

# The Star,

## And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Tuesday, October 29, 1872.

Number 48.

### OCTOBER.

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

FOR SALE.

### RESERVES & GROCERIES!

Just Received and For Sale by the Subscriber—  
**Fresh Cove OYSTERS**  
Spiced do.  
**PINE APPLES**  
**PEACHES**  
Strawberries—preserved in Syrup  
Brambleberries do.  
—ALWAYS ON HAND—  
**A Choice Selection of GROCERIES.**  
T. M. CAIRNS.  
Opposite the Premises of Messrs. C. W. Ross & Co.  
Sept. 17.

### NOTICES.

**J. HOWARD COLLIS,**  
Dealer and Importer of  
**ENGLISH & AMERICAN HARDWARE,**  
Picture Moulding, Glass  
Looking Glass, Pictures  
Glassware, &c., &c.  
**TRACING GEAR,**  
(In great variety and best quality) WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.  
221 WATER STREET,  
St. John's,  
Newfoundland.  
One door East of P. HURCHES, Esq.  
**N. B.—FRAMES,** any size and material, made to order.  
St. John's, May 10. tff.

### HARBOR GRACE

**BOOK & STATIONERY DEPOT,**  
E. W. LYON, Proprietor,  
Importer of British and American  
**NEWSPAPERS**  
—AND—  
**PERIODICALS.**  
Constantly on hand, a varied selection of School and Account Books  
Prayer and Hymn Books for different denominations  
Music, Charts, Log Books, Playing Cards  
French Writing Paper, Violins  
Concertinas, French Musical Boxes  
Albums, Initial Note Paper & Envelopes  
Tissue and Drawing Paper  
A large selection of Dime & Half Dime  
**MUSIC, &c., &c.,**  
Lately appointed Agent for the OTTAWA PRINTING & LITHOGRAPH COMPANY Also, Agent for J. LINDBERG, Manufacturing Jeweler.  
A large selection of  
**CLOCKS, WATCHES**  
**MEERCHAUM PIPES,**  
**PLATED WARE,** and  
**JEWELRY** of every description & style.  
May 14. tff.

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

### NOTICES.

## PAINLESS! PAINLESS!! TEETH

Positively Extracted without Pain  
BY THE USE OF  
**NITROUS OXIDE GAS.**  
A NEW AND PERFECTLY SAFE METHOD.

**Dr. LOVEJOY & SON,**  
OLD PRACTITIONERS OF DENTISTRY, 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 Method.

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 Premiums at the world's Fair in London and Paris.  
Teeth filled with great care and in the most lasting manner. Special attention given to regulating children's Teeth.  
St. John's, July 9.

**W. H. THOMPSON,**  
AGENT FOR  
**Parsons' Purgative Pills.**  
**W. H. THOMPSON,**  
AGENT FOR  
Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

**BANNERMAN & LYON'S**  
**Photographic Rooms,**  
Corner of Bannerman and 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.**  
tff  
May 14.

**G. F. BARNES,**  
**Blacksmith & Farrier,**

**BEGS** respectfully to acquaint his numerous patrons and the public generally, that he is **EVER READY** to give entire satisfaction in his line of business. All work executed in substantial manner, and with despatch.  
OFF LeMarchant St., North of Gas House.  
Sept. 17.

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

### P O E T R Y .

#### A Fisher-Girl.

Aloft on the cliff, in a shining row,  
Seven sea-gulls preening their breasts of snow;  
A wild surf breaking for evermore  
In mellow thunder on shoal and shore.

The waste sand dunes, by the salt wind kissed,  
Peer out from the curtains of creeping mist,  
With a sparkle of morning, and over the bay  
The swift sails melt like a dream away.

The tide runs in, and the tide runs out,  
Leaping the low reefs with riot and shout,  
And fair little Muriel sits in the sun,  
Counting her treasures one by one;

A curious pebble, a dainty shell  
Shaped like an Elfin diving-bell;  
A bit of amber, a coral spar,  
Spoils of the tropic seas afar;

A wonderful, weird, sea-woven crown  
Of weeds and mosses, purple and brown;  
Such coronals as the Lurie fair  
Braids from the sheen of her golden hair.

