

THE CARBONEAR HERALD, AND OUTPORT TELEPHONE.

Vol. 1.

CARBONEAR, NEWFOUNDLAND, SEPTEMBER 25, 1879.

No 19.

THE CARBONEAR HERALD

AND

OUTPORT TELEPHONE,

Is Printed and Published from the Office, west of the Post and Telegraph Offices, Water Street, Carbonear, every THURSDAY MORNING.

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Advertising Rates.

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All communications to be addressed to the Editor, Proprietor and Publisher,

J. A. ROCHEFORT,
Herald Office, Water St.,
Carbonear, Nfld.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROUTE OF THE LABRADOR MAIL STEAMER, 1879.

(The Northern Coastal Steamer will Connect with this Service at Battle Harbor.)

LABRADOR Steamer to leave St. John's on the 10th July, call at Harbor Grace—thence to Battle Harbor; from Battle Harbor direct to Salmon River, calling at Henley Harbor, thence on return calling at Blanc Sablon, Forteau, Lance-a-Loup, Red Bay, Chateau, Henley, Chimney Tickle and Cape Charles.

PROCEEDING NORTH—From Battle Harbor to Spear Harbor, Francis Harbor Bight, Dead Island, Venison Island, Puch Bowl, Bateaux, Indian Tickle Grady, and then go direct to Indian Harbor, Mannock's Island, Ilack and, Cape Harrigan.

RETURNING SOUTH—Calling at Turavick, Adnavick, Ragged Islands, Cape Harrison, Sleigh Tickle, Holton, Emily Harbor, White Bears, Smokey Tickle, Bake Apple Bight, Indian Harbor, Rigouette, Pack's Harbor, and Indespendent, two last places alternately.

Long Island and South East Cove, alternately.

Grady.

Indian Tickle.

Batteaux and Domino alternately, Punch Bowl and Seal Islands, alternately.

Comfort Bight and Bolster's Rock, alternately.

Venison Island.

Tub Harbor and Snug Harbor, alternately.

Dead Island.

Ship Harbor and Scrammy Bay, alternately.

Fishing Ship's Harbor and Francis Harbor Bight, alternately.

Little Harbor.

Murray and Spear Harbors, alternately, and thence to Battle Harbor.

The following trips will be the same as above except after the first round trip in September the steamer will not be required to go north of Holton, but after that trip must call at all Harbors between Bateaux and Henley Harbor, for Herring Fishery news.

JOHN DELANEY,
Post-Master General
St. John's, June, 1879.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

A DIVIDEND on the Capital Stock of this Company at the rate of Ten per cent per Annum, for the half-year ending 30th June, 1879, will be payable at the Banking House in Duckworth Street, on and after SATURDAY, the 12th instant, during the usual hours of business.

By order of the Board,
R. BROWN,
Manager.

A CARD.

JOHN A. ROCHEFORT,

NOTARY PUBLIC.

"Herald" Building, Water St.,

CARBONEAR, NFLD.

Next Post & Telegraph Offices

All business transacted with punctuality and satisfaction.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEWS PER MAIL.

European.

The Spanish Marriage.

A Paris despatch to the 'Daily News' says that the opposition in Spain to the marriage of King Alfonso with the Archduchess Marie of Austria is assuming serious proportions.

By His Excellency Sir JOHN HAWLEY GLOVER, Knight, Grand Cross of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael & St. George [L. S.] Governor & Commander-in-Chief in and over the Island of Newfoundland and its Dependencies.

WHICHESAS by an Act passed by the Legislature of this Colony, in the 41st year of the Reign of Her Majesty, entitled, "An Act respecting the fishery of Lobsters," it is enacted, that "The Governor in Council may, after such public enquiry and notice as shall be deemed expedient, from time to time, by order, restrict, or prohibit, either entirely or subject to any exceptions and regulations, the fishing for and taking of Lobsters within any District or part of Districts in this Colony named in the Order, during such period either in every year or in such number of years as may be limited by the Order and may by the Order provide for enforcing the Order and any restriction or regulation contained therein, by fines not exceeding One Hundred Dollars;" that "All Orders made, and all alterations or revocations of Orders made under this Act, shall be published in the Royal Gazette and one other Newspaper in the Colony, for the period of One Month before the same shall take effect;" and that all offences against this Act, or against any Order made in pursuance of this Act, may be prosecuted, and all fines under this Act or any such Order, may be recovered with cost of suit, on summary conviction before a Stipendiary Magistrate; and in default of payment of any fine, the same may be recovered by distress and sale of the offenders Goods and Chattels; or in case of such default he may be committed to prison for a period not exceeding Three Months, or until payment."

Now, therefore, I, the Governor, by and with the advice of my Council, do order that—1st. No person shall, within any District in the colony, between the 5th day of August and the 31st day of the same Month, inclusive, in any year, fish for, Catch, Kill, Buy, Sell or have in his possession, any Lobsters for the purpose of being Canned or Tinned, or put or preserved in Tins or Cans otherwise, for Exportation; and upon the Person Fishing for, Catching, Killing, Buying, Selling or having in his possession any Lobsters within the said period, shall in all cases devolve the proof that such Lobsters are not for the purposes aforesaid.

2nd. Soft shelled and young Lobsters, of less size than Nine Inches in length, measuring from Head to Tail, exclusive of Claws or Feelers, shall not be at any time Fished for, Caught, Killed, Bought, Sold or Possessed, but when caught by accident in Nets or other Fishing apparatus, lawfully used for other Fish, such Soft shelled and young Lobsters shall be forthwith liberated alive, at the risk and cost of the Owner of, or Person working such Net or apparatus, or whom in every case shall devolve the proof of such actual liberation.

3rd. All Offenders against the provisions of these Orders shall be subject to a fine not exceeding One Hundred Dollars, or imprisonment for a period not exceeding Three Months for each Offence.

GIVEN under my hand and Seal at the Government House, in St. John's, this Nineteenth day of May, A. D. 1879.

By His Excellency's Command,
E. D. SHEA,
Colonial Secretary.

CARD.

JOHN A. ROCHEFORT,

NOTARY PUBLIC.

"Herald" Building, Water St.,

CARBONEAR, NFLD.

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denly a tall man, afflicted apparently with St. Vitus' dance, with hair disheveled rushed forward with a loud cry, and with foaming lips seized the snake with both hands, tore it violently asunder, and plunged its bloody and palpitating end into his mouth. This seemed a signal for a general scramble. In a moment three or four men were tearing the writing fragments with their teeth, and with eager greediness devoured them in large mouthfuls, until not a particle of the snake remained. They then drew back with seeming reluctance, wiping their bloody lips with their hands.

dering and subsequently eating a girl to whom he was betrothed. Men have been excommunicated for killing and eating their own children, and some have slain their fathers in order to appease the pangs of hunger. In some of the northern districts whole villages stand empty, their inhabitants having one and all perished for want of food.

Lord Chelmsford.

