

# The Star,

## And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Friday, November 29, 1872.

Number 57.

NOVEMBER.						
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FOR SALE.

PRESERVES & GROCERIES!

Just Received and For Sale by the Subscriber—

Fresh Cove YS TERS  
Spiced do.

PINE 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.

NOTICES.

J. HOWARD COLLIS,  
Dealer and Importer of  
ENGLISH & AMERICAN  
HARDWARE,

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

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

221 WATER STREET,  
St. John's,  
Newfoundland.  
One door East of P. HUTCHINS, Esq.  
N. B.—FRAMES, any size  
and material, made to order.  
St. John's, May 10. tff.

HARBOR GRACE

BOOK & STATIONERY DEPOT.

E. W. LYON, Proprietor,  
Importer of British and American

NEWSPAPERS

—AND—

PERIODICALS.

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

MUSIC, &c., &c.,

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

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

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

NOTICES.

PAINLESS!  
PAINLESS!!  
TEETH

Positively Extracted without  
Pain  
BY THE USE OF  
NITROUS OXIDE GAS.

A NEW AND PERFECTLY SAFE  
METHOD.

Dr. LOVEJOY & SON,  
OLD PRACTITIONERS OF DENTIS-  
TRY, would respectfully offer their  
services to the Citizens of St. John's, and  
the outports.

They can be found from 9 a.m. to 5  
p.m., at the old residence of Dr. George  
W. Lovejoy, No. 9, Cathedral Hill, where  
they are prepared to perform all Dental  
Operations in the most  
Scientific and Approved Me-  
thod.

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

Without Producing pain,  
with perfect satisfaction. They are still  
prepared to repeat the same process,  
which is perfectly safe even to Children.  
They are also prepared to insert the best  
Artificial Teeth from one to a whole set  
in the latest and most approved style,  
using none but the best, such a  
received the highest Prem-  
iums at the world's Fair  
in London and Paris.

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

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

BANNERMAN & LYON'S  
Photographic Rooms,

Corner of Bannerman and Wa-  
ter Streets.

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

PICTURE,

Would respectfully invite the attention  
of the Public to a  
CALL AT THEIR ROOMS,  
which they have gone to a considerable  
expense in fitting up.

Their Prices are the LOWEST  
ever afforded to the Public;  
And with the addition of a NEW STOCK  
of INSTRUMENTS, CHEMICALS and  
other Material in connection with the  
art, they hope to give entire satisfaction.  
ALEX'R. BANNERMAN,  
E. WILKS LYON.  
Nov. 5. tff

W. H. THOMPSON,  
AGENT FOR

Parsons' Purgative Pills.

G. F. FARRELL

Blacksmith & Farrier,

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

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

BLANK

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

POETRY

Home A-mews-ments.

On a cushion gently sleeping,  
With one eye half open peeping,  
As though cautious vigil keeping,  
Breathing 'twixt a purr and snore,  
Curled up nicely lay our kitten.  
Such a cosy spot to get in!  
Sure she never will be quitting  
It to hide behind the door,  
Answered pussy, "Nevermore."

But aroused from sleep she now is,  
For she well knows what the row is,  
Yonder loud and sharp "how-wow" is  
One she's often heard before.

Then, her utmost fleetness stretching,  
With a bound she gains the kitchen:  
Bruno! now's your time to pitch in,  
Pitch in through the open door,  
Spitting puss says, "Nevermore!"

Round about the kitchen, snuffing,  
Whining, wheezing, pawing, puffing,  
Heedless of a former cuffing,  
He describes, behind the door,  
Eyes as bright as those of Juno;  
Voice that growls, "Be careful, Bruno!"  
I have teeth and nails, that you know—  
Teeth and nails at least a score,  
And I'll sheath them nevermore.

Times too oft to bear the telling,  
Though I've been with anger swelling  
When I heard your snaky yelling  
I your insults meekly bore.  
But, oh! growler, let me warn you:  
If no manners I can learn you,  
Worry me again, and darn you!  
You will find your visage sore—  
You'll be handsome evermore.

Stung by such a bold defiance,  
Thinking he was "up to science,"  
Placing on his size reliance  
(Bruno always was a "blower"),  
"Cat" said he, "with all your bragging,  
You will mighty soon be dragging;  
Only just wait for a waggin'  
And I'll haul you round the floor!"  
Muttered pussy, "Nevermore."

Then I heard a noise appalling—  
Barking, mewling, cate-wauling;  
Certain markets quite fore-talling;  
"Nails is riz" and so is fur.  
Brandished claw the foe opposes;  
Torn and bleeding Bruno's nose is,  
And the upraised paw discloses  
Puss can give him "fits" worse,  
"Thank you, madam; nothing more."

"Seize em, Bruno! bite 'em! catch 'em!  
Surely, puppy, you can match 'em.  
(Poor old doggy! did she scratch him?)  
Seize her, there behind the door!  
Fierce grimalkin quickly track up!  
Follow closely the attack up,  
Bite her while she's got her back up,  
Drag her out upon the floor!"  
Answered Bruno, "Nevermore."

All his surplus steam he blows off;  
Turns his tail, and quickly goes off;  
Feels as if he'd lost his nose off,  
Slides back to his kennel door,  
Puss once more resumes her purring,  
Wraps her paws her own soft fur in,  
Mews, "I'll not again be stirring,  
Hence to shrink behind the door;  
He'll disturb me nevermore."

EXTRACTS.

Drunkenness in High Life.

Recently a gentleman living in an aris-  
tocratic part of Second street, Louis-  
ville, Ky., set out to search for his wife,  
who had been absent from home several  
days. Going into a row of huts located  
between Madison and East Floyd streets,  
he was filled with unutterable anguish at  
finding her in one of those dirty huts, oc-  
cupied only by coloured people, and evi-  
dently very much intoxicated. All his  
efforts to induce her to return to her  
home and to the six living children, with  
which their marriage had been blessed,  
were unavailing. The woman entreated  
to be let alone, or else permitted to go  
where she would never see his face again.  
She had on her person the sum of \$300,  
which she stated would take her where  
she pleased. A carriage was sent to the  
door, and an officer, whose assistance was  
required, went into the house, and finally  
persuaded her to return home, which she  
had not seen, and perhaps had not thought  
of, since leaving. She was placed in the  
carriage, and, in company with the officer,  
went back to her family, but not without  
impugning to go somewhere else. The  
appearance of the lady was prepossessing  
in every respect—above the average size,  
she is splendidly formed and in affluent  
circumstances. What motive there is for  
this woman's strange and disgraceful con-  
duct cannot even be guessed. This adds  
yet another horror to the long list of  
crimes from drunkenness. Here is a wo-

man of personal beauty, high position—a  
mother surrounded by her children, drag-  
ged down below the level of the brute,  
and involving in her fall, husband, chil-  
dren, and loving friends.—American paper.

Human Nature.

My idea is that there is not a man on  
earth who is not frangible. It is said  
that every man has his price. Every man,  
at any rate, has his place of breaking.  
There is a degree of temptation in the  
case of every man, which, if it were  
brought to bear upon him, he could not  
withstand.

Take a hemlock log; five hundred  
pounds will not break it, but a thousand  
will. Take a pine log; a thousand  
pounds will not break it, but two thou-  
sand will. Take an oak log; two thou-  
sand pounds will not break it, but ten  
thousand will. Take an elm log; ten  
thousand pounds will not break it, but  
fifteen or twenty thousand will. You  
can put weight enough on any log to  
break it.

One man cannot be tempted by lust,  
but he can be by pride. Another man  
cannot be tempted by avarice, but he  
can be through his affections. Another  
man cannot be tempted through his af-  
fections, but he can be through his bene-  
volent sympathies. Another cannot be  
tempted through his benevolent sympa-  
thies, but he can be through his intellec-  
tual appetites and tastes. On one side  
or another, every man can be overcome  
by temptation. There is no man who  
can stand up under all circumstances  
without the grace of God.

