

# The Star,

## And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Friday, December 20, 1872.

Number 63.

DECEMBER.						
S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31	..	..	..	..
..	..	..	..	..	..	..

FOR SALE.

RESERVES & GROCERIES!

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

NOTICES.

**J. HOWARD COLLIS,**  
Dealer and Importer of  
**ENGLISH & AMERICAN  
HARDWARE,**  
Picture Moulding, Glass  
Looking Glass, Pictures  
Glassware, &c., &c.

TROUTING GEAR,

(In great variety and best quality) WHOLESALE and RETAIL.

221 WATER STREET,  
St. John's,  
Newfoundland.

One door East of P. HURCHES, Esq.  
**N. B.—FRAMES, any size and material, made to order.**  
St. John's, May 10. tft.

HARBOR GRACE

BOOK & STATIONERY DEPOT.

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

NEWSPAPERS

—AND—

PERIODICALS.

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

MUSIC, &c., &c.,

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

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

NOTICES.

**PAINLESS! PAINLESS!!  
TEETH**

Positively Extracted without Pain

BY THE USE OF NITROUS OXIDE GAS.

A NEW AND PERFECTLY SAFE METHOD.

**Dr. LOVEJOY & SON,**

OLD PRACTITIONERS OF DENTISTRY, would respectfully offer their services to the Citizens of St. John's, and the outports.

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

Scientific and Approved Method.

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

Without Producing pain,

with perfect satisfaction. They are still prepared to repeat the same process, which is perfectly safe even to Children. They are also prepared to insert the best Artificial Teeth from one to a whole Set in the latest and most approved style, using none but the best, such as received the highest Premiums at the world's Fair in London and Paris.

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

W. R. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Parsons' Purgative Pills.

G. R. BAINES,

Blacksmith & Farrier,

BEGET 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.

**BANNERMAN & LYON'S**

Photographic Rooms,

Corner of Bannerman and Water Streets.

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

PICTURE,

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

Their Prices are the LOWEST ever afforded to the Public;

And with the addition of a NEW STOCK of INSTRUMENTS, CHEMICALS and other Material in connection with the art, they hope to give entire satisfaction.  
**ALEXR. BANNERMAN,  
E. WILKS LYON.**  
Nov 5. tft

POETRY.

When Memory is Dearest.

Dear is memory when it takes me  
Back to the scenes of long ago,  
The white cottage by the river  
Where the waves dance to and fro,  
And the graceful weeping-willows  
That upon its banks did grow.

Dear is memory when it takes me  
Back to the old district school  
Where so oft the teacher whipped me  
For breaking the golden rule;  
For I was the wildest, jolliest boy  
That ever played the fool.

Dear is memory when it takes me  
Back upon the billowy sea,  
Where I listened to the sailor's as  
They sang their songs for me,  
Thrilling my heart with the wildest joy  
As they sang so merrily.

But memory is dearest when  
It takes me back to the place  
Where my youthful self was conquered by  
Your beautiful sweet face,  
And your ever-laughing hazel eyes  
That thrilled me with their gaze.

Oh! yes, memory in dearest  
When she first takes me back to where  
I first met you, little darling,  
My sweet girl so pure and fair,  
And saw you smile and merrily  
Toss back your auburn hair.

Sweet, my darling, that happy meeting  
I never shall forget,  
Whose roguish smiles and catching glances  
Cling to my memory yet,  
And the melodies you sung for me,  
The first time that we met.

EXTRACTS.

MR. THOMPSON'S PRODIGAL.

We all knew that Mr. Thompson was looking for his son, and a pretty bad one at that. That he was coming to California for this sole object was no secret to his fellow-passengers; and the physical peculiarities, as well as the moral weaknesses, of the missing prodigal were made equally plain to us through the frank volubility of the parent. "You were speaking of a young man which was hung at Red Dog for sluice-robbing," said Mr. Thompson to a steerage passenger, one day: "be you aware of the color of his eyes?" "Black," responded the passenger. "Ah!" said Mr. Thompson, referring to some mental memoranda, "Charles' eyes was blue." He then walked away. Perhaps it was from this unsympathetic mode of inquiry: perhaps it was from that Western predilection to take a humorous view of any principle or sentiment persistently brought before them, that Mr. Thompson's quest was the subject of some satire among the passengers. A gratuitous advertisement of the missing Charles, addressed to "Jailers and Guardians," circulated privately among them; every body remembered to have met Charles under distressing circumstances. Yet it is but due to my countrymen to state that when it was known that Thompson had embarked some wealth in this visionary project, but little of this satire found its way to his ears, and nothing was uttered in his hearing that might bring a pang to a father's heart, or imperil a possible pecuniary advantage of the satirist. Indeed, Mr. Bracy Tibbets' jocular proposition to form a joint-stock company to "prospect" for the missing youth received at one time quite serious entertainment.

Perhaps to superficial criticism Mr. Thompson's nature was not picturesque nor lovable. His history, as imparted at dinner, one day, by himself, was practical even in its singularity. After a hard and wilful youth and maturity—in which he had buried a broken-spirited wife, and driven his son to sea—he suddenly exclaimed in '59, "I got it in New Orleans in '59," said Mr. Thompson, with more p. obable—he had little love for the general suggestion of referring to an son he had regained. The obedience he exacted was freely given, the reform he Parse me the beans." Perhaps this practical quality upheld him in his apparently hopeless search. He had no clew to the whereabouts of his runaway son—indeed, scarcely a proof of his present existence. From his indifferent re-

collection of the boy of twelve, he now expected to identify the man of twenty-five.

It would seem that he was successful. How he succeeded was one of the few things he did not tell. There are, I believe, two versions of the story. One, that Mr. Thompson, visiting a hospital, discovered his son by reason of a peculiar hymn, chaunted by the sufferer in a delirious dream of his boyhood. This version, giving as it did wide range to the finer feelings of the heart, was quite popular; and as told by the Rev. Mr. Gushington, on his return from his California tour, never failed to satisfy an audience. The other was less simple, and, as I shall adopt it here, deserves more elaboration.

It was after Mr. Thompson had given up searching for his son among the living and had taken to the examination of the cemeteries, and a careful inspection of the "cold hic jacets of the dead." At this time he was a frequent visitor of Lone Mountain—a dreary hill top, bleak enough in its original isolation, and bleak-er for the whitefaced marbles by which San Francisco anchored her departed citizens, and I kept them down in a shifting sand that refused to cover them, and against a fierce and persistent wind that strove to blow them utterly away. Against this wind the old man opposed a will quite as persistent—a grizzled, hard face, and a tall, cape-bound hat drawn tightly over his eyes—and so spent days in reading the mortuary inscriptions audibly to him-self. The frequency of scriptural quotations pleased him, and he was fond of corroborating them by a pocket Bible. "That's from Psalms," he said, one day, to an adjacent grave digger. The man made no reply. Not at all rebuffed, Mr. Thompson at once slid down into the open grave, with a more practical inquiry, "Did you ever, in your profession, come across Charles Thompson?" "Thompson be —," said the grave-digger, with great direction. "Which if he hadn't religion, I think he is," responded the old man, as he clambered out of the grave.

It was, perhaps, on this occasion that Mr. Thompson stayed later than usual. As he turned his face toward the city, lights were beginning to twinkle ahead, and a fierce wind, made visible by fog, drove him forward, or, lying in wait, charged him angrily from the corners of deserted suburban streets. It was on one of these corners that something else, quite as indistinct and malevolent leaped upon him with an oath, a presented pistol and a demand for money. But it was met by a will of iron and a grip of steel. The assailant and assailed rolled together on the ground. But the next moment the old man was erect; one hand grasping the captured pistol, the other clutching at arm's length the throat of a figure surly, youthful, and savage.

"Young man," said Mr. Thompson, setting his thin lips together "what might be your name?" "Thompson!" "The old man's hand slid from the throat to the arm of his prisoner, without relaxing its firmness.

"Charles Thompson, come with me," he said, presently, and marched his captive to the hotel. What took place there has not transpired, but it was known next morning that Mr. Thompson had found his son.

