

# The Star,

AND CONCEPTION BAY SEMI-WEEKLY AEDVERTISER.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Friday, July 12, 1872.

Number 17.

## JULY.

S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	..	..	..
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## MOON'S PHASES.

NEW MOON..... 5th, 2.54 P. M.  
FIRST QUARTER..... 13th, 4.17 P. M.  
FULL MOON..... 20th, 10.23 A. M.  
LAST QUARTER..... 27th, 3.48 P. M.

## NOTICES.

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St. John's, May 10. tff.

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May 14. tff.

## BLANK FORMS

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

## CAPITAL AND LABOR.

Rich is he whose keen discerning  
Leads him in the "narrow way;"  
Spending less than he is earning,  
He's ready for a "rainy day."  
He has wealth of thought and feeling,  
Honor is his guiding star,  
And the anvil's merry pealing  
Scares the imps in blue afar.

Duty calls on him to labor,  
With his hands or with his head,  
And he will not scorn his neighbor  
Who does not earn his daily bread.  
Roses grow on thorns of duty,  
Sweet odors rise from noble deeds;  
Industry sows life with beauty,  
Indolence with noxious weeds.

Toiling over written pages,  
Standing at the printer's case,  
Whistling while he earns his wages,  
Not a shadow on his face;  
Master of the situation,  
Not the slave of any clan,  
Can you find in all the nation  
A more independent man?

He loathes the cup of dissipation,  
And he wastes no time in strikes;  
He utters not, in alterations,  
His pet likes and his dislikes.  
Step by step, he grandly rises  
On the ladder rounds of trust;  
While idlers starve he wins the prizes,  
Labor lifts him from the dust.

Up he rises, fast and faster,  
Winning confidence the while;  
Apprentice, journeyman and master,  
Comrades crown him with their smile.  
He has capital in labor,  
Of the hand and of the brain,  
And he envies not his neighbor,  
And he covets not his gain.

He scorns not the man that's richer  
Than the sun-browned son of toil;  
He finds a brother in the ditcher,  
And the man who owns the soil.  
Rainbows arch his bright to-morrow;  
The perils of the epicure  
Come not with clouds and rain of sorrow;  
His home is Heaven in miniature.

## GENERAL NEWS.

### AN IMPERIAL CHRISTENING.

Writing from Berlin on the 4th inst., the  
*Times* correspondent gives the following ac-  
count of the christening of the infant daugh-  
ter of the Crown Prince:—

At two o'clock this afternoon the infant  
daughter of the Crown Prince and Princess  
was baptised in the new Palace at Potsdam,  
the usual summer residence of their Imperial  
and Royal Highnesses. Yesterday most of the  
members of the royal family, accompanied by  
their illustrious guests from Italy, Weimar,  
Mecklenburg, Anhalt, &c., went to the Prus-  
sian Versailles, lodging for the night having  
been prepared for them in the cluster of  
princely abodes dotting the banks of the beau-  
tiful Havel. A little after twelve o'clock, his  
Majesty drove over from Babelsberg, the ru-  
ral chateau where he has been in the habit of  
spending the early part of the summer for  
many a past year. Among the crowd of bril-  
liant carriages which arrived soon after him,  
his was perhaps the most unpretending.  
Brightly shone the famous silver-thread coats,  
thickly studded with perpendicular rows of  
black eagles, on the backs of the royal ser-  
vants. Gorgeous outriders, prancing horses,  
and an expectant and patriotic multitude  
completed the accessories of the gay and ani-  
mated scene. The attitude of the public was  
reserved and respectful. It is always so at  
Regal Potsdam, a place which has so long  
been the real home and favourite seat of the  
dynasty; but to-day all were evidently im-  
pressed with the peculiar significance and the  
unusual splendour of the occasion.

The New Palace is just 100 years old. It  
was built by Frederick the Great after his wars  
were over, and when the old King had ample  
leisure and funds to gratify his taste for  
marble and fresco. The most stately of his many  
erections, it is an immense pile of red brick,  
picked out with sandstone, in the simple and

dignified style of the latter "Renaissance" pe-  
culiar to the Dutch. The back looks on the  
Sans Souci Gardens; the other side, resem-  
bling very nearly a horseshoe, but with corners  
pointed, faces an immense terrace, which ap-  
pears empty, although peopled with stony  
gods and goddesses, and variegated with beds  
and vases of flowers innumerable. To give  
you an idea of its extent and magnificence,  
this grand specimen of architecture has 200  
state apartments, more than 400 windows, and  
a flat roof, edged with 440 statues of gigantic  
proportions. In fitting up the interior, all the  
whimsical and expensive ingenuity of the  
eighteenth century has been brought to bear  
on wall, ceiling, and floor. Plafonds, covered  
with the most costly and sentimental paint-  
ings of the age, are seen above walls inlaid  
with a hundred different sorts of polished mar-  
ble, granite, and porphyry. In other apart-  
ments, the artistic upholsterer, in whose hands  
the unique job was placed by royal command,  
has stuck a thousand different minerals and  
shells in seeming confusion on the walls, which  
however, on closer inspection, resolve them-  
selves into complicated and even beautiful  
patterns. Velvet and brocade is the basest  
kind of papering employed in a building the  
attractions of which are materially increased  
by ancient statuary and the best paintings by  
old and modern masters. Vast parks and  
gardens radiate in every direction. Such is  
the mansion the heir and heiress of Germany  
generally inhabit in the summer season, hav-  
ing rescued it from the utter oblivion and  
emptiness to which it had been undeservedly  
consigned for years.