Measured by any ideal standard, how  
poor a thing man is! This world may do  
for a training ground, a workshop, a  
school; but it is a poor world if you  
measure it by the higher conception of  
manhood. It is an ark that is carrying  
us over the flood. Our true life is not  
here. We shall not reach that life until  
we stand in Zion and before God.

The Gentleman.

He is above a mean thing. He cannot  
stoop to a mean fraud. He invades no  
secret in the keeping of another. He  
betrays no secret confided to his keeping.  
He never struts in borrowed plumage.  
He never takes selfish advantage of our  
mistakes. He uses no ignoble weapons  
in controversy. He never stabs in the  
dark. He is ashamed of innuendoes. He  
is not one thing to a man's face and an-  
other behind his back. If by accident he  
comes in possession of his neighbor's  
counsel, he passes upon them an act of  
instant oblivion. He bears sealed pack-  
ages without tampering with the wax.  
Papers not meant for his eye, whether  
they flutter at his window or lie open be-  
fore him in unguarded exposure, are sac-  
red to him. He invades no privacy of  
others; however the sentry sleeps. Bolts  
and bars, locks and keys, hedges, and  
pickets, bonds and securities, notice to  
trespassers, are none of them for him.  
He may be trusted by himself out of  
sight; near the thinnest partition—any-  
where. He buys no office, he sells none,  
he intrigues for none. He would rather  
fail of his rights than win them through  
dishonor. He will eat honest bread.  
He tramps on no sensitive feeling. He  
insults no man. If he have rebuke for  
another, he is straightforward, openly,  
manly. He cannot descend to scurrility.  
In short, whatever he judges honorable he  
practices towards every man.

Help the Poor.

The colder and severer the weather, the  
greater the suffering of the poor in our  
midst, and the greater the necessity for  
looking after them. Those of our friends  
who have comfortable homes, bright fires  
and cheerful friends around them; during  
the searching cold weather should not  
forget that there are many, very many,  
human beings, who have a claim upon  
them and their charities, around us who  
are suffering for the necessities of life,  
as well as for fuel for fires, and clothing  
to keep their bodies warm and comfort-  
able. Let not the greed of gain choke  
out the claims of the poor, whose cries  
come up from every direction, and which  
appeal loudly for aid. Aid them. Give  
liberally and you yourselves shall not  
know want. Give provisions, wood, cloth-  
ing, money—anything that will relieve  
their sufferings and make their hearts  
glad, and these acts of kindness and bene-  
volence will return to you with blessings  
and rejoicings. Remember the poor.

A Cuban Sunday.

Sunday in Havana, like that of Paris, is  
no day of rest, and scarcely any branch  
of business is suspended. The day is  
ushered in by the reverberation of cannon  
from the forts and the roll of the drum.  
The stores are open as usual and trade  
freely indulged in. Though the Sabbath  
is not entirely devoted to religious ser-  
vices, neither are the week days wholly  
absorbed by business and pleasure, for the  
churches are always open, silently but elo-  
quently inviting to devotion. The sol-

Punishment of Envy.

A story is told of a Burmese potter,  
which is full of Eastern wisdom and satire  
of a quiet sort. This potter, it is said, be-  
came envious of the property of a washer-  
man, and to ruin him, induced the king  
to order him to wash one of his black ele-  
phants white, that he might be "lord of  
the white elephant," which in the East is  
a great distinction. The washerman re-  
plied that, by the rules of his art, he must  
have a vessel large enough to wash him in.  
The king ordered the potter to make him  
such a vessel. When made, it was crushed  
by the first step of the elephant in it.  
Many times was this repeated; and the  
potter was ruined by the scheme he had  
intended should crush his enemy.

The Perils of the Sea.

Captain Germain of the ship *Gladiolus*,  
which has arrived from Porto Rico, states  
that he had very strong winds and heavy  
squalls until the 18th of August, and then  
fine weather until the 27th, when he en-  
countered a hurricane in lat. 26 N., lon. 26  
W., from E.S.E., which worked round to  
N.W. At 8 a.m., on the 28th the weather  
moderated, but the sea continued very  
heavy. At 8 a.m., on the 29th started the  
ship under reefed foresail and lower  
maintopmast; and at 3 p.m., sighted a  
vessel with mainmast gone, together with  
the foretopmast. Captain Germain at  
once bore up to the distressed vessel,  
and found her to be the brig *Abbey*, of  
Scilly, in a sinking condition. All hands  
were pumping, but the sea was so heavy  
that he could not render any assistance.  
The foresail was stowed, and the ship hove  
to, and was kept close to the brig during  
the whole night, in order to let the sea go  
down. At 9 a.m., on the 31st, one of the  
boats was put out, and the crew taken  
off the brig, the boats belonging to her  
having been stove by the sea. After get-  
ting the crew safe on board, the ship pro-  
ceeded under all sail until 3 p.m., when  
another brig was sighted, with sails  
blown from the yards, and distress signals  
flying. Captain Germain at once steered  
towards her, and found her to be the brig  
*Gea*, of Grimstad. All hands were at  
the pumps. The mate had been washed  
overboard two days previously. All small  
sails were stowed, and the *Gladiolus* was  
hoisted. At 5 p.m., the crew of the *Gea*  
succeeded in reaching the *Gladiolus* but  
in a very weak state—all the skin being  
off their backs in consequence of having  
been lashed to the pumps three days and  
nights. At 10 p.m., on September 1st a  
large light was seen bearing south-east,  
and at 4 a.m., on the 2nd got close to it  
and found it to be a ship on fire, but  
nothing could be seen of the crew. She  
appeared to be a large American barque  
laden with paraffin oil, as the fire was  
running about the hold as she pitched.  
The name of the vessel could not be as-  
certained, as the stern was burned down  
to very near the water.

Suicide of Mr. Justice Willes.

On October 3, a rumour was current  
that Mr. Justice Willes had met his death  
under most melancholy circumstances.  
On inquiry it was discovered that unfor-  
tunately the rumour was only too true, and  
that the learned gentleman had died by  
his own hand, at his residence at Otter-  
pool, near Watford, whither he had re-  
cently returned, having been on circuit.  
The deceased judge's residence at Otter-  
pool is a most secluded one. It is about  
three miles across the country from the  
Watford Junction of the North Western  
Railway, and the carriage road leading  
thereto is nearly through a continuous  
avenue of tall trees and hedges seven or  
eight feet high. Morden House, the near-  
est mansion to Otterspool, stands about  
a mile from it, and, although the lament-  
able circumstance occurred at seven o'-  
clock in the morning, it was not known at  
Morden House before five o'clock in the  
evening. The Right Hon. Sir James Shaw  
Willes, the son of a physician of Cork, was  
born in 1814, and was educated at Trinity  
College, Dublin, where he took honours  
and graduated B.A. in 1833 and LL.D.  
in 1860. He was called to the bar by the  
Inner Temple in 1840, went the home cir-  
cuit, and had a large business as a leading  
junior. In 1849 he edited, with Sir H.S.  
Keating, the well-known legal work  
"Smith's Leading Cases." In 1850 he  
was appointed a commissioner of common  
law procedure, and assisted in drawing up  
the common Law Procedure Acts of 1852,  
1854, and 1860, founded on the report  
of the commissioners. These Acts were  
of much use, and they still regulate the  
practice of the courts. In 1855, when a  
vacancy occurred among the judges of the  
Court of Common Pleas, he was raised to  
the bench and received the honour of  
knighthood. He was sworn of the Privy  
Council, November 3, 1871. In 1856 Sir

