

The Star

AND CONCEPTION BAY SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Tuesday, September 24, 1872.

Number 38.

SEPTEMBER.

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

MOON'S PHASES.

NEW MOON..... 2nd, 9.23 P. M.
FIRST QUARTER... 10th, 11.33 A. M.
FULL MOON..... 17th, 1.34 A. M.
LAST QUARTER... 24th, 9.51 A. M.

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) WHOLE-
SALE AND RETAIL.
**221 WATER STREET,
St. John's,
Newfoundland.**

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

HARBOR GRACE

Book & Stationery Depot,
E. W. LYON, Proprietor,
Importer of British and American

NEWSPAPERS

AND
Constantly on hand, a varied selection of
School and Account Books
Prayer and Hymn Books for different de-
nominations
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

PERIODICALS.

Lately appointed Agent for the **OTTAWA
PRINTING & LITHOGRAPH COMPANY**
Also, Agent for **J. LINDBERG, Manufactur-
ing Jeweler.**

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

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

Mr. J. Foote,
W. Horwood,
R. Simpson,
C. Rendell,
B. Miller,
H. J. Watts.

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 Anæsthetic
(Nitrous Oxide Gas), and have extracted
many thousand Teeth by its use.

Without Producing pain,
with perfect satisfaction. They are still pre-
pared to repeat the same process, which is per-
fectly safe even to Children.
They are also prepared to insert the best
Artificial Teeth from one to a whole Set
in the latest and most approved style,
using none but the best, such as
received the highest Prem-
iums 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
Parsons' Purgative Pills.

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

BANNERMAN & LYON'S
Photographic Rooms,
Corner of Bannerman and Water
Streets.

THE SUBSCRIBERS, having made suit-
able 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 ex-
pense in fitting up. **THEY 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,**
May 14.

W. H. THOMPSON,
AGENT FOR

Fellows' Compound Syrup
OF
HYPOPHOSPHITES.

The Old Folks.

Be gentle to the Old Folks,
O spirits strong and young;
Nor let them be forgotten,
Like songs no longer sung.

Hold out your hands to help them,
Speak pleasant words of cheer;
They stand 'twixt you and Heaven,
None know to which most near.

Just where their footsteps stumble
Your own must falter too,
When summer days are over,
And frost displaces dew.

Be patient to the Old Folks,
When failing ear and eye
Blur over song and story,
And pageant passing by.

Their eyes are dim for sunshine,
Yet filled with clearer light,
Like stars that glitter brighter
Through coming down of night.

Their ears are dull for music,
Yet, like a subtle spell,
Each loving word shall reach them,
And tell its story well.

Be courteous to the Old Folks,
So they may never guess
Their busy days are over,
Their usefulness grown less;

Well knowing sober counsel
But idle preaching seems;
Not half so true and real
As your own golden dreams.

In wise and tender silence,
They pray, perchance, anew,
When they discern each shadow
That substance seems to you.

God bless them all, our Old Folks!
Grant them the love they crave;
And teach us how to render
Thrice-fold the love they gave.

THE EXHIBITION.

(From the Times of Wednesday last.)

If we had been told three months ago that
we were going to begin a new era of existence
and that an exhibition, on the principle of the
great world-renowned ones of London, Paris,
and New York—to compare great with small
—was to be its beginning, we should have
either thought the person mad, or the thing
an utter impossibility.

The bright design first had its birth in the
brain of the Rev. Edward Borwood, to whom
almost entirely belong the credit of the ar-
rangements, and the consummation of the
whole plan. Struck with the idea that it would
tend to elevate the tastes of the people for the
fine arts, so far as these could be exhibited
by any specimens here, and conscious of the
many improvements that might be expected
to flow from the exhibition of goods manufac-
tured or grown in the colony, with zeal as un-
flagging as his perseverance, he set upon the
accomplishment of what most people deemed
an Utopian scheme, and one destined to perish
in its birth. But the success which has attend-
ed the beginning and completion of this the
first exhibition in this colony, shows what one
earnest-minded individual is capable of; and
that the taste and management which have
been displayed have surpassed even the most
 sanguine hopes of his earnest supporters. The
Rev. Projector, by an almost house-to-house
visitation thro' the town, and by a numerous
correspondence in the out-ports, solicited from
all parts, poor and rich, friends and strangers
articles of virtue or curiosity, manufactured
goods and agricultural produce. All seemed
willing and ready to trust from their side,
Relics to memory dear, to love and pride,
Trophies of battle, gems and fabrics gay,
Coins, precious caskets, or more precious still,
The laboured products of mechanical skill.