And sweet little Muriel, woman-wise,  
Over her tresses the garland tries,  
And never a Naiad blushed and smiled  
In fairer guise than the fisher child.

With cheeks like the pink anemone,  
And eyes as blue as the blue of the sea;  
Her bare white feet, and the bubbling snow  
Blushing under the rim of her bodice low;

Her scarlet lips, her teeth like pearls,  
And the slanting rain of her wind-blown curls,  
That break from her garland in ripple and ring,  
Yellow as daffodils born in spring;

Over her dimpled shoulders, white  
As the combing surf in the wan moonlight  
Down to her supple waist they shine,  
Flecked with the spray of the dancing brine.

Skimming the shallows, her darling's boat  
Ruffles the shining foam afloat;  
And wings, and the shadows of wings, flit  
Over  
The sunlit path of her fisher-lover.

Up the shingle the white wave slips,  
And a wild song bubbles across her lips:  
"The winds are merry, the fair ships ride  
The tumbling gold of the rolling tide."

"Oh, youth is rosy, and love is sweet,  
But sorrow follows with lagging feet,  
And beauty fades, and life grows gray,  
But love is the youth of the heart for aye!"

### EXTRACTS.

#### Great Fire at the Palace of the Escorial.

A telegram from Madrid states that the celebrated monastery at Escorial was struck by lightning on the 1st inst. The dome and tower had fallen on the Royal Palace and set fire to the splendid library and manuscripts. The fire brigades and engineers left Madrid for the scene of disaster with all the necessary appliances and material. The following is the latest telegram which has been received as to the progress of the fire:—

"Madrid, Thursday.  
"With the assistance despatched from the capital the fire at the Escorial has been localised, and active measures are progressing to save the grand library. Numerous books and parchments have already been saved."

#### Description of the Escorial.

The Escorial, or, as it is proudly styled by the Spaniards, "the eighth wonder of the world," was built by Philip II. of Spain and is said to have engrossed more than thirty years of his life. It is situated twenty-four miles from Madrid, and even in its glory was one of the dreariest royal residences in the world. In this it reflects in a peculiar manner the morbidity of mind which characterised its builder. The common tradition that Philip built the palace in pursuance of a vow which he made at the time of the great battle of St. Quintin, the 10th of August, 1557, has been doubted. It is certain that the design to commemorate the victory by this structure, as is intimated by the dedication to St. Lawrence, the martyr on whose day the victory was gained. The building was designed expressly as a mausoleum for Philip's parents, as well as for their descendants of the Royal line of Austria. But the erection of a religious

