

# The Star,

## And Conception Bay Weekly Reporter.

VOLUME II.

HARBOR GRACE NEWFOUNDLAND, THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1874.

NUMBER XVIII.

### USEFUL INFORMATION

#### Commercial, MARKET QUOTATIONS

From the "North Star,"

BACON, per lb. Canadian, rolled.....10d. American.....none	BEAN, per lb. American prime.....35s. to 37s. 6
BREAD, per cwt Hambro' No 1.....34s. do No. 2.....30s. do No. 3.....25s.	BUTTER, per lb. Canada, 1s. 6d do Nova Scotia.....none do American..... 1s. 2d.
CHEESE per lb. Canadian.....10yd.	COAL, per ton, North Sydney
COFFEE, per lb. West India and Rio.....1s. 3d. to 1s. 5d.	CORDAGE, per cwt, English hemp.....63s.
CORN MEAL, White and Yellow.....24s. to 25s	CURRENTS, per cwt. Zante.....55s. to 57s 6d
FLOUR per bbl. Canada Fancy.....42s 6d. do Superfine.....38s 6. New York Extra.....33s. do Superfine.....34s. do No. 2.....30s. up.	HAMS, Canadian.....none do American.....6d. to 9d. do P E Island.....9d.
KEROSENE OIL, per gallon do New York.....1s. 3d do Boston.....1s 6d	LARD, American & Canadian 7d & 8d
LEATHER, per lb. American and Canadian.....1s 5d to 1s 6d	MOLASSES per gallon, Mus- covado.....2s 3d Clayed.....2s 3d
OATMEAL per lb. Canadian.....30s to 32s. do P E Island.....3s	OATS, per bush. P E Island.....3s cash
PEASE per lb. Canadian split.....32s 6d do do round.....21s 6d 23s 6d	PORK per lb. American mess.....85s to 95s do Am. prime mess.....85s do do extra prime.....75s
POTATOES per 3rd. P E Island.....6s	RAISINS, boxes.....15s to 16s
RICE per cwt. East Indian 20s to 21s	SALT, per hhd. Foreign } Liverpool } 7s
SOAP per lb. Local manuf. 4d to 4 1/2d do American do 4d to 4 1/2d do Scotch do 4 1/2d do Nova Se. do 3 1/2d to 5d do Liverpool do 2d to 2 1/2d	SUGAR, p cwt., P. R. Musco- vado.....53s 9d to 45s do Am. crushed.....65s to 67s 6d
TEA per lb. Common.....1s. 5d. to 1s. 10d. do Fair to good.....2s to 2s 4d do Extra do.....2s 7d up	TORACCO, per lb. Canadian 10s 1s 7d do American do.....1s 5d do Nova Scotia.....none
Union Bank Shares.....£121	EXCHANGE. London, Bank drawing rate.....30 per cent do Purching.....19 do United States, Gold.....Par Canada, do.....do Nova Scotia, do.....do

### TO BE LET!

#### A Commodious Shop

In Water Street. Immediate possession given. For particulars apply at the "Star" Office

#### Books & Stationery.

The SUBSCRIBER offers for Sale a choice selection of

### Book STATIONARY, &c., &c.

at No. 88 Water Street, Harbor Grace.

V. ANDREOLI  
April 25, 3m.

### FOR SALE.

#### LUMBER! —BY— H. W. TRAPNELL

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

#### 80 M. seasoned Pine Pine Board

30 do. Hemlock do.  
20 do. No. 2 Pine do.

The SUBSCRIBERS offer for Sale, an excellent

#### Horse,

Suitable for general purpose  
G. O. C. RUTHERFORD & Co.  
March 18, 1874.

### SAILMAKING.

The Subscriber

RESPECTFULLY to acquaint the Ship-owners and public of Harbor Grace and the outports that he has taken the works lately occupied by Mr. Robert Morris, No. 10 Victoria Street, where he is prepared to perform all work in the above line in a satisfactory manner, and hopes by strict attention to merit a fair share of public patronage.

GEORGE CARSON,  
††.

May

### C BREAKER, Sailmaker.

WOULD respectfully intimate to the Shipowners and public of Harbor Grace and vicinity that he has taken the Loft lately occupied by Morris & Parsons, (opposite the premises of Messrs. John Munn & Co.) where he is prepared to make and repair SAILS of all shapes and sizes in a manner calculated to afford general satisfaction, and with the utmost dispatch

April 25. ††.

### PIANO TUNING!

#### J. M. CURRIE TUNER AND REPAIRER OF PIANOS.

IN returning thanks for past favours I beg respectfully to solicit a continuance of the same. All work executed punctually, and satisfaction guaranteed. CONCERTINAS also repaired. Satisfactory references as to ability will be given on enquiry. Orders left at No. 170 Water Street will receive immediate attention.  
Dec. 17. ††

### 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.



#### E. W. LYON, PHOTOGRAPHER

Harbor Grace.

### NOTICE

IMPORTANT TO THE  
Citizens of Newfoundland.



#### THE CONTINENTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK,

IN order to complete their line of Agencies from London to San Francisco California and to extend universally the benefits and advantages offered by their Company and to place within reach of all the means of making provision for the Widow and the Orphan have decided on establishing Agencies in

St. John's and Harbor Grace, Newfoundland.

The CONTINENTAL beyond all comparison the most successful and most popular Company ever established in Europe or America. It has only been SEVEN YEARS in existence but at its organization men of enlarged views and great experience in Life Insurance, were placed in its management, who, having discarded all useless and annoying restrictions, and adopted all the improvements known in Life Insurance—many of them original with themselves, it at once received, and continues to receive a support unprecedented; and it now stands far ahead of many companies TEN YEARS older than itself. It has issued over FIFTY-NINE THOUSAND POLICIES, and has over \$6,750,000,000 assets, all securely invested, as required by law, in Bonds of the United States, Bonds of the State of New York, or in Real Estate. For that portion invested in Real Estate, it holds in all cases Double Security. So popular is its management and so great the public confidence that there are only Two Companies in the World that now approach it in the amount of business done.

By the Laws of the State of New York Life Insurance Companies are not allowed to do Fire Insurance or any other business, the importance of which law cannot be over-estimated by all who desire to protect their families by Life Insurance, and who do not wish to have their funds put in jeopardy by Fire Insurance.

By the Laws of New York Life Insurance Policies are held sacred to the families of the insured, free from the claim of Creditors.

The CONTINENTAL issues all kinds of Policies, viz: Ordinary Life, Endowment, Joint, &c.

All losses in Newfoundland will be paid at the Agency here without subjecting claimants to the trouble and expense of going to New York.

All Policy holders can vote and are eligible to office.

#### Directors.

L. W. FROST, President.  
HON. GEO. HILTON SCRIBNER, Secretary of State.  
HENRY C. FISH, D. D., Newark, N. J.  
M. B. WYNKOOP, of Wynkoop and Hallenbeck.  
JOSEPH T. SAWYER, Mer., Liberty Street.  
RICHARD W. BOGART, O. M. Bogart & Co., Rankers.

CHANCY M. DEPEIN, New York.  
R. C. FROST, do do  
WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, Barrister-at-Law, New York.  
L. W. FROST, President.  
J. P. ROGERS, Secretary.  
JAS. McDONNELL, Gen'l. Agent.

#### A. T. DRYSDALE,

Agent for Northern District, Newfoundland

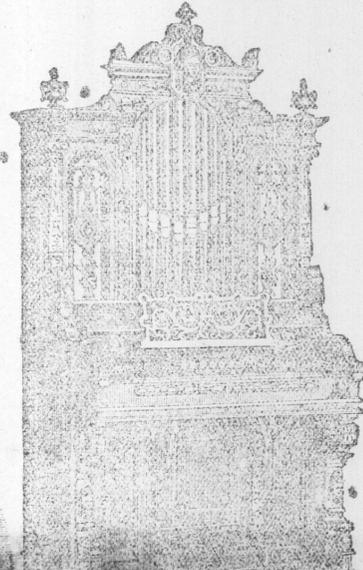
Aug. 2 1873

1y

### NOTICE.

#### SIMMONS & CLOUGH ORGAN Co's IMPROVED CABINET ORGANS

PRE-EMPTION FOR PURITY OF TONE



EVERY INSTRUMENT FULLY WARRANTED.