And so it waxed and grew until Wednesday
last saw the consummation of this noble and
grand design. For ten days the large Victoria
Hall had been undergoing a transformation;
every wall was covered with pictures, and the

centre laid out with one long table upon which
were exhibited the varied wonders of many a
clime. (We must leave the description till
another time.) On either side of this table
were two others, extending about half the
length of the room,—the one on the east side
devoted to needle and fancy work, the other
to the Geological collection of Alexander Mur-
ray, Esq., F. G. S., whose able address will be
found in this issue. Close by and under one
of the arches of the building, on the north
side of this table, His Excellency's Throne
was placed. The pillars of the arch were ele-
gantly decorated with evergreens, and flags,
conspicuous amongst which were the Royal
Standard and Red Ensign; over the arch were
surmounted the Royal Arms of England; and
in bright letters "God save the Queen."

His Excellency had been asked to open the
Exhibition, and with his characteristic readi-
ness graciously consented. In every possible
way, both by his favour and presence, as by
kindly lending much to grace the building, he
heartily co-operated in this most praiseworthy
undertaking. And to give an ear of dignity
to the occasion, and stamp the day with im-
portance, he proclaimed a public holiday in the
capital.

Wednesday was a propitious day, and as the
Sun was at his meridian height a herald an-
nounced the arrival of His Excellency and
Mrs. Hill, accompanied by his Aides-de-Camp,
and Private Secretary, Capt. Shea. They were
met at the East door by the Reverend Projector,
who preceded His Excellency through two
lines of the Committees who were ranged a-
long the whole route from the door to the
Throne. As the procession entered the door,
the Band in the orchestra struck up "God save
the Queen;" and the Committees fell in and
followed to the Throne, round which they all
stood. Hereupon the Projector read the Ad-
dress and handed it to his Excellency. The
said address and his Excellency's remarkably
pleasing reply thereto have already been pub-
lished by us. The reply being disposed of, His
Excellency then declared the Exhibition open-
ed; whereupon the organ immediately struck
up "God save the Queen," which was lustily
sung by all present; and as the echo of the
last note from the voices floated upwards, the
Band in the orchestra began and executed the
whole strain. Every one seemed more
than delighted, and praises in very expressive
terms were poured upon the Projector from
all sides.—It is, verily, a day long to be re-
membered,—the like of which we may hope
will become a regular recurring establishment
among us.

We must now give some description of the
articles exhibited; altho' from the crowd we
must select only those which are of peculiar or
historic value. The visitor, on entrance,
proceeds at once to the centre table, on the
uppermost shelf of which are arranged statuet-
tes of smiling and angry gods, mighty warriors
on elegantly caparisoned steeds; sweet nymphs
and cruel cupids; elegantly ornamented glass-
ware, vases, &c. The lowest shelf of the table
is arranged with a long row of glass cases, all
specially made for the Exhibition.

Taking a walk round, the visitor would
start from the S. E. side of this table. The
first case contains modern specimens of elab-
orately wrought plate, exhibited by Mr. Lind-
berg; and hard by is a case of antique silver
ware which transports our fancy to the early
days of our great grandfathers,—the two stand
by each other, and the contrast show how we
have advanced (shall we say in taste and
design?)—well, if not at any rate in workman-
ship and general effect. But two pieces shall
claim our special notice, as they are the gifts
of Royalty. The first is a cup and wine goblet
presented by Charles II. to Samuel Denny with
the Royal arms, for his kindness shown in feed-
ing His Majesty with bread and wine, whilst
he lay concealed in the oak. This relic is now
in the possession of Mrs. H. LeMessurier, the
only British descendant of the Loyal House
of Denny in North America. The second con-
sists of a splendid and costly set of Commem-
orative Plate, given by Prince William Henry (af-
terwards William IV.) to the Protestant
Chapel in Placentia, bearing date 1787.

We now come to a few cases of old china
ware, used by dead forefathers,—elegant even
in their old age; queer morceaux, vases cups
and old plates.