It is proper to add to the above improbable story, that there was nothing in the young man's appearance or manners to justify it. Grave, reticent, and handsome, devoted to his newly found parent, he assumed the emoluments and responsibilities of his new condition with a certain serious case that more nearly approached that which San Francisco society lacked, and I—rejected. Some chose to despise this quality as a tendency to "psalm-singing;" others saw in it the inherited qualities of the parent, and were ready to prophesy for the son the same hard old age. But all agreed that it was not inconsistent with the habits of money-getting, for which father and son were respected.

And yet, the old man did not seem to be happy. Perhaps it was that the consummation of his wish left him without a practical mission; perhaps—and it is Orleans in '59," said Mr. Thompson, with more p. obable—he had little love for the general suggestion of referring to an son he had regained. The obedience he exacted was freely given, the reform he Parse me the beans." Perhaps this practical quality upheld him in his apparently hopeless search. He had no clew to the whereabouts of his runaway son—indeed, scarcely a proof of his present existence. From his indifferent re-

the act seemed to lack sanctification. In

this perplexity, he read again the parable of the Prodigal Son—which he had long ago adopted for his guidance—and found that he had omitted the final feast of reconciliation. This seemed to offer the proper quality of ceremoniousness in the sacrament between himself and his son: and so, a year after the appearance of Charles, he set about giving him a party. "Invite every body, Charles," he said dryly: "every body who knows that I brought you out of the wine-husks of iniquity, and the company of harlots; and bid them eat, drink, and be merry."

Perhaps the old man had another reason not yet clearly analyzed. The fine house he had built on the sand-hills sometimes seemed lonely and bare. He often found himself ying to reconstruct, from the grave features of Charles, the little boy's, which he but dimly remembered in the past, and of which lately he had been thinking a great deal. He believed this to be a sign of impending old age and childlessness; but coming, one day, in his formal drawing-room, upon a child of one of the servants, who had strayed, he would have taken him in his arms, but the child fled before his grizzled face. So that it seemed eminently proper to invite a number of people to his house and, from the array of San Francisco maidenhood, to select a daughter-in-law. And then there would be a child—a boy, whom he could "rear up" from the love-ginning, and—love—as he did not love Charles.

We were all at the party. The Smiths, Joneses, Browns, and Robinsons came also, in that fine flow of animal spirits, unchecked by any respect for the enter-pocket Bible. "That's from Psalms," he said, one day, to an adjacent grave digger. The man made no reply. Not at all rebuffed, Mr. Thompson at once slid down into the open grave, with a more practical inquiry, "Did you ever, in your profession, come across Charles Thompson?" "Thompson be —," said the grave-digger, with great direction. "Which if he hadn't religion, I think he is," responded the old man, as he clambered out of the grave.

It was, perhaps, on this occasion that Mr. Thompson stayed later than usual. As he turned his face toward the city, lights were beginning to twinkle ahead, and a fierce wind, made visible by fog, drove him forward, or, lying in wait, charged him angrily from the corners of deserted suburban streets. It was on one of these corners that something else, quite as indistinct and malevolent leaped upon him with an oath, a presented pistol and a demand for money. But it was met by a will of iron and a grip of steel. The assailant and assailed rolled together on the ground. But the next moment the old man was erect; one hand grasping the captured pistol, the other clutching at arm's length the throat of a figure surly, youthful, and savage.

"Young man," said Mr. Thompson, setting his thin lips together "what might be your name?" "Thompson!" "The old man's hand slid from the throat to the arm of his prisoner, without relaxing its firmness.

"Charles Thompson, come with me," he said, presently, and marched his captive to the hotel. What took place there has not transpired, but it was known next morning that Mr. Thompson had found his son.

It is proper to add to the above improbable story, that there was nothing in the young man's appearance or manners to justify it. Grave, reticent, and handsome, devoted to his newly found parent, he assumed the emoluments and responsibilities of his new condition with a certain serious case that more nearly approached that which San Francisco society lacked, and I—rejected. Some chose to despise this quality as a tendency to "psalm-singing;" others saw in it the inherited qualities of the parent, and were ready to prophesy for the son the same hard old age. But all agreed that it was not inconsistent with the habits of money-getting, for which father and son were respected.

And yet, the old man did not seem to be happy. Perhaps it was that the consummation of his wish left him without a practical mission; perhaps—and it is Orleans in '59," said Mr. Thompson, with more p. obable—he had little love for the general suggestion of referring to an son he had regained. The obedience he exacted was freely given, the reform he Parse me the beans." Perhaps this practical quality upheld him in his apparently hopeless search. He had no clew to the whereabouts of his runaway son—indeed, scarcely a proof of his present existence. From his indifferent re-

Works, Christian friends, is my motto. By their works shall ye know them, and there is mine.

The particular and accepted work to which Mr. Thompson was alluding had turned quite pale, and was looking fixedly toward an open door leading to the verandah, lately filled by gapping servant, and now the scene of some vague tumult. As the noise continued, a man shabbily dressed, and evidently in liquor, broke through the opposing guardians, and staggered into the room. The transition from the fog and darkness without to the glare and heat within, evidently dazzled and stupefied him. He removed his battered hat, and passed it once or twice before his eyes, as he steadied himself, but unsuccessfully, by the back of the chair. Suddenly, his wandering glance fell upon the pale face of Charles Thompson; and with a gleam of childlike recognition, and a very weak laugh, he darted forward, caught at the table, upset the glasses, and literally fell upon the prodigal's breast.

"Shally! yo'd—d ol' scoun'rel, hoo ray ye!"

"Hush!—sit down!—hush!" said Charles Thompson, hurriedly endeavouring to extricate himself from the embrace of his unexpected guest.

"Look at 'm!" continued the stranger, unheeding the admonition, but suddenly holding the unfortunate Charles at arms-length, in loving and festive appearance.

"Look at 'm! Ain't he nasty? Shally! I'm prov of yer!"

"Leave the house!" said Mr. Thompson, rising, with a dangerous look in his cold, gray eye. "Charles, how dare you?"

"Simmer down, ole man! Shally, who's th' ol' bloot? Eh?"

"Hush, man! here, take this!" With nervous hands, Charles Thompson filled a glass with liquor. "Drink it and go—until to-morrow—any time, but—leave us!—go now!"

But even then, ere the miserable wretch could drink, the old man, pale with passion, was upon him. Half carrying him in his powerful arms, half dragging him through the circling crowd of frightened guests, he had reached the door, swung open by the waiting servants, when Charles Thompson started from a seeming stupor, crying—

"Stop!"

The old man stopped. Through the open door the fog and wind drove chillily. "What does this mean?" he asked, turning a baleful face on Charles.

"Nothing—but stop—for God's sake. Wait till to-morrow, but not to-night. Do not—I implore you—do this thing.

There was something in the tone of the young man's voice—something, perhaps, in the contact of the struggling wretch he held in his powerful arms; but a dim, indefinite fear took possession of the old man's heart. "Who," he whispered, hoarsely, "is this man?"

Charles did not answer.

"Stand back, there, all of you," thundered Mr. Thompson, to the crowding guests around him. "Charles—come here! I command you—I—I—I—beg you—tell me who is this man?"

Only two persons heard the answer that came faintly from the lips of Charles Thompson: "Your Sox."

When the day broke over the bleak sand-hills, the guests had departed from Mr. Thompson's banquet hall. The lights still burned dimly and coldly in the deserted rooms—deserted by all but three figures that huddled together in the chill drawing room, as if for warmth. One lay in drunken slumber on a couch; at his feet sat he who had been known as Charles Thompson; and beside them, haggard and shrunken to half his size, bowed the figure of Mr. Thompson, his gray eye fixed, his elbows upon his knees, and his hands clasped over his ears, as if to shut out the sad, entreating voice that seemed to fill the room.