James Willes was married at St. Peter's Church, Eaton square, to Helen, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Jennings. A perusal of the following report of the evidence taken at the inquest will fully explain the melancholy circumstances which preceded the fatal act.—Mr. John James Barnes stated—I have been clerk to the deceased, the Right Hon. Sir James Shaw Willes, Knt., for nearly 32 years. His age was 58. His health began to break about ten or eleven years ago, on the death of his favourite brother. He was then affected very much, and he told me at the funeral he never should forget it. The impression seemed to wear off in about a twelvemonth. About three years back, when on the Northern Circuit, he was attacked with the gout, and had to be carried into court. The disease affected his spirits, and he became very irritable. He had another attack last winter gaol delivery. He came home from the Northern Circuit, from Liverpool, on August 24. He had been on circuit several weeks. It was a very heavy circuit—sheer hard work without any interval. The deceased told me, when he left Liverpool, that he should sleep for a fortnight or three weeks, for he required rest. I left him at Liverpool I next saw him at Otterpool in consequence of a letter of invitation I received from him. He said, I am tired and sleepy—can't get rest. He had been at home then more than three weeks. He said, "I have had no sleep for nearly a fortnight." I said, "What have you been doing?" He replied, "Reading German." I said, "God bless my soul, why don't you take rest?" He replied, "I thought that would be a rest and a change; I have been working too hard. The time of working on circuit each day was very long, and on one occasion, when he waited for a verdict, it was half-past twelve before he left the court at Liverpool. I then noticed that he looked terribly miserable and depressed. He complained that he was tired and sleepy. I said to him, "Have you had bad news?" He said, "Why?" I said, "You look so depressed and miserable, worse than ever I saw you in my life." He said nothing, but turned round, and I observed a tear in his eye. He was under medical treatment. He walked hurriedly away, and I saw no more of him that day. On October 2, about two o'clock, I could not sleep, and got up and looked out of the window. I passed a sleepless night, and got up at seven o'clock I was about to have a bath when I heard a fall and a scream in the direction of the judge's sleeping room. At that moment one of the female servants knocked at my door. I partially dressed, but ran down in two or three seconds. I went to the judge's dressing-room, and found him lying there on the floor. His eyes were three parts open. I called for brandy, put two or three spoonfuls into his mouth, and sent the coachman into Watford for a doctor. I observed a revolver lying near the deceased's right knee, as if it had fallen there from his hand when he fell. I saw a wound over his heart, and put my hand to it. There was only a little trickling of blood. He was then quite warm, and his eyes closed in about ten minutes. Dr. Brett came in about three-quarters of an hour. The judge has all ways evinced the greatest horror of self-destruction when anything of the kind has come before him. No one could be more particular than he was in criminal cases about fire-arms being loaded when brought into court. He was afraid of firearms, and was no sportsman. The revolver I found was purchased by Lady Willes's brother some years ago, and was kept in the house for protection from burglars. It was kept in a case on the mantelpiece of the dressing-room.—The jury returned, as their verdict, that Sir J. S. Willes shot himself with a pistol, not being at the time of sound mind. The deceased gentleman was buried on Oct. 7 in the Brompton Cemetery.

The English Life boat System.

The London News says, "eight hundred and eighty-two lives saved in twelve months" records the last report of the National Life boat Institution, which now maintains a fleet of 233 serviceable boats on our coasts, at a yearly cost of more than £21,000. At this season of the year when all the world is holiday making, and a good half is at the sea side, enjoying the cool dash of the waves on the sea shore, and perhaps comfortably ensconced under the shade of the trim little house which shelters the lifeboat, such a statement should have a peculiar force on the holiday maker and induce him to think of the times when both sea and sky lose their present ultramarine hue, times when life is in danger, and a few resolute fellows man that tough looking boat, and do battle with the angry waves to save their fellow creatures from certain death. Some words on the organization of this admirable society may thus prove interesting just now. The crew of a lifeboat generally consists of thirteen men, ten at the oar, one bowman, and the coxswain and his assistant. Of these only the two latter have a regular salary, the others receive a reward for each time of going out, viz., 11s. by night and 10s. per day, besides a small sum for practice. The men when wanted are called together by two cannon shots by night and a flag by day, and a reward is given to any one who may bring news of a wreck to the station. The boat is always kept ready for use on her carriage, and when needed is drawn down to the sea by a strong team of horses, turned round, filled with her complement of men, backed into the water, and at the word of the coxswain, who watches for a favorable moment, run sharply, bow foremost, into the surf, the men pulling even before the boat is fairly off the carriage.

Jean Henri Merle D'Aubigne.

Rev. Jean Henri Merle d'Aubigne, the well-known Swiss theologian and historian of the Protestant Church Reformation

from Rome, died in the city of Geneva on the 22nd inst. He was taken from life suddenly in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

Jean Henri Merle d'Aubigne was born in Geneva on the 16th of August, in the year 1794. He was the third son of Louis Merle, a merchant of that city. He was nobly descended on the side of his father, whose father married the daughter of a distinguished French nobleman named d'Aubigne. From his paternal grandmother Professor Merle derived his surname, d'Aubigne, in accordance with an ancient Swiss custom which has assumed the authority of law under traditional recognition. He was educated in Geneva. Having completed his collegiate course in his native town he journeyed to Berlin, where he attended the lectures of Neander. He subsequently entered the theological class, received ordination, and was, during several succeeding years, pastor of a French church in Hamburg; and again, later, the favorite court preacher of a late King of Holland in Brussels. He returned to Geneva in the year 1830. Here he was appointed to the chair of ecclesiastical history in the theological school which was founded by the Evangelical Society in the Swiss capital. He applied himself as a writer on theology and Church history with great force and success, and soon became widely known in Europe and America as a prominent authority in both departments of literature, but particularly in the latter. He identified himself, by sympathy as it appeared, more intimately with the Protestant Church in Great Britain—especially in Scotland—and in the United States than with that of his brethren at home in Geneva. His published works breathe a spirit of earnest devotion to the Deity, united with a strong resolve of adherence to the Protestant faith. In his "History of the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century" he unfolds the ruling principle of God in history; and the published work has had, consequently, a most extensive circulation, followed by the exercise of a very decided influence on the Christian mind in Europe and America. His other works develop the same general thought, though, perhaps, in a less degree than the book just named. d'Aubigne visited Scotland in the year 1856. He was presented with the freedom of the city of Edinburgh. He was a toilsome worker, and never, it may be said, idle. His health commenced to fail slightly in the year 1858, and his physical condition disqualified him for constant pulpit service soon afterwards. He labored on his great work, "History of the Reformation," twenty five years, according to his own declaration, previous to the completion of the sixth volume, and then looked forward to the time when he would finish a seventh and perhaps an eighth. d'Aubigne accumulated an ample fortune, and lived, in good and hospitable style, in an elegant villa situated on the outskirts of Geneva and commanding a fine view of the historic Lake. Forty years since and d'Aubigne established in Geneva a religious system of Swiss Methodism. To day the new Church has congregational connections in France, Italy, England, Ireland, Scotland and America. The historian, it is said, taught its doctrines in Geneva. When he was unable to go out of doors the students came to him. The appearance of his face resembled in some degree that of the late Daniel Webster. His eyes looked forth brightly from under heavy, over-arching eyebrows. He spoke English fluently and correctly, and his book entitled "Germany, England and Scotland; or, Recollections of a Swiss Minister," was printed in that language in London in 1848. d'Aubigne was twice married. His second wife, the mother of his young family, is an Irish lady.

Juvenile Smoking.

Whatever opinions may be entertained as to the effects of moderate tobacco-smoking on the adult, there can be none as to its deleterious influence on the boy. The molecular changes coincident with development of tissue are interfered with, slowed, if not arrested by tobacco. Take the blood-coagulables, for example, and see how the narcotic effects them. According to German physiologists they lose their round shape and become oval and irregular at their edges; while instead of mutually attracting each other, and running together in rouleaux—a good sign—they cohere loosely, or lie scattered on the field of the microscope—a bad one. The physical effects are paralleled by the psychological ones. M. Bertillon found that the pupils attending the Polytechnic at Paris 102 smoked, while 58 did not. Arranging the two "categories in the order of merit, according to the results of the examinations, he found the non-smokers held, in every grade, the higher rank, and the smokers, as compared with the non-smokers, deteriorated from their entering to their leaving the school.

Right Reverend Bishop Gray.