"And ample bowls in which were oft infused,
Those racy elements we loved, when we
Sought other draughts than melancholy tea,"

—Speaking of tea, seems to harmonize well with the adjoining case containing exquisitely wrought ivory fans (for use when suns are high) from China. Our next step will be at the splendid specimens of ancient rich brocades and point lace, veils, nets, aprons, worn by stiffened dames; and, above all, an elaborately-embroidered vest of the time of the first of the Stuarts. Here, as we turn to view the many headed wonders of every clime, we pass a collection of rare flowers exhibited by our well-known townsman, Mr. Lash, of which sweet Flora herself would not feel ashamed. In the back ground of these is the historic collection of Masonic jewels, owned by the Tasker Lodge. We are told of these, that in the early days of the Colony, the vessel, with those precious ensigns aboard, was captured by a French frigate and taken to France. Here the jewels came into the possession of some of the Craft, who, with that noble quality of fraternal love, returned them to their brethren in Newfoundland.

As we turn to go down the West side of the table, the chief things which arrest attention are the fine rare and beautiful specimens of Esquimaux ivory carvings, models of kayaks, bead work, boats, and dresses of various types hanging hard by. The next case carries our minds back a century or so, introducing us to the Aborigines of this Island, when the Red Indian roamed free and unrestrained over our moor and forest land; arrow-spears, and spear heads, gouges, hatchets and chisels, all of stone and extremely rare,—the only memorials of a by-gone race. *Moriendum est omnibus.* A skull of a Red Indian on the opposite table creates melancholy thoughts. Their head-gear and neck-laces have outlived them. There are now two cases of Japanese and China curiosities—delicate carving, and objects of dress; picture of a goddess on woven paper; enigmatic lock and endless balls; manuscripts; brick of the great wall; whilst the Japanese cooking-stove, trays, and inlaid work-box, surpass even London art and skill. Next to this are specimens of Indian carving, 2 sets of exquisite chess men, a glittering dirk and sabre taken from a Sepoy Chief in the Indian mutiny; scarfs, shawls, turbans of Eastern workmanship, &c. &c. Next comes a large and beautiful collection of valuable and elegantly carved war weapons, formidable in size and weight, from the Fiji Islands, kindly sent by Lady Hoyles.

Next are two or three cases of general curiosities, a crowd of which, invades the memory; old medals, rare brooches, a curious watch, 300 years old; and quaint pistols; whilst of things modern were pieces of the Atlantic Telegraph wires, with box containing some in the different stages of splicing.

We have now come to the last, on this table. Books rare and valuable, tomes of the Classics, Theology, Histories, Manuscripts, &c. &c. There are some beautiful specimens of well-executed black-letter type Bibles, of the date of the authorized version; whilst the 'breeches' Bible carries us back to an earlier date. The edictio princeps of Hooker and of Euripides are rare; a curious Anglo-Saxon dictionary; a history of India by a native of Newfoundland; a Colonel Williams; a Bible owned by the Chaplain to the Protector Cromwell; specimens of raised type for the blind; a volume of the first newspaper published in the Colony, with the autographs of the first subscribers; specimens of ornamental writing by natives. One little choice vellum is worthy of notice, as it contains the arms, motto, and autographs of many of the ancient noble families of France,—conspicuous among which is that of Henri de Bourbon, Prince de Conde.

Here, too, is a very old French grant (in manuscript) under the sign manual of Louis xiv. and his Ministers; while a manuscript letter of the wife of the Poet Burns, old copies of American and Colonial newspapers, closes the whole.

The Pomperian collection consists of a curiously wrought decanter-shaped urn, water jars of various descriptions, lamps, both in bronze and clay,—parts of a Mosaic, and other curious and rare memorials of the place, together with photographs of the amphitheatre of that city of the dead.

In a case at the N. W. end of the building are shewn a costly collection of ancient and rare coins, bearing date some B.C., but the greater number of two, three and four hundred years old;—one of a half guinea of Jas. I. dug up in this Colony,—another of Queen Ann found over a hundred years ago in an old shoe at Ferryland. In this same case are shewn an ikon presented by the Patriarch of Constantinople to the late Dr. Neale; an antique jeweled watch: gold in nuggets, and fused. But space forbids a more lengthened description. There are other queer and rare relics; tables and chairs; minerals of the Island, well selected and arranged; specimens of native ores, marbles, china clay; slate-tiles, petrified bird's nest; cedar from Libanus, flowers from Nazareth, cum multis aliis.