"God knows I did not set about to willfully deceive. The name I gave that night was the first that came into my thought—the name of one whom I thought dead—the dissolute companion of my shame. And when you questioned further, I used the knowledge that I gained from him to touch your heart to set me free—only, I swear, for that! But when you told me who you were, and I described saw the opening of another life before me—then—then—O, sir, if I was hungry, homeless, and reckless when I would have robbed you of your gold, I was heart sick, helpless, and desperate when I would have robbed you of your love."

The old man stirred not. From his luxurious couch the newly found prodigal snored peacefully.

"I had no father I could claim. I never knew a home but this. I was tempted. I have been happy—very happy."

He rose and stood before the old man. "Do not fear that I shall come between your son and his inheritance. To-day I leave this place, never to return. The world is large, sir, and, thanks to your kindness, I now see the way by which an honest livelihood is gained. Good-by. You will not take my hand? Well, well, Good-by."

He turned to go. But when he had reached the door he suddenly came back, and, raising with both hands the grizzled head, he kissed it once and twice.

"Charles!"

There was no reply.

"Charles!"

The old man rose with a frightened air, and tottered feebly to the door. It was

open. There came to him the awakened tumult of a great city, in which the prodigal's footsteps were lost for ever.—BARR HARTS.

A Tremendous Responsibility.

It is to be doubted whether any powerful and governing person ever thinks whether any such person has ever thought with sufficient gravity and just terror of the tremendous responsibility he incurs in beginning or continuing war. Men are not without remorse, without terrible remorse for their private sins. But how many of the sins are committed in moments of passion under hideous temptations, from dire pressure of circumstances, when the actors are goaded by fear, anger, envy, want, jealousy, or other imperative scourges of the human soul. Was it mostly a matter of calculation and judgement. It is not at least, in modern times, a hasty affair. The promoter of war has in general plenty of time to reconsider, with all due sobriety, the resolve which he may have made in anger, or in the intoxication of vain glory.

The world is old enough now to have furnished sufficient examples, even to the least literate of monarchs, generals, or statesmen, of wars, which have terminated with signal success apparently, i. e. as far as the mere war was concerned, but with utter failure as far as the purpose were concerned for which the war was really undertaken. The coveted territory is not added or if added, is found to be a burden rather than a gain; the ally, to please whom the war was begun, is alienated, rather than made grateful; the prestige of power and sagacity is damaged rather than augmented; the home government is rendered more difficult than less so, now that the war has come to a conclusion. These results do not always happen, but they have happened with sufficient frequency to make the oldest man if he has any wisdom corresponding with his boldness, pause and ponder before he undertakes an enterprise which all history has pronounced to be so dubious in its issues as war. I put aside the ugly questions which such a man should ask himself, whether the result if gained can compensate for the enormous amount of human suffering which it must demand, and whether he, the main promoter of the war, is in the eyes of God or man justified in incurring the awful hazard of producing calamities of which, in this world, he has often personally to endure a small share. Taking all these things into consideration, it may well, I repeat, be doubted whether any conqueror, or warlike state-man, or military monarch has ever done his conscientious scruple sufficient justice before he has come to the dread resolve of commencing a war the burden of which commensurate is to be upon his soul forever. Better be the maimed soldier, the ruined peasant, the bayoneted child, the dishonored mother—better endure the whole misery of a disastrous campaign, collected and heaped upon one person, if such a thing could be—then have the fatal responsibility which lies upon that man, who in wantonness or selfishness, or even from reckless miscalculation, has been the main promoter of a war that might have been avoided.

I have used advisedly the words, "the main promoter of a war," because, even with powerful, warlike and self-willed monarchs, there might be few wars, if their counsellors were like the vizier of the Persian king, Nushiravan. The counsellor of this king had borne him, when hunting, far away from his courtiers, and his vizier alone kept up with him, and rode by his side. They came upon a desolate village. Two birds there were conferring together in song, and their notes were more contracted than the heart of the king.

"What is this twittering?" said the monarch.

"Oh! light of earth," replied the vizier, "I would tell if the king would be a learner by it. This bird gave in marriage yesterday his daughter to that bird, who demands early in the morning the bridal fortune, saying, 'this deserted village thou wilt give up to us, and so many besides thou wilt make over to us.'"

"The other bird replies, 'Depart from this proposal; see the injustice of Nushiravan, and go; be not anxious. If the king will be such, in no long time, for this one desolate village I will give thee a hundred thousand.'"

The king smote his head with his hand and wept. "See my tyranny," he exclaimed; "that I make a seat for owls, where there should be only tame birds."

"The Creator gave me a kingdom, to the intent that I should not do that which can produce no good. I, whose brass they have besmeared with gold, (his courtier's flattering) am doing those acts which he has not ordered." And the monarch's anguish was so keen, and his loud cries of self-reproach were so warm, that by his breath the shoes of his horse were softened. He rode back to the station of his troops, and his face was not as the face of the king Nushiravan.

The scent of his lenity reached throughout his whole empire. Thenceforward he diffused justice and trampled on iniquity, and until his last breath he departed not from these good courses.

But there are few viziers like the vizier of Nushiravan, and the despotic monarch seldom finds one by his side who can interpret the twittering of birds so wisely, and who dares to rebuke with boldness the man who sustains him in power and emolument.—ARTHUR HELLS.

HARBOR GRACE, DECEMBER 20, 1872.

MAILS, per "Hibernian," arrived here yesterday; principal news anticipated by telegraph.

A LECTURE on "the cause of the potato disease and its cure," will be delivered by M. Carroll, Esq., at the British Hall this evening—chair to be taken at 7 o'clock. From the importance of the subject and the ability of the lecturer we are inclined to believe that the occasion will be one of great interest. This subject has engrossed the attention of many talented minds; but so far no effectual cure has been prescribed for the potato disease. If Mr. Carroll succeeds in imparting to us a recipe for the cure of this disease, we will look upon him as a public benefactor indeed.

The Young Men's Christian Association continue to hold their meetings at the Temperance Hall on Sabbath mornings. Their efforts in behalf of moral improvement have so far been eminently successful, and it is to be hoped that a large attendance will be present next Sabbath morning; time of meeting, half-past 9 o'clock.

On Saturday evening a man named Tobin, living on Carter's Lane, attempted to climb up the roof of his house to extinguish a fire in the chimney, but slipped and fell to the ground. Rumor had it at once that he was dead; but Rumor was wrong. Tobin escaped with only a few bruises and a slight dislocation of the shoulder.

A more serious accident took place yesterday afternoon. A horse, belonging to Mr. Peter Neville, Top-ail road, and driven in a sleigh by Mr. Neville's son, James, took fright in Mu-gave Terrace, and, the reins having parted the horse became unmanageable. Just as the animal got in to full swing, the daughter of a man named Mills chanced to be on the road, carrying a couple of water pails. The horse's hoof struck the little girl on the side of the head, causing a severe wound and immediate unconsciousness. The horse dashed on, turned at the corner by the Bakehouse ground, down round the ordinary yard, and up Duckworth street at a furious pace. Passing by Joe's Lane he knocked another girl down; she, however, received no injury. The horse continued on up town, and was stopped by the police near Mr. Stevens's house, River Head. Fragments of the sleigh marked his track along Duckworth street and up River Head; and when caught he was found, to have shaken off all encumbrances except the harness and sleigh shafts.

The injured girl was taken home and cared for immediately after the accident, and was pronounced out of danger last night, though very much hurt. From what we could hear, no blame can be attached to the driver, except that he should have looked more carefully to the quality of the rein attached to his horse.—Chronicle Dec. 16.

The following communication has been handed to us by the Postmaster General for publication.—Chronicle of Tuesday.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE. No 140. 16th December, 1872.

SIR,— I am directed by his excellency to inform you that the Secretary of State for the Colonies has intimated by telegram to the Governor, that the Postmaster General, London, has consented to the proposed reduction in the Postage on Letters to and from Newfoundland via Halifax, from six pence to three pence per half oz., commencing on the 1st January next.

I am, Sir, Your obedient Servant HENRY SHEA.

JOHN DELANEY, Postmaster General.

Adversity.