Lord Chelmsford is probably the poorest peer of the realm. His private means certainly do not exceed \$10,000 a year, and has no expectations. His second brother is a cavalry officer, married, and with children. The next is a Judge, with a salary of \$25,000 and childless—the only affluent member of his family. The fourth son is one of the Lord Chancellor's secretaries. The late Lord Chelmsford had for over 20 years an income of \$50,000 to \$75,000 from his practice at the bar; then became Lord Chancellor with a salary of \$50,000, and a pension of \$25,000 on retiring. Yet, although he lived to 86, he left but \$250,000. He was a domestic man, and devoid of vices, but he had a wife who was resolved to vie in the fashionable world of London with persons having hereditary incomes of \$250,000 and upward. Of three daughters, two married men with a few hundred pounds a year, and the third is single. The sons have not married women of fortune. A position about the court yielding perhaps \$4,000 a year is all that Lord Chelmsford can probably now look forward to. Probably the next poorest peer to Chelmsford may also be found in Zululand in the person of Lord Clifford, grandson of another late Lord, a gallant young fellow who won the Victoria Cross in Ashantee. The British army contains very few wealthy men past 40. Numbers of rich youths enter the Guards or crack cavalry regiments, but retire at their father's death. Wellington and Marlborough were young sons.

Major Cavagnari's Services.

Pierre Louis Napoleon Cavagnari, who was butchered at Cabul, was of Italian extraction and of good birth. During the late Afghan campaign he served as Chief Political Officer to the General Commanding the expedition.

It was mainly due to his exertions that the British armies were enabled to file through a hilly country almost unoccupied, if we except the slight skirmish of Ali Musjid. He carried on all the negotiations between the contracting parties of the peace, now so treacherously broken. When at length the campaign was ended, he, with a few trusted officers and a slight body guard was left as an Embassy at the Afghan Court, in Cabul. His staff consisted of Capt. Jenkyns, Secretary; Dr. Kelly, and Lieutenant Hamilton, who commanded the escort. He joined the 1st East India Regiment, now the 101st Regiment, as 1st Lieutenant on the 9th April, 1850; was promoted to Lieutenant on the 17th March, 1860; and to Captain on the 9th April, 1870. He was then transferred to the Civil Service of India, as a Deputy Commissioner, in which capacity he has been since employed, doing good service for his country. His war services are:

Oude campaign, 1858-9. He was present at the capture of five guns from the Nussaabad Brigade at Shahelutunge (medal). He served as political officer with the Kohat Force under Colonel Keyes, and was present at the surprise and destruction of the Bizottee Village of Gara, on the 27th Feb. 1869, and received the thanks of the Punjab Government, and of the Governor-General in Council. Served with Afghan force in the last expedition, and was one of the chief signers of the Treaty of Peace lately signed at Cabul. Was appointed Chief Ambassador to the Court at Cabul on the termination of the campaign. While holding this post the embassy was attacked, and the inmates, about 1000 in number were slaughtered. With Horace we may say of him "It is sweet and glorious to die for one's country."

THE CARBONEAR HERALD AND OUTPORT TELEPHONE.

The Lost "Hortensius" of Cicero.

We are indebted to the last number of the "Athenaeum Belgo" for an important communication taken from the "Giornale di Sicilia" of May 5, respecting the "Hortensius" of Cicero. The Sicilian journal published a letter from M. Vincenzo di Giovanni, of Palermo, to his friend Professor Ugo Antonio Amico, giving an account of two manuscripts now in the public library of Palermo, which in the sixteenth century belonged to the Latin poet Sebastiano Bagolino, of Alcamo. These manuscripts contain commentaries by Schifaldus on the "Art Poetica" and on "Persius"; but the second contains also a catalogue of Bagolino's library, in which, to quote from M. di Giovanni's letter, "Men of letters will be rejoiced to see the name of the famous 'Hortensius' of Cicero, all traces of which have been lost since the beginning of the twelfth century." * * * It is now certain that the "Hortensius" was still in existence in 1604, the date of Bagolino's death, that is after the end of the sixteenth century." After giving the cataiobus of Bagolino's library the writer concludes in words with which all scholars will sympathize: "An agreeable surprise for persons interested in classical literature, Cicero's famous book still existed in Sicily at the beginning of the seventeenth century; how much greater the surprise, could it be brought to light again?" Can anything be ascertained as to the fate of Bagolino's library?

The New Viceroy of India.

The story which reaches us this morning from Paris that the British Government is on the point of recalling Lord Lytton from India, and of sending out the Earl of Dufferin in his place, gains color of authenticity from the source to which it is credited. Mr. Borthwick, of the "Morning Post," is well known to hold closer and more confidential relations with the Beaconsfield Government than any other journalist in London, and he is not likely to have given currency to such a report, had it been merely one of the thousand and one rumors which fly east and west daily out of the windows of every public office. Lord Lytton, if not a positively unsuccessful, has certainly not been a brilliantly successful ruler of India, to which he was hurriedly sent from his post as Minister at Lisbon, with no special preparation, and with no particular expectation, indeed, at the time, that he would do anything more than represent the views, and carry out the decisions of a singularly wilful and positive Indian Minister at home. If Lord Dufferin goes to India he will go there from St. Petersburg after an opportunity, which it may be taken for granted that he has thoroughly improved, of familiarizing himself with the policy, and so far as possible with the plans of the great empire which is looming up almost daily nearer and nearer to the frontiers of England in the East. Such an appointment would mean that England expects "business" in India, and is preparing herself to meet it.

Burning for Thirty-six Years.

About three years ago the "Observer" reported the case of a citizen of this county who, having married in 1843, lighted a fire on his hearth-stone as soon as he carried his bride to his new home, and had kept it burning ever since. The citizen was in town yesterday, and, being questioned about the matter, stated that the fire was still burning, and that throughout all these thirty-six years it has never been allowed to go out. Questioned as to whether or not it made the house uncomfortably hot in torrid weather, he said the extra heat thus generated was not perceptible. In reply to another question, he said that in the summer weather, when he was necessary for comfort's sake to keep the fire burning very low, he had to get up frequently at night to replenish it slightly, but that he counted this as nothing when he contemplated the idea of that fire going out. He has evidently formed for it a strong attachment, and yet one would not take him for a sentimental man. But this fire to him is a constant reminder of the day when he first brought home his bride. Around it his children have grown up to manhood and womanhood, and their children have gazed into its light. It was the last light that fell upon the eyes of his wife, and he hopes that it will be the last that will fall upon his. Viewed thus, his sentiment in the matter can be understood, and so strong is this sentiment that with the old man it amounts almost to a passion.

JOB PRINTING
of every description neatly executed at the office of this paper.

AGENTS FOR HERALD.

The following gentlemen have kindly consented to act as our agents; all intending subscribers will therefore confer a favor by sending in their names and subscriptions that they may be forwarded to this office.

St. John's—Mr. W. J. MYLER, Water St.
Brigus—Mr. P. J. POWER School Teacher,
Bay Roberts—Mr. G. W. R. HIERLHY.
Heart's Content—Mr. M. MOORE.
Batt's Cove } —Mr. Richard Walsh, Post
Little Bay } Office, Little Bay.
Twillingate—Mr. W. T. Roberts.
Fogo—Mr. Joseph Rendell.
Tilton Harbor—Mr. J. Burke, Sr.
Kings Cove and Keels—Mr. P. Murphy.
Bonavista—Mr. P. Templeman.
Catalina—Mr. A. Gardiner.

For the present all intending subscribers or advertisers at Harbor Grace will please hand in their names to A. T. Drysdale, Esq.