The North end of the building is entirely devoted to native products and manufactures. —among these may be named purified cod liver oil; some fine wheat, ripe, cut in August in St. George's Bay; garlic, &c.,—an evidence of the more favorable climate of the extreme west. Of manufactures, the chief were the leather, home tanned; home made boots, gas fittings, steam engines, stoves, jewellery, &c. &c. Several small boats and ships' models commend the admiration of the younger visitors who, it may be, are destined to man or to own our Island fishing and foreign fleets.

The Prize Regatta boat, exhibited by the Pilot Lewis, claimed much attention. There were also fine specimens of marble sculpture, and creditable wood carving, &c. &c.

The Picture Galleries contain some thousands of paintings in oil and water colours, chromos, lithographs, steel engravings, &c. If put along side of one another in a line they would stretch miles. There are some fair specimens of native talent, in oil and water colours; altho' in some

"Are roses drawn unutterably red."

The beautiful specimen of the Photographic art by Notman are worthy attention, and those by McKenny of this town exceedingly creditable.

The Natural History department is divided into native and foreign. There are strange animals from the burning plains of Africa, and from the frozen regions of the Arctic Zone; immense jaws of sharks and walrus; stuffed birds of all climes.

The valuable collection of the Geological Surveyor are left unnoticed, and require a special and separate article.

The many wonders to be seen have indeed astonished all who have witnessed them, and the name of the Reverend Projector will be handed down to posterity as the foremost among the Benefactors to the Colony.

THE STAR.

HARBOR GRACE, SEPTEMBER 24, 1872.

ANOTHER ROBBERY.

ON Saturday morning it was discovered that the Telegraph Office here had been entered by a rear window, and five pounds in money extracted. A private dwelling house on Victoria Street was also attacked with evident intent to rob, but the light-fingered possessor of thieving qualifications disturbed his nerves by the breaking of a lamp in trying to effect an ingress, and subsequently went off in rapid strides without taking possession of what he coveted. The same dwelling is said to have been revisited since; no doubt with a view to the completion of the work formerly left off. Truly we have had more than enough of this sort of work lately, and it is high time some steps were taken to scare those midnight housebreakers. A night watch for the town, we consider, would tend much to the safety of property. We would not expect a watchman to be everywhere at once, or to actually be a witness of these burglarious depredations, yet he might see parties about at hours when no good was likely to be enacted, thus suspicion would certainly fall on such, if anything went wrong.

THE EXHIBITION.

By a special message from the Rev. E. Botwood, the Projector of the Exhibition at Victoria Rink, St. John's, we are informed that the interesting collection of articles now on view will be on exhibition until Saturday, the 28th inst. We are glad of this lengthened term, and have no doubt numbers will take advantage of it.

THEATRICAL.

WILSON's popular Company will appear this evening in Dion Boucault's Great Play, entitled, "The Poor of New York."

Slanderers and Gossip-Mongers.

"Behold the host! delighting to deprave; Who track the steps of glory to the grave, Watch every fault that daring genius owes Half to the ardour which its birth bestows, Distort the truth accumulate the lie, And pile the pyramid of Calumny!"

Pay no attention to slanderers or gossip-mongers. Keep straight on your course, and let their backbitings die the death of neglect. What is the use of lying awake nights, brooding over the remark of some false friend that runs through your brain like forked lightning? What's the use of getting into a worry and fret over gossip that has been set afloat to your disadvantage by some meddling busybody, who has more time than character. These things can't possibly injure you, unless, indeed you take notice of them, and in combating them give them character and standing. If a bee stings you, would you go to the hive and destroy it? Would not a thousand come to you? It is wisdom to say little respecting the injuries you have received. We are generally losers in the end, if we stop to refute all the backbitings and gossippings we may hear by the way. They are annoying, it is true, but not dangerous, so long as we do not stop to expostulate and scold. Our characters are formed and sustained by ourselves, and by our own actions and purposes, and not by others. Let us always bear in mind that "calumnies may usually be trusted to time and the slow but steady justice of public opinion."—Communicated.

TELEGRAMS.

Latest Despatches.