Altho' the subject which I have selected for this short essay may not be a pleasing one to many of the STAR's readers, yet, in the hands of a better essayist, much can be said in connection with what is embodied in the word "adversity" pregnant with meaning to those who are exempt from the sufferings occasioned by the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, as well as to many who are placidly sailing over the sea of life in the "full blaze" of the former class I will principally confine my remarks, and in so doing, will briefly advert to the subjects of adversity as more especially deserving of commiseration. Those who enter life under auspicious circumstances and continue to bask in the sunshine of increasing good fortune, know little of the

"hear-ache and thousand shocks" that he is heir to, whose bane it is to meet adversity in every enterprise. Men have been known to breast the current of adverse fortune with indomitable perseverance, actuated by the hope of ultimately triumphing; but, alas! how often have their almost superhuman efforts proved abortive, and they have been obliged at length to succumb, broken in spirit, their hair prematurely silvered over with the cruel hand of trouble, and their furrowed brows bearing the impress of untold grief. Others have, notwithstanding many misfortunes in youth, succeeded in after years; and by dint of intense application and unflagging zeal, raised themselves to positions of independence and affluence. But this may be attributed, in a great measure, to the assistance of philanthropic friends. While success in life mainly depends upon energy and determination, nevertheless, many of the most successful business men of the day ascribe their prosperity to assistance rendered by the helping hands and cheering words of others. Some time since, while conversing with an old gentleman on business matters generally, I ventured to ask a few questions regarding his early business career and the means by which he amassed his large fortune. He replied, "I started in life with very fair prospects; but after a few years, by two or three unfortunate speculations, lost all. One evening while taking a walk, and brooding over my troubles, I met an old friend. After exchanging the usual greetings, he made enquiry as to the state of my business affairs. I informed him, and in doing so expressed my intention of "closing up!" my recent failures having entirely discouraged me. "Try again," he said, "I will assist you." I did try again, and was successful; and I now consider myself indebted to him for all that I possess." This is sufficient proof of what encouragement can do. Let us, therefore, strive to befriend those who are less fortunate than ourselves. Life, at best is but an evanescent scene. Let us, therefore, lend each other a helping hand, and by so doing we will smoothen the pillow for many a weary head and assist the unfortunate to break through the otherwise impervious barriers of adversity. "Two are better than one, because they have a good reward for their labor; for if they fall the one will lift up his fellow. But woe to him that is alone when he falleth, for he has not another to help him up."—ECCLES. IV., 9, 10.

CRECENDA.

Dec. 19.

A LONDON American writes to the "Standard":—"Mr. Serjeant Bates, who bears the Stars and Stripes across England, is of distinguished kin. A brother of the late Hon. Edward Bates, the Attorney-General under the administration of Abraham Lincoln, and connected with the late Joshua Bat s, the great banker, he first entered public life as an advocate of distinguished qualities, appearing as attorney in the now famous case of the United States vs. George A. Fred Townsend. He gradually rose to eminence until he became one of the ornaments of the American Bar. His fondness for British institutions led him to adopt the title of Serjeant (not Sergeant) Bates. Odd as it may seem to behold a lawyer of his great reputation carrying a flag through a strange country, yet it may be termed one of those curious and pardonable freaks which are sometimes developed in the characters of great enthusiasts. General Adam Badeau has written a very excellent biography of Serjeant Bates, published among "Beadle's Biographies."

WHILE a party of Royal Engineers, under Quartermaster-Sergt. Gallagher, were engaged throwing up a battery near Prince Edward's Bastion, on the Lower Lines at Chatham, one of the men, Sapper Goodall, turned up, about three feet below the surface, a massive piece of gold. The gold is almost in the shape of the "crook" of a cornet, the outside being fluted, one end being about half an inch and the other five-eighths of an inch in diameter; it weighs about two pounds. The gold on being tested was found to be worth about £130. The relic is in the possession of the Commandant of the School of Military Engineers, and it will be forwarded to the officers of the Crown as treasure trove. How it came to be buried where found is a matter of mere conjecture; it is supposed that the gold formed part of a sceptre.

A paper advertises for a "girl for cooking." They are better raw.

Latest Despatches.

NEW GLASGOW, Dec. 13.

The horse disease is raging here. The horses in Mr. Church's livery stables, and stage coach stables are badly affected. The disease is spreading in the country districts. It is very bad on the East River. Considerable mortality is anticipated. A furious snow storm has been raging all day. Considerable snow has fallen, and blown into banks. The cuttings on the railway are blocked up very much. The express train from Truro is now (4 p.m.) at Glangarry, and cannot get through without the aid of a snow plough.

MONTREAL, 13.

The Anglican Synod resolved to-day to allow the House of Bishops to nominate a candidate for missionary. The Bishop to be elected by the Lower House.

QUEBEC, 13.

Another action has been taken against Cauchon for the purpose of imposing a penalty of \$500 for each day he has illegally occupied a seat in the Legislative Assembly since the opening of the recent Session.

LONDON, 12.

The Left in the Assembly is much centured for raising inopportune the question of dissolution, and thus giving the Germans a pretext for exacting its guarantees for the payment of the war indemnity and for refusing to evacuate the country.

M. Gouillard, minister of the Interior has instructed the Prefects to prohibit the signing of petitions for the dissolution. The debate will not be on the petitions now coming in, but those that were presented at the last session of the Assembly.

BERLIN, 12.

News has been received of Herr Manche, the German explorer of Africa, that he had arrived at Zuilimane, on his way home and was in good health.

LONDON, 13.

It is reported that the employees of all the English railway companies will strike on the 6th of January.

The Lady Doughty, who was a prominent witness in the Tichborne trial, is dead. She had been ill for some time. The ship "Gustave" belonging to Nantz, has been lost at sea with all on board.

NEW YORK, 13.

Gold 112 1-8. Slight exchange 10 1-8.

The German Consul-General here, published an appeal for aid for the Baltic provinces. The terrible inundation of last month having devastated 500 miles of territory, destroyed entire villages, cattle, horses, gathered crops, etc., and drowned hundreds of persons.

A Montreal despatch, says anxiety is felt for the safety of the steamship "Commander," Captain F. Chambers, which cleared at Montreal, Nov. 2, for Queenstown or Falmouth, with a full cargo of corn, intending to call at Sydney, C. B., at which port she has not made her appearance. It is feared she has foundered in the Gulf.

NORTH SYDNEY, 14.

A heavy south east gale, with snow, prevailed yesterday from 4 a.m. to 2 p.m. Several vessels were wrecked and a considerable lot of property destroyed.

THE British colonies surpass the mother country for liberality of thought with reference to the marriage laws. A Melbourne telegram, conveys the intelligence that the bill sanctioning marriage with a deceased wife's sister has passed the Legislature. By the same telegram we are informed that the captain and the mate of the ship Carl have been condemned to death for the murder of the Polynesians during the expedition fitted out for the purpose of procuring or stealing slaves for the Australian market. Had the doctor who accompanied the expedition, and partly owned the vessel, not turned Queen's evidence, he also would have shared the fate of his comrades in the crime.

THERE was a death registered in England in 1870 from every one of the following causes:—the bite of an adder, the bite of a rat, a cat sleeping on the face, swallowing a pin, swallowing a cherry stone, putting a bead in the ear, hæmorrhage from the extraction of a tooth. These were all deaths of children. An old man died from the bite of a rat; and a woman from the prick of a thorn.

THE well known Mary Somerville Naples. She is ninety-second year.

TWENTY-FIVE from the highest and landed pre-ated by the Ed is believed that to carry the Re

THE Naples the 10th ult., d Capodimonte, v manual was at struck the next age. His Majes the repast.

OF the eight building over t and Baden that been opened, as sed by 6000 pa Alsace was Fr one bridge of S length of the p

It is now t were killed in the rebels and 23 at Mal fighting must The railways a tion of the Gov has been route led with a los oners.