THE CARBONEAR HERALD

"Honest Labor—our noblest heritage."

CARBONEAR, N. F., SEPT. 25.

The French Shore Question.

We are much gratified to learn from the "Newfoundlander" of Friday last, that the above mentioned, which for so long a period has literally been the "questio vexata" of this colony, to the serious detriment of its most vital interests, is at length, thanks to the energy and ability of our worthy Premier, in a fair way of settlement, and that, to quote the words of our contemporary:

"It appears most prob'le that some agreement will be determined, some mode of relieving the present deadlock devised in the course of the next few months."

We perfectly agree with our contemporary in the opinion that no treaty concluded between the two powers could at any time have contemplated the perpetuation of a "dog in the manger quarrel" between the subjects of England and France, to the permanent injury of Colonial interests. Notwithstanding our undoubted territorial rights upon this portion of the coast, we are, owing to the undefined limits of treaty rights on the part of the Governments of France and England, still debarred from the practical utilization of resources, which, upon the very best authority, have been pronounced as of untold value and importance. Through the past season both Governments having expressed a desire for a final settlement of this long pending difficulty, at the instance of the Imperial authorities, the hon. Attorney General visited Britain as the representative of our local Executive, and from all we can learn, though negotiations are not yet concluded, much benefit has resulted to Colonial interests from the visit of the hon. and learned gentleman. That negotiations in connection with this important subject, should as yet remain unsettled, more particularly in the face of questions of serious importance at present demanding the attention of the Imperial authorities, should be no matter of surprise to any reasonable mind; but we have every confidence that, judging from the marked success as regards the conservation of Colonial interests attendant upon the labors of Mr. Whiteway in connection with the late Halifax Commission, a similar satisfactory result may naturally be expected to follow from his recent mission.

Fog Alarm, Cape Spear.

We are informed, upon good authority, by recent advices from St. John's, that the Fog Whistle or Alarm, erected upon the locality referred to, within the past two years, has lately from some cause or other, to a certain extent, failed to fulfil the object of its erection, namely, that of warning vessels approaching our eastern coast in foggy weather, of

their dangerous proximity to land. Our informant positively states that this alarm is not heard by vessels coming from the southward, especially steamers. Now as the latter, making the harbor of St. John's, keep in close (so as not to overrun the port) until they reach the bill of the cape, the defect referred to, becomes a matter of serious importance, and one demanding immediate attention. Even as regards the danger to sailing vessels from the same source, we need but refer to the loss in the immediate neighborhood, not long prior to the erection of this alarm, of the ill-fated "Mayaguezana," a calamity which most undoubtedly would have been avoided, had an effective means of warning been at hand.

Correspondence.

To THE EDITOR "CARBONEAR HERALD."
St. John's, Sept. 23.

I notice that you have lately through the columns of your valuable journal, been strenuously advocating the establishment of a Fire Brigade in your town. Now this is a step in the right direction. To tell a stranger that a town the size of Carbonear, with so many wooden buildings, is without a Fire Brigade; why he would simply say that the people were comparatively uncivilized. How often do we hear of towns, even with Fire Companies and other means of protection against fire—brick and stone buildings, &c.—being partially burnt down. What then would be the chance for poor Carbonear, if one of her many wooden buildings took fire on some fine windy night? The bewildered citizens would only have to gaze quietly on and see their properties, but partially insured, [for I believe the people of the town have great difficulty in effecting insurance] gracefully succumbing to the fiery element. Men of Carbonear, this is an age of progress; and the next step towards progress that ought to be taken in Carbonear should be the establishment of a company of a score and a half of her "bone and sinew" to protect her from fire. If the Telegraph office should not be burnt when this big fire takes place,—for take place it must, sooner or later, under present conditions—I would not be surprised to hear that the whole of the picturesque little town of Carbonear had been totally destroyed by fire. You, Mr. Editor, would bestow an everlasting benefit on the community of Carbonear, if through your columns you could wake the people to the true sense of their position, and induce them to put the proper machinery in motion towards carrying out such a necessary undertaking. In the Metropolis things go on very quietly at present,—not even a fire to give our firemen something just to keep their hands in,—but in three or four weeks time we shall have plenty to keep our time employed, when the hardy sons of toil return from their labors, to lay out their earnings in the purchasing of their winter stock. The weather lately has been all that could be wished for—fine healthy westerly winds, just cold and strong enough to blow the leaves off the trees and remind us of the approaching winter. An advertiser in the "Evening Telegram," Samuel G. Collier, intimates to the public "that he now has in full blast, a first class Coffee House—which flourishes under the name, style and title of the 'East End Coffee Tavern,'—situate immediately opposite the premises of Messrs. L. O'Brien & Co." An establishment of this description is not to be sneezed at, and it only takes one who has felt the benefit of these houses, to be able to appreciate them. By the way, the whole establishment may be called a Restaurant—the latter word being derived *ex duobus Latinis, Res a thing and Taurus, a bull—a bulky thing.*" Mr. Nannery is again here with a first-class Theatre Co., catering for the amusement of our townpeople during the fall season. He intends remaining about eight weeks, and notwithstanding the "hard times" the Total Abstinence Hall has been literally crammed every night since his arrival. The two "nice young men" who were so struck with the favorite actress, and who presented her with bouquets, &c. on her departure last spring, are to be seen at the hall every night admiring their "idol." It must be a very peculiar sensation to be stage-struck. It was my intention in this letter to make reference to various other matters, but I fear I have already trespassed too much on your valuable space.

Yours, &c., J. M.

To THE EDITOR OF "CARBONEAR HERALD."
HARBOUR GRACE, Sept. 79.

SIR,—

At the close of the day on which the Harbor Grace "Standard" of the 6th inst. made its appearance, I was reclining—luxuriously reclining—at home in my sitting room, with my feet elevated to the mantle piece—"a la Americane"—you know,—when I unconsciously fell into "that sweet mood when pleasant thought brings sad thoughts to the mind." This delightful state of feeling was mostly induced by the perusal of that "choice and varied assortment" (as our shop keeping friends would say) of original contributions which figured so prominently in the columns of your contemporary of the day aforesaid. But, Mr. Editor, the effusion which affected me more than all besides, was that over the signature of "Siclus"—an effusion which, let me add, would, only for one thing, do credit to the pen of a Bacon, an Addison, a Macaulay. Ah! yes, rare indeed is it that a gem of that description finds its way into any of our public prints. Wrapped in soft seductive musings of the busy mind, I sat on and on, utterly oblivious to everything, even to the existence of our friend Mr. Cetewayo. My reverie, however, was interrupted by the deep shadows cast in my room by the expiring beams of the declining sun. Springing to my feet I hastily seized a pen or pencil, it doesn't matter which, and jotted down a few fugitive thoughts as they came thronging into my brain—jotting which perhaps you may deem worthy of a place in your ably conducted, independent, and widely read journal, and here, Mr. Editor, you will bear me guiltless of the charge of flattery if I take this opportunity to congratulate you on the signal success which has already marked your journalistic career in "ye ancient and loyal town of Carbonear," a town in which, let me parenthetically say,

"I've often wished that I had clear For life, three hundred pounds a year, A handsome house to lodge a friend, A river at my garden's end."

