

The Star,

And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Tuesday, November 26, 1872.

Number 56.

NOVEMBER.

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					

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. HURCHINS, Esq.

N. B.—FRAMES, any size and material, made to order.

St. John's, May 10. tff.

HARBOR GRACE

BOOK & STATIONERY DEPOT,

E. W. LYON, Proprietor,

Importer of British and American

NEWSPAPERS

—AND—

PERIODICALS.

Constantly on hand, a varied selection of

School and Account Books

Prayer and Hymn Books for different denominations

Music, Charts, Log Books, Playing Cards

French Writing Paper, Violins

Concertinas, French Musical Boxes

Albums, Initial Note Paper & Envelopes

Tissue and Drawing Paper

A large selection of Dime & Half Dime

MUSIC, &c., &c.,

Lately appointed Agent for the OTTAWA

PRINTING & LITHOGRAPH COMPANY

Also, Agent for J. LINDBERG, Manufacturing Jeweler.

A large selection of

CLOCKS, WATCHES

MEERCHAUM PIPES,

PLATED WARE, and

JEWELRY of every description & style.

May 14. tff.

BLANK

FORMS

Executed with NEATNESS

and DESPATCH at the Office

of this Paper.

NOTICES.

**PAINLESS! PAINLESS!!
TEETH**

Positively Extracted without Pain

BY THE USE OF

NITROUS OXIDE GAS.

A NEW AND PERFECTLY SAFE METHOD.

Dr. LOVEJOY & SON,

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

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

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

Without Producing pain,

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

AGENT FOR

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

BANNERMAN & LYON'S

Photographic Rooms,

Corner of Bannerman and Water Streets.

THE SUBSCRIBERS, having made suitable arrangements for taking a

FIRST-CLASS

PICTURE,

Would respectfully invite the attention of the Public to a

CALL AT THEIR ROOMS,

Which they have gone to a considerable expense in fitting up.

Their Prices are the **LOWEST**

ever afforded to the Public;

And with the addition of a NEW STOCK

of INSTRUMENTS, CHEMICALS and other Material in connection with the art, they hope to give entire satisfaction.

ALEXR. BANNERMAN,

E. WILKS LYON.

Nov. 5. tff.

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Parsons' Purgative Pills.

G. F. BARNES

Blacksmith & Farrier,

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

OFF LeMarchant St., North of Gas House.

Sept. 17.

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Fellows' Compound Syrup

OF

HYPOPHOSPHITES.

POETRY

The Declaration.

"Fath! women are riddles!" I muttered one day,
As I sat by my beautiful Bess;
It seems very queer that whatever they say,
Their meaning no mortal can guess.

I knew that she heard me by many a sigh,
That served her affection to show;
But when I suggested, will Betty be mine?
Confound her—she answered me "No!"

'Tis the way with the sex—so I often had heard—
And thus their assent they express;
But I couldn't but think it extremely absurd
That a "No" was the same as a "Yes."

So I asked her again, with my heart in a whirl,
And said "Do not answer me so!"
When twice in succession the mischievous girl
Repeated that odious "No."

"There!" she said, with a laugh, "that is certainly plain;
And your hearing is not over-nice.
Or you wouldn't have forced me to say it again,
For I think I have spoken it twice."

"I see," I exclaimed, as I clasped in my own
The hand of my beautiful Bess;
I now recollect—what the grammar has shown—
Two negatives equal a "Yes."

EXTRACTS.

Remarkable Change in Rome.

The following extract is from an article in *La Chiesa Libera*, written by the Free Church Minister in Rome:—"We are now possessors of two rooms remarkable for the traditions connected with them. The first that was opened in Rome for the public preaching is that of the seminary belonging to the brethren of the so-called Inquisition, and where it is said the Apostle Paul preached. Here also was pierced with red-hot iron the tongue of the intrepid confessor of Christ, Giovanni Molino, on the 5th September, 1555. The second, situate on the Via del Corallo, more beautiful and spacious than the first, admits of our holding in it our schools, being healthy, central, and in good order. This locale is in the palace of the old Government where the Popes used to administer justice. In fact, it was in this palace that the terrible Council tragedy happened; it was here that the noble Beatrice Cenci was imprisoned, the prison where she was kept being still shown. It seems impossible that we should be able to preach the truth in these buildings; and yet it is so. Nothing is impossible with the true and living God. Promises, threats, anonymous letters—everything has been tried to drive us from these quarters, but we are stronger than those who believed themselves to be the eternal guardians of the eternal city. Our meetings are not crowded as in the winter, but they keep up well. The Sunday-school is attended by a good number of children. In one word, we may say that the Free Church here is growing in spiritual life, and increasing in numbers. Twelve additional catechumens are being prepared for admission to the Lord's Supper. The progress of our schools is incontestable, and such as to gladden the hearts of all who are interested in the advancement of the Gospel. These schools, which were in danger of perishing through frequent removal from place to place, are now, thanks to the exertions of the Rev. J. R. M'Dougall and some Italian ladies, thoroughly established. They contain ninety-seven children."

Mrs. Hyacinthe Loyson.

A correspondent of the *Congregationalist* communicates the following interesting information respecting Pere Hyacinthe's bride:—"I first met the lady on the 'Great Eastern,' en route for Europe, 1867. I learned from her her history; that she was the daughter of Mr. Butterfield of Bucyrus, Ohio, where she now has a brother living, a prominent, wealthy farmer. She married a dry goods clerk in New York, and, after living in Brooklyn a few years, parted with her husband because of his dissipated habits, and soon after, taking their only son, Ralph, she went abroad to educate him, and to perfect herself as an artist. It was on her second, or return trip, that I met her, and was informed that she was a member of the Plymouth Church, and had with her letters from Mr. Beecher and other prominent men of this coun-

try, expressing their esteem for, and recommendation of their confidence in Mrs. Emilia J. Merriman as a lady of piety. Those who met her were charmed with her appearance as a lady of rare culture and intelligence, as well as her manifest interest in moral and religious questions. While at Paris there was exhibited at the Exposition a patent corset of her own invention, which she was introducing as a sanitary improvement for the benefit of the ladies, and to furnish her with means to travel. This, and correspondence for newspapers, were her resources for the education of her son and for her own livelihood. During that year she spent most of the time in Paris, and was part of the time an efficient teacher in the American Chapel Sabbath School, of which I was then the superintendent. I recollect an incident which occurred, which was the first intimation I heard of Pere Hyacinthe's change of views upon the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, and some time before it was made public. It seems that Mrs. Merriman, who spoke several languages fluently, had met Hyacinthe during his former stay in Paris, and he called upon her soon after her arrival at this time. I met them at this interview, and after he had left Mrs. M. remarked, 'I have had a long conversation with him in regard to the Roman Catholic Church, and I believe the time is not far distant when he will become a Protestant.'

Sceptical Notes and Queries.