#### GRAND COMBINATION ORGANS,

FITTED WITH THE NEWLY INVENTED

SCRIBNER'S PATENT QUALIFYING TUBES  
An invention having a most important bearing on the future reputation of Read Instruments, by means of which the quantity or Volume of tone is very largely increased, and the quality of tone rendered

Equal to that of the Best Pipe Organs of the same Capacity.

Our celebrated "Vox Celeste," "Louis Patent," "Vox Humana," "Wilcox Patent," "Octave Coupler," the charming "Cello" or "Clarinet," Stops,

#### AND ALL THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS

Can be obtained only in these Organs.

Thirty-five Different Styles, for the Parlor and the Church  
The Best Material and Workmanship  
Quality and Volume of Tone unequalled.

PRICE.....\$50 to \$500  
Factory & Warehouse, Cor 6th Congress Street Detroit Michigan.

[Established, 1850.]

Address Simmons & Clough Organ Co., Detroit, Michigan,

Price list furnished, and orders received at makers' prices, on application to

F. W. BOWDEN, "Public Ledger" Office,  
Agent for Newfoundland.

St. Johns, Jan. 1, 1874.

#### Very Important Notice!

The Wonder of the world!

GOOD NEWS FOR ALL!!

Prof. HERMAN'S

WORLD RENOWNED

VERMIN DESTROYER!

WHICH IS KNOWN TO BE  
Far Superior to Anything Ever  
Yet Discovered

FOR KILLING

Rats, Mice, Insects on Poultry, Ants Bugs  
Cockroaches, Black Beetles, Fleas on Dogs  
Bright and Insects on Plants, Moths in  
Furs, Tick or Scab on Sheep or Goats  
also on Cattle, &c. &c.

Sold in Packets at 25 cents per  
Packet; or Six Packets for  
\$1.25.

The Powder is warranted free from all  
bad smell, and will keep in any Climate

It may be spread anywhere without risk  
as it is quite harmless to Cats or Dogs, as  
they will not eat it.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE ON EACH  
PACKET.

MANUFACTORY:

Gravel Lane, Houndsditch,

CITY OF LONDON, ENGLAND

The above discovery has gained for  
Professor Herman a Silver Prize Medal at  
the Inter-Colonial Exhibition of Victoria  
Australia, of 1866, besides numerous tes-  
timonials.

OUTPORT AGENTS

Messrs. Squires & Noble, Harbor Grace  
" Jillard Brothers,  
Mr. W. H. Thompson,  
" Michael Jones,

Messrs. Duff & Balmer, Carbonear  
Mr. P. Nowlan,  
" G. C. Jerritt,  
" Robert Simpson, Bay Roberts,  
" Moses Gosse Spaniards Bay.

May 23

1

THE FAMINE IN TIRHOOT.

Writing from Tirhoot on the 25th ult., a correspondent of the London "Times" says:

Men, women, and children still swarm to the relief works. In the Mudhobance subdivisions at least 175,000 people are employed—a fourth of the population, that is to say—and there can hardly be less Dubunga way. People come sixteen and seventeen miles to work—sometimes too weak and exhausted to work, and are obliged for a day or two to eat the cooked rice, provided for all who are unfit for labour, but as soon as they get a little strength back they go on the roads. Habitual beggars accepted, none who by any possibility earn a few pence will accept cooked food. Even though they see a Brahmin or other good caste man cooking it, they cannot divest themselves of notion that the so feeding them covers some device for taking away their caste. There has been an immense amount of fires lately, and there have been high, dry, hot winds to help; but, looking at the very large portion of well-to-do men's houses which have suffered, it is impossible to avoid a conviction that many fires have been the work of incendiaries hoping to loot grain. The sufferers by fire will invariably tell you this is not so; but they say so because they hear police inquiry, which they think a worse evil than fire.

The sale of rice from Government stores is now pretty general, and is a great blessing to the people. Some of the bunnahse employed in the sale find it no easy business, however. I have not yet heard of any rents being remitted, but the ryots get, at any rate, temporary rest. The Indian papers seem steadily to ignore deaths from starvation.

That, notwithstanding, there have been many deaths from starvation, I am sure. Only three days ago I saw the corpse of a man—a skeleton rather—lying in the middle of a newly made road; and I managed to fish out the man's wife and children. If I had not I am sure they too would have been dead before another day had gone by; and from what they said, and much more from what I saw, I am—spite of the police report—as certain as anyone not a doubt can be that the man died of sheer starvation. There is a man dying within five minutes walk of me now—of diarrhoea it will be reported, probably; but since he lay for nearly three days and two cold nights under a tree without food, I should be inclined to say that starvation will be the real, if not the immediate cause of his dying. I give these two instances as of late occurrence, but I could give many more in which there is, likewise, all but positive—i. e., all but professional—proof, I cannot conceive how men with their eyes open can ignore such things. It was this optimistic school which, disbelieving the famine, so hindered and retarded preparations for relief that the food finds us now unprepared; and, really, it would seem as if the truth is to be blinked at, and be only half seen, for as long as possible lest the school be stupified before all men.

AN UNORTHODOX IDEA OF HELL.

Thursday evening's paper contained a statement to the fact that Professor Swing, an American clergyman, had been found guilty of herodoxy. What the Professor's particular sin was we do not remember having seen; but in a recent sermon he is said to have delivered the following:

PROF. SWING'S IDEA OF HELL.—It is only human religion such as that of Buddha, or Thor, or Jupiter, that may fear the growth of intelligence, and that may fade as the light of reason dawns; but of a religion from God, given by inspiration, the first distinguishing principal must be that it will reveal its reasonableness as fast as man unfolds his own intelligence, and still become more glorious where there is most culture. The mediæval Christianity having been disfigured by ignorance and superstition, the subsequent growth of religion had to express itself in infidelity. When a Dane describes hell to mankind and his frightful pictures become the theology of the church, sweeping through Romanism over into Protestantism until Edward says God will dash the sinner down on hell's floor and stamp upon him then infidelity must follow, not simply to save a man from such horrors, but to rescue God's blessed name from such un-speakable infamy. In such a hell as Dante's, it is not man that is punished—it is God that is destroyed. From such ideas we must fly to a more reasonable religion, carrying the cross and our holy faith away from such a degradation. We must, indeed separate forever the righteous and the wicked; but as the drunkard is punished in this world; and as the murderer accepts of his arrest without blaming God, as the soul feels its own wickedness and does not reproach the Creator, so the last world is a place, not where God is seen as a cruel monster, but where the human free will stands forth in all its divine powers, and reveals a self-punishment over which we can almost imagine the

heavenly Father himself to shed tears. Such is the perdition of reason—a place not where the Saviour and God became an acquisition, but where the sinner's own will and own heart have woven themselves garments of perpetual sackcloth, and where the tears of sorrow fall not from a malicious decree of God, passed from eternity but fall out of the sinner's own wretched soul and mispent life. Thus over almost every idea of the Christian Religion, there is lying a drapery of reason fresh from the God of infinite wisdom, and beautiful to man, the image of the rational God.

A BRAVE MAN'S DEATH.

At nine o'clock on the evening of the 12th inst., a sailor named James Glynn, a native of Nova Scotia belonging to a English barque moored at the pier 13 East River, was sitting on the string piece of said pier, when he suddenly lurched over and fell into the river, being considerably under the influence of drink at the time. Glynn shouted lustily for help, and his cries attracted the attention of Mr. Peterson, aged twenty six, a native of England, and captain of a canal boat, who heard the cries for help, and not considering the darkness of the night or stopping on the pier long enough to divest himself of his clothing, sprang into the water and was drowned having it was supposed drifted under the pier.