From the Cape of Good Hope we are informed of the death of the Right Reverend Dr. Gray, Bishop of Cape Town and Metropolitan of South Africa, according to the vote of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The deceased was sixty-three years of age, having been born in 1809 at Bishop Wearmouth, in Durham, England. He was educated at Eaton and afterwards at Oxford. He became perpetual curate of Whitworth in 1834, vicar of Stockton in 1845, honorary canon of Durham in 1846, and the first Bishop of Cape Town in 1847. It was Dr. Gray who deposed Dr. Colenso, the Bishop of Natal, when the latter's work on the Pentateuch had been condemned by the convocation of the province of Canterbury in 1864. Dr. Colenso, it was found, however, could not be legally ejected, and Dr. Gray accordingly consecrated Mr. Macrorie to the See of Maritzburg as the "Bishop of the faithful church of Natal." Bishop Gray was the author of a number of pamphlets on the

Colenso case and of various other works relating to his diocese. When he accepted the Bishopric of South Africa, just a quarter of a century ago, the Anglican clergy did not number more than twenty. As a compact, incorporated organization it could hardly be said to have an existence in the country. He entered upon his labors with all the zeal and self-sacrificing devotion we are accustomed to think of when we mention the name of a St. Augustine or a St. Cyprian. His vast diocese then extended from St. Helena on one side to Natal on another. By incessant efforts and the strong influence he brought to bear on the Mother Church in England and his masterly power of organization his original diocese came to be subdivided into five. In each one of them church work came to be thoroughly developed; and cathedrals were built or modified of more or less suitability to local requirements in Maritzburg, Graham's Town, Bloemfontein, James Town and the Cape. In almost every village some new church was planted, with generally its attendant complement of schools; and even in the remote hamlet, wherever an English speaking population was to be met with, the departed Bishop made his periodical visitation and furnished some provision, on however humble a scale, for the maintenance of public worship there.—New York Herald, Oct. 26.

Murder in Boston.

The New York Herald of the 26th ult. says—"Troubles never come singly." Only a few days ago the quiet and peaceful community of this municipal organization was shocked by the publication of the details of a murder in ward sixteen, rivaling that of Mr. Benjamin Nathan in the atrocity of its details, and also in the mystery which envelops its causes and its yet unknown perpetrator. To-day that calamity has been followed by two others, both of which were fatal in their results. The first occurred in the works of the Boston Stamping Manufacturing Company, in Bridgeport, at two o'clock this afternoon. Stephen Foley and Thomas Henderson, two employees, had often quarrelled together on various points of difference, and at divers times each had sworn to take the other's life. This forenoon Foley was seen to sharpen a shisel, and when the men returned from dinner this afternoon words ensued, concluding with Foley's snatching the chisel from a bench and stabbing Henderson to the heart. The murderer escaped. The second murder, and, it is hoped, the last one of the day, occurred in a North street barroom at half past eight o'clock to night. Abiathar Grant and Frank Clifford, one twenty-two and the other eighteen years of age, were out on a "lark" on North Street to see the sights. While there they filled themselves with liquor and quarrelled, the trouble terminating with the drawing of a sheath knife by Grant and his plunging the seven-inch blade into the chest of his opponent. Grant was soon after arrested and Clifford was taken to the City Hospital, in which locality he will die before sunrise. No cause is given for the murder, except that of intoxication.

BRIGHAM YOUNG has just voiced his stock of children again, and thinks there are 168 in all.



HARBOR GRACE, NOVEMBER 29, 1872.

THE editor of that well-known rag of scurrility yelped "The Patriot and Catholic Herald"—"save the mark"—appears to be again indulging his assinine proclivities. This time he directs his attention to the "Star," (we trust our readers will pardon us for introducing him to better company than he is entitled to) and very lamely endeavors to criticise some remarks we made a short time since respecting a disturbance at Carbonear. Our space should be better occupied than in replying to one whose past conduct has well merited the contempt of every journalist, and whose future will, in all probability, be a continued course of TRYING and twisting to suit the exigencies of the times, and enable him the better to accomplish his mercenary motives; nevertheless, in the absence of anything of importance we have resolved to devote a little of our space to this hoary-headed sinner, ("In soul so like, so merciful, yet just, Some think that Satan has resigned his trust. And given the spirit to the world again, To sentence letters as he sentenced men. With hand less mighty, but with heart as black, With voice as willing to decree the rack; Bred in the Court betimes, though all that law As yet hath made him is to find a flaw.") with the hope of bringing home to his conscience—if he has any—a few seasonal truths.—In the first place, we would give him to understand that we know our course and intend to pursue it, without the assistance of a PILOR that would be likely to run our barque on "Pluto's gloomy shore." Secondly, our CHART has been revised and proven to be orthodox; and thirdly, we do not require a VANE to indicate to us the direction from whence the wind blows. In conclusion we would advise him to strive to become a consistent member of society. "Tis never too late to mend," altho' "people that grow old in sin are hardened in their crimes." RESPECT

FINEM

ANOTHER ROBBERY. £13 Worth of Goods Stolen.

SOME time last night the store adjoining the dwelling house of Captain Mark Alcock was broken into and goods to the value of £13 taken therefrom. It appears that the surreptitious scoundrels effected an entrance through a window, and (while Capt. Alcock and his family were sleeping in fancied security) succeeded in pilfering property to the above amount. No clue has yet been obtained as to the whereabouts of the robbers; but it is to be hoped that our vigilant Police will succeed in bringing them to justice and restoring the articles in question to the party from whom they were so unlawfully taken. Up, friend Fallon, and after them!

SPIRITUAL VISITATIONS.

THE following mysterious affair has been related to us by a gentleman of our acquaintance, and though we will not vouch for its authenticity, yet it may be worth while to publish it. If not true, at all events, the public "will have the story as 'twas told to us."

A vessel now lying in our harbor, but belonging to another port, has been for a long time the subject of an apparently ghostly visitation. It appears that some two years ago a seaman attached to the vessel was lost overboard and drowned one night while lying in a distant port. This seaman during the day previous to his loss had been engaged caulking the deck directly over one of the berths. Shortly after this the occupant of said berth was awakened in the night about 12 o'clock, the "witching hour when churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead," by an unusual sound resembling the noise made by a mallet and caulking iron, on the deck above his berth. After listening for a time he went on deck to ascertain the cause, but the noise had ceased and nothing was to be seen or heard; on returning, however, the same sounds recommenced and did not stop for an hour or more. This inexplicable interruption has been frequently repeated for the last two years, to the great discomfort of those who have been obliged to bear it. All investigation has hitherto proved futile in endeavoring to find out the cause, which is still as great a mystery as ever. Is it possible that for some offence committed in the flesh, the spirit of the unfortunate mariner, is compelled to "revisit the glimpses of the moon" to complete the job he was engaged upon when he so suddenly met his fate? Or is he, being dissatisfied with the workmanship of his successor, allowed to return and finish it to his own satisfaction? If so, he seems to be a long time about it. We are not allowed to mention more precisely the particulars, as the curiosity of the public might prove a serious inconvenience to the business of this "Phantom Ship."

THEATRICAL.

TO-MORROW morning our Dramatic friends bid us adieu. They have made a longer stay than was anticipated, perhaps longer than was profitable in a pecuniary sense. Our Labrador fisheries not being a success has had a bad effect upon business generally, and upon amusements particularly. During their visit here they produced their plays well, mounted them in good taste, and acted them in an unexceptionable manner. They are leaving us now, "It may be for years, And it may be forever!"

Yet we are well assured that the community generally join with us in wishing success and prosperity to "Wilson's Dramatic Company."

BY AUTHORITY.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR in Council has been pleased to appoint JOHN RORKE, H. M. A. and J. P., EDWARD T. PIKE, J. P., JOHN MCCARTHY, J. P., BENJAMIN T. H. GOULD, J. P., MICHAEL BOLGER, J. P., and WILLIAM P. TAYLOR, J. P., Esquires, to constitute a Board of Health at Carbonear. Secretary's Office, St. John's, 26th Nov., 1872.—Gazette.