While we were casting a hasty glance at the  
private garden of the royal children, with its  
aviaries, rabbit hutches, and diminutive spec-  
imens of frigates, fortifications, and the like  
significant playthings, the ladies and gentle-  
men invited to witness the ceremony assem-  
bled in one of the grand saloons known as the  
Muschel-Saal. The Muschel Saal is one of those  
fanciful apartments in the palace which Tri-  
tons might have constructed for the Queen of  
the Ocean, or cunning dwarfs prepared for  
their chief in the bowls of the earth. Geology  
and conchology might be profitably studied  
from the samples collected for merely ornamental  
purposes in this fairy grotto. A little  
before the time appointed for the sacred act,  
the ladies and gentlemen collected in this sin-  
gular chamber issued thence into the Jasper  
Gallery, arranged as a chapel for the occasion.  
Its name indicates its decoration, jasper and  
agate predominating. The guests had hardly  
ranged themselves round the font, near which  
was the temporary altar, when the members  
of the royal family, with their princely guests  
made their appearance from an opposite door.  
The fair princess, beaming with matronly pride  
and sweetness, her soldierly husband by her  
side, and the majestic old man who has re-  
ceived the Imperial dignity of his nation, pre-  
sented a picture worth looking at. Her Ma-  
jesty the Empress-Queen, being unfortunately  
detained at Coblenz by indisposition, was not  
present. As her representative, Princess  
Charles, her sister and sister-in-law, did the  
honors of the day to the Crown Princess of  
Italy and other royal and princely ladies. The  
weather being bright, and the sun shining  
with genial warmth and splendour, the ladies  
displayed airy tissues suitable to the season.  
With their elaborate dresses, and *recherche* but  
delicate style of jewellery adopted was in per-  
fect harmony. Pearls preponderated over  
gold, as did gossamer over taffetas. All the  
gentlemen were in uniform, and resplendent  
with orders and stars.

When the Crown Princess had seated her-  
self near the baptismal font, her little daugh-  
ter was brought in. She had been carried to  
the door by the Countess von der Goltz, Vice-  
Mistress of the Robes, and the Countess von  
Reventlow, the chief governess of the royal  
children. This *cortège* was preceded by cham-  
berlains and pages, and closed by ladies in  
waiting bearing the infant's train. At the  
door, the Countess von der Goltz resigned her  
charge to the Princesses Charlotte and Luise,  
who placed the infant in his Majesty's arms.  
Then began the ceremony of baptism in ac-  
cordance with the rites of the Evangelical  
Church. While the Emperor held his grand-  
child, the Rev. A. Heym, his Majesty's Chap-  
lain in Ordinary, performed the service, sup-  
ported by his clerical brethren. The prescribed  
ritual is but short, but it was long enough  
to afford time for reflection on the religious  
and political import of a ceremony, in which

an Italian Catholic Prince stood godfather  
to the granddaughter of the Protestant Em-  
peror of Germany. One could not help dwell-  
ing upon the happy liberality of the Protes-  
tant Church in preserving the ancient Catholic  
character of baptism, and admitting Christians  
of every denomination to stand godfathers to  
a Protestant child. Thanks to this, the repre-  
sentatives of two nations formerly separated  
by creed and politics now found themselves  
united in an act equally important from a re-  
ligious point of view, as it tends to cement ties  
of friendship between those conjointly partici-  
pating in it.

The christening over, and its immediate  
point of interest withdrawn, the royal person-  
ages retired to an adjoining saloon, where the  
guests defiled past them, bowing to the Em-  
peror, the Crown Prince, and their family. A  
State dinner in the Marble Hall, one of the  
largest of the suite of 200, concluded the official  
programme.

### SAFETY OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.

At last, it would seem, we can confidently  
say that Dr. Livingstone is safe. Hitherto  
the hopes that he had not perished have been  
built on reports, which were sometimes un-  
commonly vague, and which did not in any  
case, reach the point of certainty; but at  
length has come decisively good news. The  
Chairman of the Submarine Telegraph Com-  
panies has received from their agent at Aden  
a telegram, dated yesterday, which says:—  
"Stanley arrived at Zanzibar, having left Liv-  
ingstone alive and well." The explicit-  
ness of the intelligence removes all doubt.  
The whole of England will read with gladness  
that the great discoverer has not perished,  
but is alive, and is soon, no doubt, to come  
back to England with rich stores of the ex-  
perience gathered in regions that, perhaps,  
have been visited by no other white man.  
Livingstone's countrymen look upon him with  
some such pride as they might regard a dis-  
tinguished soldier. His courage, his endur-  
ance, his love of adventure, are qualities which  
the youngest and the oldest can understand  
with equal ease. Indeed, such great travelers  
as Marco Polo and Mungo Park, and such dis-  
coverers as Captain Cook, have taken a curi-  
ously strong hold on the memory of the mass  
of men. We shall all be anxious to hear the  
story of Livingstone's wanderings during these  
years, when he has been hid from us as if by  
the darkness of the grave. It will be a won-  
derful story of life amid tribes and races who  
differ from us, on the one hand, almost as  
much as they differ, on the other, from cer-  
tain creatures to whom Mr. Darwin has given  
a high scientific interest. It must not be for-  
gotten that we are indebted for good news of  
Livingstone to American love of adventure  
and courage. Mr. Stanley is the agent of a  
New York Journal, and, in fact, he is a "special  
correspondent." He must have done his  
work with rare courage and sagacity, and some  
measure of the welcome which awaits Living-  
stone will be given to the bold American who  
has found out that the long lost traveler is  
"alive and well."—*London Daily Telegraph*,  
June 14.