house on a magnificent scale that would proclaim to the world his devotion to the faith was the leading idea in the mind of Philip. It was, moreover, a part of his scheme to combine in the plan a palace for himself; for with a taste which he may be said to have inherited from his father, he loved to live in the sacred shadows of the cloister. The site selected is among the mountains of the Guadarrama, on the borders of New Castile, and to the north-west of Madrid. The healthiness of the place, and its convenient distance from the capital, combined with the stern and solitary character of the region, so congenial to his taste, give it the preference over all other spots. Encompassed by rude and rocky hills, which sometimes soared to the gigantic elevation of mountains, it seemed to be shut out completely from the world. The air was salubrious, and the winds swept down from the neighbouring sierra with the violence of a hurricane. In April of 1563 the first stone of the monastery was laid, and in August of the following year the King laid the corner stone with his own hands. During the years of its erection Philip's visits to the scene of labor were long and frequent. In 1577, the Escorial was so far advanced towards completion as to afford accommodation not merely for Philip and his personal attendants, but for many of the Court, who were in the habit of spending some time with the King there during the summer. On one of these occasions one of the great towers of the monastery was struck with lightning and in a short time the upper portion of the building was in a blaze. The tower trembled under the fury of the flames, and fell, carrying with it a splendid chime of bells. Sundry inestimable relics perished in the flames, but Philip's sorrow was mitigated when he learned that a bit of the "true Cross" and the right arm of St. Lawrence were rescued from the flames. As regards the architectural merits of the building, few foreigners are found to acquiesce in the undiluted panegyric of the Castilians. The traveller who gazes on its cold lines of grey stone, scarcely broken by an ornament, feels a dreary sensation creeping over him. It is impossible to view it from a distance, and see the mighty pile as it emerges from the depths of the mountains, without feeling how perfectly it conforms in its aspect to the wild and melancholy scenery of the Sierra. Nor can one enter the consecrated precincts without confessing the genius of the place, and experiencing sensations of a mysterious awe as he wanders through the desolate halls, which fancy peoples with images of the past. The architect of the building had to comprehend in the edifice at once a convent, a palace and a tomb. He had, moreover, another difficulty of a more whimsical nature to surmount. The plan of the building had to be accommodated to the form of a gridiron—as typical to the kind of martyrdom suffered by its patron saint. Thus, the long lines of cloisters with their intervening courts seemed as the bars of the instrument. The four lofty spires at the corners of the Monastery represented its legs inverted; and the palace extending its slender length on the east furnished its awkward handle. The entire pile according to current accounts, has 48 wine cellars, 80 staircases, 800 columns, 73 fountains, 1,860 rooms, 11,000 windows 14,000 doors, and cost £3,000,000. Probably no single edifice ever contained such an amount and variety of inestimable treasures as the Escorial,—so many paintings and exquisite workmanship, composed of the most precious materials. Philip the Second gathered to it several hundred cases of the bones of saints and martyrs, depositing them in rich silver shrines of elaborate workmanship. He collected four volumes in various languages as the basis of the fine library of the Escorial. The care of successive princes preserved the palace-monastery from the rude touch of time; but they failed to save it from violence. The French saw in the Escorial a monument of their own defeat. A body of dragons burst into the monastery in 1808, and the ravages of a few days demoralised what it had cost years and the highest efforts of art to construct. The apprehension of similar violence from the Carlists in 1837 led to the removal of the finest paintings to Madrid. The Escorial ceased to be a royal residence. Tenantless and unprotected it was left to the fury of the blasts which swept down the hills of the Guadarrama. Of the three objects to which the edifice was devoted, one alone survives that of a mausoleum for the royal line of Castile. The spirit of the dead broods over the place—of the sceptred dead who lie in the same dark chamber where they have lain for centuries unconscious of the changes on all around them. There is still an effort to keep it up in its forlorn condition by grants from the State.—*Newcastle Chronicle.*

Munson, of Worcester, used occasionally to be absent from his flock on missionary tours into distant States. Upon a certain summer Sabbath, having just returned from one of these excursions, he found his congregation quite drowsy, and for the purpose of waking them up he broke off in the midst of his sermon, and began to tell them of what wonderful things he had seen in York State. Among other wonders he said he had there seen the largest mosquitoes it had ever been his fortune to fall in with—so large in fact, that many of them would weigh a pound!

The good people were by this time wide awake.  
"Yes," continued the parson; "and, moreover, they have been known to climb up a tree and bark!"  
The congregation were sleepy no more on that day. On the day following two of the deacons waited upon Parson Munson, and informed him that the members of his parish were much scandalized by the big stories he had told them from the pulpit.  
"What stories?" said the parson, with innocent surprise.  
"Why, sir, you said that you had seen mosquitoes in York State that would weigh a pound!"  
"I said," returned the parson, explanatorily, "that many of them would weigh a pound; and I do really think that a great many of them would weigh a pound."

"Well—but," continued the elder deacon, with a slight choking in his utterance, "you said they had been known to climb up a tree and bark!"  
"Certainly," said the parson, with an assuring nod. "As to their climbing up on a tree, I have seen them do that here in Worcester county; haven't you, Deacon?"  
"O, yes—I have seen 'em do that."  
"Well—how could they climb a tree without climbing on the bark?"  
The good deacons went their way with something like a musquito humming in their ears.

#### Poisoned Sweetmeats.

Dr. Pattinson, an analytical chemist, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, has been making an examination into the quality of sweetmeats, such as are usually sold to children.