THE GRAVES IN THE CRIMEA.—General Adee, C.B., having accomplished his tour of inspection of the British graveyards in the Crimea, proceeded to Smyrna, in order to visit the English military cemetery of that town. During his stay in the Crimea, General Adee discovered that the ashes of our heroes of Balaclava and Sebastopol, of Alma and Inkerman, occupy no less 132 separate burial-grounds, of which many are well preserved and securely fenced round. Others, hastily chosen among vineyards and cultivated fields, are unprotected; but even these, it is satisfactory to learn, are respected by the Russian peasantry, and have not been objects of desecration. On Cathcart's Hill however, some of the finest monuments have been overturned, presumably under the impression that treasure might have been buried under them.



Latest Despatches.

LONDON, Nov. 21.

Trouble with the Metropolitan police continues. Seventy Bow Street constables and thirty-nine Kensington officers have been dismissed.

It is said that a second ecclesiastical province of the Roman Catholic Church will be established in England, with Liverpool as the Metropolitan See.

The Italian Government has forbidden the assemblage of the Universal Suffrage Convention in Rome.

The King of Spain is very ill, and his condition is supposed to be critical. Armed hands, supposed to be Republicans, have appeared in various provinces of Spain.

PARIS, 20.

McMahon refuses the Presidency in case Thiers should resign.

The National Assembly has given approval to a discussion at an early day of the project for the restoration of Orleans Princes of their confiscated property.

The payment of the third million of war indemnity has been completed. France will have a million more ready by December.

LONDON, 22.

The Trial by Jury Bill was passed in the French Assembly yesterday by a vote of 446 to 178.

The Left has now declared its programme for the future. It comprises all main reforms demanded by Labour and other advocates of an adoption of the American constitution, and expresses its belief that a dissolution of the Assembly is the only way out of present difficulties.

The Ecclesiastical Rights Bill, prohibiting the issuing of decrees of excommunication against subjects of Prussia has been submitted to the Diet.

NEW YORK, 23.

Mr. Stanley has arrived at New York, and will have a reception at the Lotus Club to-morrow evening.

The Common Council of London voted resolutions laudatory of services of Stanley. The resolutions will be inscribed on vellum and forwarded to him.

GOLD 113 3-8.

LONDON, 26.

The gales continue in the English Channel. They have been very destructive in the vicinity of Devenport.

H. M. S. "Symalaya" arrived at Devenport with the loss of eight of her crew.

Later despatches from Devenport bring intelligence of additional loss of life among the crew of the transport. A boat was capsized by a heavy sea while proceeding to the shore, and ten persons were drowned.

The "City of Brooklyn" for New York, lost the fans of her propeller and put back under sail, arriving last night. All on-board are well, and will embark on another vessel. The "Brooklyn" goes to Liverpool for repairs.

Mr. Tenis, a Conservative, has been returned for Londonderry.

Mail advices from Madrid, report slight disturbances at the Capital last Monday, on account of the drawing for military conscription. Telegraph wires were cut.

Bulletins from the Royal Palace, Madrid, announce that the condition of the King has been gradually improving.

The Paris Radical journal "La Resurrection" has been suppressed.

The majority in the National Assembly, it is stated, has determined to adhere to the position it has taken, and a compromise of the differences between the Executive and Legislative departments of the Government is regarded as impossible.

NEW YORK, 25.

Excitement by the corner in North Western Stock, and arrest of Jay Gould continues, and the financial operations of to-day are anticipated with intense interest. Gold 112 3-4.

FORT GARRY, 25.

A Joint Russian and German deputa-tion is prospecting this province on behalf of a large party of memorialists who propose emigrating from Russia and Germany.

LONDON, 25.

The meeting last Sunday at Hyde Park was a failure, only 300 persons present. Edger presided and a remonstrance address to the Home Secretary was adopted. An irruption of ruffians compelled the breaking up of the meeting.

Italy and France have asked Austria, Russia, and Great Britain to join them in an effort to adjust the difficulty with regard to the mines near Athens.

A committee of the French Assembly on the President's Address has drawn up a reply, proposing the immediate appointment of a responsible ministry. This completes the rupture between Thiers and the Right. The result is anticipated with much anxiety.

Symptom Rome.

The wheat is fair to-d England local lightening. A special London paper of Paris are They declare will follow a ment of Th the Legitim ialists, of ha work for th government also charge power.

The "Ne a banquet la John Living the explorer were present

A Washin large lobby relative to decision of Greely nervous protest on an it Gold 113

The Plea of the ton.

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In drawing erment blun cause extreme one time rising war.

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These are th ges secured for Treaty of Was THE Chairm mittee, who was obnoxious citiz constituents: "to the river, m proceeded to dr through our ha ice. All our come out fail ed his point of

Symptoms of a Radical outbreak in Rome.

LONDON, 26. The weather in London and vicinity is fair to-day, but at other points in England local storms with thunder and lightning prevail.

A special despatch from Paris to London papers says, the radical journals of Paris are violent in their language. They declare that a terrible revolution will follow the overthrow of the government of Thiers.

NEW YORK, 26. The "New York Herald" Club gave a banquet last evening to Stanley, Dr. John Livingstone, of Canada, brother of the explorer, and the Earl of Caithness were present.

A Washington despatch states that a large lobby interest has been developed, relative to collection of claims under the decision of the Geneva Tribunal.

Gresley is suffering from severe nervous prostration, but has not been sent to an insane asylum as reported.

Gold 113.

The Pleasures and Advantages of the Treaty of Washington.

We are now able to take account of the Treaty of Washington, and to estimate accurately the advantages secured to England by that instrument.

By the Treaty we apologized for wrongs that we denied, and consented to be tried by newly invented laws of international obligation, so as to make good against us the American claim for damages.

In this the British Government were completely successful. Guided by these new laws, a Court of Arbitration condemning us to pay to the Americans more than three millions of money.

In accepting the Three New Rules of international law, our Government not only secured an adverse verdict for ourselves at Geneva (their primary object), but imposed upon the country fresh responsibilities of a most onerous character.

While by the Treaty we took so much pains to substantiate against ourselves the claims "generally known as the Alabama claims," we at the same time, at the demand of the Americans, abandoned far more valid claims of a precisely similar character.

There has long been an obstinate dispute between the two countries as to a certain water boundary. The American Government, admitting that the contention on either side might be just, proposed to abrogate the Treaty from which the disagreement sprang, and make a new arrangement; and, although such a proposal must necessarily have led to compromise at the worst, our government rejected it, insisted on making of the dispute another experiment in Arbitration, and so rendered possible the most melancholy award of the Emperor of Germany.

In drawing up the Treaty, our Government blundered in such a way as to cause extreme alarm and irritation, at one time rising into a possibility of actual war.

Our reward for all this humiliation and loss was to be reconciliation with the American people, and the restoration in perpetuity of the good-will. And there is not, nor was it natural that there should be, any such reward forthcoming.

On the other hand, a great deal of anger has been formed in the mind of the English people; and the probability is that at the least provocation from America now this latent anger would flame out most perilously.

These are the pleasures and advantages secured for Great Britain by the Treaty of Washington.

The Chairman of a Vigilance Committee, who was instructed to duck any obnoxious citizen, thus reported to his constituents: "We took the thief down to the river, made a hole in the ice, and proceeded to duck him; but he slipped through our hands and hid under the ice. All our efforts to entice him to come out failed, and he has now attained his point of advantage some hours."

NEWS ITEMS.

A Kentucky paper says that the Louisville workhouse contains fifty women convicted of being common scolds. Massachusetts has long since given up the task of trying to suppress this vice.

THE BAYONET.—This murderous weapon derives its name from the place where it was invented, Bayonne, in France, and was first used in battles as a weapon by the French in the year 1603, and soon became universal.

KIND WORDS.—Speak kindly. Kind words are the flowers of earth's existence; use them, and especially around the fireside circle. They are jewels beyond price, and powerful to heal the wounded heart and to make the weighed-down spirit glad.

BEHAVIOUR AT A FIRE.—Few people know how to behave when an alarm of fire is given. The first thing to be done when the room is full of smoke, is to instantly throw yourself on the floor, your face almost touching it, and crawl toward the door or window, because the heated smoke is lighter than the air, and rapidly rises toward the ceiling.

