

The Star,

And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

VOLUME II.

HARBOR GRACE, NEWFOUNDLAND, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1873.

NUMBER 43

USEFUL INFORMATION.

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 | .. | .. | .. |

Moon's Phases.

Calculated for Mean Time at St. John's, Newfoundland.

Full Moon..... 4th, 07.1 p. m.
Last Quarter..... 11th, 9.17 p. m.
New Moon..... 20th, 0.6 a. m.
First Quarter..... 27th, 4.42 a. m.

Wholesale Prices Current, St. John's.

BREAD—Hambro' No 1, 33s. 0d.; No. 2, 28s. 0d.; No. 3, 23s. 6d. Local No. 1, 23s.; No. 2, 23s. 6d.; F. C., 22s. 0d.
FLOUR—Canada Superfine, 40s.; New York Extra, 38s.; to 39s. Superfine States, 34s. 6d. to 35s. 6d. No. 2 do 30s. 6d.
CORN MEAL—20s.
OATMEAL—Canada, 33s. 6d.
RICE—22s.
BUTTER—Canada, and Nova Scotia, 1s 1d to 1s 2d.
CHEESE—10 1/2d.
HAM—9d. to 10d.
PORK—Extra prime 80s.; prime mess, 90s to 92s 6d.; mess, 92s 6d to 95s.
BEEF—3s 6d to 4s 6d.
LARD—American and Canadian 7d. to 8d.
RYE—per Imp. gallon 7s. 10d.
MOLASSES—2s. 3d.
SUGAR—Muscovado, 45s. to 50s.
RICE—21s to 22s 6d.
COFFEE—Green, 1s. 3d. to 1s. 6d.
TEA—Congou and Sonchong, ordinary broken leaf, 1s. 7d. to 1s. 9d.; fair to good, 2s. to 2s. 6d.
TOBACCO—1s. 7d. to 1s. 8d.
KEROSENE OIL—2s.
LEATHER—American Sole, 1s 4d to 1s 5d.
CORRAGE—per cwt. 65s.
SALT—per hhd. Foreign, Liverpool, 7s. 6d.
EXPORTS.
COD OIL, £36. Cod Liver Oil, 4s 6d.
CODFISH—Large Merchantable, Medium, 21s; Small, 20s; Madelva, 18s; West India, 17s; Salmon, 100s.
BANK RATES.
Exchange on London, 20. Canada, par. Nova Scotia, 1/2 per cent. discount. United States Gold, par.

NOTICE.

172 WATER STREET, 172

JAMES FALLON,

Tin, Copy and Sheet-Iron Worker,

BEGRS 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. John Munn & Co., 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.

JOBING

Done at the cheapest possible terms, Dec. 13. tff

COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

UNSIGNED printed forms of £5 Note of this Bank, numbered 6001 to 8000 inclusive, dated Saint John's, 1st Jan'y, 1867, having been lost from on board the steamer *Gaspé*, wrecked at Langlais Island, near St. Peters, in the month of June, 1872; some of which have been put in circulation with the forged signatures of "R. Brown, Manager," and "HENRY COOKE, Accountant," I hereby caution the Public from receiving any £5 Notes of this Bank so numbered, the Bank not having issued any £5 Notes exceeding number 6000.
R. BROWN, Manager.
St. John's, Sept. 24, 1873.

NOTICES.

SAILMAKING.

The Subscriber

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

GEORGE CARSON.

May 23. tff.

C. BREA ER,
Sailmaker,

WOULD respectfully intimate to the Shipowners and public of Harbor Grace and vicinity that he has taken the Loft lately occupied by Morris & Parsons, (opposite the premises of Messrs. John Munn & Co.) where he is prepared to make and repair SAILS of all shapes and sizes in a manner calculated to afford general satisfaction, and with the utmost despatch.
April 25. tff.

PIANO TUNING!

Mr. J. CURRIE,

TUNER AND REPAIRER OF

PIANOS.

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

G. R. BARNES.

Blacksmith & Farrier,

BEGRS 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.
Office LeMarchant St., North of Gas House.
Sept. 17.

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.

LUMBER!

—BY—

H. W. TRAPNELL.

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

20 M. Seasoned Prime Pine
30 do. Hemlock do.
20 do. No. 2 Pine do.

E. W. LYON

Has just received a large assortment Coloured French Kid Gloves

Which he offers to the public at VERY LOW PRICES.
July 9 tff.

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR Johnson's Anodyne Liniment

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
Lampough's Pyretic Saline
Powell's Balsam Aniseed
Medicamentum (stamped)
British Oil, Balsam of Life, Chlorodyne
Mexican Mustang Liniment
Steer's Apollidoo
Radway's Ready Relief, Arnold's Balsam
Murray's Fluid Magnesia
" Acidulated Syrup
S. A. Allen's Hair Restorer
Rositer's " "
Ayer's Hair Vigor
" Sur-aparilla
" herry Pectoral

Pickles, French apers, Sauces
Soothing Syrup, Kaye's Coaguiline
India Rubber Sponge, Teething
Sponge, Tooth Cloths
Nail, Shoe and Stove Brushes
Widow Walch's Pills
Morison's Pills
Cockle's " Radway's "
Holloway's " Ayer's "
Norton's " Parsons' "
Hunt's " Jaynes' "
Holloway's Ointment
Adams' Indian Salve, Russia Salve
Morehead's Plaster, Corn Plaster
Nather's Feeding Bottles
Bond's Marking Ink, Corn Flour
Flesh Hops, Arrowroot, Sage, Gold Leaf
Nelson's Gelatine and Isinglass
Bonnet Glue, Best German Glycerine
Lime Juice, Honey, Best Ground Coffee
Nixy'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, himnies, Wicks,
Burners, &c., &c.
Cod Liver Oil,
Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites
Extract of Logwood, in 1/2 lb. boxes
Cudbear, Worm Tea, Toilet Soaps
Best Perfumeries, Pomades and Hair Oils
Pain Killer
Henry's Calmed Magnesia
Enema Instruments, Gold Beater's Skin
Fumigating Pastiles, 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.
Orders will receive careful and prompt attention.
Sept. 71 tff

SPANISH VICE-CONSULATE.
Harbor Grace, Sept. 6, 1873.
THE undersigned is instructed by the Consul General of Spain for the British North American Provinces to notify, that certain Customs' Regulations in respect of the admission of Merchandise into Spain and her Colonies have recently been issued, particulars whereof can be obtained at the Vice-Consulate.
The Vice-Consul of Spain for the District of Harbor Grace,

T. HARRISON RIDLEY.

BLANK FORMS

Executed with NEATNESS and DESPATCH at the Office of this paper

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

Ang. 23, 1873. tff.

IMPORTANT TO THE Citizens of Newfoundland.



THE CONTINENTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK,

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

St. John's and Harbor Grace, Newfoundland.

The CONTINENTAL beyond all comparison the most successful and most popular Company ever established in Europe or America. It has only been SEVEN YEARS in existence but at its organization men of enlarged views and great experience in Life Insurance, were placed in its management who, having discarded all useless and annoying restrictions, and adopted all the improvements known in Life Insurance—many of them original with themselves, it at once received, and continues to receive a support unprecedented; and it now stands far ahead of many companies TEN YEARS older than itself. It has issued over FIFTY-NINE THOUSAND POLICIES, and has over \$6,750,000,000 assets, all securely invested as required by law, in Bonds of the United States, Bonds of the State of New York, or in Real Estate. For that portion invested in Real Estate, it holds in all cases Double Security. So popular is its management and so great the public confidence that there are only Two Companies in the World that now approach it in the amount of business done.
By the Laws of the State of New York Life Insurance Companies are not allowed to do Fire Insurance or any other business, the importance of which law cannot be over-estimated by all who desire to protect their families by Life Insurance, and who do not wish to have their funds put in jeopardy by Fire Insurance.
By the Laws of New York Life Insurance Policies are held sacred to the families of the insured, free from the claim of Creditors.