Are we not to have a solitary tradition left us! The fancy work of history is melting into mist under the fierce light which beats on the critic's throne. William Tell has been deprived of his bow his apple and his boy. There is no venturing any longer to quote Dequatra and her pearl. All famous sayings of great soldiers and sailors are hushed up as afterthought, or else relegated to Assyrian times. It is useless now to be learned on the subject of Diogenes and his tub, because you will instantly be convinced that no person of that name ever lived, and that if he did live he did not inhabit a barrel. But our last disenchantment is positively repulsive. It is nothing less than that Amy Robsart was not murdered, but that she died through misadventure, and that, instead of a Kenilworth tragedy made gorgeous by the novelist's imagination, there was a coroner's inquest, resulting in a verdict of accidental death. Where is this searching and sifting to end? How many more replies are to be given to sceptical notes and queries? There is even a doubt at present whether King Arthur ever reigned, since it is certain, speaking in the manner of Sir George Cornwall Lewis that he never had any existence. In course of time we may expect a perfect *tabula rasa* to the infinite advantage of historians. Then will vanish whatever we have learned to believe in about Romulus and Remus, the leap of Sappho, the siege of Troy, the labours of Hercules, and the thousand and one fondled legends concerning which chroniclers have been so grave and students so serious. We shall even be rid of Robin Hood, and as for Jack Cade and Wat Taylor, we may assume them, we suppose, to have been expunged already. The question is whether in these matters truth is preferable to tradition. The one is useful; the other, however, is ornamental. Which shall be sacrificed? After all, there is a great deal in matter-of-fact history which might well be spare; while, on the other hand, 'the admixture of a lie doth ever give pleasure.' Let us have the lies then, by all means, and still believe that Amy Robsart was killed by Sir Walter Scott or his hero; that Wellington did cry, 'Up Guards and at them!' that Cambronne readily roared, 'The Guard dies, but do not surrender;' let us add, 'England expects —' and 'Veni, vidi, —' and we have the history of our youth complete, as certified by Pincock.

An Unhealthy Business.

No business is so fatal to life as that of selling liquor, because those who sell usually drink. A recent report in England on the influence of occupation on health, proves that even those who work in the mines in the bowels of the earth live longer than liquor sellers. The tables in the report show that while the average deaths among 1000 miners is eighteen, that among 1000 liquor sellers is twenty-five, and that the average life of a liquor seller is more than ten years less than that of other men.

An Egg Story.

The story comes from Illinois, that a gentleman, breaking a boiled egg at dinner, discovered a black spot in the egg and pushed it aside. In clearing off the table, the black spot was found to have been caused by a brass pantalon button imbedded in the egg. Where the chicken got the button and how it came inside of the egg shell, is the mystery.

What Petroleum Is.

A scientific authority says that the popular idea that petroleum had originated from coal is now generally abandoned, and it is believed to be a fossilized product of animal or vegetable matters. The petroleum of America is different from any other bitumen, and is entirely peculiar. Regarding coal as the carbon stored by the sun in plants of geological ages, and petroleum as a similar carbonaceous product from extinct plants or animals, we seem to realize the prediction of the chemist Liebig, made many years ago, that he should live to see shining in his house the sunlight of past ages. He has it in the illuminating gas from coal, and in the mineral oils from petroleum.

An Imperial Family Quarrel Adjusted.

One result of the visit of the Empress to Germany has been the adjustment of a family quarrel. Archduke Henry of Austria has long been pining in exile under the displeasure of his cousin for the offence of marrying a lady whose misfortune it was to be connected with the opera. The Emperor's wrath must have been extreme, for he added military degradation to the sentence of banishment, nor would he be appeased by his relative, the King of Bavaria's interference and the promotion of the lady to the title of countess. The Archduke has since spent his days at a small villa near Lucerne. King John of Saxony's friendly offices, exerted at the Emperor's stay at Pillnitz, on his way to Berlin, doubtless in the most tractable of humours, have gained the exile readmission to Imperial favour. The Archduke has been gazetted to his old command as Feld-Marshal Lieutenant, and will return to his estates in the Tyrol.

The Committal of the "Countess of Derwentwater" for Contempt of Court.

Another bill has been introduced by the "Countess of Derwentwater," who, it will be remembered, was committed at Newcastle County Court lately, for contempt of court, she having failed to act up to the provisions of section 19 of the Bankruptcy Act. The document is similar in all respects to those which have preceded it, and appended to it is a copy of the letter addressed by the "Countess" to the judge of the County Court, by whom the order for committal was issued. In the course of this communication her "lordship" says—"I am a child of England, borne of noble parents, descended from one of the oldest noble patriots of English soil. Their right and title have descended to me by birth and blood, and it is no crime on my part to claim that right. I am the heiress of the entailed estate of the elder lineage of the Earls of Derwentwater, limited and assured to me by an enrolled, entailed family settlement made for the term of 500 years, to remain without impeachment of waste to the heirs of the body for ever." The placard like its predecessors, is signed "Amelia, Countess of Derwentwater," and is dated from "Dilstone Domain."

Happiness.

Gibbon, in his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," gives the following extract from Cardonne. He states that in the closet of Kaliph Abdalrahman the following confession was found after his decease:—"I have now reigned fifty years in victory or peace; beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies, and respected by my allies. Riches and honours, power and pleasure, have waited on my call, nor does any earthly blessing appear to have been wanting to my felicity. In this situation I have numbered the days of pure and genuine happiness which have fallen to my lot; they amount to fourteen. O man! place not thy confidence in this present world!"

An Old Steamer.

The oldest steamer in the world has been presented by her owners, Messrs. Steele and M'Caskey, to the Glasgow Chamber of Commerce. The vessel is named the *Industry*, is 54 tons register and was launched from the building yard of Messrs. John and William Fyfe, Fairlie, on the Clyde, in May, 1814. She was the seventh steamer built on that river. Lately she has lain sunk in the East India Harbour, at Greenock, but recently she was floated and beached to be caulked, thereafter to proceed to Glasgow, where she will be preserved as a memento of the early days of steam navigation.

Something to Do.

To insure persons growing up with correct tastes, they should have some occupation when children—something to do regularly and thoroughly, no matter what it is. Especially should they keep busily employed in the exhilarating spring days, when life itself takes a new lease of labor as well as pleasure. Not that they

HARBOR GRACE, NOVEMBER 26, 1872.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR SIRS.— The "Temperance Journal" of St. John's has in its last issue an article which calls for, in my opinion, a few words of comment. The journal in question compliments your courtesy in dealing with its opinions and suggestions—far be it from me to advise any other course. A proper respect and consideration for the views of all men will always give a character to, and ensure respect for your journal. But does not the editor of the paper of which I am speaking, himself exceed the fair limits of journalism? Does he not commit a sacrilege against the amenities of private life in dragging from the grave the memory of a private citizen to make his personal habits a matter of public censure and warning. Even when a great criminal has paid the penalty of his misdeeds with his life, we hesitate to hold him and his crimes up to the scorn of the world. We are inclined to let the wretched man's deeds be buried with his body. But how terribly unfeeling and uncharitable it is to invade the sanctity of private life and spread the faults of the dead before the eye of the public "to point a moral and adorn a tale!" It is the great evil of reformers that they spoil their excellent principles by degenerating into fanaticism. No cause was ever gained or even forwarded, I believe, by such illegitimate means as your contemporary has used in the article on which I am commenting. The statement is also incorrect as well as improper—one of the parties referred to being now alive, and it is fair to presume, respected and happy. I cannot be more explicit, for fear of falling into the personalities which are so reprehensible and which have called forth this communication. The persons spoken of in the "Journal" were men of general good character, who all their lives preserved their business integrity, were respected and beloved in the community, died peacefully, surrounded by their weeping friends, receiving and accepting the last consolations of religion, and so passed on to the Great Judge. By what right does the rude hand of so-called morality tear aside the veil of charity and expose their errors? By what right does the reforming vulture drive its poisoned beak into the distracted breasts of the sorrowing mourners now weeping for the loss of one who, however faulty, was all the world to them? Let the "Temperance Journal" fight on its good fight against the terrible scourge of intemperance! Let it be foremost in its championship of all good works.