Meanwhile Officers Quinn and McCoy, of the New street police station, and between them saved the drowning man, who was subsequently taken to the Park Hospital, by order of Sergeant Gastlin. The widow went the following day to William Peach, the grapple of the First ward, and engaged him to search for her husband's body. She watched the operation day by day. Yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock, Peach found the courageous cavalier imbedded in the mud, precisely at the spot where he had jumped off to save Glynn. The widow had obtained a Coroner's certificate to remove the body, if found, to No 116 Hicks St, Brooklyn, where it was accordingly taken, after been put in a casket.—New York Herald 19th.

A TERRIBLE STORY.

A Correspondent, writing from Zanibar on March 28 to the "Pall Mall Gazette" says:—

The Daphne has just arrived from Madagascar, having had the good luck to capture the finest prize that has been made for several years. It appears that on March 13, while cruising in the vicinity of Cape St. Andrews, she sighted a dhow standing in for land, and after an exciting chase of more than three hours she succeeded in bringing her to, but until eight or ten shots had been fired, the last two of which struck the water within a few feet of her. She proved to be a large dhow of upwards of 200 tons, and at the time of capture had 230 slaves and 40 others, consisting of the guard, crew and slave owners on board. She had sailed from a town within twenty miles of Mozambique eight days previously, and having lost thirty slaves on the passage, she must have had no less than 300 souls on board at the time of her departure. It is easy to see that, though a large dhow, the crowding must have been terrible, and in consequence the sufferings of the wretched victims indescribable. It is said that papers found in the dhow clearly prove that the slaves were destined for Nos. Beh, where, under the designation of engages they would be employed by the French sugar planters on that almost the latest French annexation, and learn not only the meaning but the beauty of the legend. Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite.

All the first-class hotels in New York have been crowded for the last three weeks.

Six thousand tons of ice were shipped from Maine to Philadelphia last week for \$3 a ton.

The Princess Beatrice of England is to be married to Prince Ferdinand of Saxony next August.

Sir Bartle Erere has presented Mr. Thomas and Mr. Oswald Livingstone, the two sons of the late Dr. Livingstone to the Queen.

The Kentucky Giant is dead; he was seven feet high, two and a-half feet across the shoulders, and his feet measured fifteen inches.

Mr. Tennyson has written a tragedy with Mary Queen of Scots for its subject, and it is soon to be performed at Drury Lane in London.

The Toronto "Globe" thinks that as the millenium has not arrived, it would be just as well for Canada to build a few forts on her southern frontier.

Brigham Young has begun to be made a grandfather-in-law, and geometrical inadequate to estimate the infinite possibilities of the future.

THE GREAT FLOOD.

Villages in the Connecticut Valley Destroyed.

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIVE LIVES LOST.

The towns destroyed by the great flood in Hampshire County, Mass., were situated on Mill River, which empties into the Connecticut, near Mount Tom, at Northampton. Williamsburg, the first town two miles below the reservoir, was about ten miles northwest of Northampton, on Mill River. The region is picturesque, and Mr. Beecher often alludes to it in his story of "Norwood." Williamsburg, the largest of the four places destroyed, had 3,000 inhabitants, and extensive manufactories of iron-castings, machinery, woolen-goods and Carriages. The New Haven and Northampton Railroad traverses the valley. Five miles below Williamsburg was Haydensville, famous for its gold-pen manufactories which employed hundreds of skilled workmen. Four miles further south was Leeds a village lying on low ground, not far from Northampton, but a bend in the river saved it from total destruction.

The reservoir which caused the calamity was built in the highlands, 200 feet above the valley. It covered a district about a mile square, and the water was from thirty to forty feet deep. Owing to an unusual fall of rain the water rose to the top of the walls and ran over the dam. The only outlet for it was an iron pipe three feet in diameter which opened and closed with a screw gate.

A little before 8 o'clock on Saturday morning, May 16th, William Cheney, the gate-keeper of this reservoir, saw the water bursting through an opening in the dam. He rushed out and opened the head-gate, then saddled a horse and sped down the valley to warn the villagers. Cheney reached Williamsburg in fifteen minutes. Collins Graves, a milkman, was one of the first to hear the news. He jumped into his wagon and started for the other towns, lashing his horse and shouting, "The water is coming—run for your lives!" Church-bells were rung and the factory hands warned. At Skinnerville the water was only five minutes behind him, and at Haydensville the people had scarcely a minute to escape. Other messengers took up the cry and dashed down to Leeds. The milkman was warning the factory operatives in Haydensville when he heard the roaring of the waters, and he had barely reached a bank by the roadside when the flood swept by. At first no water could be seen, but a pile of drift wood forty feet high came thundering down as if driven by a tornado. Factories, railway stations, banks, dwellings, hotels, bridges, immense structures of masonry, disappeared in a moment. In three minutes after Cheney gave the alarm at Williamsburg, fifty-three lives were lost. He and the waters struck in their great fury, and rising to the roofs like a wall of surf, they covered the town and utterly destroyed it. The little village of Skinnerville, between this place and Haydensville, was swept out of existence like as though it were but a clump of toy houses.

At Haydensville preparations were made to hold services on the following day, in memory of Lieutenant Governor Hayden, who died in November, and a large quantity of flowers had been received from Boston with which to decorate the church. The minister was to refer to the town which was named after him as his most enduring monument. With scarcely a minute's warning the village was swept away. A chimney and a portion of a wall was all that remained of Hayden's large brass foundry. A pile of drift-wood 30 feet high struck it with terrible force, a large steam-boiler was carried half a mile and deposited in front of a house on elevated ground. The wooden buildings that did not go to pieces at once floated off like corks. More than forty bodies were recovered in this town. At Leeds only three houses were left on the east side of the river. Mrs. Quigley, her two daughters, and Miss Marble, a school-teacher, had just finished breakfast. Hearing the approaching flood, they ran to the top story of the wing adjoining the main house, which was almost immediately washed away, and only a thin partition separated them from the tide. While looking at the fearful torrent through their windows, a neighbor and his family came floating by on a roof, when the brave ladies reached out and pulled them in. The damage at this place is estimated at \$200,000. The silk mills, button factory, and many dwellings, were destroyed. The distance from the reservoir to Leeds is about eight miles. The water of the reservoir, a mile square and forty feet deep, was forced through a gorge nowhere wider than the reservoir for a distance of five miles in less than thirty minutes. The first fall from the reservoir to the valley was 200 feet. The rate of travel of the first wave was not less than twenty miles an hour. The result was the destruction of fifty dwelling houses, twenty factories and mills, and a hundred and fifty human corpses were buried under the debris. A thousand working people have been rendered either wholly destitute or have been deprived of all means of earning a livelihood.

One of the most painful statements as to the cause of the disaster is that the frosts had started the earth so that the water had found numerous little courses through it, which finally carried off the first mass of earth on Saturday morning, and at once precipitated the catastrophe.

The gate-keeper had at various times feared a break from the fact that a stream of water flowed constantly through the bottom of the gateway, while there were also a number of small streams, some of them quite minute, along the bottom on either side of the centre.

The damages at Florence and Northampton were slight, amounting to only a few thousand dollars.

A most wonderful rescue, and probably the only one of an adult person from the

flood itself, at Leeds, was that of Mrs. Mary C. Harding. She was at work on the second floor of the silk factory when the alarm was given, and hardly had she reached the ground when the shout was raised, "Run across the bridge." She started, leading the whole company, but soon the cries were, come back, and don't go over. It was too late for Mrs. Harding though. She was on the bridge, and going back was as dangerous as going forward. She ran and no sooner had she and perhaps half a dozen others reached the further shore, than the drift-wood struck the bridge which went down with a crash, carrying with it six or seven girls and women who were too late. The woman kept on running for Ross's store, while her companions, who had crossed the bridge, entered a boarding house. She passed a little gate near the bridge, and just got through the larger gate below the steps leading to the store when the water rushed up carried off the gate and threw her down near the lower stairs. Fortunately, two men were on the bank, and she was drawn up just as the steps went off, and the three had to seek safety higher up the shore. She only, of the thirteen who started over the bridge was saved.