### SINKING OF THE MARINERS' CHURCH AT LIVERPOOL.

One of the most singular shipping accidents  
that has happened in the Liverpool docks  
took place on Thursday night. For nearly 45  
years there has been moored at the south  
end of the George's Dock a dismantled man-  
of-war, which was used for divine service on  
Sundays, and known as the Mariners' Church;  
and about eleven o'clock on Thursday night  
the watchman in charge discovered that some-  
thing was wrong with the ship, and on exami-  
nation he found that the vessel was taking  
in water at the bows, and was settling down  
in the water. He at once ran down the gang-  
way leading from the ship to the dock and  
gave the alarm. Assistance was soon at hand,  
but notwithstanding all attempts to keep the  
vessel afloat, she gradually sank until the rest  
of the bottom of the vessel had been perforated in  
a number of places by rats, which swam in and  
about the docks. The vessel was yesterday  
full of water up to the ceiling 'tween decks,  
and as no efforts were being made to raise  
her, it is not at all improbable, considering  
her age, that she will be broken up, as for the  
last three or four years the services have been  
very meagrely attended. The history of the

# THE STAR.

Mariners' Church is as follows: Shortly after the opening of the George's Dock, about 1820, a Mariners' Church Society was formed; and an application being made to the Government for a ship, to be adapted for church service, the society was presented with an old man-of-war named the *Tees*, in 1827. How old the vessel was before she was presented to the society is not at present known, but her general build certainly did not appertain to the models of the present century.—*Manchester Times*, June 8.

**LATENT POWERS.**—Literary and political aspirants of 45 years ago may remember three competitors, constantly together, who attracted attention by their social position, their personal gifts, and their easy, careless, unmistakable air of latent superiority. They had hitherto done little or nothing to distinguish them from other young men of promise, although they looked and talked as if they could do anything or everything when they chose to set about it. But they had turned aside from college honours; they would hardly take the trouble of getting up a subject for a debating club; and the most admiring of their contemporaries would have been startled to be told that this sauntering, pleasure-loving, *poco-curante* trio were to become, one, Lord Chief Justice of England, the mainstay and ornament of the Judicial Bench; another, an eminent statesman and one of the most popular writers of the age; the third, the representative of Great Britain as chief of some half dozen Embassies in succession, ending with Constantinople, and a successful author to boot. We need hardly say that we are speaking of Sir Alexander Cockburn, Lord Lytton, and his elder brother, Lord Dalling and Bulwer, familiarly known as Henry Bulwer, whose character has just been brought within the recognized domain of biography by death.—*London Times*.

**THE DEVIL FISH OUTDOES.**—The *Gibraltar Chronicle* of the 29th ult. says: "A huge specimen of the sun-fish order was captured at Catalan Bay on Saturday last. It was taken in the nets, which were much damaged by it, and secured with great difficulty. It has been identified as the *Orthogoriscus Oblongus* of Cuvier; a branch of the sun fish family not usually met with in these waters, but noted as sometimes caught at the Cape of Good Hope. It was impossible to take an accurate measurement of the fish, which was floating close by the beach, but it was about 8ft. long, 5ft. broad, and 2ft. in thickness, and probably would weigh 10 or 12 cwt., and was decidedly oblong in shape."

## THE STAR.

HARBOR GRACE, JULY 12, 1872.

TO-DAY we have a fine northerly breeze; no doubt a quantity of fish will thus come along. We trust Providence may yet shortly ease all of us of the doubts and fears entertained of the fishery in general. Several boats arrived this morning with good catches, and we anticipate a continuation of fine takes.

OUR correspondent, "Hopeful," requests us to urge our citizens to get up a "Regatta." We do urge them to entertain the proposals conveyed through the letter of that writer. The excellent gigs of our Fire Company will, no doubt, spoil on account of dry-rot, unless "wetted" by an ablation; no matter whether fresh or salt water. We understand a meeting anent the same will shortly be held, and are "hopeful" of bumper financial contributions.

THE return cricket match, between an Eleven of Harbor Grace and the Victoria "steam" of Carbonara, took place on the ground of the latter, last Wednesday. It is only justice to state that the Harbor Grace Eleven were not thoroughly represented, owing to the inability of several good players to be present. We expect that—on account of a subsequent challenge—our young "professionals" will make one more effort to erase the great difference in the scoring.