WHEN eggs are broken in the ordinary way, the process is at least tedious. An ingenious mechanist has therefore invented a little machine called "the Mordova," which obviates all difficulty. All that is necessary is to compress the spring with right thumb and finger, to place the Mordova in position, and a quick nip with the left thumb and finger will instantly decapitate a properly-boiled egg.

THE CHIGNON.—An accident of a very remarkable character, and one which it is feared will terminate fatally, happened the other day to a young woman named Sharkey. She was employed as a spoon-and-fork buffer at the silver-plate manufactory belonging to Messrs. H. Wilkinson & Co., of Liverpool. The shafting in the buffing-wheel runs along over the windows. The unfortunate young woman had been cleaning the window over the buffers at which she worked, and had turned round to jump off the bench. She gave a spring, when the very large chignon she wore was caught by the shafting, which tore not only her chignon and net but also her hair and scalp completely off her head, and one of her ears. She was taken to the Public Hospital and Dispensary, where her injuries were attended to.

THE SWORD OF WALLACE.—A curious revelation has been made in connection with the alleged Wallace sword in Dumbarton Castle. It would appear that some months ago the Grampian Club, through the secretary (the Rev. Dr. Rogers), applied to the Secretary of War to obtain the sword for the Wallace monument on the Abby Craig, that it might there be exhibited to visitors. Dr. Rogers has received a letter from the War Office authorities stating that the late Duke of Wellington had the sword examined in 1825, and that it was found to belong to the period of Edward V., and that it was probably used by that monarch when he entered the city of Chester in state in 1375. The result is that Mr. Secretary Cardwell has given directions that the sword at Dumbarton Castle should no longer be exhibited as that of Sir William Wallace.

CLEARED. Nov. 20—Royal Arch, Downey, Charlotte-town, P. E. I., J. & W. Pitts. Kitty Clyde, Noel, Charlottetown, P. E. I., P. Rogerson & Son. 21—Tigress, Bartlett, Sydney, Harvey & Co. Eagle, Jackman, Sydney, Bowring Bros. 22—Georgina, White, Sydney, LeMessurier & Knight. Amelia Wilson, Watson, Pernambuco, N. Stabb & Sons. 23—Trefoil, Ryan, Sydney, J. Fox. 25—Glynwood, Smeclair, Charlottetown, Clift, Wood & Co. Rein de Prevoyance, Lewis, Barbadoes, Harvey & Co.

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

FOR SALE! 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.

FOR SALE! 75 Bbls. Choice Extra FLOUR 20 do. CORN MEAL 20 BOXES No. 1 Family SOAP 9 Doz. CHAIRS. BY R. ANDERSON.

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.

BANNERMAN & LYON'S Photographic Rooms, Corner of Bannerman and Water 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. Nov. 5. tf

W. H. THOMPSON, AGENT FOR Fellows' Compound Syrup OF HYPOPHOSPHITES. Aug. 23.

NOTICES.

HARBOR GRACE MEDICAL HALL. W. H. THOMPSON, PROPRIETOR, HAS ALWAYS ON HAND A CAREFULLY SELECTED STOCK OF Drugs, Medicines, Dry Paints, Oils, &c., &c., And nearly every article in his line that is recommendable:

- Gallup's Floriline for the Teeth and Breath Keating's Worm Tablets " Cough Lozenges Rowland's Odonto Oxley's Essence of Ginger Lamplough's Pyretic Saline Powel's Balsam Aniseed Medicamentum (stamped) British Oil Balsam of Life Chlorodyne Mexican Mustang Liniment Steer's Opodildoc Radway's Ready Relief Arnold's Balsam Murray's Fluid Magnesia " Acidulated Syrup S. A. Allen's Hair Restorer Rossiter's " Ayer's Hair Vigor " Sarsaparilla " Cherry Pectoral Pickles, French Capers, Sauces Soothing Syrup Kaye's Coaguline India Rubber Sponge. Teething Rings Sponge, Tooth Cloths Nail, Shoe and Stove Brushes Widow Welch's Pills Cockle's " Holloway's " Norton's " Hunt's " Morrison's " Radway's " Ayer's " Parsons' " Jaynes' " Holloway's Ointment Adams' Indian Salve Russia Salve

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

LEMESSURIER & KNIGHT, [LATE EVANS, LEMESSURIER & KNIGHT,] COMMISSION AGENTS. PARTICULAR ATTENTION GIVEN TO THE SALE AND PURCHASE OF DRY & PICKLED FISH. FLUR, PROVISIONS, WEST INDIA PRODUCE AND DRY GOODS. Consignments solicited. St. John's, May 7. tf

FOR SALE. BY THE SUBSCRIBER, 231 Water Street 231 BREAD Flour, Pork, Beef Butter, Molasses, Sugar Tea, Coffee, Cheese, Ham, Bacon, Pease, Rice TOBACCO KEROSENE OIL, &c., &c. CHEAP FOR CASH, RISK OR OIL. DANIEL FITZGERALD. Sept. 13. tf

FOR SALE. LUMBER! BY H. W. TRAPNELL. Now landing, ex "Atalanta," from Port Medway, N. S.: 20 M. Seasoned Prime Pine BOARD 20 do. Hemlock do. 30 do. No. 2 Pine do. July 30.

JUST RECEIVED A FRESH SUPPLY OF ADAMS' INDIAN SALVE. W. H. THOMPSON. Aug. 23.

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. tf. BLANK FORMS Executed with NEATNESS and DESPATCH at the Office of this Paper.

ches.

Nov. 21. Solitan police Street cons-nsington offi-eclesiastical holic Church England, with tan See. t has forbid- Universal ome. very ill, and to be critical. to be Repub- various pro-

PARIS, 20. Presidency in has given an early restoration to confiscated

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LONDON, 22. was passed in terday by a

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LONDON, 26. the English au very de- Devenport. arrived at eight of her

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PORT GARRY, 25. and German de- this province on of memorialists from Russia and

LONDON, 25. unday at Hyde nly 300 persons ded and a re- the Home Secre- irruption of ruf- aking up of the

ve asked Austria, tain to join them g difficulty with r Athens.

French Assembly dress has drawn the immediate ap- sible ministry. rruption between t. The result is an anxiety.

Echoes.

Echoes on my heart are falling,  
Soft and tender, sweet and low;  
Happy hours of bliss recalling  
In the days of long ago.

At the twilight's dreamy hour,  
Voices that were long since still  
Come to cheer with soothing power  
When my eyes with tear-drops fill.

Echoes on my heart are falling,  
Soft and tender, low and sweet;  
And I hear loved voices calling,  
Hear the tread of angel feet.

Angel-whispers seem repeating  
Fond words breathed in days long past.  
Weep not, Sorrows are but fleeting;  
Parting will not always last.

Where the crystal streams are flowing  
In the mansions of the blest;  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest—

We shall meet, no more to sever;  
Meet where partings never come,  
Farewells are not breathed forever:  
Earth is not our bidding home.

Then the echoes, softly dying,  
Faded on the evening air,  
And my soul poured forth its sighing  
In a chant akin to prayer.

SELECT STORY.

The Judge's Daughter;

OR  
A STRUGGLE WITH DESTINY.

[CONTINUED.]

Sorry! he cried, bitterly. You know that you encouraged me until this penniless adventurer appeared, since that time you have gradually been transferring your smiles and sweet tones to him, and, doubtless your heart also, he said, tauntingly.

Mr. Fisher, you forget yourself, said Kate, haughtily, rising and walking to the door.

Stay, stay, he cried, entreatingly. You cannot mean what you say. O Kate, I have cherished this hope so long that it is cruel to dash it thus—I have loved you so madly, so entirely, I cannot bear to think of losing you at last. I will wait patiently; but oh, give me one word of hope—

It is impossible, said Kate, mildly. You certainly would not wed a woman unless you possessed her heart?

But your father, Miss Raymond? Consider what his wishes are on the subject, urged Mr. Fisher.

He will not compel me to marry against my will, she replied.

And you refuse decidedly to become my wife? he demanded.

I do, was the firm reply. Perhaps you are already engaged to Mr. Winchester, he remarked, with a sneer.