The CONTINENTAL issues all kinds of Policies, viz: Ordinary Life, Endowment, Joint, &c.
All losses in Newfoundland will be paid at the Agency here without subjecting claimants to the trouble and expense of going to New York.
All Policy holders can vote and are eligible to office.

Directors.

L. W. FROST, President.
HON. GEO. HILTON SCRIBNER, Secretary of State.
HENRY C. FISH, D. D., Newark, N. J.
M. B. WYNKOOP, of Wynkoop and Hallenbeck.
JOSEPH T. SAWYER, Mer., Liberty Street.
RICHARD W. BOGART, O. M. Bogart & Co., Bankers.
CHANCY M. DEPEIN, New York.
R. C. FROST, do do
WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, Barrister-at-Law, New York.
L. W. FROST, President.
J. P. ROGERS, Secretary.
JAS. McDONNELL, Gen'l Agent.
A. T. DRYSDALE,
Agent for Northern District, Newfoundland

Ang. 23, 1873.

17,

NOTICE.

Very Important Notice!

The Wonder of the world!

GOOD NEWS FOR ALL!!

Prof. HERMAN'S
WORLD RENOWNED

VERMIN DESTROYER!

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

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

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

The Powder is warranted free from all bad smell, and will keep in any Climate. It may be spread anywhere without risk, as it is quite harmless to Cats or Dogs, as they will not eat it.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE ON EACH PACKET.

MANUFACTORY:

Gravel Lane, Houndsditch,

CITY OF LONDON, ENGLAND.

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

OUTPORT AGENTS:

Messrs. Squires & Noble, Harbor Grace. J. Jillard Brothers, " Mr. W. H. Thompson, " Michael Jones, " Messrs. Duff & Balmer, Carbonear. G. & J. Smith, Brigus. Mr. P. Nowlan, " G. C. Jerritt, " Robert Simpson, Bay Roberts. Moses Gosse, Spaniards Bay.
May 23. 17

METROPOLITAN LIFE

Insurance Company, OF NEW YORK.

JOSEPH F. KNAPP, President.
J. R. HEGEMAN, Vice-President.
R. A. GRANNISS, Secretary.
Wm. P. STEWART, Actuary.
B. R. CORWIN, Manager.
THOS. A. TEMPLE, Attorney.

DEPOSIT AT OTTAWA For Canadian Policy Holders only.

HON. L. A. WILMOT, D.G. L. Lieut. Governor of New Brunswick,

Director at the Board for Canada

The Reserve Dividend System

Is one more step in the march of progress. Presented only after mature thought, it invites the test of the severest scrutiny. Its chief merit is its PERFECT ADAPTABILITY to the wants of insurable lives. The RESERVE DIVIDEND and RESERVE ENDOWMENT POLICIES originated and published by the Company's Actuary, under copyright in 1869. The principle involved renders every form of insurance a provision in life. It converts an ordinary life Policy, otherwise payable only in the event of death, into a CASH ENDOWMENT, MATURING EVERY TEN YEARS.

W. H. THOMPSON,
Harbor Grace
General Agent for
NEWFOUNDLAND.

April 1,

tff.

HARBOR GRACE, DEC. 10, 1873.

The Mails, per "Hibernian," arrived here on Saturday—principal news anticipated by telegraph.

Not long since it was our melancholy duty to record the loss in the vicinity of St. Mary's, of the cable steamer *Robert Lowe* with 18 of those on board, including the Captain, one passenger and 16 others officers and crew of the ill fated ship. Disastrous and fearful, as were the consequences in the case referred to, they however appear but slight, when taken in comparison with those connected with the collision of the *Ville de Havre* and *Lochearn*. By this latter most calamitous occurrence, which took place off the British coast, on the 23rd ult., we learn from exchanges per mail, extracts from which we publish in our columns to-day, that 226 of the unfortunate passengers met with a watery grave, many amongst them being prominent citizens of the neighbouring Republic, some delegates to the late Conference of the Evangelical Alliance in New York, and others on their way to Europe. Amongst the 87 saved, we perceive, are the captain, 5 officers and 27 passengers.

"At 2 o'clock on the morning of the 23rd November the *Ville de Havre* collided with the British ship *Lochearn*, from London for New York and sank shortly after.

"Two hundred and twenty-six passengers on board the steamship lost their lives.

Eighty-seven were rescued and brought to Cardiff. Among the lost were many prominent citizens of New York and Boston. Amongst them Henry Sigourney and family of six persons, of Boston; Nathaniel Curtis, an aged citizen of the same city, and Charles Dexter and wife; five delegates to the Evangelical Alliance meeting in New York on their way back to Europe; Judge Hocken, of the New York Court of Appeals, and wife, Miss Wagstaff, Miss Buckley, R. A. Witthaus, Jr., Colodion the Artist, Mr. Waite, Mr. Cramer, a large family of Hunters, Edgar and Spofford. These and other names indicate the broad range over which this sorrow spreads its gloom. The 87 saved included the Captain, 5 officers, 54 of the crew and 27 passengers.

"The ship which ran into the *Ville de Havre* was an iron ship of 1,200 tons burthen."—*Courier*.

On Thursday, the 4th inst, an Inquest was held in the Court House, in the Central District, before Dr. Renouf, Her Majesty's Coroner, on view of the body of James Tidmarsh, late Commander of the unfortunate s.s. "Robert Lowe," which vessel was lost on the morning of the 20th November last, on her voyage from Placentia to Harts Content, some days afterwards the body (with six others) was cast on the beach at Sculpin Point, St. Mary's, and conveyed to St. John's on Wednesday night last. It was very much injured, and naked, only to be recognized by a mark of an anchor on the right arm, and a ring on the right little finger.

The Jury returned a verdict in accordance with the facts elicited.—*Id.*

THEATRICAL—We observe that a new Theatrical Company—Dan Ducello's Texas Constellation—are in town, having arrived by steamer *Hibernian* on Thursday evening. We shall know more of their intentions and their ability to give effect to them in a few days.—*North Star*.

The remains of the late Captain Tidmarsh, of the ill-fated steamer *Robert Lowe*, (in the service of the Telegraph Company), having been recovered and conveyed to St. John's, were consigned yesterday to the silent tomb in the Church of England cemetery, attended by brethren of the Masonic Lodges, and other citizens. "By strangers honoured and by strangers mourned."—*Times*, Dec. 6.

During the latter days of November just past the weather on all parts of the coast was exceedingly stormy, with occasional snow-drifts, very dangerous at sea. On her late passage between Fogo and Greenspond, the steamer *Tiger* had very rough weather to encounter, and we now learn that at the same time the counterfeiter *Leopard*, on her trip from Sydney to Channel was driven to sea, reached the latter port only on Saturday last. These delays are almost unavoidable at this season of the year, though they occasion much inconvenience to the people of the Outposts.—*Chronicle*, Dec. 5.

A merchantile firm in town received a telegram last evening, stating that produce vessels loading for Newfoundland are frozen in.—*Ibid.*

Passengers—Per *Hibernian* from Halifax—Mrs Ducello and child, Mr. and Mrs. Ca tello, Miss Dunan, Capt. Gulliford, Graham, Messrs Knowing, Boyle, Frazer, Ducello, Moore, Morrison; 16 in steerage.

Per *Hibernian* for Liverpool—Mrs Tidmarsh, and Messrs G. Bowring, Lomar, Bendell, Harrison, Vidart, Herbert, Legane, Legane, Jr.; 5 in steerage.

The oldest Mason is alive after all. He was lately at Terre Haute, is 104 years old and has been a member of the order eighty years.

The Newfoundland sealing steamer "Vanguard" was towed over to Dartmouth on the 26th ult., to be overhauled preparatory to the coming spring campaign.

Latest Despatches.

LONDON, Dec. 5.
News meagre and unimportant. A factory at Halifax was destroyed this morning; loss £150,000.

NEW YORK, 5.
Furious excitement. Havana people will not surrender the "Virginian" to the United States, but are satisfied to hand her over to a neutral power. Captain-General being unable to enforce orders has resigned.

Enthusiastic preparations for war are in progress. United States fleet will soon rendezvous in Spanish waters. Gold 107 1/2.