By request of the friends of the late Captain HEATH, we publish the following extract taken from the inquisition, held 7th May, 1872, at the house of Mr. James Murphy, Petit de Grai:

"That the said Philip Heath, on the 6th day of May, in the year aforesaid, in the town of Arichat, in the county aforesaid, Dominion of Canada, then and there driving in a wagon, with a single horse; it so happened that the seat of the said wagon tilted backwards and he, the said Philip Heath, did accidentally, casually, and by misfortune fall from the said seat to and against the ground, and by means thereof, the said Philip Heath did there, and then receive one mortal concussion in and upon the head, which resulted in paralysis, and from which he died at Petit de Grai on the 7th May, at the hour of quarter past seven o'clock, a.m.; and so the jurors on their oath

aforesaid do say that he, the said Philip Heath, in manner and by means aforesaid, accidentally, casually, and by misfortune came to his death, and not otherwise."

A TELEGRAM from St. John's to-day, invited the Fire Company to take their boats to that place for the purpose of engaging in a rowing contest. We learn, however, that owing to the anticipated Regatta they have in view here, they will not this season be able to attack the "lovers of the oar" in the Metropolis. The following is a duplicate copy of telegraphic despatch received by Mr. Michael Hartry, First Director:—"Our Regatta fixed for 30th. Will you take part and bring boats over?—S. C. MILROY."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

[TO THE EDITORS OF THE STAR.]

DEAR SIRS,—Would you please urge our citizens to get up a "Regatta." The weather now is very much adapted for such a purpose. For years past boats have not been afloat to beat those now travelling the waves for pleasure. I understand that the younger members of the Fire Company will shortly practice in their splendid gigs *Albert*, *Minnie*, and *Weasel*. It would be well for the sailing boats of our locality to have a stiff tug, so as to test their speed, as betting runs high, and judges can only be obtained when a set to may be organised. The rowing of our boaters here is already famous, and trust the liberality of those empowered with riches will lend a helping and willing hand to our young practicals in that line.

Yours, &c., HOPEFUL.

[TO THE EDITORS OF THE STAR.]

DEAR SIRS,—We are very anxious to try our skill in that interesting game, (so-called Cricket) and as I have just heard with great interest the well-contested match between the Elevens of Harbor Grace and Carbonara; if I can infer from the report, I believe Harbor Grace players now to be in a very *ruddy* condition, (sunburnt and otherwise) and I have not the least doubt that *England's Own Eleven* will be their next competitors. In the mean time hoping for a friendly game,

I remain, yours, FUN AND A DOZEN YOUNG FUNS.

[FOR THE HARBOR GRACE STAR.] SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS.

BY "AULD REEKIE."

I quite agree with your correspondent, "Bar-num Burnum," on the great necessity we have for shows, and therefore beg to say, "let's have 'em." I think a very good "show" is a half-dozen all being shaved at the one time, one towel for the lot, six perforations made for the necks of the culprits, and the barber swinging the lather from the cheek of one to that of another. Another kind of "show" is the circus, where we notice the pompous manager is followed by the fool, the said "pompous gent" taking care to inform all that he "does not follow the fool" the fool at the same time satisfying himself and every one else by exclaiming, "I do." "B. B." says, "we dig and delve as our fathers were wont to do." I can't see it; my father never grew cheese in the garden. I do it; it is all alive and invisible in a short time—will be happy to "show" any one how the engineering of Cicero's cheese factory is worked, as well as the process of abstracting whalebone oil from caplin.

## LOCAL VARIETIES.

The accounts of the fishery so far are not encouraging. From the north the only satisfactory advices are from Pogo and its neighborhood. At Twillingate and vicinity little or nothing had been done at latest dates, and this applies generally to Green Bay. Greenspond is the only part of Bonavista that furnishes favourable tidings, and in Trinity and Conception Bays very little progress has been made. In St. John's and as far as Cape Race we have rarely known so little done. From Trepassey there are no very reliable accounts, but it is understood that there and in St. Mary's Bay things are backward. The account from Cape St. Mary's, as far as they go, are good. From Placentia Bay we are not well informed; and we know nothing farther west, except that about Lamaline some good was being done.—*Temperance Journal*, July 6.

Intelligence by mail from the Wesleyan Conference of Eastern British America has been received that the Rev. J. Cranford is appointed senior preacher and Rev. Mr. Mulligan his colleague to take the places of the Revd. Messrs. Dove and Teed who have so ably filled the pulpit in the Wesleyan Church in this town for the past three years. We further learn that Revd. Mr. Dove, goes to Twillingate, and Revd. Mr. Teed to Bay-de-Verde, N. S.—*Ledger* July 9.



## Latest Despatches.

LONDON, 5.

A telegram from Paris asserts that a threatening conspiracy by the royalists at Lucide Brogite, for the overthrow of the republic was recently discovered. Thiers took energetic action to suppress it, and it is believed that the dangerous movement has been defeated.

A grand American banquet at Geneva yesterday was presided over by the United States Minister Rubbee, and supported by Caleb Cushing and Adams. Toasts to Her Majesty, the Queen of England were enthusiastically received by the assemblage.

In the Bank of England, bullion decreased £487,000 during the week. A conflagration is raging at Constantinople, a thousand houses in the poorest quarters and suburbs of Scutaria have already been destroyed, and no indications that the fire is under control.

NEW YORK, 5.