God speed it in the temperance fight! For it is God's cause—the cause of right!

JUSTICE.

Nov. 25.

[FOR THE HARBOR GRACE STAR.]

To Her I Love.

O, talk not to me Of the sweet melody, Of the birds that sing In the opening Spring: Far sweeter to me Is the joyous glee Of the lute-toned voice Of my loved Rosa Lee.

O, talk not to me, Of fair Italy, And the maidens that sigh, 'Neath her cloudless sky; Far dearer to me Than their charms could be The precious love Of my dear Rosa Lee.

O, talk not to me, Of the gems of the sea, Or the gold that shines In the earth's deep mines; For the gems that I prize Are the sparkling eyes, And the golden smiles, Of my loved Rosa Lee.

LOCAL ITEMS.

The Fall Term of the Supreme Court was opened yesterday, a full bench being present. The Grand Jury, nineteen gentlemen answering their names, chose Henry LeMessurier, Esq., as their Foreman, and being sworn, were addressed by His Lordship the Chief Justice. After congratulating them upon the condition of the criminal calendar, His Lordship said their attention would be called to but one criminal case, in which a party was charged with the crime of incendiarism. In the destruction of property arising from such offences all were interested, as the sufferers by such an act may be many. In all these cases the freest and fullest investigation was necessary, especially as it appeared the offence was interesting. It was a matter worth enquiring why such offences should be dealt with so leniently by Juries called to try them. If the claims made against them were not often resisted by the Insurance Companies whose duty it should be to bring parties against whom suspicion rested to justice, and if Juries before whom in some

should be taken from play; but play grows wearisome after a time, and work is needed as an antidote and an elixir. Many ways can be found of filling the lives of little ones with a variety of labor and relaxation, that will prevent Jack and Jill also from becoming either a "dull boy" or a "mere toy." If you would have the children interested in home and its surroundings, and also have them grow up to love work, and to depend upon that for their happiness, give them a personal interest in something (one child may have a piece of ground and be allowed to cultivate it, appropriating the proceeds as he pleases. Another may have a few fowls and be taught to keep an account of their eggs and the cost of their keeping. Even in towns, something of this kind may be planned for each little one, which will combine profits with pleasure, and give them habits of industry. We have been informed of one lady ten years old who cultivated an acre of ground last year, planting it with corn, and tending it herself, who has now a goodly sum of money invested as its proceeds. He is "putting in" still more this year, with a zeal pleasant to witness, and taking time from play to do it well. A girl of twelve has already made the care of fowls a pleasure and profit, and has several choice varieties—bought with her own earnings in this line. We have heard of one wise father who gave his little son a stand of bees, with the assurance that its proceeds should be invested for him until he was of age, the child to study the habits of the bees and take all necessary care of them. The first year's proceeds were unusually large and the little fellow feels himself a bee-keeper in reality. Ten years will make him a rich man, for he will have habits of thought and observation worth more by far than the money value of the bees. Other ways of interesting children will present themselves to parents and friends, and we are sure no one will ever regret the attempt when they find what discipline it is for the growing children, and how it will encourage habits of industry and self-reliance.

Missing Explorers.

The list of lost explorers, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger, is longer than might be supposed, including in it the names of those whose fate has never been ascertained, of those the manner of whose death is known, or conjectured with probability, and of those who have temporarily disappeared from observation, among which last Dr. Livingstone may happily now be classed. Romance and mystery shroud the memories of those who have disappeared "leaving not a wreck behind." There is Eric, the good Christian bishop of Greenland, who in the year 1121 started for this continent to convert the red men, but how long he remained among them, or whether he ever got there, is unknown to this day. Then there is Prince Madoc, the son of Owen Gwynedd, King of Wales, who in the year 1170 went to sea in search of adventures, and is said to have reached the shores of this continent and to have left some of his people here. He went back to Wales for more Colonists, and again started with ten ships full, but neither he nor his ships were ever heard of afterwards, and there are no traces of his colony. In 1502 the Portuguese navigator, Gaspar Cortreal, who had already explored the coast of Labrador, set out on a second exploration of that country, but not returning as soon as was expected, his brother sailed in search of him; no account, however, of either of them ever reached Portugal. In 1549 the Sieur de Roberval, a wealthy Frenchman, who had been invested by Henry II. of France, with the empty titles of lieutenant-general, lord and viceroy of all the islands and countries then discovered, either by the French or the English, and who had sailed up the St. Lawrence and built two forts near Quebec, started on a voyage of discovery and was never heard of again. In 1569 Captain Richard Chancellor, an English navigator, set out to explore the Arctic Ocean, but never returned. Many years afterwards the remains of two English ships were found on the coast of Spitzbergen, but it is not certain that they were those of Chancellor. A similar uncertainty attaches to the fate of the French navigator La Perouse, who, in 1774, left France on an exploring expedition to the North Pacific, in command of two ships, La Boussole and L'Astrolabe; he never returned. Expeditions were sent in search of him, but no traces of him were found until 1788, when another Frenchman (M. De Lesseps), landing on the coast of Kamtschatka, discovered some articles which had belonged to the missing ships, hence it was conjectured that they had been wrecked in the neighborhood. The fate of Leichardt, the Australian explorer, is still unknown. He started on his explorations in 1848, since which time nothing has been heard of him. The fate of most other lost explorers have been ascertained sooner or later after their death. Without dwelling upon the mythic instances of the Irish mission Ion, who came over to Massachusetts in the year 1659 and was murdered there by the savages, or one of the Italian brothers Nicola and Antonio Zeno, who in 1380 did the same thing and met with the same fate, the list beginning with the Spaniard Juan Ponce de Leon, is long enough. He was the explorer of Florida, and gave that state the name she bears, but he fell in a conflict with the natives. Francisco Fernandez de Cordova, another Spaniard, attempted the exploration of Yucatan, in 1517, but received a wound there, of which he died on his return to Cuba. The great Portuguese navigator, Ferdinand Magellan (or, more properly, Magellans), the first European who sailed round the world, and gave the Pacific Ocean the name it now bears, was killed in a fight with the natives of the Philippine Islands in 1520. Pampilo de Narvaez, commander of a Spanish expedition in search of a wealthy empire somewhere in North America, was driven out to sea by a storm from the Bay of Apalachee

Russian Progress in Central Asia.