PORT HASTINGS, 7.
Steamer "Alhambra" passed south. This is the last boat of the season.

NEWS ITEMS.
Great Britain has 396 paper mills, France 634, and Spain 139.

The deficit in the balance sheet of the Vienna Exposition, it is said, will be about 10,000,000 florins.

Garibaldi has just published a book entitled "The Thousand," giving an account of his expedition to Sicily.

A woman twenty-seven years old and weighing 752 pounds was lately at Nashville with a brother eighteen years old, who weighs 585 pounds.

The naval authorities at Halifax have received advices by cable that H. M. S. "Serius" from Halifax, before reported missing, arrived in England on the 21st ult., after a passage of 34 days.

Judge Thayer, of Clinton, Iowa, is said to have the largest brain, the kindest heart, and the homeliest face of any man in Iowa.

A large number of Cubans and American sympathizers formed a procession in Baltimore recently, and passed resolutions favoring the recognition of beligerent rights.

Winter has set in out West. In some parts of Wisconsin the snow is from one to two feet deep on the level and there is good sleighing.

Gilmore, of Jubilee fame, who is now leader of the 22d regiment, gave a reception recently, at which many notables were present.

Stokes, the assassin of Fisk, have been sent to Sing Sing prison to undergo his sentence. Previous to starting he received a letter of congratulation and welcome from the parricide Walworth.

The news of the death of General W. A. C. Ryan, the repent Cuban patriot has created considerable excitement here. General Ryan was at one time editor of a society sheet called "Our Society," in which Buchu Helmholt and one or two other men of similar character were interested. The paper died two years ago.

A colored man in Baltimore the other day, was arrested for drawing a pistol to prevent an officer from entering his house. The policeman had a warrant for the arrest of a third party, whom he suspected to be in this man's house. The court held that a man's own house is his castle, and the self-protective negro was justified and discharged.

We believe eighteen or nineteen persons are now in jail in St. Pierre, Miquelon, charged with attempting to pass counterfeit notes on the Commercial Bank of Newfoundland. It is now six months since a steamer having the bank notes on board was wrecked on the shore of Newfoundland, yet the guilty parties, who having found the parcel of notes, made use of them, will now be brought to justice and answer for this high crime. Murder will out.—[*Sydney Herald*.]

A Frenchman named Busnotte has been arrested at St. Pierre, Miquelon, charged with attempting to pass counterfeit notes on the Commercial Bank of Newfoundland.—[*Ibid.*]

Three men were given in charge by Capt. Pracks on the arrival of the "Caspian" at Halifax, for being stowed away on board of his vessel at St. John's, N. F. Theirs is a hard case. They are sailors who have been unable for some time to get away from Newfoundland. After spending all their cash they sold all the clothes that they could dispose of; their boarding houses refused to take them in.—Being well and willing to work they did not wish to go to the Poor House, and were to honest to steal. Therefore in their desperation they made this attempt to get away from the Island.

ORIGINAL.
[FOR THE H. G. STAR.]
The Greenwood Path.

Alone I tread the pathway dear,
Where each enchanting scene,
Recalls the thoughts to days gone by,
Like some bright, happy dream,
'Tis little changed since those loved
hours,
When by yon murmuring rill,
I twined gay wreaths of wild sweet flow-
ers,
Culled from yon mossy hill.
It still pursues its own wild haunts
Through many a leafy nook;
Amid the grove, along the cliff,
Across the singing brook;
Through mossy mounds and rocky steepes,
If gently winds away,
To where the frowning cliffs o'erlook
The blue and peaceful bay;
But now while bends the leafless boughs
Beneath the autumn blast,
Along the greenwood path there steals
Sad memories of the past.
I fancy that I'm not alone—
Again I think I hear
The footsteps and the voices
Which made my childhood dear.
The yellow leaves lie scattered round;
How much they seem to say
Of faded flowers and voices hush'd,
And forms now pass'd away.
Oh! other hearts as sad as mine,
And other feet as free,
May yet along this pathway roam,
And in this greenwood be;
But, oh! no lonelier step than mine
Can pass the murmuring stream,
While my thoughts glide back to things
that seem,
A phantom or a dream. A. K.

CORRESPONDENCE.
[FOR THE HARBOR GRACE STAR.]
THE LIFE OF
JOSEPH PURSELL.

BY GUS HARDY.
INTRODUCTION.

IN complying with the last request of my dear old friend, I must say I would much rather the task had been delegated to a person of a less susceptible nature than mine. My long acquaintance with the subject of this biography, and my intimate knowledge of his many noble qualities tend to endear his name to me; and consequently I often feel constrained to lay aside my pen, and—in a theme less savouring of death and departed friendship—seek a respite from the bitter recollections suggested by thoughts of the past.

PART I.
EARLY in the present century, when steam was unknown, and electricity at a discount—at least, in this part of the Western Hemisphere—a venerable-looking old fisherman stood on the deck of his staunch little schooner, giving the usual orders necessary in getting under way. A strong breeze was blowing at the time, and as the anchor broke from its hold, and the saucy-looking craft began to gather way and scatter the icy foam from her prow, the old skipper glanced aloft, and, after satisfying himself that everything was right in that direction, with a smile of approval retired to his cabin.

The name of the craft to which I allude was the "Regulator," and the Captain no other person than William Pursell—father of my deceased friend, Skipper Bill, as his crew used to call him, was a daring and prosperous old seal killer; and, notwithstanding his unassuming appearance, possessed a liberal share of what is necessary to supply the wants of life. Successful in the pursuit of his calling, and economical in his habits of living, he quickly amassed a considerable sum of money, besides being in possession of a fine vessel, a large fishing room at Labrador, and all the appliances required in prosecuting the cod and herring fisheries; and on the 16th March, 18—, at the advanced age of 69, he stood on the deck of his gallant little barque, gliding swiftly down Conception Bay, bound North in quest of a cargo of seals.

The night, after leaving Harbor Grace, closed in ominously; intense darkness lay upon the sea, while the howling wind, accompanied by blinding snow showers made deck duty a very disagreeable task. Notwithstanding the boisterous state of the weather, Skipper Bill sat in his cabin and smoked his pipe with the greatest composure. The more the tempest howled, the better pleased the old man felt. He knew that the storm tended to make a sea that would break up the ice and enable him to sail in the direction of the much-wished-for prize. Fortune had smiled on him for many years, and having made up his mind to abandon the sea after the termination of the voyage in which he was then engaged, he felt a great desire to make his last trip to the ice a very remunerative one, but, alas! he was sadly disappointed.

About 12 o'clock, when a few miles to the North East of Baccalieu, and while

the storm was at its height, Skipper Bill's pleasant cogitations were disturbed by the awful cry of fire. Rushing on deck, he discovered the vessel to be on fire, and the flames issuing from the main hatch with such violence as to put its subjugation beyond the power of man. The scene which ensued baffles description. The men in the fore part of the vessel were unable to get aft, and the only chance of safety to those who were aft, being to keep the craft off the wind, not one of the former escaped. Indeed, Skipper Bill and his son, with ten of the crew, were only rescued by what seemed to them the interposition of Providence. Just as the last ray of hope had almost vanished, and while the survivors were every moment anticipating a speedy termination of their suffering by an explosion of the powder in the magazine, a gun suddenly boomed over the water, and simultaneously a shout greeted their ears. On looking to windward they beheld a joyful sight. A schooner was observed rapidly approaching, her deck crowded with hardy, daring men; ready and determined to render every assistance to their suffering countrymen. Running up alongside, the boats were lowered and the party rescued from their perilous position. They were kindly treated by Captain Brainley and crew of the "Victory," of Carbonear, and two days after conveyed to that port, from which they proceeded to Harbor Grace. Skipper Bill felt annoyed at the sudden change in his prospects, and determined to leave off seal killing. Having made up his mind to spend the remainder of his days ashore, he purchased a new vessel for his son Joseph and started him in life under the most favourable circumstances.

The following year Skipper Bill departed this life, deeply regretted by a large circle of friends.