You have given, sir, the inhabitants, at that rising and promising town, a paper of which they may well feel proud—you have given them, Sir, a paper which, I make bold to affirm, already ranks second to none in the colony for the vigor of its editorials, the choiceness of its selections or for the copiousness of its local and other news, yes, the "Herald," although but a few brief months old, has already made a name for itself—has already demonstrated that a "live" newspaper is a "sine qua non" to the true, social, moral, and commercial interests of any community. The Herald is now, I am pleased to learn, a valued and welcome visitor to many a home in the above town as well as elsewhere, and I trust will continue to be increasingly so in future. You have, Sir, my best wishes for your continued prosperity. But, Mr. Editor, I am digressing. "Revons à nos moutons"—yes, to our muttons, as the Frenchman would say, or in other words, to "Siclus," that marvellous story about the Speaker who, he says, "come round the Bay in 'a hired horse.'" "Siclus" does not tell us, though, at which extremity he entered. But, "n' importe"—he doubtless thought he could leave the imagination of the reader to fill in the details. Be that as it may, no one will, I presume, for a moment doubt but that a man of the Speaker's beard, never mind the ability, is fully equal to and well qualified for such an onerous undertaking. Yes, as a friend wittily remarked on hearing of the event "it would take more than that by a long chalk to put the Speaker horse de come Bay, 'hors de combat.'" And is it, let me ask, to be wondered at, in view of this remarkable event, if the ex-V.S.C. did hasten to Harbor Grace to witness his, the Speaker's, exit? "Siclus" did not tell us, but that some little bird which whispered to him, has also whispered to us, the fact that his ingress was not unnoticed in the capital—that, moreover, the learned Doctor himself was an interested and excited spectator of the event. Nay, more, that it was through his, the Doctor, indispensable assistance that the herculean and unparalleled achievement was successfully accomplished. What a pity that the affair was kept so close, for I am persuaded that had it been generally known that such a feat was about to be attempted, public opinion would have run riot. In truth, the excitement consequent upon the arrival in our waters of the "Uncle Sam" would have been nothing compared to the commotion and expectancy that would have been created by this wondrous undertaking. However,

to use a common though not very appropriate expression, the milk has been spilt, and its useless to cry over it now.

All then is left for you and me, Mr. Editor, is the hope—the consoling hope, that

"When he next doth ride abroad both

you and I may be there to see."

But, Sir, another thing that struck me as being somewhat remarkable in the letter of

"Siclus" was the charming and delicate obscurity in which some of the sentences were involved. I am sorry I can't quote them "verb et lit;" as I have not a copy of the paper by me; but perhaps you can recollect that part of the effusion in which reference is made to the "young friends" who made it "lively" for the old gentleman. "Made it lively," forsooth! Made what "lively?" What in the d—l, I indignantly ask, does that mean? I protest, Mr. Editor, in the name and for the sake of the ordinary newspaper reader, and I feel that you will back me up, against the ambigousness of the style which characterizes this written production. How are you, how am I, how are the public to know what "Siclus" really does mean by his obscure and ambiguous sentences? Verily it appeareth as if the time spoken of by Jeremy Taylor and others, is about to dawn upon us "When nature's end of language is declined. And men write only to confound the mind.

But, Mr. Editor, the equinoxes are processing, and I must away. Consequently I cannot dwell as long on this head as I would wish, or as its importance demands. I would therefore remark that, I am glad to find that "Siclus" doth not thus ambiguously write throughout the whole of his remarkable epistles. No! there is one notable and illustrious exception. It is to be found in the sentence in which allusion is made to the marvellous union of suavity and effrontery which appears to be the distinguishing characteristic of the first Commoner of the land. Yes, Sir, you will, I know, agree with me that "Siclus'" meaning here is perfectly clear and intelligible to even the dullest comprehension. No, there's no obscurity or ambigous about that point. For who, I ask, save and except a man of suavity and effrontery of the first water, would ever dream of coming round the Bay in "a horse"—much less in "a hired horse," and of "stopping at Brigus en route." And that, if I remember aright, "Siclus" remarks that persons who can put two and two together may find something significant in this—I presume he refers to the last mentioned fact. You're right, friend—'tis significant. We all know what is meant by "going to Brigus," and I apprehend that "stopping at Brigus en route," is one and the same thing—that the one expression is truth, synonymous with the other—with no more difference between them than "twixt tweedle dum and tweedle dee." Mr. Editor, I had intended to touch upon one or two other points calling for comment, contained in the letter of "Siclus," but I find that I have already exceeded the limits usually allotted to newspaper correspondents, so with your permission, Sir, I will conclude by offering "Siclus" a few words of plain simple advice. When next you write for the press, friend, try and use language which the people can comprehend; and for heaven's sake do not bamboozle the reader with your confounded "double en tress." Do not, we implore you in the words of Milton use sentences that are "Ambiguous and with double sense deluding." Do this, and you will at least confer a lasting favor on,

Your's significantly,

SUCISES.

To the Editor of the "Carbonear Herald."

BRIGUS, Sept. 23, 1879.

DEAR SIR,—

There appears to be at present a general dearth of items of interest wherewith to fill up and diversify the numerous periodicals now in circulation; the dailies grasping with avidity at anything and everything that come within reach, and even then falling short of being anything more than sheets of advertisements. I am glad to see that your weekly issue is steadily holding its own amidst the general pressure, and that good solid articles of public improvements or other matters of public interest and utility, continue to engage your attention and occupy your columns. Your recent articles touching the prevention of extensive fires in Carbonear, are in every way applicable to our own state, and worthy of note by our inhabitants. During the past summer we have had no less than six or seven alarms from fire, some in most thickly populated places, one of these no later than last week, when the roof of an old store, in close proximity to the mercantile premises of Messrs. G. G. Crosbie and J. G. Smith was found to be on fire and was with difficulty extinguished. In the face

of these repeated at the mercy without any means to check its rage, its fury upon us surely will do when too late been accomplished less be formed Engine. You matter could think worthy the influential towns, which a carious condition week a regular possession of this and the parties of all on our hill few at all. The pockets meet is filled all descriptions specimens of sports to be copper, let bated. The members scientific or learned, he can confess neighbouring curiosities a few miles in length hook in a large afterwards while at the foot of respondent's and found had not been but had hit the gengin he had lost it was stuck in the he thus recovered to boot. Captain Whelan's fine sailing vessel of praise and that his usual him in his ne Our good Rev. Henry overland from evening with spending a few days in the capital, where months before smooth the scenery about half way the North Side shone bright Crocker's Cove near being no intervention that juts out last mentioned quo. The hawks are awfully days of the other side of Cove Nature to give that appearance—each thereon. Friends who e cou regard houses thereof that took passage sight of the beautiful and back view. Be the Penetentiary over westward toward building, which vantage from skeleton of a construction government House—the Roman surroundings,

THE CARBONEAR HERALD AND OUTPORT TELEPHONE.