The following is an extract from a long article recently published by the Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung—"The terrible injury which was inflicted upon the Chinese Empire by the Mahomedan revolution in its western and southern provinces, which may probably involve the loss of almost a sixth part of the empire, has created a diplomatic activity among the rival heirs of Islam, which is in its way of the highest interest. We have here a fresh instance of the penurious policy of the Manchester school being out-tripped by the pliant Russians who feel thoroughly at home in Asia. John Bull has once more lost a market and a place of exercise for his adventurous sons; while, on the other hand, the Russians have taken another step forward in their policy of conquest—a step, the importance of which can hardly be over-estimated. It will be remembered that two years ago the English sent an extraordinary embassy to Jacob Kwshbegi, the ruler of Eastern Turkestan, in order to enter into friendly relations, and to conclude a treaty of commerce with this man, who, relying solely on his sword, had in a short time founded, at the expense of China, an empire three times as large as France. From the excessive precaution with which this embassy was prepared, it was easy to perceive the anxiety of the Liberals not to excite suspicion at St. Petersburg. Mr. D. Forsyth, the gentleman entrusted with this mission, was limited to a certain number of days for his journey over mountainous regions and in a country never before visited by a European Embassy. The Prince was absent when the Embassy arrived, and, owing to the limited time, they could not await his return, so that nothing at all came of the mission. The Prince of Turkestan had before sent four embassies to Calcutta, being anxious to have the protection of the English on the one hand against the Chinese, and on the other against the Russians. It was sound policy on the part of the Asiatic adventurer to prefer an alliance with England to one with Russia, for the friendship of the Russians, who were within a few days' march of Cashgar, might have been dangerous for him, while there was no such objection to an alliance with the English, who were separated from him by the pathless Kun Lun mountain range. Such an alliance would also have been beneficial to England, not only for purely commercial purposes, but also as extending towards the East the neutral territory which separates her dominions from those of Russia. Altogether the indifference which England displayed at that time with regard to the ruler of Eastern Turkestan was a great mistake; and if the causes of this were puzzling enough to the distant spectator, they must have been still more surprising to Kushbegi, who cannot but have regarded the conduct of England as indicative of weakness and want of courage. A year and a half had passed since that mission. Kushbegi, after having conquered the Buddhist Chinese, which was proportionately an easy task, had attacked the Mahomedan Chinese, and, by skill and restless activity, had gained the greatest victories over them. The result was that he very greatly enlarged his territory. He is now master of the important trading towns of Urumtschi and Manasi, and, but for the ever-watchful policy of the Russians, the energetic ruler of Eastern Turkestan would have anticipated them in the taking of Kuldsha.

At a Conservative banquet which has lately been given at Bordeaux by the partisans of a fusion between the Legitimists and Oleanists, several of the speakers expressed a hope that the day might come when they would be able to drink to the King, Princess, and Royal House of France."

The "Temperance Journal" of the 22nd inst., in referring to an article in a recent issue of the "Star," takes occasion to make some very uncharitable assertions, which calls forth the censure and reprehension of the numerous friends of those whose sacred remains are now "mouldering in the dust." We do not wish to make any unnecessary comment in connection with this matter, yet we cannot refrain from condemning the course pursued by our contemporary in thus infringing on the private character of one whose faults—if any—should now be consigned to oblivion. The cause of temperance, we admit, ought to be advocated by all legitimate means; but is it charitable to cause the hearts of sorrowing friends to bleed afresh by exposing the errors of those who are now "sleeping the sleep of death," for the purpose of endeavoring to promote an object the fundamental principle of which is charity itself. Our contemporary concludes by saying, "Let the light of the Harbor Grace 'Star' shine on this four-fold tragedy, and then reveal to us 'What is truth.'" The light of the Harbor Grace "Star" shines for all, its cheering rays making many a fireside happy, not adding additional poignancy to grief by distorting the truth and bringing before the public gaze the private faults of the respected dead. For the information of our contemporary we would just say that one of the members of his "four-fold tragedy" is at present residing in St. John's and will, no doubt, speak for himself. Now, friend "Journal" be so kind as to tell us "WHAT IS TRUTH!"

"WHEN 'hard up' for a paragraph, write about the weather" was once the counsel of an old itemizer. We obey the instruction! Since our last issue, the "versatility" of the elements has been something remarkable. To use the language of the Yankee humorist, "It has SNEW and THEW and BLEW and FUEZ," and now it raineth. We had delightful sleighing yesterday, and many of our dashing beaux and gaily equipped belles enjoyed the jingling of the sleigh bells hugely. But as we go to press a "change has come o'er the spirit of our dream," and "sloshing around" with moist feet and dragged skirts is the fate of those who are obliged to indulge in outdoor exercise. Well, "such is life," and we must bear the weather, whether we like it or not.

THERE is great death in the news market at present. As journalists loving a sensation paragraph above all blessings, how we ought to envy those of our fraternity in the large cities. What a God-send to us the "Headings" they can revel in: "Mysterious Ghostly Visitation," "Astounding Developments," "Divorce in High Life," "Tremendous Fire—Millions of Dollars Destroyed—Thousand of Lives Sacrificed," "Burglary and Robbery," "Great Forgery on the Bank of England," &c., &c., "ad infinitum." But here "nothing is stirring but stagnation." Our vessels lie peacefully moored at the wharves, or ride gently in the harbor. Our people attend to the daily routine of duties, only interrupted by the usual amount of eating, drinking and sleeping. We who are "at peace with all mankind and preserve amicable relations with the rest of the world," as an American President once said, must not even indulge in the luxury of a slanderous article to create the sensation of a libel suit. Well, there is one comfort in all this—if we have no rows, no excitements, no great crimes—we are without those pangs, heart-burnings and miseries that greater communities are afflicted with; and so let us be thankful for the gifts we have, "nor look the gift-horse in the mouth."

THE Company which has been enlivening the public for some considerable time at British Hall are giving their last entertainments now, and we are informed will positively leave us this week. From the variety of plays and the superior manner in which they have been acted, we have no hesitation in pronouncing this Company one of great excellence, and well deserving the popularity which has been meted to them. We hope they will have success wherever they go. The last performance will be held to-morrow evening. The friends of the Proprietor, Mr. G. E. Wilson, have made it the occasion of offering him a complimentary farewell testimonial. Wilson is a good fellow, a spirited actor, and has tried hard to suit his patrons. While his professional success has been all that he could ask, peculiarly he is a sufferer. As he means to behave honestly and in a straightforward manner, we sincerely trust that there will be a good turn out to-morrow evening to witness a grand entertainment and give Mr. W. a bumper.

instances the plainest cases are brought do not give effect to the law, it can hardly be a matter of surprise if the crime of incendiarism should be found to be on the increase. In making these remarks, His Lordship had no particular reference to the special case about to be laid before them for their consideration, for he did not presume to say that this was a case of incendiarism. The indictment charged one John Kenny with the crime of arson, and it would be for the Grand Jury, after a full consideration of the evidence, to say whether that evidence was sufficient to warrant his trial upon the indictment. His Lordship then detailed the circumstances as set forth in the depositions, and the case was given to the Jury. The Petit Jury were then called and dismissed, and the docket of civil cases called over.

On motion of the Treasurer of the Law Society, James Gerve Conroy, Esq., was admitted a Barrister of the Supreme Court. The civil docket is a very heavy one, and will fully occupy the bench during the term. In the indictment of the Queen vs. Kenny, for arson, the Grand Jury, after a long and patient investigation, brought in a True Bill.—Chronicle, Nov. 21.