PART II.
THIS brings me down to 1830, the year in which my friend, Uncle Joe, took command of the "Louisa." His prospects at this time were certainly very encouraging. Mr. Hays, William Danson, proprietor of the house from which Uncle Joe's father received his supplies for many years, possessed every qualification calculated to inspire confidence, and treated my friend in a just and equitable manner; and when, Mr. Danson closed in 1831, and Uncle Joe found himself sole owner of a fine vessel, besides cash in bank amounting to £2,500.

About this time Uncle Joe formed the acquaintance of a young upstart, who—a few years previous—had been "imported" to this country by Messrs. Baine & Johnstone, as clerk in one of their shops or offices. This lad—possessing all the lucre-loving propensities of a "Shylock," borrowed a few pounds from an old English captain, named P—, and commenced business in Harbor Grace, under the name of P— & M—. As I have said, Uncle Joe became acquainted with him, and eventually was induced to take his supplies for the fisheries from "P. & M." In the course of a few years a herd of needy relatives arrived here to endeavor if possible to subsist on the crumbs which fell from the "rich man's table." Among the number, I noticed a lean, cadaverous-looking nephew. It may not, perhaps, be amiss here to give a description of this curious specimen of humanity, as he is still residing in this town in the capacity of "scavenger" to the above named firm:—About five feet seven in height, he presents the appearance of a gnarled hickory tree, his legs bearing a striking resemblance to a pair of old-fashioned dog-irons. The feet, if I may be allowed to call them such, were surely intended for the tread-mill, the legs fitting so near the centre as to convey to one's mind the possibility of converting them into a very serviceable pair of caulking mallets. I never had an opportunity of examining his cranium; but in 1869 I saw him with his head uncovered, cheering his uncle after a successful election campaign. And what a head! Like the body, it astonished all who saw it. Combativeness appeared conspicuous, while amativeness preponderated; and the visual organs protruded to such an extent as to give the "creature" quite a frog-like appearance. Talk about a "monkey on a stick!" Why, gentle reader, you ought to have seen this scaramouch, as I saw him one frosty morning a short time since. He was on his way to the Telegraph Office, and going at a prodigious speed; his elbows thrown back, with both hands pushed in the pockets of his coat—the tail of which resembled the frill of a matron's night cap—while his feet extended at least eleven inches beyond the lower extremities of his pantaloons. Altogether he presented the most ludicrous spectacle I ever beheld.

I fear I have digressed; but permit me to say that I have secured a life-like picture of the individual described, which I intend sending to the Boston Type Foundry for the purpose of getting a stereotype, so that the readers of

the "Star" may obtain a likeness of this human curiosity.

But to return to Uncle Joe. After a few years' intercourse with Mr. M., he found his money diminishing with great rapidity. Two or three unsuccessful voyages, and my old friend lost every penny he possessed. Uncle Joe was a shrewd man, and, feeling anxious to know the cause of the sudden disappearance of his money, applied himself to the task of unravelling the mystery, and succeeded in obtaining a vast amount of information concerning the manner in which our fishermen are ruined by the monopolizing firm of J. M. & Co., the particulars of which will be forwarded to the "Star" in time for next issue.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

[TO THE EDITORS OF THE HARBOR GRACE STAR.]
DEER MISTHER EDETURS.

If you have no objections, please allow me to say a few words in yure nuse-papurs about my first viset to de tcligraf offis. I heerd so much about de wonderful way de nuse goss true de wires, dat I made up me mind tu have a luk at it.

As I was goin true Harts Content do udder day, I went tu de offis and sed I wud like tu see how de tcligraf wked. De jung man I spoak tu was a rale nise chap; he brot me ovur tu de tabol whare a lot of jung min was wurkin'. Now, ses he, tu shouz yu how quik de ting is dun, I will axe Cape Brittin how de wind an wedder is; an wit dat he tuched a littel brass ting he cauled a kay wit his fingurs, and sed sumtin; but imajety he was dun dere was anudder ting he cauld a soundur cummensed tikken. He listened tu it fur a wile and den sed de wind is sount-ast, aufl raw and sumtin else, I most forget de name of it; but I tink it was dat de turmomotur was turty behind Zarough. I sed tu meself whu de mis-chief is Zarough—but I med no remarek for feerd heed twig my ignur-ance. He den brot me to a place cauled de battery ruma; whare de tabols war envarved wit big glas tumlars an sumtin' in dem he sed was Skulfarick Asid and a lot of udder cumbastilins, dat I forgets de names of. Dey wur grate tumlars, an I tought tu meself wat fine tings dey wud be tu drink rum out of, and me mout wathurin' de same time I den went in de udder side whare dey reeds by a flash of lite. De chap in dis side warked wid 2 kays at de same time. He sed he wud ask de opuratur in Ireland how de wind and wedder was and also de state of de country. He no suer had his hands of de kays, when a spark of lite cummensed to dance about in a littel muhogy box dat he kep his ise on, sa'in' at de same time, wind nordaste, wedder ceccs-suffly hot, Turmomotur a hundred in de shade and awl de farmurs bizzy dig-gun dere awrangens and goddern in dere crops. Sure, ses I, awrangens deat gro in de ground. Dey do, ses he; so I begged his pardun, and sed, I awlwise tought dey grue on bushes, dere skin was so clane an yellow. I next proceeded tu de testin rume—de place dey finds out whare de cabel is broken; it was full of every kind of de purtiest instrumments I ever seed. Dere was Eluektromoturs, Curnomoturs, Buruomoturs, and Turmomoturs and alsoorts of tings wit quare names, awl endin' with "Turs"; but dere was wan littel cuss dey cauled a Guluvmomotur, dat eud tell tu a insh wat part of de atlantuck oashin de cabel was broaken. Well, he de hoaky smut, (God fargive me fur swarin) I diddent mind dem so much in sendin' or resavin' nuse tru de wires; but wen dey eud tell tu a insh under de rajin oashin whare de cabel was brookin, no mather how de wind or wedder was, I tought tu meself dat bates old Nick himself. Aftur seein' awl dose wonders, dey axed me if I udk like a Blecktruck shok. I sed I had no objeeshun, if it wusent tu much bodder. O! dey sed twus no trouble at awl, and wid dat dey put a littel instrumment on de tabol, wit 2 handels, and tould me tu kiek dem tite. I dun so, and I will nevur forget it. Be Jupiter it wus de biggest frite I evur got sinese de time I wus cot stain' crabs at Larry O'Briens. Dey turned me inside out like a sarpiut, and den tould me twus good fur rumatucks. Anyhow twus a shokin trick to play on a pore man. I tanked dem for dere kindness, and left.

I now conolewd, Misther Edeturs, tankin' ye fur yure kindness, I remaine,
Yours trewly,
PETER SMITH.

P.S.—As ime a Italian be bert, and only larned English sinese I cum to Newfoundland, I hoap yu will excuus any mistaik I ma mak in de lettur.

P. S.
Harts Content, Desomber the 1stb.

The wife of Pere Hyacinthe, it is authoritatively announced, gave birth to a son at Geneva, in Switzerland. This is the little Hyacinthe bulb which was erroneously reported to have made its appearance early last spring.

ATTENTION

Last Apr. Capt Edwa married an M. Kent. ther's, whe Mrs. E. F. England, in years of ag Thursday Holden vint prepo-terot Mrs E. F. was 30 year 1862, was rler, by Rev. S.; that she since and of band had in the city; girl of 11 ye that Walle up and leav of a certain ward Waite and most r once his ut refused to Mrs. Waite marriage, a payment of willingness ce-sary, to charge.