A TELEGR says:—The st health continu disquietude i grave rumours produce, have three days rest tion. It appee stood, however his political la stances, until n

ANOTHER v which occurred ricane on the come known. mation sailed Mediterranean arose, and fro washed ashore von Bay, it j running for s she struck up immediately s her crew of 35

THE death Aubyn, of Sain wall, took plac residence, Stol He was the yo J. Saint-Auby The deceased, tates in Cornv manor in the of Stoke Dame entire town of ceeded by his P. for West C had been an in of his life, suffi which he died.

OUR Berlin that at the tim conference the M. de Canofar isters, to Berli bled Sovereigns half with King petition was, t should be rest wish having those whom it seems to be s fulfilled, provid to abstain from Times.

THE propriet thieves being b in New York, honest reputatio perintendent of

SHI PORT C

Dec. 16—Royal P & L Tessier, Willie, Keay, P. Co., Netherlon, Brian Co. Niamorigon, Lay

Dec. 16—Pareje Baine, Joinste

NEWS ITEMS.

THE well known scientific writer, Mrs. Mary Somerville, has died suddenly at Naples. She had almost completed her ninety-second year.

TWENTY-FIVE new Peers, selected from the higher State officials, generals, and landed proprietors, have been created by the Emperor of Germany. It is believed that this number will suffice to carry the Reform Bill.

THE Naples journals state that on the 16th ult., during a thunderstorm at Capodimonte, whilst King Victor Emmanuel was at breakfast, the lightning struck the next room, doing some damage. His Majesty did not even interrupt the repast.

OF the eight new pontoon bridges building over the Rhine between Alsace and Baden that at Hunningen has just been opened, and, on an average, is crossed by 6000 passengers per week. While Alsace was French there was but one bridge of Strasburg along the whole length of the province.

IT is now reported that 33 persons were killed in the engagement between the rebels and civil guard at Murcia, and 23 at Malaga, which shows that the fighting must have been very severe. The railways are entreating the protection of the Government. Another band has been routed in the province of Toledo with a loss of 7 killed and 23 prisoners.

A TELEGRAM received in London says:—The state of Prince Bismarck's health continues to furnish matter for disquietude in the highest circles, and grave rumours, which I decline to reproduce, have been current for the last three days respecting his present condition. It appears to be perfectly understood, however, that he will not resume his political labours, under any circumstances, until next spring, if then.

ANOTHER very melancholy shipwreck which occurred during the terrific hurricane on the 26th ult., has just become known. The fine steamer Dalmatian sailed from Liverpool for the Mediterranean shortly before the gale arose, and from portions of her wreck washed ashore near Pwellheli, Carnarvon Bay, it is conjectured that, while running for shelter in the roads there, she struck upon a ledge of rocks, and immediately sunk in deep water with her crew of 35.

THE death of Sir Edward Saint-Aubyn, of Saint Michael's Mount, Cornwall, took place on the 1st inst., at his residence, Stoke, Devonport, aged 73. He was the youngest son of the late Sir J. Saint-Aubyn, M. P. for Cornwall. The deceased, in addition to large estates in Cornwall, owned the richest manor in the west of England—that of Stoke Damerel, which comprises the entire town of Devonport. He is succeeded by his son, at present senior M. P. for West Cornwall. Sir Edward had been an invalid for the greater part of his life, suffering from neuralgia, of which he died.

OUR Berlin correspondent informs us that at the time of the three Emperors' conference the ex-King of Naples sent M. de Canofari, one of his former Ministers, to Berlin, to induce the assembled Sovereigns to intercede in his behalf with King Victor Emmanuel. His petition was, that his private property should be restored to him; and, his wish having been communicated to those whom it concerns at Rome, there seems to be some prospect of its being fulfilled, provided the ex-King engages to abstain from all political agitation.—Times.

THE proprietor of a rendezvous for thieves being brought before a Justice in New York, undertook to get up an honest reputation by claiming to be superintendent of the steal works.

THE well known scientific writer, Mrs. Mary Somerville, has died suddenly at Naples. She had almost completed her ninety-second year.

THE Naples journals state that on the 16th ult., during a thunderstorm at Capodimonte, whilst King Victor Emmanuel was at breakfast, the lightning struck the next room, doing some damage. His Majesty did not even interrupt the repast.

NOTICE.

THE ANNUAL EXAMINATION OF THE Victoria Street School Will be held on MONDAY next, the 23rd inst., at 11 o'clock, A. M. The parents of the pupils and the public are respectfully invited. Harbor Grace, Dec. 20, 1872.

PIANO TUNING!

Mr. J. CURRIE, TUNER AND REPAIRER OF PIANOS. IN returning thanks for past favours, begs 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. tff

172 WATER STREET, 172 JAMES FALLON, TIN, COPPER & SHEET IRON WORKER, BEGS respectfully to inform the inhabitants of Harbor Grace and outports that he has commenced business in the Shop No. 172 Water Street, Harbor Grace, opposite the premises of Messrs. Punton & Munn, and is prepared to fill all orders in the above lines, with neatness and despatch, hoping by strict attention to business to merit a share of public patronage.

JOBGING

Done at the Cheapest possible Terms. Dec. 13. tff

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. Dec. 10. 1yt

W. H. THOMPSON, AGENT FOR

Fellows' Compound Syrup OF HYPOPHOSPHITES.

BLANK FORMS

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

CAUTION!

HEREBY GIVE NOTICE that after this date, I will not be responsible for any Debts contracted in my name, without a Written Order from myself. ROBERT MORRIS. Dec. 10.

NOTICE.

Bazaar!

A BAZAAR for the purpose of LIQUIDATING THE DEBT incurred by recent repairs and additions to the Wesleyan Church here, will be opened on or about the 15th JANUARY next. Contributions in aid of the same are solicited, and will be most thankfully acknowledged by the Ladies furnishing Tables, or by the REV. C. LADNER. Dec. 6.

Union Bank of Newfoundland.

THE Directors hereby give notice that a Dividend on the Capital Stock of the Company, at the rate of twelve per cent. per annum, for the half year ending 30th Nov. 1872, will be payable at the Banking House, in Duckworth Street, on and after THURSDAY next, the 5th inst. (By order of the Board.) JOHN W. SMITH, Manager. St. John's Dec. 3.

CAUTION!

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

FOR SALE!

BY THE SUBSCRIBER— 1 Good Horse 1 Set Harness 1 Cart 1 Dray, and 1 Catamaran. Dec. 3. JAMES POWER.

A Dwelling House —AND— LAND

Attached, (known under the name of Snow Hill) situated on the Carbonear Road, one mile from Harbor Grace. This is an eligible place for farming operations, and is alike suitable for rich or poor. For particulars apply to JAMES POWER. Oct. 29.



General Post Office Notice.

FROM and after the 1st day of November the Postage Rates on Letters, Books, Parcels, Circulars and Newspapers, addressed to the Dominion of Canada and Prince Edward Island will be as follows, viz.: Letters, per half-ounce..... 6 cents. Books and Parcels, per lb..... 16 " Circulars, each..... 2 " Newspapers, each..... 2 " Prepayment compulsory. A similar reduction will take place on the correspondence to and from the United States, when the Postal Convention has been signed, which will be about the first of December. Correspondence transmitted by Contract Steamers leaving St. John's for Liverpool, will be, for Letters at the reduced rate of six cents per half-ounce. That per steamer via Picton and Halifax to Liverpool, at the same charge as now made, of twelve cents the half-ounce.

JOHN DELANEY, P. M. G.

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

NOTICES.