The Newfoundland British Society has organized a Band of Music for the use of the Society. By the S. S. Austrian, a few days ago was received a splendid lot of brass instruments—the full set being seventeen in number, made by Distin of London—and on last evening the pupils were formally introduced to the Band Instructor, J. Owan Jones, Esq., who handed over the instrument best adapted to each performer, and thus inaugurated his class for the ensuing winter's practice. Mr. Jones comes with the highest recommendations as Organist, Choir Master and Band Master in the Old Country; and we have no doubt that under the hands of a Master, the Newfoundland British Society will shortly be able to lay claim to having the best band in the Colony. The volunteers are members of the Society, and are a fine lot of respectable and intelligent-looking young men. We wish the British Society's Band every success.—Ledger.

The steamer Tiger returned here from the Northward on the night of Monday last.—We regret to learn that "on the morning of the 15th instant a man named Albert Heath, a native of Harbor Grace, lost his life at Tilt Cove by foul air in one of the sinks." It is painful to add that the unfortunate man leaves a wife and children to lament the very sudden and melancholy bereavement.—Times.

It is currently reported that Messrs. Baine, Johnston & Co. are now the proprietors of that fine steamer, City of Halifax, which, when engaged, in the Packet service, propelling it between Halifax, N. S., and this port, gave universal satisfaction to the public. Success to the new enterprise.—Ibid.

NEWS ITEMS.

LORD COWLEY and Baron Brunnow are the only diplomatists now living of those who were in the Congress of Paris in 1856.

THE Empress Eugenie has discarded fashionable dress, and during her late stay at Cowes appeared only in black.

FOLEY's model for the statue of Grattan, which is to be placed in College Green, has arrived in Dublin, and is now at the Mansion House. It represents Grattan in the act of delivering one of his speeches.

MR. R. STANLEY, now living in West Virginia, has had 14 children, 39 grandchildren and 223 great and great-great grandchildren—total progeny, 336—with returns from the back towns not yet all in.

A STRONG-MINDED woman in Detroit made the following gentle reply to a politician who had called at her house to get her husband to go to the polls and vote:—"No sir, he can't go! He's washing now, and he's got to iron to-morrow, and if he wasn't doing anything he couldn't go. I run this ere house. I do, and if any one votes it'll be this same Mary Jane."

THE "New York Herald" of the 26th ult., says, N. J. Wright, of Arkansas, a medical student of the Louisville University, who was supposed to have committed suicide two weeks ago, was captured on Friday night in the woods near Salem, Indiana, by the Sheriff of Floyd county, in that State, and brought to this city to-day. Wright had been sent from home to keep him from marrying a girl to whom his parents were opposed, and the disappointment unbalanced his mind. At the time of his supposed drowning he was labouring under the delusion that somebody wanted to hang him, and did try to drown himself. He then changed his mind, swam the river to the Indiana shore and was wandering through the woods ever since, sleeping in the open air and subsisting on nuts, roots, &c.

He is still suffering under mental derangements, and is being taken care of by the Faculty of the University, who will send him home as soon as he is fit to travel.

Latest Despatches.

LONDON, Nov. 18. John Bright resumes his seat in Parliament at the coming session.

Mr. Baily, one of the speakers at the Fenian amnesty demonstration at Hyde Park, on the 3rd inst., was fined last week, for infringing the regulations for the protection of public parks.

Eighty-six members of the London police force have been discharged for insubordination. The trouble grew out of the dismissal of a constable who acted as Secretary during an effort of the force to secure an increase of pay.

The ruin caused by the hurricane in Denmark is tremendous and loss of life very great. The king has ordered everything possible to be done for the sufferers.

Bismarck has fully recovered. Changarnier introduced into the French Assembly a motion, censuring Gambetta, and in his address charged the government with laxity in dealing with the Radicals.

NEW YORK, 18. A special session of the Mass. Legislature assembled to-day, to legislate upon issuing building bonds, and insurance matters and other exigencies of the Boston fire.

The second trial of Stokes for the murder of Fisk, has been assigned for the second of December.

MONTREAL, 20. The Governor-General will arrive here to-night, and the Queen's statue will be uncovered to-morrow. Sleighing has commenced.

TORONTO, 20. At the Welland election, yesterday, Mr. Thompson, the reform candidate, was elected, notwithstanding the speeches and influences of four members of the Ottawa Cabinet, on nomination day.

PARIS, 19. President Thiers has decided to resign, unless the vote of confidence which the Assembly failed to give, is reconsidered.

The members of the Right in the Assembly, decided to oppose any formal proclamation of the Republic, but express their willingness to name Thiers President of France for life, if he will henceforth abstain from Parliamentary debate. The report is received that the Right will propose a triumvirate, should President Thiers resign.

NEW YORK, 21. A special despatch from Paris states that the city is greatly excited. The political troubles have reached a climax. Thiers has resigned the Presidency, and Marshall McMahon has been appointed President.

LONDON, 20. The trouble in the London police force is not yet settled. The situation is about the same as yesterday. The movement for an increase of pay has extended to the postmen, who with the police, intend to hold a mass meeting in Hyde Park, on Sunday next to discuss what course shall be pursued.

NEW YORK, 20. An unconfirmed rumor that a vessel with cholera has arrived in the lower Bay, prevailed here yesterday.

The losses by the Brooklyn fire will not exceed \$500,000. Horace Greeley's health is very much impaired.

LONDON, 20. An unfortunate contretemps has happened at Chalons. A detachment of French hospital assistants, on their way to the camp, stopped by mistake at the town of Chalons. The men went into the town with their side arms, and were immediately stopped by the German soldiers and disarmed.

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The party were allowed to leave by the next train for the camp at Chalons. The French authorities have sentenced the sergeant in charge of the detachment to fifteen days' imprisonment for allowing the men to go into the town. The Paris correspondent of the "Daily News" says that this unfortunate collision has greatly shaken public confidence in the reorganization of the army, and that the attempt of the official papers to throw all the blame on the sergeant is severely

commented upon. In the meantime the evacuation of the Marne and Haute-Marne actively continues, and will be wholly completed not later than the 4th of November.

THE storms and floods in Italy have caused terrible damage. In the districts of Mantua and Ferrara an area of about one thousand square kilometres has been inundated, and the damage is estimated at many millions. Towns and villages are submerged, and many houses have fallen in, the waters rising even to the roofs. In the province of Ferrara, 40,000 persons have been rendered homeless. "Milan, Genoa, and Venice," we are told, "are rivalling each other in forwarding assistance, and the authorities and the troops are doing wonders in saving the population. The works erected as a protection against overflow of the Po are unavailing, and a general inundation of Rovigo and parts of the province of Mantua and Verona is expected."

The Chief director of Public Works has telegraphed to the Minister of Public Works at Rome to this effect: "On Monday, 23rd October, a gale occurred in the province of Syracuse. Several houses were blown down, and thirty-two persons buried in the ruins."

MARRIED.

On Thursday, 21st inst., at Fort William St. John's, by the Rev. T. Hall, Mr. John Butler, to Miss Naomi Gifford, both of Port de Grave, Conception Bay.

