thoughts wandering when he sat gloomy and forgetting me at our silent fireside? Whose society in the long evening was preferred to mine? And what were those strange notes coming in so often, which he so carefully destroyed. We had had no secrets before. I had opened all his letters unrebuked, all but the odious little bills. We never looked at them—where was the use?—but stuck them on the file unread. What then, were these vulgar squares of dirty paper? Whose messenger was the dirty fellow like a shabby groom, who chewed straws, and spat upon our clean doorstep, while he waited for an answer?

A woman can't keep a secret,—perhaps so; but no man can keep one from a woman whose eyes jealousy has sharpened. So I found out Roland's secret (or thought I had) very soon.

The long-expected May had come. The Thorns stood in a country road, where, for three hundred and sixty-five days of the year, a dozen carriages and a score of passers-by were all the signs of life about it; but on two days of its May-time the great city discharged its thousands on our quiet road. Chariots with coronets on the panels, costermongers' carts, tramps, noblemen, and knaves stunned us with their noise, and blinded us with dust, then I felt us silent for another year. It was the day of the great Downshire race, only one remove from that momentous twenty-seventh, on which our fortunes hung as dubiously as many a grander one hung on the twenty-sixth.

A weary day and a wearier night. I watched the boisterous crowd struggling through its cloud of dust that morning, and, sick with my anxiety, heard it roar and rattle through the night, and startle even the gray morning with some lagging wheels. Where was Roland? The question, asked a hundred times, was answered at last by his uncertain steps at the door. Flushed, dust-covered, and disordered in dress and manner, he leaned against the table to steady himself, while he laughed hysterically. Alas, alas! I could only cover my face and sob, heart-broken now, Oh Rolly, Rolly!

Don't be a fool, Rosa, he said, and his voice was husky, but I saw he was flushed as much by strong excitement as wine. Don't be a fool. Hang it, girl, I've done that to-day that should put a brighter look upon your mooping face than has been there for many a day—if you but knew.

Oh Rolly, I said, if I knew? Since when have there been things your poor wife should not know?

Ever since you were my poor wife, Rosa, he laughed, in his excited way, but with a cruel emphasis on the poor. But I've kept you ignorant of the knowledge, sweet one, until the thing is over. What's to-day?

What's to-morrow, Roland? I asked. Difficult to say by this light, my dear girl, he replied. Why, the twenty-seventh, which heaven confound!

Unkind, said I; it is my birthday. Oh! ah, I forgot, Rosa, said he. And there's that wretched celebration. Crying again! Will he be home at four—must, by Jove,—business, Rosa, business. Then he tumbled into a chair and fell asleep.

Hard and unkind! So unlike the Roland Dare for whose possible loss I had trembled before old Aunt Stebbing. Yet, when he had left me in the morning excited, happy, with a strange feverish joy, I could hardly help justifying him to myself. If he had never loved me, was that strange? He knew I was poor when we were married, yet we had caught him at first by pretence of wealth, and he had found out the truth when he could not draw back with honour. I was reaping the miserable fruit of the deceit we had all helped to sow.

As I sat, regretting and reproaching the past and myself, my eye fell upon Roland's writing-desk. A corner of paper, sticking from under its lid, showed that, in his haste, and with his unsteady hand, he had not locked it safely. I opened it to put the paper in. What was here? Money—notes and gold—three hundred pounds! I sat down breathless with surprise. Such a sum in this debt-plagued house kept secret—whence had this treasure come? I took up the paper, which had fallen to the floor. It was the fragment of a letter, written in a coarse, vulgar hand. I read it, and, in reading, forgot all the past.

"DEAR DARE,—Stick to 'Nelly Grey.' She's as true as steel. She's bound to pull you through—!" The rest was torn away.

Ah me, my fears were realized, my cup was full. While all the torment and humiliation of debt vexed me, Roland was rich; while I was trying to kiss away the shadows from his face, his anxiety had been for "Nelly Grey"—"as true as steel." What bitter tears I wept on that birthday morning!—tears that found no solace until Lucy the maid came to remind me that the day had brought duties which I owed to false pretences—that my mother had come to help me with the dinner.