Kate flushed and paled alternately with anger.

Mr. Fisher, you are insulting. But I will so far overlook your conduct, as to inform you that I am not engaged to Mr. Winchester; and I never should have married you, even had I never seen him. I have cared for you as a friend, nothing more.

And thus are my hopes dispelled! he exclaimed, and a look of mingled vexation and disappointment crossed his face. Miss Raymond, he added, turning and confronting her, you will do well to reconsider your answer. Your position in society as my wife would be fully equal to what it is now. My fortune is ample, and your every wish shall be gratified.

I shall never change my decision. You have my answer, and it is final.

Very well, Miss Raymond. If you choose to throw away the love which I offer you, I must submit. But you may find, when too late, that you have committed an act of folly. And Mr. Fisher, as he concluded, abruptly left the house.

The days glided by, one after another, until nearly two weeks had passed. One morning at the breakfast table, Mrs. Raymond suddenly inquired if Mr. Fisher was out of town.

No, I saw him on Broadway, yesterday, replied the judge.

What is the reason he does not call then, I wonder? Mrs. Raymond queried, looking inquiringly at Kate, who preserved an indifferent silence.

I am sure I cannot tell, replied the judge looking up in surprise. Has he not been here of late?

I think, it is fully two weeks since he has called. Before that, he was here twice, and even three times, a week, replied Mrs. Raymond.

I supposed he was to take Kate to the opera, last night. Did you not go, my daughter? said the judge, turning to her.

No, papa, I did not, she replied, nervously.

She knew a scene was inevitable, and she dreaded it; not for any fear she felt, but she had been a dutiful daughter, and

she knew what a disappointment her refusal of Mr. Fisher would cause her father.

Why not? he demanded.

Because Mr. Fisher did not ask me to go, papa.

And what reasons have you given Mr. Fisher to remain away from my house?

The best of reasons, papa, cried Kate, rising from the table, her equanimity restored. The best of reasons; I have refused to marry him.

My daughter, he began, deliberately, have you considered well the subject? I had thought you would consult me before giving a decided answer, he concluded reproachfully.

O papa! You could not decide for me. I know my own heart best. I did not love him, and your surely would not compel me to marry a man whom I did not love, she said, tearfully.

No, no, Kate. Yet I have indulged the hope that your answer to Mr. Fisher might be favorable, for I knew long ago that he wished to marry you. I esteem him highly. A union between you and him has been in my thoughts for years.

It is possible that Kate may change her mind, suggested Mrs. Raymond.

Nay, mamma, do not entertain such hopes, replied Kate crossing the room and caressing her mother fondly. I like Mr. Fisher very well as a friend, but I do not want him for a husband.

Well, we cannot help it that our best laid plans gang aft agley, said Mrs. Raymond, rising. But I am disappointed I confess; more so than you think. However, I suppose it is too late now to reverse your decision, and we may as well drop the subject. Good-morning, Kate. And the judge left the apartment, and was soon on his way to his office.

The next day, when judge Raymond returned to dinner, he brought Harry Winchester with him. While they were at table, he said, addressing his daughter,—

Kate, I am sorry to disappoint you, but I cannot accompany you to the opera to-night, as I promised, and you must stay at home.

O papa! Can't you go, really? And Kate looked very much disappointed.

No, my dear, it is impossible. But perhaps Harry will accompany you, he added, turning to Mr. Winchester, that is, if he has no other engagements.

I shall be very happy, murmured Harry. And the judge, blind as a mole to the true state of affairs, never once thought he was encouraging anything like love between the young couple.

Mrs. Raymond, however, was more far-seeing than her husband, and, as soon as dinner was over, she took occasion to speak to him admonishingly upon the subject.

Nonsense, Lucia! was his reply. Kate would never so far forget herself as to bestow her affections upon one so far beneath her. She has too much of the Raymond pride for that.

I hope you are right. But Kate is very impressible and somewhat romantic, and Harry is certainly a very agreeable young gentleman. She seems to think a great deal of him.

Girlish nonsense. Her sentiment towards Harry is only gratitude, he assured, Lucia, and do not magnify a mole hill into a mountain.

A very happy evening the young couple passed, and as they entered the carriage to return home, Harry suddenly inquired why Mr. Fisher did not escort her to the opera as usual.

Why, answered Kate blushing, Mr. Fisher is not going to wait upon me any more at all.

Have you then rejected him? inquired Harry, eagerly.

Yes, I have, replied Kate, looking down somewhat embarrassed. It was not pleasant to her to speak of her dismissal of Mr. Fisher.

Oh, how happy I am that you are yet free! cried Harry, fervently. Forgive me Miss Raymond, but I must tell you how well and how fondly I love you. I do not ask you to marry me now, only give me one word of hope; tell me that I am not deceived in thinking that you love me in return, and I will toil hard—I will win a position which even the proud daughter of Judge Raymond need not blush to occupy. Tell me, dear Kate, have I presumed too much, or may I hope some day to call you my own dear wife?

Kate was silent from very happiness. Kate—Miss Raymond—have I offended you? he asked, anxiously.

No, Harry, she answered, softly, I am not offended; but I did not suppose you cared for me like that, and—

And I have been mistaken, he cried, hastily. What I have flattered myself was love was merely friendship and condescension. I might have known you could not love a poor clerk who is struggling to make his way in the world!

O Harry! How you mistake me! murmured Kate, ready to burst into tears.

That was enough, and we leave the reader to imagine the rest of the scene. Suffice it to say that, when the carriage rolled up to Judge Raymond's door, it was arranged that Harry should, on the

following morning, ask his consent to their engagement.

Loving, trusting Kate! She did not for a moment think her father would refuse his consent. She did not stop to consider that while Harry's poverty was no barrier in her eyes to their marriage, it would make all the difference to her father. Therefore, when she was summoned to the library the next evening, she was not prepared for the greeting with which her father met her.

What is this I hear, Kate? he commenced, sternly, almost angrily. But yesterday morning I learned you refused Mr. Fisher, a refined, wealthy and high-born gentleman, in every way fitted to make you a good husband; and to-day Mr. Winchester comes to me, asking my consent to an engagement between you, and tells me that he had your full consent to do so. Did you for a moment think I should grant it?

Why not, father? asked Kate, timidly.

Why not? he echoed, because I am too much interested in my daughter's future welfare to do so. Kate I certainly did not imagine you would be so unwise as to make the choice you have, or I should never have permitted you to associate with Harry Winchester so freely.

But, papa, urged Kate, what possible objection can you have to Harry? He is poor, it is true, but he is honorable and intelligent, and fully as much of a gentleman as Mr. Fisher, and I love Harry far better than I ever could love him.

Oh, yes, I dare say, responded her father, impatiently. You have got your head full of love-sick notions, and you do not know what is best for yourself. In all probability, if you had never met Mr. Winchester you would have been willing enough to marry Mr. Fisher. But do not flatter yourself that I shall ever give my consent to a union between you and a poor, obscure clerk whose antecedents we know nothing about.

But, papa, Mr. Shirley says they are very respectable people. And we know Harry is honest and persevering, and is not that enough?

No, it is not enough. I do not want my only daughter to wed so far beneath her. Mr. Fisher told me to-day of your refusal, and intimated that your conduct towards him changed from the time you became acquainted with Harry. I plainly gave him to understand that I never should give my consent to so ill-assorted a union, and he is quite willing to overlook everything, and is anxious to be married at once!

Anxious to be married at once! cried Kate, angrily. I trust you did not give him any encouragement, father.

I certainly did, he answered, coolly, and he is going to call to-morrow evening to see you.

But I will not see him! No, indeed, I will not! she cried, still more angry than ever. I do not love him, and I will never marry a man whom I do not love.

Nor can you marry the man whom you profess to love, replied the judge, coldly. Kate, I am grieved at this open disobedience to my wishes, he added, in a milder tone.

But, papa, I must obey the promptings of my own heart, answered Kate, tearfully, melted at once by her father's kind tone. I cannot be forced into a hateful union.