HARBOR GRACE MEDICAL HALL. W. H. THOMPSON, PROPRIETOR, HAS ALWAYS ON HAND A CAREFULLY SELECTED STOCK OF

- Drugs, Medicines, Dry Paints, Oils, &c., &c., And nearly every article in his line that is recommendable
- Gallup's Floriline for the Teeth
  - and Breath
  - Keating's Worm Tablets
  - " Cough Lozenges
  - Rowland's Odonto
  - Oxley's Essence of Ginger
  - Lamplough's Pyretic Saline
  - Powel's Balsam Aniseed
  - Medicamentum (stamped)
  - British Oil
  - Balsam of Life
  - Chlorodyne
  - Mexican Mustang Liniment
  - Steer's Opodilodoc
  - Radway's Ready Relief
  - Arnold's Balsam
  - Murray's Fluid Magnesia
  - " Acidulated Syrup
  - S. A. Allen's Hair Restorer
  - Rossiter's " "
  - Ayer's Hair Vigor
  - " Sarsaparilla
  - " Cherry Pectoral
  - Pickles, French Capers, Sauces
  - Soothing Syrup
  - Kaye's Coaguline
  - India Rubber Sponge
  - Teething Rings
  - Sponge, Tooth Cloths
  - Nail, Shoe and Stove Brushes
  - Widow Welch's Pills
  - Cockle's " "
  - Holloway's " "
  - Norton's " "
  - Hunt's " "
  - Morrison's " "
  - Radway's " "
  - Ayer's " "
  - Parsons' " "
  - Jaynes' " "
  - Holloway's Ointment
  - Adams' Indian Salve
  - Russia Salve
- Morehead's Laster
  - Corn Plasters
  - Mather's Feeding Bottles
  - Bond's Marking Ink
  - Corn Flour, Fresh Hops
  - Arrowroot, Sago, Gold Leaf
  - Nelson's Gelatine and Isinglass
  - Bonnet Glue
  - Best German Glycerine
  - Lime Juice, Honey
  - Best Ground Coffee
  - Nixey's Black Lead
  - Roth & Co.'s Rat Paste
  - Brown's Bronchial Troches
  - Woodill's Worm Lozenges
  - " Baking Powder
  - McLean's Vermifuge
  - Lear's India Rubber Varnish
  - Copal Varnish
  - Kerosene Oil, Lamps, Chimnies
  - Wicks, Burners, &c., &c.
  - Cod Liver Oil
  - Fellows' Compound Syrup
  - Hypophosphites
  - Extract of Logwood, in 4 lb. boxes
  - Cudbear, Worm Tea
  - Toilet Soaps
  - Best Perfumeries, Pomades and Hair Oils
  - Pain Killer
  - Henry's Calcined Magnesia
  - Enema Instruments
  - Gold Beater's Skin
  - Fumigating Pastilles
  - Seidlitz Powders
  - Furniture Polish
  - Plate Polish
  - Flavouring Essences
  - Spices, &c., &c.
  - Robinson's Patent Barley
  - " Groats

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

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, May 7. tff

FOR SALE.

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

FOR SALE.

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

JUST RECEIVED A FRESH SUPPLY OF ADAMS' INDIAN SALVE.

W. H. THOMPSON.

E. W. LYON

Has just received a large assortment of Coloured French Kid GLOVES, which he offers to the public at VERY LOW PRICES. July 9. tff

patches. ASGOW, Dec. 13. se is raging here. r. Church's livery ach stables are bad- sease is spreading ts. It is very bad Considerable mor- rm has been raging le snow has fallen, The cuttings on ed up very much. om Truro is now and cannot get aid of a snow MONTREAL, 13. od resolved to-day Bishops to nomi- missionary. The ed by the Lower QUEBEC, 13. been taken against ose of imposing a ach day he has ill- in the Legislative ening of the recent LONDON, 12 Assembly is much inopportune the n, and thus giving t for exacting its yment of the war using to evacuate ter of the Interior reffects to prohibit ps for the dissolu- ill not be on the in, but those that last session of the BERLIN, 12. received of Herr explorer of Africa, at Guillimane, on s in good health. LONDON, 13. the employees of ay companies will anuary. y, who was a pro- Tichborne trial, is ill for some time. ve" belonging to at sea with all New York, 13. Slight exchange consul-General here, or aid for the Baltic ble inundation of vastated 500 miles ed entire villages, red crops, etc., and persons. tech, says anxiety of the steamship ain F. Chambers, treal, Nov. 2, for outh, with a full ng to call at Syd- port she has not It is feared she Gulf. H SYDNEY, 14. gale, with snow, from 4 a.m. to 2 were wrecked and property destroyed. nies surpass the perality of thought marriage laws. A onveys the intel- sanctioning mar- wife's sister has e. By the same med that the cap- the ship Cari have ath for the mur- during the ex- for the purpose of g slaves for the Had the doctor expedition, and essel, not turned also would have comrades in the ath registered in every one of the e bite of an adder, at sleeping on the a, swalling a cherry in the ear, ha- traction of a tooth. of children. An the bite of a rat, e prick of a thorn.

**Business Before Pleasure.**

On his face a close intentness,  
In his eyes an earnest light,  
Every movement or word needed  
Brimful of devoted might:  
It is now his time of business,  
And as at a sacred shrine,  
Does he hold with creed of granite  
That all duty is divine.  
Nothing shall give interference;  
Business first, in peace or strife  
After that, whatever offers  
For the Beautifying life.

On his face a relaxation—  
Now amusement he has won,  
For the duties are accomplished,  
And he'll laugh in pleasure's sun.  
He has right to: never conscience  
Pierces with some lightning thought  
That some dear desire triumphed  
Ere to duty dues were brought.  
So no discord mars the music  
Made by mind and honest heart,  
But a voice from the Great Worker  
Whispers, "You've well done your part."

Wise and happy men or women,  
Thus to Business loyal, yours  
To add also to earth's glory  
While upon the mortal shores,  
Loyal work that makes the ages  
Snow Humanity has right  
To possess the throne of Matter  
With the mind's, heart's, muscle's  
part!  
"Business then before all pleasure,"  
Let us sing on land or sea,  
And the Pleasure when so earned, must  
Larger, sweeter, holier be.

**SELECT STORY.**

**Following an Example.**

I am really quite shocked at your conduct, Nettie; it is most indecorous; and the speaker, Nettie Danforth's maiden aunt, a prim, well-preserved lady of about forty, put on a severe look.

Why, Auntie, what have I done now? queried Nettie, raising her blue eyes in well-simulated surprise.

You know too well, I fear, child. You will persist in trying by every means in your power to attract the attention of Ned Bartram, and really your flirtations with him are too much for me to endure calmly. I feel that I must remonstrate, and try to awaken within you a sense of modesty, which now seems deadened, or at least sleeping. Now, when I was young—

When you were young! Why, Auntie, I hope you don't consider yourself old—I don't, cried Nettie, with animation, hoping to distract her aunt's attention from herself by a little delicate flattery.

Why—ahem—no, child, not old, of course, but I have passed the age of gushing school-girlhood, and can now, from my twenty-eight years of experience, judge more clearly of what is proper for a young girl like you.

To be sure, Auntie, I acknowledge that you know what is best; but you speak of your experience: do tell me about your old beaux, urged Nettie mischievously.

Beaux! cried Miss Elmer, and her face expressed all the horror she felt. Why, my dear, I never thought of such a thing! As I told you before, the ideas of the young girls of twen—ahem!—of a few years ago were not all bent on such things. Yet here are you, who, with the example that have been set you should be a most modest, retiring girl, using your greatest endeavours to captivate this young man. It's shameful, positively shameful! I blush for you.

No, don't; I'll do it for myself. And Nettie covered her face with her hands, and Miss Elmer observed with great satisfaction, that her niece's face was quite crimson; but, alas! we are sorry to say it was not, as the good lady imagined, with mortification, but—suppressed laughter.

I'll tell you what I'll do, Auntie, continued Nettie, after a pause of apparent confusion. I'll promise to follow your example. There, will that satisfy you? Perfectly. And though I say it, who shouldn't, I must say that I think you will find little to blush for if you follow in my footsteps.

And the lady lifted her head rather proudly; while Nettie, having given and received the kiss of reconciliation, managed to stifle her mirth until she reached her own room, where it found vent in a clear, melodious thrill of laughter, as she said:

Ah, Auntie, Auntie, you think I don't know about your demure flirtation with old Doctor Allen; of your occasional necessary visits to his office for medicinal aid, and your unexpected encounters in the street—ha, ha!—but I do. And it will not be my own fault if I don't

marry Ned Bartram, in spite of your shocked sense of propriety.