Nothing remains at the reservoir except the stonework running at right angles with the dam at the bottom which inclosed the gateway. In the very bed of the stream nothing is left, and where the water now flows harmlessly along the ancient channel not a stone remains from top to bottom. A small portion of the eastern part of the reservoir, and a large section of the western still remain, in all, perhaps a sixth of the original extent—broken and jagged on the edges. Above the eye sweeps over the bed of the reservoir, a track of one hundred and eleven acres, covering the "southeasterly corner of the town of Williamsburg, near the Conway lines. The land nestled among the hills is for the greater part to erably level, sloping of course, more or less on every side, and dotted over a large part of its surface with stumps of trees that formerly occupied it.

Below the reservoir the spectacle is most impressive. The vast mass of water suddenly let loose and dashing down the narrow valley has wrought such devastation as one would not have believed possible without seeing it. The very bed of the stream has in places been cut many feet below its original course, and for a long distance the valley is dotted and sometimes crammed, with huge rocks torn from the wall of the reservoir, while the trees that in many places lined the banks have quite vanished, and those that marked the outer edge of the torrent are tattered and torn.

The feature that most impresses one about the ruins is the smallness of the stone wall when compared with the immense extent of water the reservoir held. The wall was understood to be eight feet thick at the base, on measuring a section of it however, as it stood intact some ten feet above the bed of the stream, it lacked about three inches of being six feet across. The upper third of the wall, as one looks across the chasm at what remains on the eastern side, cannot fail to strike the average observer, possessing only the information and judgement of common sense, as seriously lacking in thoroughness and stability.—Frank Leslie's.

The New York Herald of the 18th ult., contains full particulars of the recent disastrous flood in New Hampshire. We extract the following:

It was singular to see how buildings were absolutely pulverized in going down the stream. Large houses were reduced in a short time to debris, no two boards remaining together. The violence of the torrent was also shown by the fact that nearly every tree in the flood was stripped of its bark, while the remains of nearly all the victims were stripped of their clothing and horribly mangled. One headless trunk of a man was recovered, a fearful sight. One farmer found his horses alive in the stable after the flood, with only their heads sticking up out of the mud and water. Ryan Moran's tenement on Main Street in Leeds was one of the few that did not go off, but it was flooded to the second story. Six children were found huddled together behind a bed in the chamber, with the water up to their necks. They were all numb and half dead, but were all right after a good rubbing. One little boy came floating down the flood to Leeds, on a board, from somewhere above. Luckily he steered for a little knoll not yet covered, and throwing away his board he climbed to the highest point of the knoll. Still the water rose and only a spot as large as a table remained when the water reached its highest point and the plucky fellow was saved. Many people were just finishing their breakfast when the flood came, and many a table with the food still uneaten went down the thundering tide.

A French Canadian pointing to two little boys said 'I had eight children but only these are left.' He was afterwards made glad however by the news that a bright little son three years old was rescued while floating down the river on a mattress. A baby was seen sailing down the current in its cradle; but it was soon engulfed and never seen more. A boy six years old floated down from Leeds clinging to the roof of a house and was finally rescued. Of one large family at Leeds all were lost save the youngest child. The great loss of life at Leeds is due to the fact that most of the families were at breakfast and were swept away without a moment's warning.

One of the heroes of the occasion is Collins Graves a milkman, who was at the lively stable in Williamsburg where the gatekeeper Cheney was trying to get some one to spread the alarming news below.

"If the dam is breaking," said Graves after listening to Cheney's fragmentary

story, 'the folks must know it,' and lashing his fleet horse into a run, he dashed away toward Haydensville, shouting, 'The reservoir is right here! Run! it's all you can do.'

It was a quarter of eight o'clock and meanwhile Belcher and Cheney had rung the bell of the Congregational church to further warn the village folk. On went horse and driver spreading the alarm Graves shouting all the way. He made directly for the manufacturing establishments, for said he the people could hear it, but the roar of the factories would drown any warning for the operatives.

At Sumnerville the messenger was five minutes ahead of the coming torrent, but at Haydensville they had but two minutes in which to spread the alarm. There the famous ride, which will be sung in story and told to the credit of Collins Graves around the firesides of Williamsburg forever as the salvation of many hundred lives, ended at the hotel. Horse and rider were both exhausted and here another herald took up the tidings. Graves could hear the thunder of the coming flood but not fully appreciating its extent, he turned to go back to Williamsburg. At the Dugway the disaster which he had predicted burst upon his sight and he had just time to turn off into a band near Captain Kingsley's, when it crashed past him. Indeed he was not twenty seconds too soon, and as it was he had almost despaired of reaching a place of safety and had even thought of abandoning his tired steed to its fate.

Mr. Dunning of Leeds after floating a mile on a pile of debris gained a tree top and was saved as was also Thomas Kinnessy after being carried nearly two miles by the flood.

A young French child was found safe and asleep on a bed in a wrecked house in attempting to escape from which the remainder of the family perished.

The direct cause of the disaster, aside from the general weakness of the dam must remain a subject of speculation. The gatekeeper detected no sign of danger when he examined the situation at early dawn, and what the last straw was that broke the great back of the reservoir can never be definitely known. Perhaps as satisfactory a theory as any is the one advanced by a man familiar with the case that the first had started the earth so that the water had found numerous little courses through it, which finally carried off the first mass of earth Saturday morning, and at once precipitated the catastrophe. The gatekeeper as already said has at various times feared a break from the fact that a stream of water flowed constantly through the bottom of the gateway, while there were also a number of small streams, some of them quite minute along the bottom, on either side of the centre.

It is a curious fact by the way that while the gatekeeper has always felt most anxious of the spot where the break actually came the proprietors of the reservoir who had fears as to its safety felt afraid of the opposite side. As to these little streams of water, a gentleman familiar with the construction of reservoirs says that it is quite impossible to construct such a dam as that there should be absolutely no show of water on the lower side. This gentleman was fully conversant with the construction and character of the Williamsburg reservoir, and says that he never felt there was ground for alarm in such small streams as trickled through it. The soil, he says was full of springs, and from these springs he thinks came most of the little water flows.

DEATH OF THE COLLECTOR OF CUSTOMS.

Mr. Edward M. Macdonald, Collector of Customs of Halifax died very suddenly yesterday under melancholy circumstances. Mr. Macdonald in company with Mr. Robert Seeton started about noon yesterday on a fishing excursion to Williamsburg's lake on the western side of the North West Arm. After enjoying themselves for the afternoon they left for home between seven and eight o'clock. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Macdonald told Mr. Seeton who was driving the horse that he felt unwell, and requested to be taken to Mr. Sutherland's house which was near. He was taken into the house and Mr. Seeton drove rapidly to town for a doctor. He found Dr. Venables at home, and hurried to Sutherland's with him but when they reached there, a 1 was over. Mr. Macdonald having died in about half an hour from the time he was first attacked.

The deceased had taken a prominent part in the politics of this country. He was Queen's Printer from 1860 to 1863, and again from 1867 to 1869. In 1867 he was elected to the Dominion Parliament for Lunenburg County and occupied that position till 1872, when he was appointed Collector of this port. He was a man of fine abilities, a first rate speaker and had he continued in public life would doubtless have taken a leading position. Those who were brought in contact with him at the Custom House, and had opportunities of seeing his labors, ever accorded him credit as being a most efficient officer. We deeply sympathize with his bereaved family.—Halifax Chronicle.

A party of 50 women crusaders were arrested at Pittsburg, Pa., recently while visiting liquor houses, and brought before Acting Mayor McMaisters, and charged with obstructing the sidewalks. They were dismissed with the admonition that repetition of the offense would be punished to the full extent of the law.

President Gonzales of San Domingo is about to issue a decree inviting to San Domingo all the inhabitants of Venezuela who have been banished from that country by President Guzman Blanco, and offering to pay their passage.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communication to-day's issue in our "Observer" otherwise, communication.