Yesterday a warrant fo bigamy an Parker, wh nicipal Cou was given in Waller mad and offerd her identity Mrs. Waite ment: Hen M. Kent. Truro N. S. Waller befo whole story Judge Mo hearing to Mrs. Waite was immed Mr. Edward Waite her The case Waite has and enjoys t and esteem sympathy of ban I, Mr. E ly confident he conside e 1 blackm been retine

PORT

Dec 2—True Ridley & Co
3—Atlanta, Munn & C
Dec 4—Gem—John M
3—Helen Is
—Ridley A

UNION

NOTICE is dent of the Capital S half year end this day oca the Bank on the 8th in ta (By o

St. John's

THE

respec the ge Grace that he w BUSINESS DAY, 12th found at Mr Street, who pared to rec friends and

Good

THE BE? to intim ship Austrian, addition to their

GO

And as a change business soon, sold off by the Great Ever offered to Bay, by calling SQUI Nov. 12,

Attempt at Blackmailing.

Last April, Mr. Edward F. Waite, son of Capt. Edward Waite, St. Lawrence street married an English lady named Caroline M. Kent. He took her home to his father's, where they have since resided.

Thursday a Boston detective named Holden visited the family and made the preposterous charge of bigamy against Mrs. E. F. Waite. He asserted that she was 30 years of age, and in February, 1862, was married to a man named Waller, by Rev. A. H. Hardman at Picton, N. S.; that she left her husband some time since and came here to live; that her husband had traced her here and was then in the city; that she has two children, a girl of 11 years old and a boy of 9; and that Waller was willing to hush the matter up and leave her alone on the payment of a certain sum of money.

Yesterday afternoon Waller took out a warrant for her arrest on the charge of bigamy and she accompanied Marshal Parker, who served the writ, to the Municipal Court, where a special hearing was given in the case by Judge Morris. Waller made the statement given above, and offered to produce testimony to prove her identity.

Mrs. Waite makes the following statement: Her maiden name was Caroline M. Kent. She came to this city from Truro N. S., in 1871; never saw the man Waller before, and denied absolutely the whole story of the marriage.

Judge Morris decided to adjourn the hearing to Wednesday next, and placed Mrs. Waite under \$1,000 bonds, which was immediately given by her husband, Mr. Edward F. Waite, and Capt. Edward Waite her father-in-law.

The case is a very rare one. Mrs. Waite has a large circle of acquaintances and enjoys to a high degree the respect and esteem of all. She has the hearty sympathy of her friends, and her husband, Mr. Edward F. Waite, feels perfectly confident of thoroughly exposing what he considers as simply a case of attempted blackmailing. A. A. Strout, Esq., has been retained for Mrs. Waite.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF HARBOR GRACE.

ENTERED. Dec 2—True Blue, Joyce, Cow Bay, coal Ridley & Co. 5—Atlanta, Whelan, Sydney, coal—John Munn & Co. CLEARED. Dec 4—Gem, Hartley, Pernambuco, fish—John Munn & Co. 5—Helen Isabel, Pernambuco, fish—Ridley & Co.

NOTICES.

UNION BANK OF NEW-FOUNDLAND.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of SIX PER CENT on the Capital Stock of this Bank, for the half year ending 30th November, has been this day declared, and will be payable at the Bank on and after MONDAY next the 8th inst.

A CARD.

THE undersigned would respectfully intimate to the gentlemen of Harbor Grace and neighbourhood, that he will visit them on a BUSINESS TOUR, on FRIDAY, 12th inst, and may be found at Mrs. Gaden's, Cochrane Street, where he will be prepared to receive orders from his friends and patrons.

JAMES MELLIS, Tailor & Clothier, St. John's. Dec. 3.

Good News for All!

THE SUBSCRIBERS

BEG to intimate to the public that they have recently received by the steamship Austrian, from Liverpool, the second addition to their large variety of

GOODS.

And as a change is to take place in the business soon, the entire stock must be sold off by the New Year

Greatest Bargains Ever offered to the public in Conception Bay, by calling at

SQUIRES & NOBLE'S, "Golden Fish."

Nov. 12.

NOTICE.

Jillard Brothers' New Provision, Grocery and Hardware

STORE,

is now in full operation. Anything you require you will get there.

Provisions of the Best Quality.

Flour, Pork, Tea, Molasses, Butter Split and Round, Pease, Oatmeal Rice, Cheese, Beans.

Choice and well selected

GROCERIES,

Tea—Black and Hyson Sugar—Loaf, Crushed, and Brown Raisins—Bloom, Layer and Valencia Broad Figs, Currants Spices of every description Mace, Cinnamon, Cassia, Cloves, Pimento Mixed Spice, Pepper, C. Seed, Nutmegs Gray, Dunn & Co.'s Fancy Biscuits of all kinds

Confectionery

Essence of Coffee, Homeopathic and Common Cocoa

Chocolate

Bacon and Hams, Lard, Pearl Barley Groats and Patent Barley, Mustard Pickles—Mixed, Chow Chow, Picadilly, Red Cabbage, Onions, Walnuts Olive Oil, Crystal and Pure Malt Vinegar in bottles and casks Raspberry Vinegar, Essence Lemon Root Ginger, Ground Ginger, Honey Table Salt—by the pound and in crocks and bottles

Glue, Candles, Baking Powders Carbonate of Soda, Sago, Tapioca Vermacella, Liquorice Saltpetre, Logwood, Brimstone, Sulphur Snuff, Starch, Blue, Hard Soap Castile Soap, Fancy and Scented Soap Bees Wax, Nixey's Black Lead, Wax Electric and Comb Matches Best Japan Blacking, Paste Blacking Brunswick Black, Furniture Polish Washing Soda, Snuff Beans Condensed Milk Bottled Fruits—Plums, Cherries, Damsons Green Gages, &c.

Corn Flour, Sardines, Smoked Herrings Jellies, Jams, and Marmalade The celebrated Victoria and other Sauces Citron, Lemon and Orange Candied Peel Gelatine, Cream of Tartar Shelled Almond Nuts, Kay's Coaguline Hunt's, Cockle's and Holloway's Pills Castor Oil, Senna, Salts, Hartshorn Medicamentum, Opodeldoe Oysters in Tins, Solid Oil Capillaire Syrup Bear's Grease and Pomatum Infant's Farinaceous Food.

We keep constantly on hand

HARDWARE

Of every description. Carpenters' Tools, Coopers' Tools Shoemakers' Tools, Masons' Tools Brushes, Combs, Earthenware, Glassware Locks, Hinges, Bolts, Latches Musical Instruments, Medicines, Drugs Perfumery, Nautical Instruments & Charts Tools, Screws, Brads Parlor and Kitchen Utensils Paints, Oil, Turpentine, Varnish Saddlers' Ware, Toys, Brooms, Buckets Riddles, Bath Brick Hatchets, Saws, Hammers, Planes Tomahawks, Shingling Hatchets Spokeshaves, Wrought Nails Rules and Squares Compasses and Spirit Levels, Chisels Gouges, Gimblets, Augurs, Chalk Lines Brace and Bits, Sand and Glass Paper Hand, Pit and Crosscut Files, Saw Sets Gluepots, Diamonds, Axes, Adzes Jointer and Plane Irons, Drawing Knives Centre Bits, Awls, Bristles, Hemp, Flax Copperas, Finchers, Rasps, Whips Leather, Kerosene Oil, Soap

Honey Dew Tobacco.

Electro, Albata, British Plate, Nickel and German Silverware Gold, Silver, Gilt, Plated and Glass

Jewellery,

WATCHES and CLOCKS,

SEWING MACHINES,

Gold Wedding Rings,

CRADLES.

If you want anything that you do not see in this list, you will be sure to get it by asking.

Best assorted stock in town.

Every purchaser who desires to get the best possible value for his money, should visit this establishment.

JILLARD BROTHERS. Oct. 25.

FOR SALE,

THE SUBSCRIBERS

RESPECTFULLY intimate that they have on hand and For Sale the following

PROVISIONS AND Groceries

At as low a price as can be sold in town and invite inspection:—

Bread, Flour, Pork, Butter Molasses, Tea, Hams, Bacon Rice, Arrowroot, Corn Flour Green and Ground Coffee Cheese, Sardines Digby Herrings, Maccaroni Sago, Ground Rice, Perlina Currants, Raisins Preserved Meats Bottled Fruits, Fancy Biscuits Lozenges, Sweets, Jams, Jellies Marmalade

Harvey's and Worcester sauces Pickles, Bottled Vinegar Anchovies, Catsup, Capers Celery Seed, Table Salt, Hops Isinglass, Saltpetre Whole and Ground Ginger Cloves, Citron Lemon and Orange Peel Cream of Tartar, Green Peas Gelatine

Almond, Barcelona & Walnuts Toilet and Common Soap Black and White Pepper Allspice, arroway Seed Peaches Fancy and Common Tobacco Starch, Mustard, Candles Kerosene Oil, Leather, Glass Whiting, Paints, Nails Linseed Oil, Tables, Chairs Bedsteads, &c., &c., &c.