It's all nonsense, my dear boy, sheer nonsense, the idea of you, who are hardly of age, talking of marriage. And Ned Bartram's maternal uncle grew quite red in the face in his indignation.

Why, uncle, I'm twenty-five. I should think I was almost old enough to be looking out for a wife, that is, if I ever intend to have one, which I most certainly do.

Pshaw! ten years hence will be time enough. No man ought to marry before he is thirty-five; he don't know his own mind.

But uncle, expostulated Ned, who is going to wait all those years for a fellow? Certainly not pretty Nettie Danforth. Why she has had a dozen lovers already, and although I am happy to say, that she has discarded them all in my favor, I could not think of presuming to ask her to wait a dozen years for me.

Why there are other young ladies in the world besides Nettie Danforth, my boy. To be sure, she is pretty, and, I presume, is as sensible as most young girls; but she is altogether too young. Now if I was to select, I should choose some sensible woman of mature age—say about such a person as Miss Nettie's aunt, Miss Araminta Elmer. Ah, my boy, there's a sensible girl for you. She'd make a first-rate wife.

Ugh! she's forty if she's a day, muttered Ned to himself, in disgust; then turning to his uncle he said smilingly:

If you have such a fine opinion of the lady, why don't you marry her yourself, Uncle Allen?

I—marry? and the old gentleman's face became purple as he bustled excitedly under his coat tails. How absurd! Ned, you know I don't believe in such nonsense. I've lived fifty-five—ahem! forty years without thinking of it, and it's not likely I am going to make a fool of myself now, is it? Is it, I say, sir? demanded he indignantly, halting his chubby little person before his amused nephew.

Well, my dear uncle, you see we disagree so upon that subject. Now I should call it anything but making a fool of yourself if you were to marry; and really, sir, I agree with you that Miss Elmer is a fine old girl, said Ned mischievously.

Old, sir, old? Why, Ned, my boy, what are you talking about? She tells me—I mean I have been told that Miss Elmer is twenty-eight or thereabouts; just at the proper age for matrimony.

Well, if you say so, why, of course I am bound to believe you; but really, if any one had asked my opinion, I should have added ten or twelve years more; but any how, uncle, take my advice and marry her. You can't do better; and then perhaps you will feel more charitably inclined toward Nettie and myself.

No thanks for your advice, roared the irascible old gentleman. Keep it until it is asked for, will you? There, as Ned opened his mouth, as if about to speak; not another word, sir. Get out of my room, will you, with your uncallous for advice?

Ned smilingly obeyed. He knew his uncle too well not to feel sure that his anger was only momentary, and that, as the old gentleman was really one of the best-hearted men living, he would have gotten well over his indignation before they met at table.

Good heavens! murmured the doctor, as he sank exhausted into a chair, and ran his hand nervously through his scanty curls, the young rascal will have me accepted, and married before I know it. Can he suspect my partiality for Miss Elmer? No, I think it is only his inveterate love of match-making. He is crazy to run his own head into a noose, and so wants everybody else to be as idiotic as he is.

And the offending nephew whispered to himself as he walked away:

The old gentleman is certainly smitten with the peerless (?) charms of Miss Elmer, and I shouldn't wonder if they make a match of it after all, as Nettie predicts. Ha, ha! How uncolored looked up when I proposed it.

Miss Elmer sat in her brother's parlor alone, dressed in her best, and with her well-dyed hair arranged in the most becoming fashion. She sat rigidly erect in her chair, as motionless as if sitting for her portrait; but it was for something far more important that she was attired with so much care—she expected a caller. The family had all gone to a neighbor's to tea, but she, by a preconcerted plan, had excused herself on the plea of a headache, and now, with a fluttering

heart, she awaited the coming of her visitor. Doctor Allan, who, she felt assured, would joyfully seize upon such a favorable opportunity to declare his passion.

A low, rather irresolute knock sounded on the door, and Miss Elmer hastened to open it.

Ah, is it you, Doctor? she cried smilingly. Walk in. I am in solitary grandeur, and was really feeling quite lonely.

Lonely, my dear Madam! ejaculated the little doctor, as he removed his hat, and followed his hostess into the parlor. Lonely! Oh, sweet lady, would I could guard you against all such feelings. Believe me, it would give me the most intense happiness; and he placed his hand upon his heart, and bowed deeply.

Why, Doctor, how you talk! and Miss Elmer simpered, and attempted to blush behind her fan; you men are such odd creatures.

Odd, dearest Madam! odd? Well, I admit it; we certainly are odd when Cupid pierces us with his downy shafts. But then, Madam, it is the ladies who are to blame, for who can withstand their bright glances and sunny faces? and he gave her a most affectionate glance.

Miss Elmer really did color, this time from excitement, for she felt that the decisive moment was very near at hand, and she murmured:

Dear me, Doctor, what a flatterer you are!

I assure you, dear lady, I do not flatter. Ah, Araminta! and down plumped the little doctor upon his knees. I assure you that I am in the most solemn earnest. I have lost my heart to your bewitching charms, sweet one, and will not rise from here until you promise to be my bride.

Much as she had longed and waited for this moment, during her long years of spinsterhood she now felt some embarrassment; but mistaking her silence for aversion, the doctor cried:

If you won't have me, Araminta, I'll—I'll—take poison!

O—h! screamed Miss Elmer. I will! he averred solemnly, forgetting his late declaration, and rising to his feet.

Oh, then, Jonathan, I will promise anything you please, cried Miss Elmer, blushing. Take me, dearest; I am yours! and she flung herself into his arms; but her weight was almost too much for the enamored doctor, who staggered back, and would undoubtedly have fallen, had not a knock just then sounded on the front door, and Miss Elmer withdrew herself from his arms, gasping:

O my! the folks have returned. What shall we do? I would not have them find you here for anything. They—they would tease me so about you, Jonathan, dear; and she simpered.

Good gracious, Araminta! cried the doctor, nipping his hot face with his handkerchief; I'm sure I wouldn't have that rascally nephew of mine find me here for a thousand dollars. Cannot you hide me?

The knocking was repeated, this time much louder.

Yes; this way, cried Araminta in desperation, and she pushed him into the china closet. They won't find you here, and as soon as they leave the room I'll let you out.

One moment, my dear, exclaimed the doctor, popping out his head as she was closing the door; you promise to be mine?

Yes, yes anything—only go in, she cried, in a panic, and, satisfied, the doctor drew in his head, and his betrothed closed and locked the door, and pocketed the key with a sigh of relief.

Ah! is it you? I declare, you gave me quite a start. I was dozing, fibbed Miss Araminta blandly, as she admitted her brother and his family.

I thought I heard some one talking to you as we stood upon the steps, said Nettie suspiciously.

O no; you probably heard me speak to the cat, replied Miss Elmer smilingly.

Oh, Mr. Bartram, cried Nettie suddenly, we have some of the finest cake-mother made it yesterday. You must taste it; and she essayed to open the door of the china closet. Why, it is locked. Where can the key be? she cried wonderingly.

A rattling of dishes sounded within the closet, followed by a crash and a wild cry, and then a voice exclaimed:

Oh! oh! Help! Murder! I'm killed! Let me out!

Miss Araminta uttered a piercing scream, and fainted.

The door now burst open, and out hobbled the doctor, and a most pitiable spectacle did he present; his hands, face and clothes were bedaubed with Mrs. Danforth's best preserves, and he limped

painfully, emitting a deep groan at every step, for one of his feet was held firmly in a large trap which had been set to catch the vermin that infested the closet.

On hearing Nettie's attempt to open the closet door, he had, in a blind attempt at concealment, essayed to climb upon the topmost shelf, but unable to sustain his weight, the shelf gave way, and precipitated him, together with a quantity of china, to the floor.

Despite the poor man's distress, his appearance was so ridiculous that it caused an irrepressible burst of laughter; but he was soon released from his unpleasant predicament, and was then much more inclined to treat the affair as a joke. Ned began to quiz him unmercifully, but Doctor Allen was equal to the occasion, and taking the hand of the blushing Araminta, who had recovered from her swoon, he said bravely:

Yes, Ned, I have after all concluded to marry, and the sooner you follow my example, you young dog, the better; and the day that sees pretty Miss Nettie here your bride, sees you the possessor of fifty thousand dollars.