If you please, ma'am, she added, two men called on master this morning and he engaged one to wait at table with John,—so he says.

Wretched as I was, this little act of thoughtfulness came like a drop of balm to my wounded spirit. What sort of young man is he? I asked.

Well, ma'am, he ain't very young, and ain't up to much, replied Lucy, doubtfully; but you'd better see him, ma'am.

Very well, Lucy, said I. He's the best Mr. Dare could get, no doubt; bring him in.

Lucy then brought him in. Herald of hope! it was the little fluffy man—a little cleaner and a little brushed, but the same who brought Aunt Stebbing's

message and spread the dirty carpet before me on my wedding day.

I know it! cried my mother, untying her bonnet, and tearing a string in her excitement. I know your aunt means something to-day!

My heart would have beaten with a confidence as high as hers but for the dead weight of "Nelly Grey" that pressed on it like lead. But I told my mother nothing, for though my Rolly was wicked, I could not hate him yet.

**Chapter IV., and Last.**

The strange old man grew stranger still on nearer acquaintance. A vulgar old man, a dirty old man, we should have said, only that we agreed that he was Aunt Stebbing's man. Why, we never asked ourselves. A rude old man, certainly, for his eyes roved curiously over every article of furniture in the room, and he fingered the table-cover and my damask window hangings when he spoke, and left his dirty thumb marks where he touched them.

You are my sister's servant, I conclude? asked my mother blandly.

The little man brought his eyes, that were examining my piano, to bear upon his questioner a moment.

Not exactly, mum. Mostly her man's man, he said, and then let his eyes wander to the music-stool.

And my sister, continued my mother, taking this as an affirmative to her question, sent you to assist us? It was kind and thoughtful; so like her, Rosa, dear.

Beg pardon, mum, said the man; the gov'nor engaged me.

You mean Mr. Dare? said my mother. Exactly, he replied. And if quite agreeable, mum, he went on, sweeping the whole room's contents with a glance of his watery eyes, I'll just take a pipe in the garden, till the gov'nor turns up and the dinner comes off, as per contract.

So saying, the old fellow strolled from our window to the lawn, and fixing himself on a cactus tub, puffed up wreaths of white smoke from a short black pipe, while he surveyed the Clapham road up and down. What a figure to meet the eye of "good society" coming presently to dine! Shocking!

What a queer old man! said my mother, biting her lip with vexation at the thought. But your aunt is a strange, odd woman, Rosa. I wonder what he is?

La, ma'am, cried Lucy, with a burst of familiarity, stifled instantly in a cursy, can't you see? Beg pardon, ma'am, I mean he's an old hand for a dinner-party, anyhow.

But the business of the great dinner banished our chagrin and wonder together, to return by fits and starts, when an occasional glance from the window showed that dingy figure sunning itself in our garden walks, or a whiff of his odious tobacco floated to the kitchen, when he relieved the monotony of his lounge by a turn in the hall.

Large dinners in small villas make a deal of work that it is genteel to suppose is never done, and my mother and I were as hot and scarlet as the hired cook, before we dared to leave the dinner to her, and Lucy, and coachman John. Then an hour given to the toilet left us an hour to sit and cool, that our red faces might not tell our company how hard the lady at the head of the table had laboured in the kitchen.

Your aunt, observed my mother, is very punctual, and that very disagreeable old person will be got out of sight in time. Those odious Priors! I wouldn't have them see him for the world. Gracious! who is that?

A loud ring at the bell provoked this exclamation, and at that instant a boisterous clatter rose in the hall,—a clamour in which John's growling bass and Lucy's treble laugh accompanied the sounds of bumping shoulders and shuffling feet. Something low, something shabby, had come to pass, and the Priors were at the door, perhaps! We rushed into the hall. What a scene! The confectioner's boy was sitting doggedly on his pastry-box, as if asserting its inviolability. The little man, with his back against the door, stood barring all exit resolutely. John, with his cuffs turned up, seemed preparing to open it by force of arms. Lucy clapping her knees and screaming with laughter, sat on the kitchen stairs, and the crimson face of the cook, with a broad grin on it, looked up from the lower steps. Over all, the distracting bell rang a violent protest against its neglected summons.