THURSDAY

By advice 6th inst., we fishery there month. The from one half Bait-skiffs and and by latest Snow fell he just, continue and but that previous rain about twelve lain on the gr

ROBBERY.—committed on Pierce, Carl 9th inst. I effected an windows, an amount of \$ ever, that wacation. Wher

Procession crament Sunday of Corps

After the which His L Grace was a Veitch, the B the Very Res of ceremonies after having tion of the pr of the various ritual, was b der a canopy accompanied sacerdotal r train of young and girls w silk banners a they scattered ment. After solemnly thro enclosure in f fire congrega procession r where His B Benediction. found venera ed by the con this impressive and heard i chant extoned tionately rec children who but must hav ing strongly a If ever a my served a grate "ant celebration Eucharist." V if all human w human ingent talent employe elat to this g Were the whol devout and sp this feast, wo short of the ma loving conduct His earnest des to abide on ea Church, humb conceal all the body, and all t gence of His G mental veils?

A brief notice monies which ad of the Body of Catholic Coun restricted and p preavis may p faithful in this Church.

On the great f the Church dis Her faithful ch vent devotion to Churches, parish Kingdoms vie w celebration of th peasants, civilia and the young, body of their c

This Feast be most delightful s spring is clothed flowers and folia rejoice at the hoous Body, wher at the awful mo The Churches at in the most magn thing most valu is displayed. Th the richest altar exquisite music, a Nature and art of the grandeur of lights, evergreen military music, th charges of muske ing, sculpture, t positories and ch

To CORRESPONDENCE.—Several communications received, but too late for to-day's issue; will receive attention in our next.

THE STAR THURSDAY, JUNE 11TH, 1874.

By advices from Bonavista, up to 6th inst., we are informed that the fishery there began on the first of the month. That punts had been taking from one half to three quintals daily.

ROBBERY.—A most daring theft was committed on the premises of Mr. John Pierce, Carbonar, on the night of the 9th inst. It appears that the thieves effected an entrance through one of the windows, and carried off property to the amount of £25, leaving no traces, whatever, that would lead to their identification.

Procession of the Blessed Sacrament at Carbonar on Sunday wit in the Octave of Corpus Christi.

After the Pontifical Vespers, at which His Lordship, the Bishop of H. Grace was assisted by the Revd. W. Veitch, the Revd. J. V. Donnelly and the Very Revd. D. Falconio, as master of ceremonies, the Blessed Sacrament, after having been exposed to the adoration of the people, during the chanting of the various hymns prescribed by the ritual, was borne by His Lordship under a canopy supported by four laymen, accompanied by the Priests in their sacerdotal robes, and preceded by a long train of young boys in surplices and young girls clothed in white garments and girdled with blue cinetures, bearing silk banners and baskets of flowers, which they scattered before the Holy Sacrament.

His Excellency the Governor has been pleased to appoint Isaac L. McNeill, Esq., J. P., to be Acting Judge of the Court of Civil and Criminal Jurisdiction, established at Labrador under Title 3, Cap. 12, Sec. 1 of the Consolidated Laws.

On the great festival of Corpus Christi the Church displays all her magnificence Her faithful children respond with fervent devotion to her loving invitation. Churches, parishes, cities, provinces and Kingdoms vie with each other in the celebration of this feast.

On the great festival of Corpus Christi the Church displays all her magnificence Her faithful children respond with fervent devotion to her loving invitation. Churches, parishes, cities, provinces and Kingdoms vie with each other in the celebration of this feast.

On the great festival of Corpus Christi the Church displays all her magnificence Her faithful children respond with fervent devotion to her loving invitation. Churches, parishes, cities, provinces and Kingdoms vie with each other in the celebration of this feast.

air, add to the glory of the solemnity. From the quantity of flowers, odoriferous shrubs and trees, and the great taste with which they are arranged, the interior of many of the Churches seem to be transformed into the most beautiful gardens. In a word no feast of the entire year is celebrated with greater pomp, and none was ever instituted more according to the heart and feeling of the people than Corpus Christi, which in France is termed Feast of God, and which in that great country, has been always celebrated with extraordinary splendor.

On this day and during the octave there is an exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, in order more fully to excite the fervent adoration of the faithful. The Churches are crowded during the divine offices and sermons, and at no time of the day can the temples be seen without numerous adorers before the sanctuary of the Lord. All seem animated by the same spirit, that of making every atonement which love can suggest to the Adorable Body which was broken for our sins.—[Communicated.

O C A L .

On Saturday last the prisoners recently convicted were again brought before the Supreme Court for the purpose of receiving sentence. His Lordship the Chief Justice in passing sentence upon the prisoner Cahill, in reviewing the proceedings in his case, referred to the moderation which had characterized the prosecution, as a so to the skill and ability manifested by the learned counsel for the defense, and for which the prisoner should be ever grateful. Having declined to enter into the details of the case, as of too revolting a character, His Lordship next referred to the medical testimony, as clearly establishing the fact that the injuries sustained by the unfortunate deceased were of so serious a character as to preclude all possibility of her recovery. These injuries had been inflicted by the prisoner whilst labouring under the effects of intemperance, but no individual could hope to relieve himself from the responsibility of acts committed by him whilst in a state of intoxication.

His Excellency the Governor has been pleased to appoint Isaac L. McNeill, Esq., J. P., to be Acting Judge of the Court of Civil and Criminal Jurisdiction, established at Labrador under Title 3, Cap. 12, Sec. 1 of the Consolidated Laws.



Latest Despatches

LONDON, June 28. Sagasta and other Spanish ministers favor the renewal of the Hohenzollern candidature.

Rebellion in Paraguay. The rebels that were marching on the capital fled before the Brazilian troops.

OTTAWA, 29. The act to regulate the construction and maintenance of marine telegraphs, was placed among the bills sanctioned by the Governor General in extra "Gazette" of Tuesday. The bill is reserved for the signification of Her Majesty's pleasure.

NEW YORK, 29. Alabamma Semmes has his political disabilities removed. Congress passed a bill, giving Mrs. Capt. Hall, \$1,836—the amount due him when he went on the "Polaris" expedition, and \$15,000 for his Arctic papers.

The Spanish press have been forbidden to criticize the government financial schemes.

The Carlists have invested Hermani; some skirmishing.

LONDON, June 1. The Pope and Bismarck are recovering.

The order of business in French Assembly is, 1st—Municipal election Bill; 2nd—Municipal organization Bill; 3rd—General election Bill. The motion for dissolution will be presented by Left, and overtures to the desired end will be made to other sections.

OTTAWA, 1. Dorion has been appointed Chief Justice of Quebec.

ANTIGONISH 1. The cable steamer "Faraday" arrived at Berry Head on Saturday; landed end of cable on Sunday morning, and proceeded to Rye Beach, New Hampshire.

LONDON, 2. Prince Saxe Weimar was fired at yesterday, when leaving his residence here. The motion in commons, to reduce the salary of the minister at Washington was negatived by 89 to 2.

It has rained in India. Fears of further distress are much allayed. 4000 Carlists have been captured at Chelsea.

LONDON, 3. Derby won by Cartwright's colt, Geo. Frederick; Couronne de Fer, second; and Atlantic third, Twenty horses ran; weather fine.

In French Assembly, Brisson, a radical in a bitter speech taunted Bonapartists with leading France to Sedan. The wildest excitement ensued, almost ending in blows. Gaubetta, at Auxerre said that the coming struggle will be between Republicans and Bonapartists.

Serrano will soon order an election in Spain; and if a majority favor a Monarchy, he will propose the Prince of Austria, under his own regency.

NEW YORK 3. Gold 111 3/4.

DIED.

On Saturday evening, 30th ultimo, at the advanced age of 84 years, Ann, relict of the late William Payne, a native of this town.

At St. John's on Thursday evening last Dr. John Lovejoy, Dentist, formerly of New York city, aged 70 years.