GEO. C. RUTHERFORD & Co Harbor Grace, Oct. 22, 1873.

RIDLEY & CO.

Having received a further supply of

PROVISIONS

Will Sell the same on reasonable terms, for

OIL, FISH or HERRING

Harbor Grace, Oct. 22, 1873.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

AUCTION MART!

75 WATER STREET, 75 HARBOR GRACE!

We offer For Sale,

PROVISIONS, Groceries, &c.,

At fair remunerating prices for CASH, FISH or OIL!

Auction Sales and Commissions promptly attended to.

GEORGE HARRIS & Co. Aug. 16.

TAKE NOTICE!

READ THIS

And Tell it to All Your Friends!

THAT JNO. SQUIRES

Has just returned from the English Markets with lots of

GOODS

TO SUIT THE TIMES, And is now prepared to offer to the public GREAT

Bargains

In all kinds of Goods, at SQUIRES & NOBLE'S, "Golden Fish," Water Street Oct. 8

FOR SALE

Ridley & Co

OFFER FOR SALE

Fine Hamburg BREAD

Choice No. 1 FLOUR

Canada Family BUTTER

Superior Muscovado

Molasses

Prime Mess and Extra Prime

Pork

PEASE, OATMEAL

SUGAR, TEA, &c.

Harbor Grace, Oct. 4.

NOTICES.

GOOD Accommodation for a few respectable BOARDERS in a private family For further particulars apply at the Office of this paper. Oct. 1.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

UNSIGNED printed forms of £5 Notes of this Bank, numbered 6001 to 8000 inclusive, dated Saint John's, 1st July, 1867, having been lost from on board the steamer Gaspe, wrecked at Langlais Island, near St. Peter's, in the month of June, 1872; some of which have been put in circulation with the forged signatures of "R. Brown, Manager;" and "HENRY COOKE, Accountant;" I hereby caution the Public from receiving any £5 Notes of this Bank so numbered, the Bank not having issued any £5 Notes exceeding number 6000. R. BROWN, Manager. St. John's, Sept. 24, 1873.

J. Mellis, TAILOR & CLOTHIER

208, Water Street, St. John's,

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.

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, 1873.

A Bazaar

Will be held at

St. Patrick's School House, Carbonear,

On the 26th of December next, for the purpose of raising funds to defray expense of repairing the PRESENTATION CONVENT. Carbonear, Oct. 30, 1873.

FOR SALE.

Just Received A SUPPLY OF THE

'Favorite'

SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINES



Manufactured by the Kendall Manufacturing Co., Montreal.

CHEAPEST AND BEST.

THE 'FAVORITE' SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINES

Are a wonderful achievement of inventive Genius and Mechanical Skill.

For Simplicity, Durability and Beauty they stand Unrivalled.

Stitch Alike on Both Sides.

They will do all kinds of FAMILY SEWING

With perfect ease, and are equally good for light Manufacturing purposes.

They have a large Shuttle and Bobbin and make the regular

LOCK STITCH, the same as made by the Singer, Wheeler & Wilson, Weed, and all other First Class Machines.

They use a short, straight Needle, and the

Four Motion Drop Feed,

Which is considered the best in the World. The Feed being made of one piece, it is impossible for it to get out of order.

THE SHUTTLE CARRIER Is also made of one piece, and is so constructed that the Shuttle face is always kept close to the race, which prevents the Machine from missing stitches.

Each Machine is furnished with a

Hemmer,

Gatherer,

Braider,

Self-Sewer,

Quilter,

6 Needles,

4 Bobbins,

Oiler,

Screw Driver,

Guage and Screw,

Directions and Spools ready for use.

Makers' Price List.

By Hand, on Marble Slab.....\$22.00

With Plain Walnut Table..... 27.00

With Quarter Case Walnut Table.. 30.00

Orders executed by return post, and Machines sent free of expense, ready to commence sewing immediately with explicit instructions.

THE ADVANTAGES OF THE

'FAVORITE'

Shuttle Sewing Machines

OVER ALL OTHERS.

1st.—They are simple, perfect, and easily operated.

2nd.—They make the celebrated Lock Stitch alike on both sides, that will not rip or ravel.

3rd.—They are sold at a price within the reach of every family in the land.

4th.—They can be operated by a child.

5th.—They are particularly adapted for all Family Sewing and Dress Making.

—ALSO—

No. 2 SINGER

MANUFACTURING MACHINES.

New Improved Patron,

F. W. BOWDEN, St. John's,

Agent for Newfoundland

ALEXR. A. PARSONS

Sub-Agent Harbor Grace

Under The Surface.

On the surface, foam and roar Restless heave and passionate dash; Shingle rattle along the shore, Gathering boom and thundering crash.

Under the surface soft green light, A hush of peace and an endless calm, Wind and waves from a choral height, Falling sweet a far off psalm.

On the surface, swell and swirl, Tossing weed and drifting waif, Broken spars that the mad waves whirl, Where round wreck-watching rocks they chafe.

Under the surface loveliest forms, Feathery fronds with crim-on curl, Treasures too deep for the raid of storms—Delicate coral and hidden pearl.

On the surface lillies, white, A painted skiff with a singing crew, Sky reflections soft and bright, Tremulous crimson, gold and blue.

Under the surface, life in death, Slimy tangle and oozy moans, Creeping things with watery breath, Blackening roots and whitening bones.

On the surface, a shining reach, A cry-tal couch for the moonbeams rest, Starry ripples along the beach, Sunset songs from the breezy west.

Under the surface, glooms and fears, Treacherous currents, swift and strong, Deafening rush in the drowning ears, Have ye rightly read my song.

SELECT STORY.

SNOWED UP.

"UCH a storm! enough to woary one to death!" exclaimed Florence Hunter, a haughty belle and beauty of the Trinountain City, pacing her elegantly appointed chamber with impatient step, pausing now and then to part the rich curtains draping the window, and peer forth into the night. Three days of snow, no abatement yet! no shopping scarcely a caller, and now a prospect of the trains being snowed up, and his not arriving! And, with an air quite at variance with the customary repose of her manner, she let fall the heavy folds of brocade, and crossed the apartment to the crimson velvet covered arm chair drawn up before the grate.

By every appointment of that excellent boudoir—the Persian carpet, soft as woodmoss to the tread, the costly fails of silk damask and lace, the elegant chairs and couches, the oval pictures leaning from the walls, and the numberless articles of 'vertu' scattered around—it was plain to see that this was the home of opulence; and by the curve of the city belle's scarlet lip, the arching of her stately throat, the expansion of her perfectly chiselled nostril, and the regal carriage of her small Grecian head with its massive braids of jetty hair, it were easier yet to vote her haughty as she was beautiful.

It was, in truth, a long and wearisome storm that had for these three days been an unwelcome visitor to many in the busy city beside the belle and beauty, Miss Hunter; not a wild, filibustering expedition of the allied powers of rain, sleet, and wind, which often sweep down upon our coast in fury, wreak their sudden vengeance, then as hastily retire; but a continued pitiless siege of snowflakes, whose countless squadrons pour down so steadily that all the earth and air was one parade field for their white plumes. Merchants passing through their almost deserted stores, or looking up from their lean ledgers, growled at the storm that kept the gold at home in ladies' purses, instead of in their money-drawers; clerks, lounging over orderly counters, folded their arms instead of webs of silk or Cashmere reps, for no fair customers disturbed their goods; there were few pedestrians abroad, for the sidewalk were deep in snow, and the horse-cars running through the thoroughfares were crowded to overflowing; State Street wore a forlorn look—curbstone brokers taking shelter in-doors, news-boys sparse and quiet, and change transformed into a sort of waste howling wilderness; while above the brick walls, towering chimneys, and church towers of the old Puritan city folded the gray mantle of the storm, and still fluttered down the snow.