What's this? demanded my mother, in a voice lowered by real passion and fear of the Priors. Lucy!—John!—what does this disgraceful scene mean?

It means, ma'am, retorted John, that this old fool is either mad or drunk. Come out of the way, and let the boy go out.

That boy don't go, retorted the old man, coolly taking his pipe out of his mouth to spit upon my hall carpet, till I see the inside of that box.

What do you mean, sir? demanded my mother, sternly. My respect for your mistress—

I mean, returned the old man, knowingly, we're all walking in a fog, and nothing can come of it but knocking our

heads together. I said it wouldn't do. Will you oblige me with a look into that box?

I'll see you furdur fust, retorted the boy, gulping down a ruder sentiment.

John took a step forwards—another ring at the unanswered bell drove my mother into a nervous agony.

My good boy, to oblige me—really he is an odd old man,—but to oblige me, she said, slipping a shilling into the boy's hand.

The lad's dignity yielded to the bribe; he rose sullenly from the box. John vented his indignation in a rebellious snort, and the old man, glancing into an empty box, returned his pipe to his mouth, and raised the blockade of the hall door.

Pale with anger, that even the danger of a collision with the agent of her eccentric sister could not repress, my mother waved the old man to follow her to the sitting-room.

What does this conduct mean?—this insolence, which your mistress will never defend sir? she began.

There's no mistress in the business, he replied. It wouldn't answer, I told the gov'nor so. He gave me that sov to keep it dark to-day; there it is, as the bargain's off. Veneer and Rosewood's popped in a execution. I'm the man in possession, mum.

The horrid creature then threw himself upon the sofa and crushed his shabby boots into the cushions I had worked for Rolly's birthday. The room faded from my eyes into a great black void, in which I was conscious of nothing but a tinkling bell. Our guests were coming, and this horror in the house! Oh, the Priors, if they should see.

The voice of Lucy sounded in the darkness, a gentleman to see master by appointment, ma'am,—Mr. Aaron Isaacs.

I don't know him, Lucy, I replied. Show him into the study. Oh, I cried, what's to be done?

My mother glared at the incubus on the sofa.

What will you take, my good man, to go away? she asked, only until to-morrow. The balance, two forty, fifteen and three, paid to Veneer and Co., will clear me out, he replied. Nothing else, mum—I'm incorruptible.

Couldn't you do as Mr. Dare proposed? she asked; a good wash and one of his coats—

Thank you, mum, for the compliment, he interrupted, but the thing won't answer—lots of your company would twig me—Chelsea Stebbing first of all.

My mother clasped her hands in desperation, and shrunk back in the chair with a groan.

There's more than that sum in Rolly's desk, I faltered; but 'Nelly Grey'—

In that desk! In this house! cried my mother, starting up, and this disgrace to fall upon my family! Shame upon your husband, Rosa! Give it me instantly. Are you a fool, child? she asked, for I hesitated to obey. There's half an hour to save us. Keep this fellow out of sight, and do your duty to yourself and family if Fobbses, or Priors, or your aunt Stebbing come before I come back.

Overcome by her vehemence, I saw her, without a protest, carry off the money, the notes linked with the mystery of 'Nelly Grey.' In five minutes a handsome cab had whirled her past our windows towards town.

Along with the shabby man on whom I had linked such golden hopes, alas! after all, the agent of the debt and difficulty that had dogged us from our wedding-day, I wept a only one can weep who has built up great castles, and has come to sit in their ruins. This was that twenty-seventh of May, that had shone, a glittering mirage, through long months of trouble, come, and, lo, this broker's man, desolating my heart, and the shameful 'Nelly Grey' triumphant in my husband's heart!

My distress had some effect upon the old man, case-hardened as he was to misery. He did homage to it by first putting out his pipe, and then walking silently from the room.