He found that out of thirty-five different kinds, obtained from twenty different dealers, twenty-eight were colored with poisonous material. The poison most commonly used is some preparation of lead.

The diseases caused by lead poison are among the most terrible which are produced by anything.  
This experiment will serve as a warning to parents to practice greater care in providing sweetmeats for their children. If they are to be used at all, it is safer to make them at home. Then you know what they contain.

#### Temperance Tracts.

A singular statement is made in an Auburn newspaper. A few weeks ago, a gentleman who was passing through Auburn left a package of 500 temperance tracts with the chaplain of the prison, for circulation among the convicts. The tracts were searchingly scrutinized by the chaplain, who found that they were written with great care, and likely to do good. They discussed the various aspects of the temperance question, and among other things mentioned the various drugs and poisons of which liquors are often made, giving analyses and explanations of the way they are manufactured, with a view to show how deleterious they are to health. The tracts were distributed. Soon afterward various convicts were found in an intoxicated condition. On investigation, it came to light that a number of them had actually made use of the recipes in the tracts, and produced a kind of whiskey, on which those in the secret had been revealing light detected. How they obtained the materials from which to make it is not stated.

#### Cure for Diseased Potatoes.

The potato disease, so bad in Ireland this year has appeared in several places in Canada, though in a mitigated form. A gentleman, who expresses himself as quite certain as to the efficiency of his recipe for treating diseased potatoes—a subject which is just now engaging much attention in the English press—sends us the following:—  
"Take the potatoes up as quickly as possible, expose them to the sun for twelve days, or thereabouts, and the disease is completely stopped. They can then be kept for a length of time (say six months) when they can be converted into starch, for food or for use in the laundry."  
The recipe is worthy the attention of agriculturists.—*Toronto Mail.*  
There are twenty thousand Jews who reside in London.

#### A Parson's Strategy.

The following is old—it belonged to the last generation—but it may be new to many of the present day. Old Parson





THE STAR.

An Aim. Give me a man with an aim, Whatever that aim may be, Whether it's wealth or weather it's fame, It matters not to me.

On False Pretences.

Chapter I.

There were three of us, Julia, Jane, and I, all married from our mother's house long years ago. Only half in jest, my mother would sometimes say that in her daughters' marriages she had quite run the round of matrimonial reasons; for Julia married rank, and Jane wealth, while Rose, silly child—that's I—married for love, and nothing more.

happiness by whispering what we knew; that rude men called our villa 'a hutch' and our parties 'vapour baths,' and spoke of us as 'good catches,' not for our merits, but for the stingy old woman's wealth's sake.

When, therefore, my marriage with Roland Rare was a settled thing, the day appointed, and the bridal dresses were ordered, my mother and I waited upon Aunt Stebbing. A strange, dread old lady she seemed to me on this my first meeting with her.

Chapter II.

My mother, who could build a false position upon little, was able to build false hopes upon nothing. The castles she managed to rear upon that shabby man's message were huge fortifications of Fortune.

least, not exactly. Bullion's is a good firm. Mr. Dare is in good society,—he makes dear Rosa very beautiful presents.

In acting fairly and above board, interrupted my aunt. You don't inquire, because you can't stand inquiry.

My mother trembled with the anger she dared not show, the more because, even to my ears, aunt's words had the ring of truth in them.

Ma'am, said the old clerk, looking up. Roland Rare, Bullion and Bonder's? she asked.

What could this mean? The old woman, with her head bowed and her hands clasped behind, took two or three strides up and down the room, as her husband the stock-jobber might have done before her.

However, said my aunt, stopping short, hard lessons are best learned early. I wish you joy. I hope your Roland expects nothing from me, for he won't get it.

With such indifferent greeting, and another cold kiss upon her hard cheek bone, she led us to the door. The iron gate at the other side of the wilderness of nettles opened, when the gray old clerk inside pulled a string, and we walked out alone.

Beg pardon, ladies, said the little man, overtaking us before we had got to the street corner, a message. Mrs. Stebbing will call on the young lady, May twenty-seventh, at five p.m.