Nettie has promised to marry me, uncle, said Ned, taking the hand of his betrothed.

And you know, auntie, said Nettie, laughing and blushing at the same time. I promise to follow your example.

**A FAMILIAR PHRASE.**

The phrase, "The devil to pay," is not so profane in its origin, nor so illegitimate, as some might suppose. Most of the common expletive sayings of the day have a parentage legitimate and proper, and the foregoing is not an exception. The startling word is not necessarily impious or irreverent. We have the "devil-fish," and we have in the printing-office a youthful specimen of humanity who cannot be understandingly designated to the craft without borrowing the Plutonic appellation. The phrase in question doubtless originated in a printing-office, on the occasion of the Saturday night's settlement of weekly accounts. The publisher, with a scant purse, receives the ominous call of his foreman.

Well, John, how is it? What must I pay to-night?

Typus wants five dollars; and Shooting-stick wants four; and Siderule says he must have seven.

Mersey, John, you'll clean me out entirely. My subscribers haven't done a thing at paying up this week. But—let's see,—yes,—here's the money.

And, sir,—I should like a few dollars for myself.

That's bad!—But here you have it—all I've got.

But, sir, you forget,—there's the devil to pay.

And can we wonder that thereafter, when the poor publisher wished to particularly emphasize what he deemed to be a perfect crusher in the way of business, he borrowed this significant phrase?

**THEY WILL ALL DO SO.**

A young man, the son of a well-to-do farmer, had the misfortune to become deeply enamored of a young lady and after a brief courtship proposed and was accepted. But what was his surprise one evening, when about entering the parlor with all the unceremonious freedom of a lover, at discovering his inamorata upon a sofa, her arms around the neck of a neighboring youth, and her lips in such blissful proximity to his as to convince our hero that matters were fearfully in earnest. In rage and mortification he rushed homeward, arriving just in time to surprise his only sister, the pious wife of the village minister, squeezing to kill a young disciple of Blackstone. Nearly frantic at such disclosures among people whom he had believed little lower than the angels, he made a bold dash for the barn, running directly upon his mother, kissing the old family physician, who had stole a march upon her as she was looking up the poultry. This was too much, and with a groan the young man turned, undiscovered, away, resolved to pass the night with his grief, beneath the stars, fearful of further developments should he venture beneath the shelter of another roof.

The morning encouraged him, however, and dew-drenched and sorrowful, he finally sought his home, when his mother, with true maternal solicitude, questioned him as to his sad looks; whereupon he related the inconsistency of his fair betrothed, receiving in reply the gratifying intelligence that she was a good-for-nothing huzzy, and he must not speak to or notice her again—she was so utterly unworthy.

But mother, he continued falteringly, that is not all.

Not all! What can there be more?

That was the next question.

Why, when I hastened home, what should I find but my sister—my goodly sister—in the arms of a rascally young lawyer.

Your sister? shrieked the outraged mother. My child? The ungrateful, wicked creature! Is it for this I have given her a home, and cared for her husband and children? I will do it no more such conduct is infamous—and to be disgraced! She shall leave to-day, and never enter my presence again.

When sick and discouraged by such repeated exhibitions of sin, I left the house determined to pass the night in the barn, I there found my mother kissing old Dr. F.

You did?

I did.

Well, never mind, my son: they will all do it.

**DON'T HURRY.**—Believe in travelling on step by step; don't expect to be rich in a jump. Slow and sure is better than fast and flimsy. Perseverance, by its daily gains, enriches a man far more than fits and starts of fortunate speculation. Little fishes are sweet. Every day a thread, makes a skein in a year. Brick by brick houses are built. We should creep before we walk; walk before we run, and run before we ride. In getting rich, the more haste the worse speed. Haste trips up its own heels. Don't give up a small business till you see that a large one will pay you better. Even crumbs are bread. Better a little furniture than an empty house. In these hard times, he who can sit on a stone and feed himself, had better not move, from bad to worse is poor improvement. A crust is hard fare, but none at all is harder. Don't jump out of the frying-pan into the fire. Remember many men have done well in very small shops. A little trade with profit, is better than a great concern at a loss; a small fire that warms you, is better than a large fire that burns you. A great deal of water can be got from a small pipe, if the bucket be there to catch it. He who undertakes too much, succeeds but little.

A POP, wishing to excite the higher sentiments of his lady-love, and turn her mind to the contemplation of noble themes, said, "Maria, what do you suppose I was a hundred years ago?" To which Maria responded, "Just what you are now—nothing at all!"

**A LONG BRIDGE.**—A Paris paper, speaking of the Victoria Bridge over the St. Lawrence, says, "It extends from the shore of Portland, in Maine, to Port Sarria, near Lake Huron." That statement will make the school-children of America laugh.

A WESTERN poet gives a new version of an oft quoted stanza, thus:

"Politicians' lives remind us  
That contentment's sure to scoff us,  
If we leave our wits behind us  
In struggles to get into office."

A COLORADO paper says, "We hope our next Legislature will vote funds for the establishment of a hospital for the deluded individuals who come to this State to die. This is too healthy a climate for such people."

A YOUNG lady of Michigan dug a well forty feet deep last summer, and received one hundred and thirty dollars therefor from her father. She received numerous offers of marriage from young farmers who wanted wells dug, just after she completed her job, but she declined them all, saying that she thought it best to "let well enough alone."

WHY is the sluggard told to go to the ant to learn a lesson of industry? Because he can there recline upon the mossy bank, and observe the ways of the diligent insect at his leisure without fatigue.

**THE STAR**  
AND CONCEPTION BAY SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER,

is printed and published by the Proprietors, ALEXANDER A. PARSONS and WILLIAM R. SQUAREY, at their Office, opposite the premises of Capt. D. Green, Water Street, Harbor Grace, Newfoundland.

Price of Subscription—THREE DOLLARS per annum, payable half-yearly.

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

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

**AGENTS.**  
CARBONAR.....Mr. J. Foote.  
BRIGUS....." W. Horwood.  
BAY ROBERTS....." R. Simpson.  
HEARTS CONTENT....." C. Rendell.  
TRINITY HARBOR....." B. Miller.  
NEW HARBOR....." J. Miller.  
St. Pierre, Miquelon " H. J. Watts.  
CATALINA....." Jno. Edgewood.

Constantly on hand School and Academy Prayer and Hymn nominations Music, Charts, French Writing Concertinas, French Albums, Initial Tissue and Drawing A large selection

**MUSIC**  
Lately appointed PRINTING & L. Also, Agent for J. tuning Jeweler.

A large selection CLOCKS, WA MEEBRI PLAS JEWELRY of e May 14.

And  
Volum  
DEC  
S. M. T  
1 2 3  
8 9 10  
15 16 17  
22 23 24  
29 30 31  
FO  
RESERV  
Just Receiv  
the  
Fresh Cove  
Spiced  
PINE  
PE  
Strawberry  
Syrup  
Brambleber  
—ALW  
A Choic  
CRO  
Opposite th  
W. Ross & C  
Sept. 17.  
N  
J. HOW  
Dealer  
ENGLISH  
HAR  
Picture Mou  
Look  
Glassware, &  
TROUT  
(In great variety  
SALE  
221 WATER  
St.  
One door East of  
N. B.  
and material, n  
St. John's, May  
HARBO  
BOOK & ST  
E. W. LY  
Importer of I  
NEWS  
PERI  
Constantly on ha  
School and Aca  
Prayer and Hym  
nominations  
Music, Charts, I  
French Writing  
Concertinas, Fr  
Albums, Initial  
Tissue and Draw  
A large selectio  
MUSI  
Lately appointed  
PRINTING & L  
Also, Agent for J  
tuning Jeweler.  
A large selection  
CLOCKS, WA  
MEEBRI  
PLAS  
JEWELRY of e  
May 14.