It very approach has been over it now. me, Mr. Edis ing hope, that abroad both see." But, look me as bes the letter of and delicate the sentences I can't quote e not a copy, naps you can sion in which ung friends' old gentle- " forsooth! in the d--l, t mean? I e name and newspaper will back me ness of the written pro- am I, how t "Siclus" are and am appear- eremy Tay- wu upon us uage is de- found the

nnoxes are y. Conses on this its imports therefore re- that "Sic- bously write remarkable notable and to be found allusion is of suavity is to be the of the first s, Sir, you that "Sic- cly clear ellest com- obsecrity point. For a man of first water, round the less in "a at Brigus remember at persons either may in this—I t mention- tis sign- tis meant apprehend route," is at the one mous with ference be- tweedle Ir. Editor, on one or comment, "Siclus," but needed the paper cor- missioning. "Siclus" le advice, the press, which the for bea- the reader le in ten- ou in the s that are sense do- ll at least

UCISES.

Herald,
3, 1879.

at a genera- wherewith numerous the dailies hing and reach, and anything. I my issue is the gen- id articles er matters continue to touch your in Car- able to our by our ins- summer we en alarms poplated than last store, in tile prem- J. & G. and was in the face

of these repeated warnings we are still at the mercy of the devouring element without any sort of organization or means to check its ravages when it will come in its fury upon us, which soon or late it surely will do, and then, and not till then, when too late and the mischief will have been accomplished, Brigade will doubtless be formed, and we shall have a fire Engine. Your suggestions as to how the matter could be easily accomplished, I think worthy the serious consideration of the influential inhabitants of both these towns, which are at present in such a precarious condition. During the past few weeks a regular mining fever has taken possession of the brains of all classes in this and the neighboring settlements, and parties of explorers are to be seen on all our hills (of which we have not a few) at all hours and in all weathers. The pockets of every man and boy you meet is filled with a variety of stones of all descriptions of form and color, and specimens of all the metals, or what purports to be such, from the precious gold to copper, lead and tin, are daily exhibited. The mania is not confined to the scientific or learned portion of the inhabitants, but all seem alike infected, from the members of the Legislative, the medical profession and the expounders of the Gospel, down to the barefooted urchins of the streets. Seriously speaking we hope that some good will come of all this prospecting, as there is no doubt but some very good samples of mineral have been discovered in our part of the Bay, and between this and Holyrood one or two, if not more miners will shortly be in course of operation. Next to the mining fever, our trout fishing forms the great topic of the day, but it has latterly been eclipsed by the *newer sensation*; however a few lovers of the art still find time to indulge a few hours in trolling the finny deep, and are amply rewarded for their researches. One gentleman of H. M. Customs a few days ago caught one hundred trout, some of which weighed over three pounds, a great many from two to three pounds, and none under one pound. I think his specimens were good and worth half if not all the bits of quartz in the pockets of the boys. In connection with the trout fishing, I think worth relating a curious circumstance, which occurred in your correspondent's own presence, and for the truth of which he can consequently vouch. He and a neighbouring friend were on a fishing excursion a few weeks ago, and in the morning at the head of a pond about two miles in length, his companion lost his hook in a large trout. Some six hours afterwards when on the route for home, at the foot of the very same pond, correspondent's friend hooked a fine trout and found on landing it that the hook had not been taken by the trout but had hitched in the loop at the end of the genging of the same hook which he had lost in the morning, and which was stuck in the gill of the captured fish, he thus recovered his hook and the prize to boot. Strange but true. Captain S. Whelan's fine Brig. the *William*, having been rebuilt in New Harbor, Trinity Bay arrived here last week. The spirit of Captain Whelan in not letting our fine sailing vessels entirely die out, is worthy of praise and it cannot but be wished that his usual success will continue with him in his new vessel.

Our good and beloved Bishop Right Rev. Henry Carfagnini, arrived here overland from Harbor Grace yesterday evening with the intention, I believe, of spending a few days with our venerated parish priest. His Lordship's presence is always most welcome among us, and his apparent good health and spirits diffuse a feeling of joy amongst this portion of his faithful people. I believe I have exhausted my budget of news for the present, so au revoir from,

SCRIBO.

To the Editor of the "Carbonear Herald,"

DEAR SIR,

I left Carbonear per *Lady Glover* on the 12th inst., for the purpose of spending a few days (and a few shillings) in the capital, where I had not been for twelve months before. The water of the Bay being smooth the trip across was delightful. The scenery on both sides, viewed from about half way, looked grand, particularly the North Side where, the morning sun shone brightly on the pretty villages of Crocker's Cove and Fresh Water—Carbonar being now hidden from view by the intervention of that beautiful little Cape that juts out between the harbor of the last mentioned place and that of Mosquito. The bold perpendicular rocks of Betsi Isle awakened within me recollections of days gone by, when strolling along the coast of my native country on the other side of the Atlantic. In Portugal Cove Nature and Art are so combined as to give that pretty place a fantastic appearance—each rock being so placed by Nature, that man must build a house thereon. From the Cove to the capital who could give more information, as regards houses and places and ownerships thereof than Mr. Gladney with whom I took passage that way. When within sight of the city the view is at once beautiful and picturesque—though but a back view. Beginning on the east we see the Penitentiary and Fever Hospital apparently overhanging Quidi Vidi pond, westward the Furniture Factory—a noble building, which can be seen to great advantage from the northside side—the skeleton of a large building in course of construction for Mr. Donnelly. The Government House—the House of Assembly—the Roman Catholic Cathedral and its surroundings, and that noble dwelling of

the Christian Brothers. Arrived in the city I bade Mr. Gladney good morning and proceeded to spend my time to the best advantage. First, to find out what it was that most affected the minds of the people, which, upon enquiring I found to be a case of bigamy, then before the Court. But that did not affect me much, so I continued on my course of enquiry and examination, till exhausted in body and mind, I wished to be back in Carbonar. The three men of war in the harbor presented a formidable yet peaceful appearance. The new Kirk on Duckworth Street is a very handsome piece of Architecture, and so is St. Patrick's Hall. There are a great many new buildings erected lately, also a good many in course of erection particularly about George's Town and the eastern portion of the city. But fearing to annoy you with matters you are aware of already, and my other little gleanings being of no value even to myself, and thanking you kindly for giving space to the above.

I remain yours sincerely,
REYNARD.

Jottings by the Way.

No. 5.