Dear me, Florry, another tedious evening at home!—and the speaker, Mrs. Hunter, a showy-looking woman of forty-five, entered her daughter's chamber. What shall we do to pass the time, unless Holt or Morgan drops in? They are better than solitude, for John says the railroads are blocked up, and Everett cannot arrive to-night. What could have possessed him to hurry off to that stupid country seat of his before he came to Boston? And now this storm will detain him from us some

days longer! And Mrs. Hunter's voice was full of pique and disappointment.

Oh, mamma, if Leonard Everett prefers the rustic attractions of Ridgewood to town, let him enjoy them! replied Florence, with a languid intonation that quite contradicted her former impatience when alone, for she did not care to confess, even to her mother, how eagerly she had looked forward to the arrival of their visitor from his long absence.

Prefers! Why, Florry, you don't suppose that Everett has returned from Europe to bury himself on that horrid farm of his! I never could see the attractions of the country, even in summer, though one must go into it to be sure if one is at all fashionable; but give me a first-class hotel at a watering-place, or some other resort where our set go, and farmers are welcome to their fields, and grass, and all that. You don't imagine Everett will settle down and practice his profession in his native town, Florry?

He will make known his intention to us when he arrives, mamma, replied Miss Florence, with a well-affected 'ennuied' air. In his letters to me from abroad did he mention that arrangement.

Which, of course, you would never consent to, Florry, went on her mother, imperturbably, and complacently adjusting the folds of the rich silk, for she was quite used to the indifference of her only and indulged child. After your marriage he will, of course take a house here; as for his profession, he will do as he likes about practising; but he has wealth enough to live without it. As Doctor Everett's wife, you will be the envy of all our set, Florry!

Why, mamma, you seem to regard it as a settled thing, when you remember I am not his 'fiancee' yet, said Florence, in her soft, rippling voice, that veiled well her own wildly beating heart.

Florence, all our plans have worked well, so far, and why should we look for defeat now? As your father's ward, Leonard Everett became more intimate in our family than any other young man, an intimacy I took pains to encourage after your father's death and his own majority and succession to his fortune; it was to attach him to you that I educated you to please him, and procured you the masters he recommended; it was to leave you a fair field that I sent her away, that dependent on your father's bounty—and here the woman's eye flashed darkly, while the lip of the haughty brunette in the crimson velvet chair smiled triumphantly as she assented to her mother's gaze. It has been my daily thought for the last three years, during Everett's absence in Europe, to anticipate the hour of his return, when he would ask your hand; and now, Florence, your own beauty and tact must do the rest, for if you let Leonard Everett, with his fortune and position, slip through your hands, you will never see such another eligible offer.

Nor do I intend to fail in so doing, dear mamma, let me assure you! was the beauty's quiet answer, complacently admiring her exquisitely small slipper, resting on the velvet footstool before the grate. So, prythee, 'ma chere mere, don't fear in the least for your Florence!

I thought you had a portion of my spirit and shrewdness, Florry! said Mrs. Hunter, well pleased at her daughter's answer. And there can be no such thing as failure if you decide so. Why there's Fred Holt, ready to offer himself at any moment, if you but show him the slightest encouragement; or Alfred Morgan either of them considered very eligible by any of our friends. But neither possesses Doctor Everett's fortune, a no small consideration, reared with such tastes as you have been, Florry; besides, he is handsome, gentlemanly, and refined. My hopes are high for you, daughter, said Mrs. Hunter, rising.

Thanks, mamma, replied the haughty beauty, indolently. But when left alone all her assumed calmness vanished, and, with flashing eyes, she sprang up and paced the floor of her room, as if she would throw off all false restraint. Wealthy handsome, gentlemanly and refined—all true, my dear lady mother; but you did not think it necessary to add that I love him! Yes, Leonard Everett, cold and proud to the beautiful and accomplished woman you have met in your wanderings, as I know from the tone of your letters from abroad, cold as you have hitherto been to me, my beauty has ripened vainly in these four years if it do not weave a spell to bring you to my feet!—and she flung an appreciative glance into the toilet mirror, swinging on its elaborately carved frame. Cold to all I said, she went on musingly, while her eyes flashed lambent fire for a moment; and yet I have not forgotten that little episode of your last winter here ere you went abroad, that which might have ripened into something serious had not we—my sharp, shrewd mamma and I—sent that artful piece away, that month, after pa-

pa's sudden death. But, Edna Moore, with your blonde face and blue eyes, for you were lovely, enact the role of artlessness as you might the drama was not played out here. It would have done well enough to have had you with us, had we kept you out of sight; but one can't always pass off their kin as governess or sewing girl, and father did have such queer fancies about supporting his poor relatives! So when Everett became interested enough to inquire for you one day it was a pleasure to tell him that you had proved ungrateful and left our protection. Certainly you did talk shockingly for a person in your position to mamma that day we parted! Where are you now, I wonder? And yet why should I give you a passing thought, Edna Moore? It is sufficient that you were swept aside long ago, and now Leonard Everett is returned and my triumph will soon be complete.

Chapter II.

JANUARY day was drawing to a close in the town of Dentford—a country region where dwelt a hospitable, kind-hearted, and intelligent farming community. The landscape might have been pleasant enough on a fair day, under the influence of a bright winter's sun; but the twilight was closing early, with a thick fall of snow that had not ceased since its commencement the preceding day; and broad fields, bounded by straggling stone walls, dark clumps of firs and hemlocks, that stood like patient hooded monks on the hill to the west—and the weather-beaten houses, with their broad, low chimneys, and long lines of out-buildings—all seemed dim and weird-like through the veiling snow.

With early twilight that shut in the winter's afternoon, the door of a little red school house, perched on the summit of a wind-swept, treeless rise of ground (after the fashion of our puritan ancestors, who always selected such localities for the site of the meeting or school house,) was thrown open with a wide swing; and a troop of noisy urchins, followed by the great boys and girls of almost adult size, emerged into the open air. With book satchels in hand, or the little tin pails that had held the dinner for their nooning, they bent their steps homeward—the boys descending on the prospect of building a snow fort when it should "fair off," and easing the exuberance of their spirits let loose after the school-room confinement by pelting each other with snowballs hastily manufactured from the damp, clinging drifts through which they waded.

When the last scholar had departed the mistress—a young and lovely girl, with such purely transparent complexion, tender blue eyes, shaded by long brown eyelashes, and a grace of air that betokened her the fine lady—the mistress turned the key in the great iron padlock that hung against the weather stained door; wrapped her cloak more closely about her; and turned her steps down the drifted highway to Farmer Brooks' dwelling—the great, square, old-fashioned farmhouse, with its poplar trees in the front yard, and the long gate that barred it from the road.

For a quarter of a mile 'the mistress' kept on, until she turned up into the lane leading to her boarding house. As she neared the door, she felt unaccountably ill and dizzy. For two days past, she had complained of a slight cold, but that afternoon, while busy with the duties of the school room, sudden ague fits had sent her to the great wood fire blazing up the wide-mouthed chimney and filled one side of the old school-house, and then as suddenly, hot flashes shot through her veins that sent a splendid crimson to her delicate cheeks and lips, and fired her eyes with unnatural brightness, till she was glad to lean her forehead against the cold window pane for relief. Now, as she crossed the threshold of her boarding house, a blind vertigo seized her, and she stumbled into the entry, and would have fallen but for the friendly aid of Mrs. Brooks, who seeing her approach from the window, had opened the door of the keeping room.

The land! what ails you? are you sick, Miss Edna asked the good woman placing a chair, and hastening to remove the cloak and hood flecked with the soft clinging snow. Speak, child, for you do look dreadful! Ain't a-goin' to be taken down, I hope!