At Harbor Main, on Sunday, the 3rd inst., by the Rev. Patrick O'Donnell, C. C., Charles Furey, Esq., J. P., to Bridget, eldest daughter of Mr. Peter Hannon, Planter, of the above place.

At St. Mary's Church, Heart's Content, on Wednesday, the 13th inst., by the Rev. G. Gardner, incumbent, brother of the bride; George Unicume, Esq., late of Beckenham, Kent, to Emma, eldest daughter of James Gardner, Esq.

On the 12th inst., at the residence of the bride's mother, Catalina, by the Revd. William Veitch, James F. Merchant, of Bonavista, son of the late Valentine Merchant, Esq., of this city, to Margaret Gertrude, eldest daughter of the late Wm. Walsh, Esq., of Catalina.

DEED.

On the 7th inst., at Great St. Lawrence, Mr. Edward Kelligrew, aged 68 years, for 26 of which he faithfully served the Colonial and Continental Church Society, as master of their schools at Salmon Cove, Port-de-Grave, and at Great St. Lawrence. He was a Church of England reader also at the latter station, and was an exemplary, pious man. His loss is much felt by his sorrowful family, pupils and community there. His remains were followed to their last resting place by the people generally, and the funeral services conducted by the Rev. William Rosier of Burin. His end was peace.

At King's Cove, on the 27th September Mr. Geo. G. Connolly, a native of the County Waterford, Ireland, aged 60 years.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF HARBOR GRACE.

ENTERED. Nov. 22—Minnie, Gordon, Montreal, provisions—Punton & Munn. Ravenwood, Smart, Montreal, provisions, —Punton & Munn.

CLEARED. Nov. 23—Release, Clunn, St. Vincent, fish—Punton & Munn. Consort, Parsons, Sydney, ballast—Punton & Munn. Escort, Walsh, New York, herring—Punton & Munn.

PORT OF ST. JOHN'S.

ENTERED. Nov. 26—Flash, Dutton, Boston—John Woods. Henrietta, Campbell, Greenock—Baine, Johnston & Co. Peerless Mitchell, Montreal—Baine, Johnston & Co. 28—Dawn, Clarke, Montreal—Baine, Johnston & Co. Hector, Knight, Cow Bay—Jo's, Bros. & Co. Eagle, Jackman, Montreal—Bowring Bros. 19—Wm. Stairs, Ryan, Sydney—LeMessurier & Knight. Gem, Facey, Halifax—W. Grieve & Co. Gertrude, Layman, Greenock—J. & W. Stewart.

CLEARED. Nov. 25—Gleaner, Foote, Greenock—W. Grieve & Co. Royal Arch, Costigan, LaHave—P. & L. Tessier. Victoria, Amelia, Terrio, Pictou—G. Browning. Mary White, LeBlanc, Sydney—Harvey & Co. Imogene, Down, Pernambuco—Bowring Bros. 18—Bertha, Pippy, Sydney—D. White & Sons. 18—Tanger, Jones, Sydney—J. & W. Stewart.

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

CARD.

To the Patrons of the Drama in Harbor Grace and Vicinity.

As the Season will close Wednesday evening, Nov. 27th, I feel it incumbent on me to publicly acknowledge the continued demonstrations made by those who desire to encourage the Moral Drama, and establish a circuit for yearly representations of the same, and beg to offer my heart's best thanks for the uninterrupted Patronage extended for the lengthened Season of 10 consecutive weeks.

I have struggled hard to establish the Drama in this Colony, and the sole obstacle in the way has always been the necessary expense attendant on the cleaning, rebuilding, and fitting up of Halls for that purpose in St. John's. And in consideration of the loss of time and outlay in the transportation of a large Company and Paraphernalia, for Professional requirements, the undertaking, after a little experience, is financially unprofitable, although gratifying in knowing that our efforts are appreciated by intelligent communities, whose appreciation of the grand and instructive beauties of the stage, will induce us to again visit the Island, at some future time.

To individualize our late additional friendly record in Harbor Grace, would be almost compulsory on us to publish a Directory.

To the British Society, and others interested, I beg to offer especial thanks for their quiet, yet effective method of extending courtesies.

The Company respectfully join me in thanking the constant attendants of the Theatre for the recognition at all times of their exertions to please, and can safely say, on many occasions, the demonstrations made, will compare favourably with many Metropolitan audiences.

We purpose taking our departure for St. John's on Thursday morning and after a season there, will depart for the West, flattering ourselves that we will bear with us, the hearty good will of one and all. Knowing as we do that numerous acts of kindness are ever locked in memories treasury, and you yourselves shall keep the key.

G. E. WILSON.

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. 15 1872.

FOR SALE!

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.

FOR SALE!

75 Brls. Choice Extra FLOUR 20 do. CORN MEAL 20 BOXES No. 1 Family SOAP 9 Doz. CHAIRS.

R. ANDERSON.



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 "

Preparation 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 Pictou and Halifax to Liverpool, at the same charge as now made, of twelve cents the half-ounce.

JOHN DELANEY, P. M. G.

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 Powell's Balsam Aniseed Medicumatum (stamped) Medic Oil Balsam of Life Chlorodyne Mexican Mustang Liniment Steer's Opodiloco 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 Coaguiline 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

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

May 14.

LEMESSURIER & KNIGHT, [LATE EVANS, 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.

FOR SALE. 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, FRESH OR OIL DANIEL FITZGERALD, Sept. 13.

JUST RECEIVED FRESH SUPPLY OF ADAMS' INDIAN SALVE.

W. H. THOMPSON. Aug. 23.

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.

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.

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

Like a Rose-Bud She Faded.

Like a rose-bud she faded, In beauty and pride; Like a flower of the forest, In her blooming she died.

As a star of the even Did she wander and die, And her spirit has darted Like a bird to the sky.

A grave we have made her— A round, pebbled grave; And its shadow has struck me With the weight of a wave.

So gentle and lovely, So mild was her way, That she scarce could resist The touch of her clay.

SELECT STORY.

The Judge's Daughter; OR A STRUGGLE WITH DESTINY.

[CONTINUED.]

To think of his impertinence; she mused, as the door closed after him. Really talking to me as though he had a right to say to whom I should speak and to whom I should not!

Chapter VI.—Hope Crowned.

When Mrs. Raymond re-appeared, she was surprised to learn that Mr. Fisher had gone.

I am very sorry he did not enjoy himself better, she said, I was almost sorry, on his account, that he was to dine with us to-day. But I am sure he will excuse our seeming want of hospitality.

Indeed! I presume your father informed him of the circumstances.

Some of the servants, I imagine, answered Kate, carelessly. He seemed to know all the particulars, even that 'the young man,' as he called Mr. Winchester, had attempted suicide.

And why not, to Mr. Fisher? He is an intimate friend of your father's, a gentleman—

A conceited, haughty, overbearing—began Kate.

My daughter, what are you saying? reproved Mrs. Raymond.

The truth, mamma. You don't expect me to say anything else, I hope?

I am sorry to hear you make such remarks about Mr. Fisher, said Mrs. Raymond, gravely. He has never conducted himself in any way unbecoming to a gentleman.

Well mamma, since it displeases you, I will say no more about him, said Kate as she quitted the room.