The anniversary of independence was observed all over the country with the usual demonstrations.

Weather intensely hot.

Wells, ex-Secretary of the navy, publishes a letter favouring Greeley for President.

Greeley and Chase had an interview at Newport yesterday.

PARIS, 5.

The reported conspiracy for the restoration of monarchy is pronounced without foundation, and the excitement is subsiding.

The members of the Left in the assembly called on Thiers and expressed their sympathy, and offered him their support.

LONDON, 6.

Two communists named Bonorin and Pruil lac, convicted by court martial, were executed this morning at Satory.

The Ministry of Finance has signed a convention with the officers of the Bank of France whereby the latter agreed to loan the government forty million francs.

The Spanish Republicans have reconsidered their determination to abstain from voting while monarchy exists, and will vote for members of the Cortes on the 24th August.

The Carlists captured a mail train near Lenda, and a number of important documents belonging to the government were burned.

NEW YORK, 6.

The band of the English Grenadier Guard gave a concert at the Academy of Music in New York last evening, to a large audience.

There were twenty-three deaths from heat on Thursday at Philadelphia.

A fire occurred in an Ohio coal mine, and nine men and a boy were smothered.

This morning weather somewhat cooler; thermometer yesterday 98 in the shade.

Thirty-four new cases of sunstroke were reported yesterday; deaths 33.

Judge McCam died suddenly this morning, caused by great mental depression at being declared guilty by the court, of imprisonment.

The deaths this week up to noon to-day number 1569, the largest death roll of any week in the history of this city.

President Grant and family arrived here this morning to see their son, Ulysses off to Europe, to be absent till October.

CUBA, 8.

More men of the *Fannie* expedition have been captured, and fifty-four cases of ammunition found where they were buried.

The fortnightly report of the government announces 196 Cubans killed, 236 captured, and 270 surrendered; the Spanish losses are 3 killed, and 22 wounded.

OTTAWA, 6.

The election writs are expected to be issued in a week. It is declared on government authority, that Campbell, Post-Master-General will shortly be appointed Chief Justice of Ontario, Richards retiring on account of ill health. McDougall will then re-enter the Cabinet.

The government inquest at Belleville is still proceeding.

MONTREAL, 6.

The Hon. Mr. Dorian announces his intention of retiring from political life. He leaves for England to-day to argue a law case before the Privy Council.

NEW YORK, 6.—Gold 113½.

DIGBY, 8.

About two hundred people arrived to-day, principally from St. John and Halifax. The hotels are all full. Falton and Brown are both in good condition, and their friends are confident. Betting quiet and even. Falton's friends showing more disposition to back him. The St. John four oared crew arrived here to-day, much regret is expressed at the non-appearance of the Halifax crew. The weather is delightful. A large crowd gathered on the pier this evening to see the boats out.

PARIS, 8.

The Assembly on Saturday, with only four dissenting votes, ratified the treaty for the evacuation of the French territory by German troops. The Right persists in denying that any credit is due to Thiers for the conclusion of the treaty. The loan treaty comes up in the Assembly to-day.

MADRID, 8. The Spanish authorities are waiting for General Sickles to ask for the pardon of Dr. Howard before they grant his release. This, Sickles refuses to do on supposition that Howard is not guilty and is unjustly held.

LONDON, 8.

It is stated that Bismarck has received assurances from three of the great Catholic powers, consenting to a conclave of Cardinals, in order to have a perfect understanding between Cardinals and the governments interested in the Pope.

England, Italy, and Switzerland, decline accepting the modifications proposed to treaty of commerce by France.

NEW YORK, 8.

The Grenadier Guards Band sailed from New York, on Saturday after an enthusiastic reception and an excellent concert here.

Property of the New York Central railroad to the value of \$23,000 was burnt in West Albany on Saturday night.

The number of deaths last week in Philadelphia were 764, an increase of 350; one half being children under one year old.

The Delegates to the Democratic convention at Baltimore have arrived. It is uncertain who will be temporary or permanent officers. There is little doubt but Greeley will be nominated unanimously on the first ballot.

A telegram from Sickles to the Department of State says, an order has been given to discharge Howard, and to restore his property.

Stokes was on the stand to-day, and swore that Fisk drew a pistol on him first, and he shot him in self defence.

LONDON, 9—A. M.

The House of Lords last night was crowded by an expectant throng, who anticipated a lively debate on the Ballot Bill. Their Lordships voted not to insist on their previous amendment, making the use of the Ballot optional, but decided to adhere to the amendment making the Bill provisional. Other important amendments were abandoned. These concessions will probably satisfy the Commons and secure the passage of the Bill.

The Italian Parliament has been prorogued. A Bill to raise a loan of three million francs, and more if necessary, has been submitted to the French Assembly.

NEW YORK, 9.

After Stokes' statement had been concluded yesterday, Miss Mansfield testified to threats which Fisk made against the prisoner.

It is now thought that Thomas A. Hendricks will be permanent Chairman of the Baltimore Convention.

A New York regiment has been ordered on duty in the armories, on July 12th, to act instantly in case of a collision between the Orangemen and the Catholic Irish.