My head was so dizzy! said the teacher, in a faint, sweet voice. It is a little better now—it will pass off, I think! Perhaps a cup of your nice tea will make me feel better. Don't look so alarmed, Mrs. Brooks!

Scairt? I ain't the least bit scairt, Miss Edna; but them cheeks of yours, crimson as pinnies and hot as fire, ain't a-goin' to deceive me—you're feverish, that's sartin; and it'll take another kind of tea than Young Hyson to cure you. I declare, I kept thinking of you this afternoon; and I went up into the garret and fetched down some pennyr'yal to steep for you to-night, for I said to Jacob: This'll cure up the Mistress's cold and soar throat. Now, set right up to the fire in this cushioned chair, and put your feet on this stool while I take

off them wet overshoes; and then after a light supper—if you feel like eating—I'll steep the pennyr'yal, and make you such famous 'arb tea as'll bring you down bright as a dollar in the morning. We ain't a-goin' to have you down sick, while Aunt Betsy Brooks knows how to make pennyr'yal tea! said the brisk, motherly woman, cheerily. Land! what little feet you have got, Miss Edna! she added, removing the teacher's rubbers, and placing the foot-stool.

I am sorry to give you so much trouble, Mrs. Brooks! said the teacher faintly smiling yet pressing her hand on her aching forehead to thrill its throbbing.

Trouble? don't say that agin, child! cried the little woman with mock asperity. Who's a-goin' to take keer of us when we're sick, if we ain't willin' to do the same turn by others? and, stirring the maple clefts that burned in the great cook-stove, she filled the tea-kettle, then drew out the table for supper. Yes, that's what I often tell Jacob, she continued, laying the snowy, cloth, setting out the well-preserved, old-fashioned pink china that she used in honor of boarding the mistress, and cutting generous slices of snowy bread, nice cake, and rich yellow cheese. I tell him, that what we do unto others'll be pretty certain to fall in our own dish some day; and duty, if nothing else, ought to point out the road for every human creature to walk in. Not that I need to think of any such reason for looking after you, Miss Edna—for I told Jacob the first day you came under our roof, a year and a half ago, that I should be sure to take you into my heart to fill the place of my poor lost Annie! and here Mrs. Brooks' voice trembled a little. She was eighteen, when she died; and your brown hair and blue eyes always bring her up before me.

You are very kind to me; and, if you are daughterless, I am motherless! The words fell impulsively from the teacher's lips; and, with them, came also a burst of tears and little sobs that shook her frame. Ill and weary—grateful for the kind friends among whom her lot had placed her—yet oh for a mother's hand to be laid upon her aching forehead! a mother's breast whereon she may pillow herself to sleep!

There, there, don't cry, child! You're tired and feverish, and homesick; don't cry, dear! said Mrs. Brooks, soothingly.

No, not homesick you forget that I have no home to pine for! replied the girl presently, calming her emotion, but suffering the tears to roll down her burning cheeks. But I can't help this longing for my dear mother; and when I get more wearied than usual, or a little ill, as to-night, the old feeling comes over me too strong to be conquered.

And I wouldn't try to put it down, dear! Cry as much as you're a mind to; it's a blessed thing that we can cry sometimes! exclaimed the sympathizing woman, who came and stroked the girl's hair with a tender hand. Dear! how hot your head is! I'll fetch a cloth wet in cold water to lay on it. There, don't feel so bad! You've got some good friends in Dentford at any rate! Squire Stanniford was praising your teaching the other day to the minister, and he said our district had the best teacher of any in the county. So you can stay here all your days, and keep school and live with us—unless somebody should carry you off to live in another home! added Mrs. Brooks, as if previously forgetting such a possibility.

Which isn't the least likely, said the teacher, after a long pause in which she had striven for calmness; the last part of your sentence, I mean, Mrs. Brooks. So you perceive the chances are for keeping me the rest of my life.

There! that sounds natural—to hear you talking cheerful again! said Mrs. Brooks, bustling about her table. Now drink this cup o' tea; not tea, while I call Jacob.

When the good woman returned from summoning her husband, and the worthy farmer appeared in the cheerful keeping-room, the tea still stood untasted before the teacher.

Land! Can't you touch it child? You are real sick. I must have you go to bed right away! and in a warm room to, and when, an hour later, kind-hearted Mrs. Brooks returned from the chamber appropriated to the mistress, she said to her husband, with a serious face: Jacob, I don't know but the child's going to have a settled fever. I shall do my best to break it up; but if she isn't better by to-morrow, we'd better send after Dr. Fenner. She's had a bad cold two or three days, and going to the schoolhouse in this storm hasn't helped her any.

I should have gone over after her to-night; but neighbor Stone had my horse to go to mill, and didn't get back in season. I hope Miss Edna'll be better in the morning, said the farmer kindly. I hope so, too; but she seems to talk kind of rambling, and keeps complaining of her head. I sha'n't leave her to night! replied Mrs. Brooks with anxious face, returning to the chamber where—her scarlet cheeks upon the white pillow—the sick girl tossed and

moaned in the wanderings of fever, and called constantly for her mother with plaintive cries.

Chapter III.

THE railroads plucked up by these mountain drifts I must settle myself contently to another week at Ridgewood! said the owner of the handsome country seat, bearing that title, walked from the window of his library on the evening of the same day when he first looked in upon Florence Hunter so impatient in her city home. What to do, to pass away these lagging hours' is the next question, stretching his handsome limbs indolently before the blazing wood fire, and patting his slippery feet on the polished fender. Books? I don't feel like reading to-night. Ruminating over my travels? That's very well for a week, but one gets tired of solitude, and wants a friend to talk to about the Tyrol, the Vatican, and the Rhine. Correspondence? Well, none of my old chums know I've returned, so none will be expecting letters from me; thus, like Othello, my occupation seems to be departed from me. Speaking of letters though—and by the way, I quite forgot that, if the train ar snowed up, they won't be likely to carry my mails—speaking of letters, here's Miss Florence Hunter's last, received in Europe—a delicately penned, interesting epistle, which I duly replied to before setting foot on the Arabia for my homeward passage! and he pulled a daintily superscribed envelope from his pocket case. They're expecting me, there in Boston—and, somehow, it seems impressed on my mind that Mrs. Hunter is also expecting me to offer myself to Florence. Handsome, accomplished, sought after in society—it would seem a desirable connection; and why should I not be thinking seriously of settling down in life? I've had my wanderings, my dreams, and my visions; why not now content myself henceforth with realities, and become a quiet, domestic Benedict? Florence Hunter is Handsome, and 'the style'! I am wealthy—not particularly ugly, I flatter myself—and with some traits that are not undesirable for a married man; she would make a dignified mistress to my house, and I should render her respect, if not love. But 'love,' love—ah, that's a word that has no business on my lips! Every man has his dreams, I suppose, of the woman he would like to take to his heart—a sweet, blue-eyed, gentle girl, who would fit into his being till she became a part of himself. I had a vision of such a face once, there at Mrs. Hunter's. Who would have believed that young thing so ill tempered and unworthy? But ah, well! Imagination has many delusions; and thirty years should bring one a wiser head than to trust in them. When this tedious New England storm is over, I will go down to Boston, and offer my hand and fortune and heart, if I possess the article, to Florence Hunter!

Doctor, Farmer Brooks is at the door—waded over from his farm through all the drifts; and wants to know if you won't go over with him to visit the school-mistress who's sick. He's been for old Dr. Fenner; but he's gone to see another patient, five miles off; and he heard you had come back, so thought p'raps you'd go.

Certainly, Hannah, ask Mr. Brooks in, and say that I'll go with him directly, replied the young man, starting up; and while the maid returned with his answer, he took down a heavy overcoat, drew on his long boots, and soon stood ready. Rather a surprise to me, Mr. Brook to receive a call to-night, for my professional duties have been laid aside these few years back; but I think I can rub up sufficiently to be of help to you, if the case be not too severe, he said, entering the kitchen. It is not your good wife, I believe, whose pleasant face I remember with distinctness, who needs my services? So I think Hannah stated, he added, as they went out in the storm together.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

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