LONDON, Sept. 15.—The Advertiser, Herald, and Standard, condemn in unmeasured terms the action of the Geneva Tribunal.

Princess Beatrice Victoria, only unmarried daughter of Queen Victoria, is said to be engaged to the Marquis of Stafford.

George Phillips, formerly member of Parliament, is dead.

The Internationalists in session here have adopted a platform in favor of universal suffrage by ballot for legislative and magisterial officers, compulsory and gratuitous common school education, disbanding of standing armies, the abolition of indirect taxes, and substitution, therefore, of a progressive income tax, and suppression of usury.

The Prussian Minister of Foreign Affairs has resigned in consequence of a disagreement with Bismarck.

The German government has issued a second circular, still more threatening against emigrants.

Bank rate 4 per cent.

A despatch from Teheran reports cholera raging with great violence in Bokara. It is estimated that 1000 persons are dying daily.

NEW YORK, 15.—The government began proceedings against the steamers Donan and Liberia for carrying excess of passengers.

A new and terrible cattle disease has broken out in Nevada.

The soldiers and sailors convention at Pittsburg, adopted a resolution, strongly endorsing President Grant, and urging his re-election.

TONTOXO, 19.—Lord Dufferin is expected to arrive on Tuesday afternoon.

General Crooks, it is reported, will be Premier of Ontario, on the retirement of Blake.

Cartier will leave Quebec for England on Saturday.

LONDON, 18.—Thomas Hughes tried to address his constituents in Rome on Tuesday night. The opposition broke up the meeting.

Acts of incendiarism are frequent in the agricultural districts, and the farmers are organizing vigilance committees for protection of property.

The King of Sweden is seriously ill.

Father Hyacinth is honey-mooning in Brussels.

The Emperor William, Prince Bismarck, and the bishop of Ehrenfeld are having sharp quarrels over religious matters.

It is reported that Edmund Adout will be tried by a German court martial at Strasburg on the 23rd of this month.

The French Government has issued stringent regulations to prevent the introduction and spread of rinderpest.

Eight hundred and eighty Communists condemned to transportation, embarked to-day for New Caledonia.

LONDON, 19.—John Fox & Co., of Minsinglane have suspended business. Their liabilities are 500,000. They have connections with American houses. Their suspension is caused by recent failures in Baltimore.

A very severe thunderstorm occurred at Rochdale, yesterday. Several persons were killed by lightning, and the crops were badly damaged.

The Bullion in the Bank of England decreased £528,000 stg., during the week. Consols closed unchanged.

STOCKHOLM, 18.—King Charles of Sweden, died at Malmo last evening.

NEW YORK, 19.—In the first innings between the English eleven and the St. George Club, the latter were disposed of for 66 runs. The English scored 102 without the loss of a wicket, when the stumps were drawn.

The financial excitement in Wall Street continues, though it has subsided in a measure. At Long Branch, President Grant expressed himself to a reporter, as pleased with the result of the Alabama Claims' Arbitration.

LONDON, 20.—Prince Arthur opened Roundlay Park at Leeds, with appropriate ceremonies in the presence of a large assemblage. A ball was given at the Town Hall, in the evening.

The wife of Prince Bismarck has arrived at Torquay, where she will soon be joined by her husband.

A meeting in Dublin to protest against the occupation of Rome, advertised some days ago, has been indefinitely postponed.

The oldest brother of the Pope is dead. Spain is re-organizing her army.

NEW YORK, 20.—John Biglin beat Ellismaid in the scull race. Time 65 minutes. The English eleven won the match in one innings and 141 runs to spare.

George Cartier will leave Quebec for England to-morrow, for the benefit of his health. Horace Greeley is now making political speeches in the west.

Gold 114.

THE DOUBTERS REBUKED.—The New York Herald publishes a facsimile of Dr. Livingstone's letter to the editor—one of a dozen letters recently received by him. The doubters will now have a hard time to keep their spirits up.

Busybodies.—Beware of busybodies. A man who meddles in other people's affairs is sure to make mischief. He generally meddles to serve himself, and consequently puts different constructions on the same things when said to different people, so that the most innocent words get distorted into applications which those who used them never intended they should bear.