The Democratic National Convention met at Baltimore at noon to-day, Augustus Belmont called the convention to order, and presented Thomas Jefferson Randolph, of Virginia, as temporary president. Mr. Belmont, in his opening address endorsed Greeley and the Cincinnati platform. It is believed that Greeley will receive the nomination to-morrow on the first ballot.

The eight hour labor strike in New York has collapsed.

The impression prevails that sufficient evidence has been produced by the defence in the Stokes murder trial to cause great probability of a disagreement of the jury.

The schooner *Pioneer*, an alleged Cuban privateer, was captured last evening off Newport, R. I., by a United States revenue cutter.

His Honor the Administrator in Council has been pleased to appoint the Hon. Robert Thorburn to be President, Hon. James S. Clift, Director and Secretary, James McLoughlan, Esq., to be Director, and Mr. Michael B. Kearney to be Clerk and Accountant, of the Saint John's General Water Company; and Dr. Charles H. Renouf to be Acting Coroner for the Central District; and William J. Coen, J. P., Esq., to be Surveyor of Shipping, Grand Bank; and Mr. Denis Fahey to be Member of the road board of the Upper Division of Bay-de-Verde, in the room of William Boyce, deceased.

Secretary's Office, 2nd July, 1872.—*Gazette*.

## MARRIED.

At St. John's, on Tuesday, July 2, at the Cathedral Church, by the Rev. G. M. Johnson, assisted by the Rev. E. Botwood, (incumbent of St. Mary's Church,) John W. Withers, Esq., of the Colonial Secretary's office, to Emma Hoyles, daughter of Frederick W. Rennie, Esq.

## DIED.

On Tuesday, the 9th inst., after a long and painful illness, which he bore with truly Christian resignation to the Divine will, Mr. William Purke, aged 74 years.

## SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF HARBOR GRACE. ENTERED. July 11—Broadalbane, Power, Sydney, coal; Paterson & Foster.

12—Esmeralda, Miller, Cadiz, salt—Punton & Munn.

July 6.—Devoy & Co.

Stabb, Isak

8—Florence, B.

Mary Ann, B.

Clyde, Noel,

July 6—George

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St. Mary's P

June 29.



FEAR NOT.

Men may frown, and men may scoff—  
Fear not!  
If you cast all weakness off,  
Taking sides with Right and Truth,  
Victory will come forsooth—  
Fear not!  
Life has not all sunny skies—  
Fear not!  
Often in the dark cloud lies  
Brightest sunshine. Ill is good  
Of, when rightly understood—  
Fear not!  
Proudest monuments are those—  
Fear not!  
Which from noble actions rose;  
All brave men may build them high  
Crowned with flowers that never die—  
Fear not!  
Courage is the good man's shield—  
Fear not!  
Cowardice can never yield  
Honors which we all would wear;  
Cowardice begets despair—  
Fear not!  
Shun the evil, seek the right—  
Fear not!  
Truth is honor truth is might;  
Firmly stand by all that's true;  
Scorn the false. In all you do,  
Fear not!  
Fear was never made for those—  
Fear not!  
Who the wrong and false oppose;  
He who acts thus wins the prize;  
Life immortal in the skies—  
Fear not!

ROSE FANE'S TRIAL.

[CONTINUED.]

I declare, my little wife, replied Charley, languidly, you have solved what has always been to me a great difficulty—the mystery of my own character. I believe you are right. I am weak-minded; every one seems to do what he likes with me; but I will endeavour to improve.

There seems to be more hope for wicked men than for weak ones, sighed poor Rose. What a doctrine! laughed her husband; you must have a course of orthodox reading, Rose; your philosophy is all wrong. So he laughed away her warnings and serious words.

Charley Fane was not a drinker, nor a gambler; he was weak, easily led, and seemingly without those firm, strong principles which should be as a rock for every one to lean upon.

The shadow grew deeper and deeper. The time came at length when poor Rose began to dread the approach of evening. They dined together at seven. It was almost pitiful to note the young wife's anxiety as the hour drew near. Dinner was always so neatly and so tastefully prepared, the table ornamented with flowers, the windows thrown open for the fragrant breeze—no home could be more happy. As seven drew near, Rose would go to the window, she would walk down the garden path, stand under the tall lilac trees, and look down the road. There would be no sign of him. Faint and sick at heart she would sit down to her solitary dinner, and watch the night through for him.

It was lonely beyond all words: hour after hour would strike, the sunbeams die away in the glowing West, the birds cease their singing, the flowers bend their dewy heads, the pale pure stars gleam in the evening sky. Yet, still all alone the young wife would pace wearily up and down the room. She could not read nor work at those times. Her whole heart and soul were in one tumult of alarm.

Long after midnight had struck, Charley would come home, looking very flushed and handsome. He would scold her in a good-humoured way for sitting up, telling her she should go to sleep when the flowers did. To do him justice, Charley had the sweetest and easiest temper ever known. He never answered poor Rose's reproofs and reproaches impatiently. He seemed to take life altogether as a grand joke, and that light view of things jarred upon her earnest sensitive nature.

Try and think Charley, she would say to him, life is not the pleasant jest you make of it; one must be earnest sometimes.

You think enough for both of us would be the laughing reply.

Sometimes, however, he would tell her how the head of the firm of which he was manager, would speak gravely to him of his faults, his easy careless disposition.