You know me too well, my daughter, to cherish the hope that I shall relent in favor of Harry Winchester, said the judge, sternly.

I, too, am a Raymond, father, and have a will of my own, answered Kate, proudly, and though I must submit to your commands for the present, remember there is a time coming when I shall be my own mistress, and at liberty to bestow my hand upon the man who now possesses my wholeheart.

Remember, too, rash girl, that no portion of my property will ever accompany your hand thus bestowed.

Very well, papa. If you choose to disinherit me because I am a true daughter of a Raymond, I have no objection. As long as I am a minor, I shall obey you except in one thing, and that is to marry one whom I do not love. And I shall tell Harry what has passed between us, and tell him, too, that I shall remain true to him.

If that is all you have to say, you may leave me now, said her father, as she ended so defiantly. And she quitted the room, and sought her own apartment, there to give vent to her grief and indignation.

Fondly as she loved her father, she could not help thinking he was unkind. She had often heard him speak in the highest terms of praise of Harry, and she believed his poverty was all the objection her father had against him. But her spirit was as resolute as her father's own, and she determined never to yield so long as Harry remained true. And she did not doubt him. He would be true to her in spite of her father's anger, and his threat of disinheritance.

In a short time a servant came to the door, and informed her that Harry was in the parlor, and wished to see her. She descended at once.

O Harry! she exclaimed,

Your father has told you, then? he said, advancing to meet her.

Yes, he has told me that he shall never consent to our engagement. Harry, I did not dream that he would refuse.

But he has refused, dear Kate, and, what is more, he has forbidden my coming to see you after to-night. He very graciously permitted me to call this evening, but hereafter I am a forbidden guest.

Forbidden you to call again? exclaimed Kate, indignantly. Yes, I see; he thinks that I shall forget, in a month or two, and consent to marry Mr. Fisher; but I never will, and I told him so.

Doubtless Kate looked very bewitching in her angry mood, for Harry took her in his arms, and caressed her burning cheeks.

Nay, dear Kate, do not be so angry. Doubtless your father thinks he is promoting your future happiness by his refusal. I am poor; you are rich. No wonder he thinks I am a fortune-hunter.

Did he say that? she asked, quickly. My father was not so ungentlemanly; he did not so far forget himself as to use such language as that?

Hardly, yet it amounted to the same thing. He alluded to my poverty, and my aspiring to the hand of his daughter. But, Kate, you will be true to me until I can claim you.

O Harry! do you need to ask? You know I will. I shall be at liberty in three years, and I told papa I would marry you then, whether he consented or not, and he was very angry, and said if I did he should disinherit me. Would it make any difference to you? she asked, earnestly.

Not any, my darling. It is you I want, not your money. But perhaps your father may give his free consent before that time, and save you the pain of disobeying him.

Why, Harry, how coolly you take his refusal, she said, in surprise. I expected you would be quite—quite—

Heart-broken, he suggested, with a smile.

Yes, almost, she whispered, shyly, and indignant.

My dearest, it is just what I expected, he replied. I am neither surprised nor indignant. It is true you are far above me in station, and are unused to poverty. It would be a very different life you would lead as my wife from the life you have always led, and your father thinks you would tire of it.

I never should, she replied, impetuously. But you are not disheartened at his refusal.

No, indeed, my darling! I am going to wait and work. And although your father has forbidden my coming to see you, he has not forbidden your answering my letters, and I shall take that way of talking to you often, dear Kate.

The evening passed swiftly away—the last they were to pass together. But through bitter the parting, hope whispered of a bright and happy future.

The next evening Mr. Fisher called, but Kate was obstinate, and would not see him. She had given him her answer, and she meant it to be final, and her message to him was short and pointed.

So she refuses to see me, does she? he muttered, as the servant delivered her message. Very well, my proud lady! Cling to your plebeian lover if you will; but if you do not turn from him in scorn and hatred before a month passes, then there will be no efficacy in my plans. And, deeply indignant, the would-be lover left the house.

Nearly a month passed by, and Kate and Harry had not met. The judge gave him no more invitations to dinner. Mr. Fisher was a frequent and honored guest, though all the judge's persuasion could not induce Kate to treat him otherwise than in a coolly courteous manner. But the young gentleman seemed to be quite content with that, and apparently never noticed the indifference with which she listened to his eloquent conversation. He came just as often, and stayed just as long, and was just as devoted, as ever. But it did not affect Kate in the least, unless it served to turn her more decidedly against him than before.

Her father had said but little to her about Harry; and she knew that he indulged in strong hopes of her finally accepting Mr. Fisher. But Mrs. Raymond knew Kate's disposition too well to hope that she would ever resign Harry willingly. Thus the matter stood when an event transpired which placed matters in altogether a different aspect, so far, at least, as Harry was concerned, and which plunged him deeper than he had ever been before into the dreadful "slough of despond" and which turned Judge Raymond's mild but firm opposition into almost un governable wrath and indignation.

Chapter IX.—The Robbery.

It was a fine, bracing morning in February, and Harry Winchester had gone down, to the pier, to oversee the landing of a consignment of merchandise for his employers. His duties were concluded, and he was just threading his way through the bales and boxes to return, when some one brushed hastily past him and disappeared in the crowd. In a moment there was a cry of "Police!"

and Mr. Fisher came near, and, pointing to Harry, said,—

That is the one; the other has disappeared.

Harry was instantly surrounded by an excited crowd, and a policeman quietly took him by the arm, and, with the usual formalities, proceeded with him to the station house.

My good sir, will you please to explain? began Harry, astonished beyond measure at such proceeding. There is a mistake—

No mistake at all, sir, growled the policeman. And we will soon explain to your satisfaction.

They soon arrived at the station, and a couple of officers at once commenced searching Harry.

You see you can't do these things quite so boldly and not get nabbed, said one of them, maliciously.

What do you mean? said Harry, indignantly. I demand the reason of such an outrageous act.

Outrageous! good! ha! ha! laughed the officers. It wasn't outrageous for you to pick this gentleman's pocket, was it? pointing to Mr. Fisher, who had also gone to the station, and stood near by.

I pick his pocket? he cried, crimsoning with anger and indignation. Do you take me for a thief?

We do not take you for anything else, replied the officer, triumphantly holding up a well-filled pocket book, which he had just taken from Harry's pocket, and which displayed, when opened, a large quantity of bank-notes, and checks, in favor of George Fisher. We are rather too smart for you, young man, went on the officer, with a chuckle. You're green at the business yet, but if you continue to improve, you'll soon graduate into a first class thief.

At this taunt, Harry's anger rose to the highest pitch, and it was with difficulty he restrained himself from giving the insulting official a smart blow; but he knew rashness would injure rather than help his case, and, with a violent effort, he controlled his anger.

I swear to you I do not know how that pocket-book came into my possession, he cried, amazed at the result of their search. I never saw it before in my life.

Nevertheless it is found upon your person, and how are you going to account for its being there? said Mr. Fisher, with a sneer.

I know not; but I can assert that I am innocent. It is some foul plot to injure me, cried Harry, vehemently.

Until you can prove your innocence you will be deemed guilty, returned Mr. Fisher, contemptuously, as he turned and walked away.

Poor Harry! He was forced to occupy a prisoner's cell, and on a serious charge, with no hope, that he could see, of an acquittal. And Judge Raymond—and Kate—they would know of it, and oh! would they—could they—believe it? Mr. Fisher was a valued friend of the family. Would not his version of the affair turn them all against him—even his own dearly beloved and trusting Kate?

Why is it that fate is ever against me? he mused, gloomily, as he paced back and forth in his narrow cell. I had but just begun to climb my way upwards, and lo! I am at the very bottom of the ladder again. And I believe I am pushed there by an envious and jealous hand. But who can have aught against me to induce them to commit so villainous an act? And how am I to prove my innocence? I must see my faithful and true-hearted friend, William Shirley. He will assist me if any one will, and will surely see that justice is done me.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A lawyer hung out his shingle in Gowanus, L. I., for two years, and then left, as he had only one case in all that time, and that was inflammatory rheumatism, and it nearly killed him.

THE STAR

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