On the same day, at Stephentown, New York, the Rev. Dr. John R. Lovejoy, Parish Priest of Albany.—Anachristi's Requiem last Saturday in New York.

In Somerville, Mass., May 21, of consumption, Robert Crawford St. John, a native of Harbor Grace, but for several years a resident of Boston. Mr. St. John was a highly respected young man, and leaves a large circle of acquaintances to mourn the loss of a genial companion and faithful friend.—Com.

NOTICE

UNION BANK OF NEW-FOUNDLAND.

THE DIRECTORS hereby give notice that a Dividend on the Capital Stock of the Company at the rate of Six per cent, for the half year ending 31st May, 1874, and a Bonus of two pounds per share, have been this day declared and will be payable at the Bank on and after Tuesday, the 9th inst.

By order of the Board. J. W. SMITH, Manager.

June 10 3i.

A CARD.

JOHN CODY. Private Boarding House. 214 WATER STREET 214 HARBOR GRACE.

Opposite the Business Premises of the Hon. W. J. S. DONNELLY. April 29.

LeMessurier & Knight

COMMISSION AGENTS Particular attention given to the Sale and purchase of

Dry & Pickled Fish FLOUR, PROVISIONS. WEST INDIA PRODUCE

—AND— DRY GOODS. Consignments solicited St. John's, June 10, 1874.

The Subscribers

Would respectfully call the attention of their numerous Customers, to their large and varied assortment of choice Family PROVISIONS ..AND.. Groceries

STORE,

Just received and for sale at the lowest possible prices.

—Consisting in part of—

Flour, Pork, Sugar, Tea,

[Coffee, Oatmeal, Pease Rice, Calavances, Cheese, Hams, Bacon Molasses, Raisins, Spices, (all sorts) Pepper, Ginger, Mustard, Nuts Macaroni, Confectionary Jams Jellies, Preserves, Starch, Blue Bread Soda, W. Soda Tobacco, Brooms, Clocks, Leather, Whiting Linseed Oil, Turpentine, Zinc, White & other Paints Red & Yellow Ochre

KEROSENE OIL COPAL VARNISH ..ALSO..

Just received, and on hand a large stock of ENGLISH, FRENCH, and AMERICAN

Clocks,

Electro and Albata Plated Wire Fish Slices, Forks Knives, Spoons, Ladies, Britannia Metal Teapots and Coffee Pots, Gold & Silver Watches, Parlour Fancy Bel-

ooks, Parlour and Bed-Room Looking Glasses, Japaned & Papier Mache Trays and Waiters, Saddles, Bridles, Martingales, Spurs Carriage, Cart Horse and Riding Whips, Trout Rods, Fly Hooks, Reels, Lines Floats, &c. Gunter Scales, Parallel Rules and Shoe Size Sticks, Spirit Levels Measuring Tapes, Hat, Clothes, and Crumb Brushes, Curtain Bands, Rings, Roller Ends, &c., House, Table and Spring Beds, Egg Beaters, Tooth Picks, Violins, Strings, Pins & Bridges Concertinas, Flutinas Futes, Fancy Pen Cases, Pencils, Spectacles and Nose Clips, Opera Glasses

Telescopes, Roger's Superior Penknives Key Rings, Pocket and Boat Compasses, Inkstands, Gas Meters and Fittings for Parlour, Hall, Kitchen and Shops.

One Dominion of Canada DIRECTORY will be sold cheap.

One very nice Foot Bath, Perambulators and Cradles.

JILLARD, BROTHERS, Fish BEAMS, GAUGING Rods, Scales and Weights Circular Spring Balances, to weigh 250 lbs., Fishing Lines

TWINES AND Hooks.

JILLARD, BROTHERS. A very nice Assortment of

JEWELRY, Brooches in Gold, Plated Gilt, Steel, Jet, &c., Ladies and Gents Signet Keeper Rings Gilt and Jet Crosses, Earings, Albert and Silk Guards, Silver Thimbles, Breast Pins, Vases Scent Bottles, Perfumes Sand Balls,

Wedding Rings. JILLARD, BROTHERS.

Clocks, Watches, Quadrants, Compasses, and Jewelry carefully repaired as heretofore.

JILLARD, BROTHERS. June 4, 6m

BRITISH & AMERICAN

BOOK STORE,

J. F. CHISHOLM, Proprietor, ST. JOHN'S; Branch Establishment, No. 116 Water Street, Harbor Grace

W. COLEMAN, AGENT.

The SUBSCRIBER begs to inform the Citizens of Harbor Grace, that he has arrived with a splendid assortment of

BOOKS & STATIONARY,

Also prepared to receive Subscribers for the following Magazines:

Young Ladies Journal, including the Christmas part..... 16s 3d. Bow-Bells, including the Christmas part..... 15s. Family Herald..... 10s. London Journal..... 12s. London Reader..... 10s. Good Words ..... 10s. The Sunday at Home..... 10s. The Leisure Hour..... 10s.

English Woman's Magazine, The Sunday Magazine, Wedding Bells, The Young Men of Great Britain, The Boys of England The Waverly Magazine, Frank Leslie's Ladies Magazine, Frank Leslie's Pleasant Hour, Harpers Magazine, Gody's Magazine, Harpers Bazaar, Frank Leslie's Ladies Journal, or any Magazine or Newspaper published in England or America, procured to order with despatch.

P. W. COLEMAN. May 28.

SEEDS! SEEDS!!

Just received by the SUBSCRIBER, a select assortment of

SEEDS

W. H. HOMPSON, April 29.

TO BE LET

THAT SHOP

now in the occupancy of Mr. James Hutchings,

—ALSO— Dwelling House

attached, now occupied by Mr. William Squarey.

For particulars apply at the Office of this Paper,

J. Mellis,

TAILOR & CLOTHIER

208, Water Street, St. John's, BEGS respectfully to inform the public of Conception Bay generally that he has always on hand a complete assortment of

CLOTHING

For all seasons of the year, which can be obtained at the LOWEST remunerative PRICES. All Clothing to order, cut in the most fashionable styles, and forwarded with despatch. Terms moderate. Orders from the outports promptly attended to.

J. M. visits Conception Bay twice a year, of which notice is duly given.

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.

POETRY.

THE NEWSPAPER MAN.

Little they know, or even think, Of the work there is in shedding ink By the busy wielders of pencil and pen— Generally known as newspaper men— 'Clippings,' 'In General,' 'Court Life,' 'Town and Country,' rumours rife, 'Marine Notes,' and Sunday news, 'Bill and the Widow' to amuse; Market reports and Marine disasters, Puffs of pills and patent plasters, Now at the hop in white cravat, Claw hammer coat and open hat; Then to the inquest, where you write Sickening details of a bloody fight— Back to the city just in time To report the sermon of some divine: Steamboat collision, smash up of trains, Election returns to bother your brains; Agents dramatic, with long winded story To write up his star to theatrical glory; Deaths and marriages, murders, rows, The City Council minstrel shows, Stock speculations, bubbles of air, Tossed about by bull and bear; Praising the limb in the dancer's pose, And next the calves in the cat's shows; Pencil in hand at the racing course Taking the time of a trotting horse; Jotting down each stroke and catch Made in a famous Cricket match: Now of a street row taking a note— And then to a row in a college boat, These are a few of the many things At which the tireless pencil wags.

WHY NOT FORGIVE HIM.

Why not forgive your brother If he comes to you in sorrow? Why not your anger smother Ere the dawning of to-morrow? You say he has reviled you Your dearest friends among; But has error ne'er beguiled you? Have you never committed wrong? Why not forgive him?

He is penitent and humble— He is weak—and in your power Who is not apt to stumble When passion rules the hour? He wrong'd you in his blindness— Now act the Christian's part, And pour the balm of kindness On his sad repentant heart. Why not forgive him?

Can you look for sweet contentment Or can love your bosom fill, While you cherish fierce resentment For the one who treats you ill? No! spite of proud position— Of place, or power, or self— Unblest is your position Till you triumph o'er yourself, Why not forgive him?