Eight months, said I, and I declare, my birthday! So it is, cried my mother, her face brightening out of the gloom of chagrin it had worn at the iron gate.

Chapter III.

My mother, who could build a false position upon little, was able to build false hopes upon nothing. The castles she managed to rear upon that shabby man's message were huge fortifications of Fortune.

ooks. Nay, excepting that I was to live with my Roland for ever and ever, I had no thought of even where we were to live when my mother's was my home no longer.

My dear Mr. Dare, she said one evening, very near the day, what arrangements have you made for my daughter's future home,—her residence I mean?

I saw trouble in Roland's face, and answered for him, poor fellow! I don't care what they think, mamma, said I. Why should we care what people say?

For shame, Rosa! Those are not the principles on which you were brought to the position in society that you occupy, returned my mother, severely.

What do you suggest? asked Roland. We are inexperienced, you see. Now you are practical and business-like, Mr. Dare, replied my mother.

It is small, no doubt, continued my mother, complacently; but you must make shift until you see what, well, how things turn out; and it's only eighty pounds a year.

Poor Roland! what a coward love made him. He winced as if a bad tooth had given a sudden twinge. I knew why, that awful eighty pounds was nearly half his income.

I am afraid, Mrs. Grayling, began Roland, you will find your trouble. Not at all, not at all, interrupted my mother, too eager with her scheme to hear an objection, and imagining only one possible.

Here my mother dropped tears on her wool-work, and had to be kissed and comforted. That villa! Oh, that villa! Well named The Thorns. What thorns it sprinkled on our path of roses!

That villa! Oh, that villa! Well named The Thorns. What thorns it sprinkled on our path of roses! Its very name so stung and worried poor Roland and me for the weeks that followed, that we were obliged to leave it to despair and my mother. That poor two hundred, dear father's legacy to each of his three girls, was to have been my starting fund in life, and in the squadron of painters and decorators who took possession of The Thorns we saw it melting into air.

every presentable relative to contemplate her magnificence, and secretly to sneer at it. I know the spiteful Fobbeses did. They tell me that the six bridesmaids made a picture never equalled in St. Mary's church, that the curate felt the occasion, and read beautifully.

Then it was over; and with some heartfelt kisses and some genuine tears, things that will fall at parting from any place called home; and mine, false in its show to the outside world, had still been a happy one within, we went away.

There was the usual crowd of idle people at the gate, lagging errand boys and nursery-maids to see the sight, and the poor old man one sometimes sees with a little piece of carpet to spread upon the pavement, and a dirty white shoe to throw at the departing carriage, the same old man who bawls for the carriage and bothers you with a lantern at a ball.

Chapter III.

Four weeks of forgetfulness of all mortal cares, four weeks of golden sands and emerald sea, of walks beneath the moonlit cliffs and breezy rides across the sunlit downs, four weeks in Hastings, a fairland Hastings, not the Hastings I knew before; then home to The Thorns, to start up wide-awake to life's realities.

How I hated that place! How I abhor its memory! If my feet sunk into the pile of the rich carpet, I shrank within myself, was it paid for? If I saw my face in a mirror, it reproached me, was the thing mine? The chimneys of our marble timepiece, too, measured out the time that kept out the tradesmen's bills.

Trouble peeped out from the damask curtains and crouched under every chair. Yet, as we had shunned if not concealed the truth before our marriage, we dreaded to face it now. The reality might be worse than the suspicion. We dared not ask my mother the cost of all our magnificence, we dreaded the unpleasant explanation. We must wait and worry ourselves until the truth came of its own accord.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"I came for the saw, sir." "What saucer?" "Why, the saw, sir, that you borrowed." "I borrowed no saucer." "Sure you did, sir; you borrowed a saw, sir." "I never saw your saucer." "But you did; there's the saw now, sir." "Oh, you want the saw. Why didn't you say so?"

THE STAR

AND CONCEPTION BAY SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER, Is printed and published by the Proprietors, ALEXANDER A. PARSONS and WILIAM R. SQUARY, at their Office, (opposite the premises of Capt. D. Green) Water Street, Harbor Grace, Newfoundland.