The bright smiles had begun to fade from Rose Fane's sweet face. She made no complaint. To her mother and the world at large she spoke of Charley as the best of men. She did not like owning, even to herself that he had faults. True and good, she never named them to another.

CHAPTER III.

So two years passed and it seemed to Rose Fane that her happiness had drawn to an end. Charley was too amiable and easy tempered ever to speak aught but kindly to her; but her trust and faith in him were broken, her confidence destroyed.

Mr. Fane had recently made the acquaintance of a Mr. Sinclair. He was a man of some wealth, but no great reputation. His money had been made by betting. He was the "bete noir" of every wife and mother in Burton. He not only drank much himself, but he persuaded others to do so, and then easily won bets and wagers.

Charley was delighted with him. He enjoyed his wild stories, and wilder sallies; from him he learned gambling, in all its branches. Once he took him home to the Laurels to dinner; then for a short time, he saw him in his true light. The stories that had seemed so witty when told around the wine-table, appeared coarse and vulgar when related before his gentle, fair young wife. The wit that had charmed him seemed to fade into mere flippancy beneath her pure calm gaze. Rose took an intense dislike to Sinclair. She felt instinctively that he was her husband's greatest enemy.

Rather pretty, that little wife of yours, said Mr. Sinclair to Charley, when Rose left them together; rather pretty but given to preaching, I should imagine. I never allow my wife that privilege.

I will thank you not to speak so of my wife, said Charley, haughtily. Whatever she may be given to, I will trouble you to keep your remarks respecting her to yourself.

His friend affected to laugh and treat the matter as a joke, but in his heart he vowed deep and bitter hatred against both husband and wife.

From the time of Charley Fane's introduction to Mr. Sinclair he changed considerably for the worse. Hitherto his greatest fault had been his too easy, careless way of yielding to every one; his absence of self-reliance and a want of earnestness painful to those who loved him best. Had he met with a true, noble, sincere friend, he would have benefited by it—he would have been led to better things; meeting with a bad one, he went rapidly on the downward path. He became infatuated with gambling; and no sooner was he released from business than he rushed off to join Mr. Sinclair. Then came weary vigils for the lonely wife, whose sweet face grew more wistful and sad every day. People began to talk about Charley Fane and wonder how it was that with such habits he still continued manager of the largest and best business in the county.

One evening—will Rose Fane ever forget the time?—Charley was late, as usual. It was in the middle of the bright month of June. He had kissed his wife that morning, and told her he should be home by seven, and would take her out. Rose knew too well the value of his promises to have much faith in them; but a faint hope such as never quite dies in the heart of a true wife—a faint hope came that he might keep his word, and the future be fairer than she dared to believe. But seven and eight o'clock passed—there came no Charley. The evening was warm and bright,—the air was filled with perfume. Out in the garden the roses bloomed; the white hawthorn clustered on the hedges, the purple violets mingled their fragrance with that of the mignonette and jessamine; a faint breeze stirred the drooping blossoms of the golden laburnum, and bent the plumed lilacs. It was one of the delicious evenings given to earth to remind one of that brighter land, where flowers eternal bloom. Through the long warm hours the young wife sat in the pretty garden, alone. Tears dimmed her bright eyes when she remembered her short dream of happiness, so soon over. She thought of Charley as she had first known him, and as he was now. She was too loyal and true to think of Paul, whose love would have been a shield to her.

I must be brave, she thought,—brave and patient unto the end.

Sad and sorrowful were her musings among the flowers. The golden sunbeams died out at length. The little maid came to say that tea was waiting; still Rose did not move. She watched the moon rise and the pale stars come out and glimmer in the darkened sky.

It was the church clock, ringing out the hour of eleven, that roused her,—eleven, and there was no sign of her husband. The night air grew chilly, and she went in-doors. An indelible nervous dread seized her—a foreboding—a presentment of coming evil. Twelve, one, and two rang out in the clear night air. She heard footsteps at last, slow and heavy. Rose went quickly to the gate—it was her husband; she met him

there, and gazed in speechless alarm at the ghastly face upon which the moonlight fell.

What is it? she cried, but he spoke no word. He took her hand in his, and led her into the house. What is it, Charley? she cried again, tell me,—what is the matter? I cannot bear to see you so.

His white lips moved, but he could not speak. Never had Rose gazed upon a face so full of wild despair as his. She knelt by him and clasped her slender arms round him. Charley, she said, in a hoarse voice, you are killing me—tell me what it is.

Then he looked at her; at the sight of that sweet imploring face his courage and strength gave way. Charley Fane bowed his face upon his wife's drooping head, and wept as he had never wept before.

Tell me, darling, she whispered, what is it?—can I help you?

I am a villain, Rose, he cried, a miserable, weak villain. My wife, I cannot look at you and tell you what I have done. Your face shames me. If I had listened to you—if I had but listened to you, Rose.

She did not speak; with one gentle hand she smoothed the chestnut hair that had fallen over his brow; she waited for his next words with a heart cold and sick with dread. I wish I had died years ago, he cried, before I blighted your life, Rose.

She whispered to him that her life was all his own, and that she gave it to him gladly.

Tell me what is wrong, Charley, she said, gently. Though all the world fail you, I am true. Tell me that I may help you.