The next day Harry was able to sit up, and even to descend to the drawing-room with the assistance of a servant.

He felt keenly his situation, and appeared embarrassed and constrained. The judge's manner to him was courteous and friendly, Mrs. Raymond was kind and thoughtful, as she ever was.

Mr. Fisher acknowledged the introduction with a haughty bow. Then, turning to Kate, he asked in a bland tone if she had forgotten her engagement.

Don't you see I am all ready, with the exception of putting on my hat and mantle? I have been waiting for you this half hour.

Five minutes more, and Harry was alone.

And she was waiting for her lover all the time! he mused, bitterly. Oh, that I had never met her! Even were she free, I am too poor to win her. No, no! I must fight against the love which I feel springing up in my heart for the beautiful, the accomplished daughter of Judge Raymond.

Later in the evening, the judge came in.

It is all right, Mr. Winchester, he said, as he seated himself. I have secured you the place we were speaking about this morning, and you can enter upon your duties as soon as you wish after you get able. For the present you are quite well enough off here.

But I shall not feel quite right until I am permanently settled at work, replied Harry. I have been waiting so long, that I have not patience to wait longer, and to-morrow I shall be able to commence.

All that Judge Raymond could say did not move him from his determination.

miration at the resolute purpose of Harry, and I will see that you have one— one where you can have opportunity to realize your ambitious hopes. While I must censure you for your rash impetuosity, I cannot but applaud your determination to win a place for yourself in the world. I have a situation in view now which I believe you could fill acceptably, and, besides being remunerative, it will be an excellent opening for you, in case you wish to follow a mercantile profession.

Most willingly do I accept your kind offer, replied Harry, gratefully. And the sooner I commence my labors the better. But perhaps they will not employ me. They do not know me.

But they know me, interrupted the judge, quietly. They will not scruple to employ you upon my recommendation. If you do not prosper in your new vocation, the fault will be your own, for Messrs. Day & Smith are honorable conscientious men, and are always willing to do what is right by their employees.

Your fellow clerks will be steady, upright young men, and the influences surrounding you will be good.

The day passed away very pleasantly to Harry, and when twilight approached, he had regained his wonted elasticity of spirits.

She was a vision of loveliness, as she stood in the fading twilight, arrayed in her costly robes and glittering jewels. Harry gazed at her in admiration.

I trust you are quite comfortable, this evening, she said, in a musical voice, taking a seat near the window.

Oh, yes, Miss Raymond, and by to-morrow I shall be quite well again. And now, before I leave this hospitable dwelling, permit me to thank you for what you have done for me. It was not my life only that you saved, but you have prevented me from committing a dreadful sin.

I am happy to know I have been able to render you any service, Mr. Winchester, she replied, in a low, sweet voice. You must not think of thanking me. Besides she added, archly, it was not I who saved your life, but the heroic youth who bravely rushed into the water and bore you in safety to the bank.

The only assistance I rendered was to scream. It is the first impulse of a lady to scream when anything happens—at least, I always do, and I dare say your sister does, too—if you have one. And, if you have, you must tell me about her.

And so the subject was changed. Harry told her of his New England home; of his patient, loving mother; his revered father; of his sweet-tempered sunny-haired sister.

I thought my sister Emily the most beautiful girl in the world until I saw you, he said, in conclusion.

Kate blushed vividly, but ventured no reply.

At that moment a servant announced Mr. Fisher. This aristocratic and wealthy young gentleman did not appear to notice Harry, but seated himself near Kate with an air of one who feels himself to be of the utmost importance.

Mr. Fisher, allow me the pleasure of making you acquainted with my friend, Mr. Winchester, said Kate, with the air of a princess.

Mr. Fisher acknowledged the introduction with a haughty bow. Then, turning to Kate, he asked in a bland tone if she had forgotten her engagement.

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tion. He could not bear the thought of remaining idle a single day while there was an opportunity for him to be employed. Had he not idled long enough? he thought, bitterly. And work was not the hardest lot that might befall man. No, he was willing, anxious to labor, day after day, year after year, if need be—if only he could indulge one hope. But vain were such thoughts, and the sooner he banished them, the better it would be for his peace of mind.

Chapter VII.—Harry's Friend.

A number of weeks passed away, and Harry had become accustomed to his duties, which were so faithfully performed as to secure to him the consideration and regard of his employers. He found the situation all that Judge Raymond had recommended. His duties were somewhat arduous, it is true, but he had the satisfaction of knowing that his services were highly appreciated, and his salary was much higher than is generally paid to clerks during their first year.

He had not once been to Judge Raymond's since he left the house to fill his present position, although the judge had earnestly desired him to call whenever he liked, saying he should always be happy to see him. He knew if he went he should meet Kate, and he felt it would be better for him to stay away.

He saw her often in the street; once he met her near his boarding-place. She spoke to him pleasantly, and asked him if he had forgotten his friends so soon; and when he told her he could never forget her, she colored, and passed on. Occasionally he saw her riding with Mr. Fisher; and although he knew he had no right to think of her, the sight filled him with misery. He could not help it. He could no more help it than the rose can help loving the sunshine, and, loving her, he felt that he could never love another. No other voice could ever sound so sweet, no other face could ever be so fair.

At the close of a sultry midsummer's day, he was bending his steps homeward, thinking of his quiet New England home and its inmates, and he determined, now that he was doing so well, to remain silent no longer, but write to his parents that very night, and relieve the anxiety which he knew they felt for him. As he turned a corner, what was his surprise and pleasure to meet his old friend, William Shirley.

William, my friend? he exclaimed, eagerly, how pleased I am to meet you!

Harry Winchester! Is it indeed you? said William, greeting him warmly. At last I have found you.

At last, echoed Harry. Have you, then, been looking for me so long? I have been in New York two weeks, and I have looked for you everywhere. I expected you were here. But why, Harry, have you never written to your parents all these long weeks, and let them know you are alive and well? Your mother is worn almost to a shadow grieving about you.

My poor mother! exclaimed Harry, regretfully. It was wrong, very wrong. Did you not know that before? cried William, in a tone of severity, or have you just awakened to a sense of your unkindness in keeping silent so long? What has prevented you from writing long ere this?

I did not wish to write until I could tell them I was prospering. I have had a great many discouragements—I believe I made a mistake, William, in taking the steps I did, he concluded, abruptly.

I thought you might find it so, replied William. And now I hope you are willing to go back with me next week.

Not so, indeed, answered Harry quickly. My troubles are at an end now, I hope, and I am doing well.

Just then they met Kate Raymond, who bowed to both Harry and William.

Is it possible you are acquainted with Miss Raymond? exclaimed Harry.

Quite possible; and I am going to spend the evening there.

Indeed! I had hoped to be favored with your company myself, to-night.

Well, since you also are acquainted with Miss Raymond, why not go there with me this evening? Is there any reason why you should not?

No, replied Harry, thoughtfully. I'll think about it—no—yes—on the whole, I believe I will. Tell me, he added, where did you ever meet Miss Raymond?

First at the White Mountains, afterwards at her father's house, answered William. You remember hearing me speak of my Uncle Shelton, who lives here in New York? I became acquainted with Judge Raymond there. They are old friends, and so, whenever I am here, I see the judge often. You are quite sure you will go? I shall call early, so do not keep me waiting, he concluded, as Harry ran up the steps that led to the door of his boarding-place.