I sat, forgetful of what my coming guests might think of my dank curls and swollen eyes. What cared I for birthday guests? The timepiece chimed half an hour to Aunt Stebbing's coming. I heard, but heeded not. The voice of Roland sounded in the hall, and his footsteps hastening to meet the stranger in the study,—it did not stir me. I might have sat till evening mingled its shadows with the mist of despair and tears, but that my mother, with her bonnet on, loomed through it, and Roland's voice aroused me.

My love! said he. He bent over me, and some love certainly looked out of his anxious face for all that hateful 'Nelly.'

Oh Rolly—Rolly! I moaned, covering mine to hide the tears, how can you call me that?

He looked surprised. My Mother drew an angry breath and pulled her gloves off with a dash.

You are ill, pet, he said, gently. I will come to you when I get rid of this man. This plaguey dinner, too! Where's my desk?

You'll not find all you want, you cruel, cruel man, I sobbed; I know all about that wicked 'Nelly Grey,' and mamma has taken the money to pay that disgraceful broker's man.

My husband fell back from my chair as if I had struck him.

Rosa—Mrs. Grayling,—you've ruined me! he cried.

The tone of genuine despair startled me into fear for him, in spite of my jealous indignation. What had I done. My mother interposed, severe and stately.

Say, rather, Mr. Dare, that you have brought disgrace upon our family, which our promptitude has for a time averted. Our family! cried Roland, passionately; to what is all this trouble due but to that wretched cuckoo cry! Fools that we were, false and dishonest, wrecking our good name, and robbing others, to keep a bubble floating that must burst at last!

Mr. Dare! exclaimed my mother, rising angrily.

I have been guilty here as any of you, continued Roland, but who is to blame for the folly that brought this old man here to-day?

Poor Rolly, I didn't like to hear him scold my mother, but he was right, and she felt he was.

My daughter, sir, she replied, loftily, had two hundred pounds.

And on the strength of that, he retorted, and in blind ignorance of what I had Veneer and Rosewood's account was run to twice two hundred. I should have told you the truth. You should have asked it. You were afraid to spoil a wonderful match, I to offend a match-maker. Pardon me, Mrs. Grayling, he added, checking himself. We were all to blame; I pay the penalty, disgrace and ruin.

The disgrace, returned my mother, now very angry, sat lightly on you, Mr. Dare. You might have averted it by the means we used to-day, reserved, I suppose, for less honest purposes.

The means! cried poor Roland, striking the table a blow that made us start like the nick-nacks on it. You don't know the truth. Our courtship under false pretences covered me with debt. The gifts, the jewels, that told a falsehood, were had on credit. Our wedding, with its preposterous show, plunged me in deeper still. I had given a bill, three hundred pounds, that falls due to-day. The usurer up stairs, who guesses the truth from seeing that broker's man, will not renew or bate a jot. He will sell me up to-morrow. Bullion and Boulder would dismiss their gray-haired senior if they suspected him of debt and bill discounting. What can I at their lowest desk expect? I hoped to manage with that money, which came by a chance I blush to own—

Desperate and to be pitied as he was his words touched a string in my heart that would give out a sound.

I am glad you can blush at that Roland Dare, I said, and heaped confusion on him, as I thought, by laying the dirty note upon the table.

He glanced at it. Amazing! His face moved not a muscle, and he didn't blush at all. My mother seized it, and her eyes shone with the triumph it seemed to promise her.

Mr. Dare, she said, I thought you foolish. I little expected this depth of depravity.

Pardon me, interposed a soft voice, but I have been detained an unconscionably long time; and time is money, Mr. Dare. Excuse me, ladies—Mr. Aaron Isaacs, at your service.

The soft voice fell upon our altercation like oil upon stormy waters. We turned our suddenly smoothened brows to meet the smiling speaker. If the money-lender was ruin's representative, he didn't look so. He smiled so pleasantly, and had such splendid teeth to help his smiles.

I'm sorry, extremely sorry, said my husband, stammering with confusion, but I find I can't meet my engagement. My wife, in short, the money's gone.

Mr. Isaacs' face darkened suddenly, and he showed his beautiful teeth, as my little dog shows his when he is spiteful.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

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