With grief his heart is riven— And can you wish reason pray That your sins may be forgiven; When from him you turn away? Vaunt not your pure condition, Nor back forgiveness keep— Think of God's admonition, "As ye sow so shall ye reap!" Why not forgive him?

UP AND BE DOING.

Up and be doing, nor wait for to-morrow, Never to-morrow may come to your hand. Who waits for his advent may find to his sorrow That God shall to-night his one talent demand.

Be doing! there's never a lack of employment. The harvest is white, but the toilers are few; Life's sweetest and purest and noblest enjoyment, Is doing what Heaven has given to do.

Oh, up and be doing! the duties lie near you, Though humble the labor, work, work with a will; God's voice in the heart will be music to cheer you, God's smile will be sunshine your bosom to fill.

No toil is too lowly, if rendered to Heaven It may not be noted by angels above. No service so simple, if faithfully given, That God will not stoop to reward it with love.

Though humb'le the music, the wild bird while singing, Is pleasing to God, in the song that he trills; The violent, when from the green sward upspringing, In smiles and in perfume its duty fulfils.

So a smile from your lips, for the poor who may need it, A word of sweet hope for the heart in despair; A word of wise counsel for him who may heed it, Are fragrant to Heaven as the incense of prayer.

Then up and be doing nor wait for to-morrow, Nor long for great deeds, some little deeds do. An angel, to lighten a babes little sorrow, Might well spread his wings and come down from the blue.

Be doing! for brief is the hour here given To mortals to toil in a sin clouded earth, And many choice gems have been planted by Heaven, That wait for your sunlight to bring them to birth.

SELECT STORY.

The Students' Plot.

THE battle-fields of Saalfeld and Jena were still red and damp with the noblest blood of Germany, when Bernadotte, on the 17th of October, 1806, crushed the last few and fagged Prussian reserves before the walls of the old university town of Halle. On the following day the conqueror Napoleon would enter this celebrated home of the muses.

A youth and a maiden were parting at the gate of a rectory, just without the town. The one was the student, Reinhold Werner, a handsome, manly fellow of twenty. He was the only child of the pastor. His companion was a sweet, lovely girl of sixteen, his betrothed, and the ward of his parents.

Farewell, Bertha, farewell, said Reinhold, rather anxiously. I must hie at once back to the university. No, no! Do not leave me yet! I see there is something heavy on your mind. You are brooding over our country's misery and the insolence of the invaders. Avoid them, and do nothing rash. I implore you!

Hush child, speak not to me of that! I must away now—farewell, my darling.

A passionate kiss, a lingering embrace, and the student sped down the road toward Halle.

Bertha returned sorrowfully to the rectory.

Scarcely had she disappeared, when a young man emerged from the neighboring shrubbery. He had evidently been watching the lovers. His age was apparently about twenty-three. His hair and beard a fiery red. His face was so ugly as to be almost repulsive, and was stamped with such an expression as one might suppose was worn by the Saviour's betrayer. He was clad in the well-known university costume. His fellow students had dubbed him with the rather unflattering pseudonym of Red Judas.

At this moment his face was distorted by a fiendish look, reflecting malice, jealousy and hate. Clenching his fist convulsively, he struck into the road, taking the same direction in which Reinhold had gone.

On the evening of the same day, five students were collected in a dark, isolated room in the second story of the Green Jaeger Inn, in Halle. Reinhold Werner was one of the number. Their lowering brows, firmly set lips, and excited whisperings, indicated that they were discussing a matter of grave portent.

Suddenly the door was thrown open, and another student entered the apartment.

Red Judas! Judas Iscariot! were the perturbed ejaculations of the five plotting youths, as they sprang from their seats. Can he suspect? What would you here, Red Judas?

I know all, was the new comer's calm and frank reply. You, like myself, are burning with indignation at the shame and degradation of our poor country. You would rid our land and the world of the ruthless invader, the blood-stained tyrant Napoleon. Let me join you; I will do all you demand, do all that you do.

Can we trust him? asked the eyes of the conspirators of each other, and glancing suspiciously at the speaker.

You do wrong to doubt me now, said the latter. True none of you have ever cherished much liking for me, and at times we have even quarrelled; but let all that be from this moment forgotten. You, Werner, have proved my successful rival in the affections of the fair Bertha, but that is forgiven for the sake of the great cause we all hold in common.

Spoken like a man! exclaimed Reinhold, as he grasped his rival's hand. You shall be one of us.

Each of the others then warmly shook the hand of their red-haired fellow-student, as a pledge of faith and friendship.

The consultation was continued. After awhile, one of the young men tore a piece of paper into six slips, on one of which he wrote a few words. He folded them all up, and placed them in a hat. Then each of the students, with trembling hand and beating heart took a slip therefrom. Not a word was spoken after this, but all left the room and house, and quickly separated. Each took a different route.

We will follow Reinhold. Stopping beneath a lantern, he took from his pocket the paper he had drawn. He hesitated a moment before opening it, as if fearing to discover its contents. But suddenly he took nerve, unfolded the slip and glanced upon it. He shuddered, and reeled like a man seized with a vertigo. The paper proved to be one which had been written upon. It bore the words: "Thine is the duty; may thine oath, thy patriot heart, and thy strong arm support thee!"

I must! I shall do it, whispered Reinhold, spasmodically, for I have sworn it! With dizzy brain he strode away, and went to his lodgings. He sought his couch, but his eyes were not closed in sleep that night. The next day was wet and cloudy. Wet, too, were the eyes, and cloudy the hearts, of the poor inhabitants of Halle. And how dark and pale looked the faces of the impulsive German students into that of the iron-hearted Napoleon, as he rode into the town at the head of his victorious columns!

But the palest and darkest of them all was not amongst the crowd in the narrow, crooked streets; he watched at a small window in the second story of the Green Jaeger Inn.

Hark! The bells of the church of Saint Moritz announce the near approach of the hated tyrant—on his ride to death. And thou, thou art the redeemer of Germany's liberty and honor! He must pass here, here below—the deed cannot fail. The deed! Great Heaven!—assassination—murder from a covert, and the youth shrank in horror from the thought.

Then a picture rose before his mind's eye. It was a peaceful rectory, in a green, picturesque valley; and in the garden, under a blossoming apple-tree, sat the good old pastor, with his two children at his feet—his noble son Reinhold, and his sweet ward Bertha. He read to them from the Holy Book. Near by sat the rector's wife with hands folded reverently.

Thou shalt not kill, saith the Lord! Reinhold quaked and shivered with conflicting emotions. But suddenly he was aroused by the increasing din, caused by the tramping of horses and the moving of masses. Above all this uproar was heard the cries of "Vive l'Empereur" and among them some isolated voices with a German accent could be distinguished.

The hot blood of anger and shame shot into the student's pallid face; his eye hurried terrible lightnings at the despicable curs who had been bought to exult over their country's fall. His hand now firmly clutched the gun, and his lips murmured passionately.

Yes, God, it is thy will, I feel it now—and thy avenger is ready! See! here comes the imperial, the precious, the accursed, game!

Like a statue of bronze sat Napoleon on his snow white steed. Not a lineament in that sallow face with the mighty eyes gave evidence of life. Only when the "Vive l'Empereur" with a German accent struck upon his ear, a slight contemptible smile twitched about his tightly-drawn lips. A brilliant "suite" of officers rapidly scanned the paper, and the imperial "cortege" halted.

Judas Iscariot with the tyrant! That means teachery! breathed the startled student in the lonely room.

Now Bernadotte whispered to the emperor. Not a muscle of that bronze face moved, but the small, steel-fibred hand lightly pressed upon the rein, the horse turned, and Napoleon rode calmly into a cross street. The column followed, and a loud, mysterious questioning ran through the crowd.

With a suppressed cry, the lone student sank on his knees beside the window. His gun fell clattering to the floor.