Having landed from the steamer and taken up my temporary quarters at the Bight, I next determined to visit the most interesting localities in connection with the mine. With this object in view, I next morning proceeded to the southern side of the harbor and after ascending the hill by a flight of rough wooden steps, terminating in a rugged path, which for some distance leads through a marsh, after another short ascent by a similarly rugged path I arrived at a plain. To the eastward of this plain after you descend a slight incline lies the locality of the mine surrounded by a number of the Company's buildings. From this point, stretching further eastward, for the distance of about one mile, is the tramway leading direct from the mine to the wharf at the loading harbor, and terminating in a short incline of about twenty degrees. Along this route which lies through a plain extending between two ranges of wood-crowded heights, at a considerable elevation above the sea level, the landscape is really beautiful, the natural feature of the surrounding country being varied here and there, by glimpses of some distant headland, lake or island scenery. At the mine of Little Bay as we I as that of Bett's Cove, the work progresses night and day, the working parties being relieved at the expiration of eleven hours, the changes being known as "night and day shifts," the hours of relief being six in the morning and six in the evening, the respective parties proceeding to work within an hour from the time of relief. Sunday however, being the day of rest, all hands employed are liberated from their work at even o'clock on Saturday night, with the exception of those employed at the various furnaces and pumps of the mine which are kept constantly going night and day without the slightest intermission. A most novel and interest sight to one visiting the mining regions for the first time, is that of the various parties of miners proceeding to or from the mine about midnight on Saturday, each man carrying a lighted candle in his hand throughout the entire distance from the mine to the harbor, or vice versa. The effect produced especially of a dark night by a body of miners with lights glittering like stars in the distance, is really picturesque and beautiful. The feat of carrying a lighted taper such a long distance, entirely unprotected by shade or chimney, though one, which might be imagined to be often impossible, is still as a general rule, most successfully accomplished owing to the dexterity of the miners, who in most instances carry their lights the entire distance and often in the face of a pretty stiff breeze. Having spent some four or five days at this interesting locality, during which every point of interest was visited and various business arrangement satisfactorily perfected I decided upon directing my steps homeward, visiting en route as many of the most important localities in the districts of Twillingate and Fogo, and Bonavista, as the limited time at my disposal would permit. Everything in readiness I accordingly embarked on the following Monday, on board the Steamer *Plover* bound for Twillingate. From Little Bay to Twillingate the passage was rendered very pleasant and agreeable, from the favorable opportunities afforded by the state of the weather, which was remarkably fine, for enjoying the prospect of the magnificent scenery which lay along our route, as also for indulging in friendly and familiar intercourse with my fellow passengers, amongst whom I would make special mention of Dr. Eales of Bett's Cove, M. Fenelon, Esq., the newly appointed Inspector of Roman Catholic Schools, who arrived at Little Bay the day previous and was just then about to enter on his first tour of inspection, and the Rev. Mr. Gunn, Presbyterian Minister at Little Bay. The conversation of the latter gentleman to whom I had the pleasure of personal introduction on board, I found upon subsequent experience to be highly interesting and of such a character as to engage my almost uninterrupted attention during the remainder of the voyage.

Local and other Items

The extensive circulation of the "Herald" throughout Conception Bay and the various outport districts of the colony render it a most desirable medium for advertising purposes. We would direct the particular attention of business men generally to the above mentioned most significant fact.

Owing to pressure on our space we have been unavoidably compelled to hold over, until our next, the letter of our esteemed correspondent "Visitor" and other interesting matter intended for insertion in our present issue.

The "A. J. White" LeBlanc master from Montreal via St. John's, to Hon. John Rorke, with provisions &c., arrived here on Monday last, 22nd inst., and having discharged portion of her cargo, left again on Tuesday for the Labrador.

The brig. "Arctic," Capt. Foote, arrived at Harbor Grace on Monday night last, after a passage of thirty days from the Brazils.

The "Golden Arm," Livingston, from Green Bay, with cargo of lumber to Messrs. J. & R. Maddock, and the "Zebra," Clunn, from Sydney with a cargo of coal, butter, &c., for the Anglo American Telegraph Co., Heart's Content, also arrived here on Monday last.

A correspondent in the "Advocate" of Saturday last, over the signature of "Observer" suggests a number of much needed local improvements. Why not adopt the proper means of carrying out these improvements, by incorporating the metropolis?

A POSER FOR THE YANKEE.—If the American loss by the Fortune Bay outrage be \$103,000, what is the Newfoundland loss by the Treaty of Washington?—"Advocate."

ANS.—Estimating the former to be X and the latter Y, the difference would be Y minus X.—ED. HERALD

"Observer" of the "Advocate" states that at present there are only about one hundred street lamps throughout the city. Three hundred would not be too many."

Could not six be spared for Carbonear.

There are at present ten young men pursuing their studies at various American and European Colleges for the Roman Catholic Church of Harbor Grace. Parents of the metropolis what are you doing?

Agricultural operations in the section of the country, during the current season, have been so far attended with the most satisfactory results. The hay crop which has this year been more than usually abundant, has been housed in good condition, whilst to the potato and other crops generally at present promise a return highly remunerative to the labor of the agriculturist.

LABRADOR NEWS.

We are indebted to the Hon. John Rorke for the following summary of Labrador news:

Fish and herring scarce. Weather rainy and unfavorable to the making and drying of fish.

INDIAN TICKLE.—Since 15th & 16th of August fishery not so good. First herring that struck in were so small in size that no notice was taken of them; weather since did not permit of herring being taken in any quantity. Weather since 1st September good, clear sky and smooth water. Herring taken, about half barrel to the net per day. 2,800 qts of good fish, fine large run, shipped on board the "Merry Heart." Correspondence under date, Indian Tickle, Sept. 13 states, we have had a wreck, or loss of a vessel here, named the "Emiline," belonging to a man named Baggs of Spaniard's Bay, a dealer of Mr. Ross of Harbor Grace. At the time of the loss the weather was fine, wind west with smooth water. Upon the vessel striking on a rock the fish was landed, the vessel ran into the harbor surveyed and condemned, Mr. Crumley, one of the surveyors becoming the purchaser. The writer says, "if this is to be called losing a vessel whilst

others are left to pay the sooner such a practice is put a stop to the better."

Venison Island, Sept. 13—Weather beautifully fine for making fish. A sad accident occurred here yesterday. A son of Dan. Callahan, of Carbonar, shot his sister dead, the gun going off accidentally, the shot passing through her head. On the whole the prospects of the season's voyage are fair, though not perhaps so good as would appear from previous advices.

TELEGRAPHIC.

HALIFAX, Sep 23.

Cetewayo at Cape Town awaiting instructions of home Government. Peace proclaimed at South Africa. China and Japan preparing for war. Bulgarian Ministry resigned.

German press regard alliance with Austria sure to guarantee European peace.

British resident at Mandalay instructed to withdraw from Burmah. King Theban treats foreigners with courtesy. Cruelties continue.

Dominion Exhibition opened at Ottawa.

Sept. 4. 2m.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN SALISBURY AND WADDINGTON.

10 OCTAVES SCOTCH WHISKY

10 QUARTER CASKS DITTO

25 CASES LORNE DITTO

50 CASES HAZELBURN DITTO

75 CASES IRISH DITTO

20 HEDDS. JEFFRY'S ALE,

50 TIERCES PORTER.

MAY 22 J. & T. HEARN

CARD.

W. J. HENDERSON,
SHIP BROKER

Commission & Forwarding Agency, &c.,
ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

MAY 29.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

The Very Rev. Jeremiah O'Donnell, the venerated Parish Priest of Harbor Main, who recently came passenger from Europe by one of the steamers of the Allan line, visited Harbor Grace within the past few days. We are much gratified to learn that the Rev. Gentleman has returned to this country in renewed health and spirits.

The general conference of the Evangelical Alliance closed on Sunday with a farewell service in the great hall of the Vereinshaus, Basle. During the week the churches and halls where the sessions have been held, have been filled with large audiences from all parts of Europe and America. Dr. Philip Schaaf, of New York, represented the Anglo-Americans. Councillor Serazin, of Basle, was elected president of the conference. About thirty delegates attended from the United States. Addresses were made during the week on Christian Union, Mormonism, Socialism, Infidelity, and other kindred subjects. Communion service was celebrated in the Cathedral, and at night, after a farewell service had been preached, the conference was declared ended. —Montreal Witness.

The twenty-sixth General Assembly of the Roman Catholics of Germany will be held at Aix-la-Chapelle on the 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th of September of this year.