I cannot, even to my own wife, he replied; I cannot say the words; it seems to me, that if I give utterance to them, I am lost. There is nothing but death for me, Rose. Better than a felon's cell.

She soothed his wild ravings as good and gentle women alone can soothe those in despair. Little by little she drew from him the following story. He was going home that evening as he had promised, when he met a gentleman, a creditor of the firm, who stopped him, saying that he was just on his way to seek him. He wanted to pay an account long standing, and would call on Friday to give a large order for many things he wanted.

Your firm have told me pretty plainly said the gentleman, that I must pay one debt before I contract another. I know it will be useless to call on Friday unless I pay to-day.

They went into an hotel, where Charley, having written out a receipt, placed the money carefully in his purse and again started for home. The bank was closed, or he would have left it there as he passed. Unfortunately he met Mr. Sinclair, who persuaded him to have "one—only one" game at billiards.

It was with quivering lips Charley told the story of his shame. They began to gamble, and they played high: he lost. In the mad excitement of the moment, almost without knowing what he did, the unhappy man took out his purse containing the hundred and fifty pounds paid over to him.

I shall double it in ten minutes, he thought; in less than that he had lost it all. The shock sobered yet maddened him. He flung the money in Mr. Sinclair's face. You have won, and have ruined me! he cried.

Not ruined by the loss of such a bagatelle as this, said Mr. Sinclair, coolly counting over the bank-notes.

I cursed him for his coolness, cried Charley; I cursed myself for my wild reckless folly; nothing can save me, Rose. I am a ruined man. I will die any death rather than stand in the dock—nothing can save me. If I cannot pay the money to-morrow, Leeson will go on Friday, and then all will be known.

Her face grew white as his own, her lips quivered, her hands trembled.

Could you not borrow the money, Charley? she asked.

There is not time, he said, despairingly. I know no one who could lend me a hundred and fifty pounds at a moment's notice. I must pay the penalty. Oh, Rose, my mad folly has ruined your life and mine.

She began to fear for him, a deep burning flush covered his face, his eyes were full of a wild deep horror, for which there was no name. With gentle words she persuaded him to go to his own room. She laid him down upon a sofa there.

Charley, she said, listen to me—try to understand. I am going away, and I will not return without the money. I will get it for you.

Ah, me, it was not upon the strong man, whose deep sobs shook his whole frame, that the burden fell,—not upon him, but upon the gentle fragile wife, whose face in that moment looked heroic and sublime.

Charley, she said, bending over him, try to be calm. You sinned recklessly, not willfully; there may be mercy for us: kiss me before I go.

He touched her pure sweet face with his burning lips. She knelt by him for some minutes with bowed head, then rose calm and brave, holding as it were her husband's life and her own in her hands.

When Rose Fane passed out of the house the faint gray dawn of morning shone in the eastern sky. There was a musical hum as of birds and bees awakening; a sweet perfume as of blooming flowers sighing to the breeze; all was calm, serene, and fair—so different in the golden hush of the morning from the wretched scene she had just quitted. She looked back once at her home, the scene of her brief dream of happiness and long night of sorrow; then with a prayer on her lips, she went on the bravest, saddest errand ever imagined.

CHAPTER IV.

Paul Ashton sat alone in his office. He was not much changed. He looked older and sadder; there was a wistful, sorrowful expression in his eyes, a worn look upon his face; the smile was less frequent upon his lips, and the musical, ringing, hearty tone had gone from his voice. He had worked hard, worked to drown memory and care; yet there were times when a sweet fair face came between him and his papers—when he was deaf to all other sounds save that of a sweet, clear voice, saying, I am so sorry for you, Paul. I esteem you, but I love Charley Fane best.

He had done brave battle with his sorrow, and tried to live it down. It clung to him, even his love had done. That noble, constant nature could know no change. He could never love again. He sat on this bright June day busily engaged with his papers; yet, despite all, his thoughts would wander. That fair face would haunt him. He drove it remorselessly away, yet there were the sweet lips smiling, the dark blue eyes shining.

I must be haunted! cried Paul, in despair. Even at that moment there came a rap at the outer door.

A lady wishes to see you immediately, said the clerk.

Ask her in, said Paul, listlessly. A lady, closely veiled, entered the office, and he rose to offer her a chair.

Pray be seated, madam, he began; but two little hands were outstretched towards him, and a faint, low voice cried, Paul, do you not know me?

Rose!—Mrs. Fane!—can it be you? said Paul, utterly bewildered.

The raised her veil, and looked at him. He had been haunted by the sweet fair face of Rose Ashleigh,—he hardly recognised the one he gazed upon; it was white,—white with shame, sorrow, and despair. The smiling lips were pale and drawn, the blue eyes wild, and full of horror. This face upon which he gazed was like a shadow of the pretty, gentle girl he loved.

You told me, she said, faintly, you told me to come, if ever I wanted a friend,—I want one now.

At the sound of that voice Paul Ashton roused himself. In a moment he had placed her in the large, easy chair.

Do not trouble, Rose, he said; do not fear. If my life can serve you, you shall have it. Tell me what is wrong.

And to him, the man she had rejected, poor Rose told the story of her husband's sin and sorrow.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE STAR

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