As soon as William was out of sight, Harry thought of a great many things he wished to ask him, and, in thinking of these and making his toilet, he passed the time until William appeared.

Are you ready, Harry? said William, on entering his friend's room. If so, come along, for I am quite late, and I promised to go early.

Harry descended the stairs with his friend, and they passed into the street. They are not expecting me, said Harry, half to himself. Perhaps I had better go back.

Perhaps you had better go back! interrupted William, impatiently. You are strangely sensitive about passing an evening at Judge Raymond's with me. Oh, I see—the young lady, he went on, in a bantering tone. Is that the cause of your hesitation?

No—no! That is, stammered Harry, I believe the young lady is already engaged. At all events, it looks like it. But you spoke of seeing my mother, he added, abruptly changing the subject. Were you there? Did you see my father also, and my sister Emily? Were they well?

Yes and no, replied William, laughing. That is, I saw your mother and Emily, but not at your home. They were at New London, and were both in good health, if I except the wearing anxiety of your mother, which will carry her to her grave before a great while unless you try to relieve it.

Harry sighed deeply at the dubious picture his friend had presented to his vision.

And my father—you did not see him? You do not know whether he is angry? Angry! I only know they are all anxious to hear from you. A pretty way you have taken to repay your parents for all they have done for you! replied William, sternly.

Don't be too harsh, William, entreated Harry. I shall post a letter in the morning.

Well, well; I suppose I must not judge you too harshly. I presume you did not mean any wrong, but it looks unkind and unfeeling.

They had by this time reached Judge Raymond's residence, and were admitted at once by a servant, and ushered into the parlor, where they were warmly greeted by the different members of the family.

Ah! Mr. Winchester, you have come to see us at last, said the judge. And you are acquainted with Mr. Shirley. Why did you not speak of it before? he concluded, turning to William.

I did not know that Harry was here; and I certainly did not suppose you knew him. I met him unexpectedly on my way home this afternoon, and prevailed upon him to accompany me here this evening, replied William.

So we are indebted to Mr. Shirley for your visit, said Mrs. Raymond, who had taken a friendly interest in Harry from the moment she first saw him.

Harry replied, in some embarrassment that he had been very much engrossed in business, or he should have called before.

Well, we must excuse you on that plea, I suppose; but you must not stay away so long in future, said the judge, good-naturedly.

The evening was passed in a most agreeable manner, and it was at a late hour that the friends took their departure. Mr. Shirley was to leave town in a day or two, and made his adieux to the family; but Harry was again urged to call often, and he gladly promised to do so. He no longer stopped to consider the consequences; he only knew he was happy in the presence of Kate Raymond, and for the present that was enough.

Chapter VIII.—A Proposal.

It was a cold, blustering night in December; Harry Winchester stood before the open gate in Judge Raymond's library, thinking. And what was he thinking about so intently? Of the wealth of the owner of this elegant mansion; of his beautiful daughter; of himself and his poverty. And he, the poor, obscure clerk, loved the daughter of the millionaire! Did she love him? he wondered. If not, why did the color rush into her cheeks whenever his eyes met hers? Why did her hand tremble when he held it in his own? Ah! he could not be mistaken—she loved him even as he loved her. But her father—the stern, unyielding aristocratic judge! Would he listen to such a thing? No, surely not. Had he not more than once hinted that his daughter could never marry beneath her station? And he was beneath her—in the opinion of the world, at all events. And perhaps he had been unwise in coming here so much; but Judge Raymond had urged him so kindly, and treated him so cordially, that, with his own desire to be in Kate's presence as much as possible, he could not resist. And the judge did not know—did not imagine, even—the feelings of either his daughter or himself. Had he dreamed of such a thing?

His reverie was broken in upon, at this juncture, by the entrance of the judge himself.

Alone, Harry? Where's Mr. Fisher? was his greeting.

He went down nearly an hour ago, was the reply. I think he is in the drawing-room with Miss Raymond.

Oh, yes, I dare say. Well, we may as well go down too. Though—let me see—I promised to look up those books we were speaking about the other day. To-night is as good a time as any. It is very comfortable here; please be seated, and I will see if I can find them.

And he proceeded to run his eyes over the library shelves in search of the volumes mentioned. Here they are, he said, at length, coming to Harry's side, and depositing them upon the table. Now we will satisfy ourselves in regard to those disputed passages.

And here, searching the old and time-worn books for half-remembered passages they passed the remainder of the evening. And Mr. Fisher was down stairs chatting and laughing with Kate. The sounds of their voices reached Harry's ears as he sat and listened to the judge, and he wished those old books were in the bottom of the sea. But, after all, he thought, he might as well be there, as was down in the parlor with Kate—better, while Mr. Fisher was there; and he smothered his feelings, and talked as animatedly with his host as though he was perfectly well pleased with his occupation.

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Meanwhile, Kate sat upon the sofa in the drawing-room absently listening to Mr. Fisher's pleasant conversation, and wishing in her heart that Harry would come down. He is a much more agreeable companion than Mr. Fisher, she thought. But Harry did not come down, and so she talked and laughed with Mr. Fisher.

I wonder why papa does not come down, she exclaimed, at length.

I think he is engaged in some interesting researches with Mr. Winchester, said Mr. Fisher.

He seems to take quite an interest in the young man; I hope his kindness will not be thrown away.

What do you mean? asked Kate, looking at him in surprise.

Why, I mean that I hope Mr. Winchester will prove to be all he seems.

You hope? exclaimed Kate, quickly. What do you know about him that you may not believe he will?

He does not keep the best of company, Miss Raymond. That is not a very good mark in a young man; but it may be he is not aware of the character of his associates. I do not wish to prejudice you against Mr. Winchester, he concluded.

You will not, she replied, quickly. Mr. Winchester has ever appeared to me like a true gentleman. I see no reason why I should not treat him like one. Mr. Fisher laughed, a little amused laugh.

And so you may, Miss Raymond. I haven't the slightest objection in the world; only there is one thing I wouldn't like you to do.

What, may I ask? inquired Kate, carelessly.

I wouldn't like you to treat him like a lover, replied Mr. Fisher, himself beside her.

A scarlet flush arose to her face, and she drew away from him haughtily.

What do you mean by talking to me like that? she demanded angrily.

O Kate! Can you not see, do you not know, that I love you—that I wish you to become my wife—and I am so afraid of losing you, my darling, my beloved one? he cried, passionately; and, seizing one fair hand, he covered it with kisses.

She snatched it abruptly away. I am sorry, Mr. Fisher, very, very sorry indeed; but I do not love you, she said, extremely agitated.

But you did love me before he came, did you not? Had I asked you this question before you saw him, would not your answer have been different? he asked her; and he looked anxiously and earnestly into her face.

It would not. At no time in my life could I have given you a different answer, she replied, in a low but firm voice.

But you have led me to believe you loved me. You encouraged my attentions, you smiled upon me; and now you say you do not, that you never did, love me. I believe you are a heartless coquette!

If I have led you to indulge in hopes of my ever becoming more to you than I am, I am sorry, she began. But—

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