Leo XIII. has selected Prevost Donnini, of Barga, to be the new Bishop of Montalciu. Prevost Donnini is a learned man and favorably known in the scientific world.

INDIAN TICKLE.—Since 15th & 16th of August fishery not so good. First herring that struck in were so small in size that no notice was taken of them; weather since did not permit of herring being taken in any quantity. Weather since 1st September good, clear sky and smooth water. Herring taken, about half barrel to the net per day. 2,800 qts of good fish, fine large run, shipped on board the "Merry Heart." Correspondence under date, Indian Tickle, Sept. 13 states, we have had a wreck, or loss of a vessel here, named the "Emiline," belonging to a man named Baggs of Spaniard's Bay, a dealer of Mr. Ross of Harbor Grace. At the time of the loss the weather was fine, wind west with smooth water. Upon the vessel striking on a rock the fish was landed, the vessel ran into the harbor surveyed and condemned, Mr. Crumley, one of the surveyors becoming the purchaser. The writer says, "if this is to be called losing a vessel whilst

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May 22. J. & T. HEARN

LITERARY.

The Rosary of My Years.

FATHER RYAN.

Some reckon their age by years,
Some measure their life by art—
But some tell their days by the flow of
their tears,
And their life by the moans of their
heart.

The dials of earth may show
The length, not the depth of years.
Few or many they come—few or many
they go—
But our time is best measured by tears.

Ah! not by the silver gray,
That creeps through the sunny hair,
And not by the scenes that we pass on
our way—
And not by the furrows of care one.'

On forehead and face have made;
Not so do we count our years:
Not by the sun of the earth—but the
shade
Of our souls—and the fall of our tears.

For the young are oft times old,
Though their brows be bright and fair
While their blood beats warm, their heart
lies cold—
Over them the spring-time—but the winter
is there.

And the old are oft times young.
When their hair is thin and white:
And they sing in age as in youth they
sing,
And they laugh, for their cross was light.

But beat by beat I tell
The rosary of my years;
From a cross to a cross they lead—tis
well;
And they're blest with a blessing of
tears.

Better a day of strife
Than a century of sleep;
Give me instead of a long stream of life,
The tempests and tears of the deep.

A thousand joys may foam
On the billows of all the years;
But never the foam brings the brave bark
home
It reaches the haven through tears.

JUDAS' PRICE.

(Continued.)

David, who had come rather late, after one quick survey of the rooms, stationed himself in one of the windows, and watched with rather an anxious face each new advent of guests. He was still watching with the impatient light darkening his eyes, when he started, hearing voices coming near him. Evidently those for whom he waited had come without his knowing; and had been here a long time, too.

'No, no, Judith,' the voice was saying, 'you surely are not going now, you would not be so cruel as to go at this early hour and leave me alone, when you know that I came for the sole purpose of meeting you.'

'But you will not be alone, my lord,' composedly answered, young pretty Judith. 'There are other faces here beside mine; there will be plenty of company even when I am gone.'

'There is only one face for me,' responded Lord Hastings, with sentiment. 'What do I care for these people? I only want you.'

'Hush!' Judith whispered, absent'y; but the young suitor, bent on not being discouraged, continued—

'And you did not make use of the jessamine I brought you, after all, 'When I was at such pains to get it for you, too. Why did you not wear it?' Tell me!'

'Because,' laughed Judith, as she lifted a spray of rich red roses to her rosy lips, 'because at the last moment, some other friend sent me a gift of these roses which are better suited to my dress—as-as you see. If you had happened to give me roses, and the other friend had sent me jessamine, be assured that I would have worn your gift instead.'

'After this, then, I'll remember always to send roses. But who is this other friend who is so thoughtful? Tell me, that I may acknowledge my sense of his kindness to you.'

The strident voice of the English officer was still vibrating on the air. Judith's lips were opening in haughty rebuke, when a sudden surging forward of the crowd left an empty space by the window, and the listeners and speakers stood face to face.

The darkening eyes of the young men met, and a glance like the lithe leap of a lance crossed on the air. Judith took a step forward, her first impulse was to fling herself between them.

'This is my friend, Mr. David,' she said with womanly quickness. 'You are aware, my lord, Art is his mistress. If he forsakes her long enough to remem-

ber to send us earthly ladies even so much as a roseleaf, we ought to feel it more a compliment than if you were to send us a whole garden of roses.'

But Judith's pleasantry had not the desired effect. They stood staring at each other—the irate young colonial painter, the handsome, haughty Englishman. Each felt the other to be a rival. The music faded out; two or three couples passed down the hall.

'By my faith, you painter fellows are said to have an easy time of it, but your looks don't show it! With an insolent laugh, Lord Hastings turned and drew Judith's hand through his arm. 'Your painter has got a lugubrious face. That is our dance. Where pleasant moments are so few, let us take care not to lose one.'

Judith hesitated, looked wistfully at David, but he made no movement to claim her. After that first fierce glance, he had not so much as looked at Lord Hastings. His eyes were fixed on the roses she carried, she had placed a single rosebud in her corsage. He looked then at her hair, it was innocent of powder, and was piled high in lovely golden waves on the cushion that was then the mode. Had he any reason for expecting to see a rose laid on that mass of curled gold?

He gave no sign. He turned his shadowy eyes coldly away, and then Judith, with a flushed cheek and her hand on Lord Hastings' arm, moved slowly towards the dancers.

It was over, she had chosen. David did not seek her again. He got his cloak and cap and made his escape from the house.

It is recorded of those days that watchmen were required, in a moderate tone, to cry out the time o' night, and give an account of the weather as they walk their round after twelve o'clock. If the sentinel on duty that December night had left any report in answer to anxious hearts, 'What of the the night watcher?' he would have said that after the twelfth hour the air grew keenly cold, a wonderful flare of Northern Lights rimmed the heavens with rows of flaming lances. It was as if an army were marching there, and red flare of battle, the streaming of blood tinged standards, and the toss of scarlet plumes, were already mirrored on the plain.

Through this splendor of Nature's cunning hand the young painter walked, meditating.

'Why should I judge her? he thought. She is beautiful to all—not me alone. I am too grave and she is too brightly beautiful. Have I sinned then in thinking too much of only her—and my Art? Oh, my beloved mistress Painting! you alone shall rule my heart after this. Your kiss I will not betray.'

He stretched out his arms enthusiastically in the cold, empty air.

After a night of restless dreams, he woke and went to his work in the morning thinking that he would forget her.

His picture he would finish—this wonderful picture of which the whole town was talking, waiting for it with a sort of wonderful expectation. And when it was done and he had drunk his fill of fame and exultation, why, then he would go abroad—to Paris!

Dr. Franklin had many times offered him letters of introduction recommending him to the many noble people there—to Madame Helvétius to the Baron Holbach, to Chastellux, all good and worthy friends of the loved old philosopher. He was busy with these thoughts putting the finishing touches to his picture, when he heard footsteps coming up in the outer room. Footsteps! he knew them well, and his hand, in spite of his fine nerve, began to tremble. He flung the curtain down over his easel, and advanced as the door opened.

'Judith! You?' he exclaimed, as if he had not suspected it might be she.

The young girl blushed.

'I ran away. Aunt Sabrina is in the shop below, and I stole away a moment unknown to her to come up here.'