Thou wilt not accept the sacrifice, my God—the hour of freedom has not yet struck. Vengeance is thine—into thy hands I consign it! Great tears rolled down his quivering cheeks. He thought of the quite rectory in the placid vale, of the gray-haired rector and his mild-eyed wife, of the pure, lovely girl, so tender and so true, and from his lips issued a prayer and thanksgiving: I thank thee, O my God, that thou didst not accept the bloody sacrifice—that I am not a curse-laden murderer.

Suddenly footsteps were heard storming up the stairs—the door was thrown open—four students, with pale, disturbed faces, rushed into the chamber.

We are betrayed, Reinhold! Red Judas has discovered all to the tyrant—curse them both! Away at once—the hounds are already on our track.

But whither, Bernhard? Whither can we go?

Where our country needs us most—in the ranks of our defenders.

Well said! We will haste to Prince Eugene, who still has a brave though small command. We will enroll under Prussia's banner, and then—as God will!

Then quickly they passed down the stairway in the rear of the house, and climbed over the garden wall, gliding through the dark and narrow alleys and

by-ways, they finally reached the River Saale. Here they were awaited by a trusty confederate with a skiff, which quickly conveyed them to the other bank where a second confederate had horses in readiness. In a twinkling they were in the saddle, and then were off like the wind on the road to Dessau. The peasants stared at them as they flashed by and said, earnestly,—

Those are Hallenian students, who go to join brave Prince Eugene; good luck to them! Would that all the German youth were as they are.

All at once the fleeing students came upon a village rectory. Three persons stood at the door, the rector his wife, and a beautiful maid. The young men drew rein, and one of them sprang from his saddle.

Thy blessing, father! We are escaping the vengeance of Napoleon, and speed to join the forces of our poor defeated king. Our country's wretchedness is too great for true men to remain quiet and supine any longer.

With glistening eyes the aged couple bestowed upon their son and his friends a fervent benediction.

Reinhold then clasped his beloved in his arms.

My brave German girl! he whispered. If I should ne'er return, then be thou for me a loving child to my good old father and mother.

But they dared not tarry. A triple kiss on Reinhold's lips, and he again mounted his impatient horse.

God with you! breathed three sorrowing hearts to the five vanishing riders.

The mills of the gods grind slowly, But they grind exceeding fine.

The sanguary three days' Battle of the Nations had been fought at Leipzig and Napoleon was flying with the remnants of his army back to France. Among the thousands of corpses on the broad plain lay also, pale and stark that of many a brave German student who had hastened enthusiastically to the defence of king and country.

From Halle, too, the French had fled.

A singular scene was enacted there one beautiful afternoon shortly after the expulsion of the invader. The students were collected in front of the university, and had formed themselves into two long lines, leaving but a narrow lane between. All carried something hidden beneath their mantles. The neighboring windows balconies and promenades, were thronged with spectators apparently in the happiest frame of mind and eager to witness what was to ensue.

Suddenly a door was opened, and two gigantic students issued therefrom, clutching between them a shivering figure, with a pale, terrified face, around which a wild, red beard was shivering spasmodically.

Judas Iscariot! The red traitor! resounded from all sides.

"Fiat justitia et pereat proditor" (Let justice be done and the traitor perish) cried the two tall students, as they pushed their captive into one end of the living lane.

"Fiat justitia et pereat proditor!" the others sternly repeated, as they quickly drew staunch hunting-whips from beneath their cloaks, and brought them down in telling strokes upon the betrayer's quivering back.

His garments hung in a hundred shreds about his bleeding body, and his wild cries of anguish had become almost inaudible moans; he wearily dragged himself on but a few more steps, and then sank to the ground utterly exhausted, crushed and all but lifeless.

Thus be it to every traitor to this country! And without deigning to bestow another glance upon their sacrifice the youthful judges and avengers left the spot.

With the shades of night, a bleeding fainting form, dragged itself through the city gate. Naught was ever seen or heard again of the Red Judas Iscariot.

But whither went the students after their work of retribution had been consummated?

A handsome and devoted couple had been witnessing the scene just described from the balcony of an adjacent house. We recognized in them our old friends, the student Reinhold, who now wears the picturesque uniform of a lieutenant of the Free Black Riders, and his faithful, beautiful, beautiful Bertha.

To this house the students joyously wended their way. Professors, too, and soldiers, nobles, and many ladies repaired thither. Soon the merry sounds of music, dancing and hearty wassail issued from the building—plainly, all this indicated a wedding feast. All were rejoicing and congratulating the happy pair who had been joined in matrimony. Reinhold, the gallant student warrior and the soldier's lovely bride.

Why is a chicken like a farmer? Because both delight in a full crop.

Sambo, why am the dogs the most intelligent folks in the world? Because they use every ting.

Kissing your sweetheart, says a trifling young man, is like eating soup with a fork; it takes a long time to get enough.

An Irishman remarked to a companion on observing a lady pass. Pat, did you ever see so thin a woman as that before? Thin! Thin! replied the other; both crassun! I've seen one as thin as two of her put together, I have.

Ma, has aunty got bees in her mouth? No; why do you ask such a question? Cause that little man with a heap of hair on his face cotched hold of her hand and said he was going to take the honey from her lips; and she said, well make haste.

Well, neighbor, what is the most Christian news this morning! said a gentleman to a friend. I have just bought a barrel of flour for a poor woman. Just like you! Who is it you have made happy with your charity this time? "My wife."

A Hartford gentleman, who had tarried late at a wine supper, found his wife awaiting his return in a high state of nervousness. Said she: Here I've been awaiting and rocking in a chair till my head swims round like a top. Jess so where I've been, responded he. It's in the atmosphere.

Oh! Mary, my heart is breaking, said an Aberdeen lover to his Highland Mary. Is it, indeed? So much the better for you, was her quiet reply. Why, my idol? Because Mr. McSmith, when it is broken out and out, you can sell the pieces for gun flints.

A bear attacked a Texan farmer's cabin one night, when the farmer got up into the loft, leaving his wife and children to take care of themselves. The wife seized a poker, and aimed a happy blow at Bruin. Give it to him Nancy! cried the valiant husband. After Bruin was dead, he came down from the loft, and exclaimed "Nancy, my dear, ain't we brave?"

TO BE LET THAT SHOP

now in the occupancy of Mr. James Hutchings.

—ALSO—

Dwelling House

attached, now occupied by Mr. William Squarey.

For particulars apply at the Office of this Paper.

J. Mellis, TAILOR & CLOTHIER

208, Water Street, St. John's, REGS respectfully to inform the public of Conception Bay generally that he has always on hand a complete assortment of

CLOTHING

For all seasons of the year, which can be obtained at the LOWEST remunerative PRICES. All Clothing to order, cut in the most fashionable styles, and forwarded with despatch. Terms moderate. Orders from the outports promptly attended to.

J. M. visits Conception Bay twice a year, of which notice is daily given.

THE STAR

—AND—

CONCEPTION BAY WEEKLY REPORTER.

Is printed and published by the Proprietor, WILLIAM R. SQUAREY, every Thursday morning, at his Office, (opposite the premises of Capt. D. Green,) Water Street, Harbor Grace, Newfoundland.

Book and Job Printing executed in a manner calculated to afford the utmost satisfaction.

Price of Subscription—\$2.50., (Two Dollars Fifty Cents) per annum, payable half-yearly.

Advertisements inserted on the most liberal terms, viz.:—Per square of seven teen lines, (bourgeois type) for first insertion, \$1; each continuation 25 cents.

The STAR will not be issued or continued to any subscriber for a less term than six months.

Advertisements received at the office of this paper without written instructions limiting the number of insertion—(Auctions, sales, and Notices, which determine themselves excepted) will be repeated until ordered in writing to be withdrawn and charged according

Advertisement for 'THE STAR' newspaper, including a list of market prices for various goods like Bacon, Butter, Flour, etc., and a notice for 'TO BE LET' property. The ad is signed 'A. Com' and 'MARKET' and includes the text 'From the' and 'April 25,'.