She stopped. David stood looking at her, listening respectfully. But he did not offer her a chair. He had the attitude of one who waits our courtesy to hear what an intruder has to say. Heavy, hot tears crowded into her eyes.

I wanted to say to you,' she stammered, 'that—that—you must not judge me because of my conduct last night. I did not know then—I had not seen you—'

David interrupted her.

'I had no thought of judging you, dear, never once. Do not think that.' The resolution of last night was still strong

within him. 'I had no right to judge you.'

'But could you help it?' she persisted. 'I had not seen your note then—it fell from the flowers to the floor and I didn't find it till this morning—look! and she stretched out a little hand to him, 'it was folded as it is now. Do you think if I had read it I would not put the rose in my hair?'

She stopped suddenly, flushing a sham'd, sweet red. Did she remember what was written in the note? Did David too, remember what he had written? It was a prayer and he seemed to have forgotten it. He was very grave. His face was turned towards his painting. He fancied that it stretched out imploring arms to him, whispering, 'Be true to me! be true—be true!'

'I was thinking,' he said slowly to Judith, 'that I could not bear many scenes like last evening. If—if a beautiful woman were to be my wife, I should want her to be bright and joyous for me—not for the world. I could not bear sights from her, and I should want all her honor for myself.'

'And she would honor you,' burst out Judith, impetuously. 'Can you not see how all her life would be yours—how she would live in you? Oh, can you not see it? I did not get your note, I did not know—and your manner pained me. How could I tell?'

Judith, Judith, in the midst of these disjointed sentences a voice called.

The door was flung open, and Miss Shepherson entered, with Lord Hastings following her. It was an unfortunate visit—they came at an unfortunate moment. Judith, all flushed and in tears, with clasped hands and contrite attitude, was pleading for her love's love. David was standing coldly apart. He was looking at his painting; his manner was expressive of a cold indifference.

'Judith how can you vex me with your careless ways,' said Miss Shepherson, more severely than she had ever spoken to her niece before. 'If you have no regard for yourself, pray have some for me and cease these mad escapades.'

Lord Hastings smiled sarcastically, and catching the covert smile, Judith trembled with humiliation. The situation was keenly mortifying. She glanced at David; he made no sign, he did not even look at her. His eyes were fixed on these later visitors with a stare of hasty surprise at the unwarranted intrusion.

A look, a single word from him, expressive of Love's sweet interest, would have calmed the girl's excited feelings, but that look he did not give—the word he did not speak.

'Come, then,' she cried impatiently, catching Lord Hastings' arm. 'Let us go. I will not offend again—be sure of that.'

She hurried away and the painter painted on. But there was gloom in his face,

'Have I sinned in this, too?' he thought. 'How can I judge? how can I tell? At least I love her, and so must suffer.'

He did not see her—did not see her again till she came with all the rest of the city to see his picture. His picture! He had succeeded in painting one which whether in praise or condemnation, got him talked about—and his name and his 'Judas' Price' was for the moment the theme of every tongue.

He had dealt boldly with his subject, seizing the one supreme moment of Judas' despair, when he brought back to the chief priest the thirty pieces of silver for which he had betrayed his master.

'And he cast down the piece of silver in the temple and departed and went out and hanged himself.' This is what is written of the betrayer in the Holy Records; and David, with powerful art, had pictured the Pretorium standing dark and silent, rent in twain by the lightning of God's wrath. Through the opening, the spectator caught the gleam of distant landscape. There was an ass with its head thrown up, braying. The shepherd stood pointing—pointing, possibly, to the hill where the three crosses had been planted—and his own rugged figure, as he stood there with outstretched arms, flung the strange sad shadow of a cross athwart the temple wall.

To BE CONTINUED.

WIT AND HUMOR.

'After many years,' sighed the retrospective poet. 'After many ears, brayed the hungry mule, as he leaped the corn-field fence.

What is to be said of a cat's appearance when she is so mad that her hair stands on end? Why, then she has a fur-straight appearance of course.

'Humph!' said a young gentleman at a play; 'could play the lover better than that myself.' 'I would like to see you try it!' was her naive reply.

A young man who was kicked off the front doorsteps while endeavoring to serenade his girl, by her enraged papa, was too cautious to call him a pirate, but he didn't hesitate to designate him as a "free-booter."

A story is told of a soldier who, about one hundred and fifty years ago was frozen in Siberia. The last expression he made was, 'It is ex—'. In the summer of 1860 some French physicians found him, after having lain frozen for one hundred and thirty years. They gradually thawed him, and upon animation being restored he concluded the sentence with "—ceedingly cold."

A Nevada bed-bug bit a man on the lip, and both man and bug died from the effects of it. The doctors don't know which to post mortem on.

'What we want now,' commenced a confused and timid speaker at a meeting of a debating society, 'is—is—not—not so much what we don't want as that which we most require. His hearers agreed with him.

A certain editor was taking a walk one evening with his wife, when she, who was romantic, and an admirer of nature, said: 'Oh, Augustus, just notice the moon.' 'Can't think of it, my dear, for less than twenty cents a line.'

ADVERTISEMENTS.

JUST RECEIVED

Per Hero, from Girock,

100 Barrels Bass & Co.'s

ALE,

(Quarts.)

100 Bls. ditto ditto Pints

May 22. J. & T. HEARN

JUST OPENED.

N W GROCERY

AND

PROVISION STORE,

(Opposite the Public Wharf,)

Harbor Grace

The Subscriber begs to inform the public of Carbonear that he has Just Opened the above Premises where he will keep on hand, a choice and well assorted stock of

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,

AT LOWEST PRICES POSSIBLE

[N. STEWART.

PROPRIETOR.

Harbor Grace, June 19th, 1879.

NOTICE

PERSONS arriving at BAY ROBERTS on STEAMER, or out to HARBOR GRACE, or CARBONEAR, can be forwarded by a Smart TEAM, by applying by letter, telegraph, or personally to MR. HIERLIHY, next Post Office. June 19.

The Tower and Dwelling are of wood and attached. The vertical parts of the Building are painted White; the roof of the Dwelling is flat.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

This Great Household Medicine ranks amongst the leading necessities of Life.

These famous Pills purify the blood and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS, and BOWLS, giving tone, energy and vigour to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Female of all ages and as a General Family Medicine, are unsurpassed.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores & Ulcers, it is an infallible remedy. It effectively rubs into the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it Cures SORE THROAT, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ASTHMA. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistula, etc.

GOUT, RHEUMATISM, And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at

533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these Medicines are registered in Ottawa. Hence, any one throughout the British Possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, we will be prosecuted.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 353, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

Newfoundland Lights.

No. 4, 1879.

TO MARINERS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that a Light House has been erected on Point Verde, Great Placentia.

On and after the 1st June next, a FIXED WHITE LIGHT will be exhibited nightly, from sunset to sunrise. Elevation 98 feet above the level of the sea, and should be visible in clear weather 11 miles.

The Tower and Dwelling are of wood and attached. The vertical parts of the Building are painted White; the roof of the Dwelling is flat.

Lat. 47° 14' 11" North.

Lon. 54° 00' 19" West.

The Illuminating Apparatus is Duplex of the Fifth Order, with a Single Argand Burner. The whole water horizon is illuminated.

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