Scarcity of News.—The mails having, for a week, failed to come to time in an Arkansas town, the local paper says it has been forced to draw heavily on the almanacs for copy, and if communication with the outer world should be still longer cut off, "we will be obliged next week to make extracts from the Bible, thus supplying some of our readers, at least with matter entirely new to them."

The Reigning Dynasties of Europe.—It is a remarkable fact that nearly all European nations are governed by families of alien blood. In London the dynasty is Hanoverian, in Berlin it is Swabian, in Vienna it is Swiss, in Florence it is Savoyard, in Copenhagen it is Holstein, in Stockholm it is French, in Brussels it is Coburg, at the Hague it is Rhenish, in Lisbon it is Kohany, in Athens it is Danish, and in St. Petersburg it is German.

Blessing a Dog's Dinner.—A highly respectable gentleman, who was working on a little road-repairing business in the neighborhood of Aberdeen, had his dinner brought to him by his daughter, who soon after left, leaving her dog with her papa. The good man closed his eyes and asked a blessing. The grace having been prolonged beyond the ordinary length, his dog improved the occasion by helping himself to the food. On opening his eyes he discovered that the dog had devoured all that was intended for his dinner, on which he so earnestly asked a blessing. A cockney excursionist to whom he soon after related the story, unfeelingly reminded him that he must in future "watch as well as pray."

The Drunkard's Will.—I leave to society a ruined character, wretched example, and memory that will soon rot. I leave to my parents during the rest of their lives as much sorrows as humanity in a feeble and decrepit state can sustain. I leave to my brothers and sisters as much mortification and injury as I could well bring on them. I leave to my wife a broken heart, a life of wretchedness and shame to weep over my premature death. I give and bequeath to my children, poverty, ignorance, a low character, and the remembrance that their father was a monster.

Underground Railway in New York.—New York City is at length to have an underground railway to connect the lower and upper portions of the city by a system that will secure rapid transit. The new line is in charge of Commodore Vanderbilt and his friends. The route has been decided on and the ground will soon be broken. Two years will be necessary to complete the line, which starts at the depot of the Hudson River Railway, 56th street, and will follow Fourth Avenue and the Bowery to City Hall park, where a large underground station is to be built. The road is to run beneath the surface its entire length, which is four miles, and this distance, including six stoppages, is to be run in ten minutes.

Be Brave.—Young man, be brave! Many people imagine that courage is confined to the field of battle. There could be no greater mistake. Even contention with men—unavoidable contentions—are not by any means limited to public battle-fields. And there are other struggles in private life—struggles with adverse circumstances—struggles, it may be, with habits or appetites or passions—all of which require as much of courage, and more of perseverance, than the brief, exciting encounter of battle.

Enough to struggle against, enough to contend with, enough to overcome, lies in the way of every young man. It may be one kind of difficulty, or it may be another; but plenty of difficulty of some kind, every young man just starting in life may be sure that he will find. And the essential thing about it—to him, is whether he will be a coward, and succumb, or what the Indians so significantly term "a brave." He who never falters, no matter how adverse the circumstances, always enjoys within himself the consciousness of a perpetual, triumph, of which nothing can deprive him.

The Warm Hand of Sympathy.—Till we have reflected on it, we are scarcely aware how much the sum of human happiness in the world is indebted to this one feeling—sympathy. We get cheerfulness and vigor, we scarcely know how or when, from mere association with our fellow-men, and from the looks reflected on us of gladness and enjoyment. We catch inspiration and power to go on, from human presence and cheerful looks. The workmen works with added energy from having others by. The full family circle has a strength and life peculiar to its own. The substantial good and the effectual relief

which men extend by those, but by so the work is done. more simple made weakest and poor largely to the cor child's smile and this world. Who desolate, what which makes cor not replace the lo can bestow upon But a warm hand thrill told you t there to your em sigh, has done m present could co

Setting Be. A reluctant tax Rollston, being s came to distrust politely invited t way, and then st lectors began to niture, but were the delinquent ar bearing a bee-hi table and opene rushed from the they closed and the imprisoned which swarmed bers and attacke lectors succeede after some time, ly stung, and R joke until he wa and sentenced th that sobered him

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Mehemet Ali's Dagger.

An English Drama in Prose.

SCENE I.

Mr. George Playfair, an English merchant of great wealth, was one day sitting in his counting-house in Calcutta, looking over some complicated business papers.

Mr. Playfair looked up, and said: "Tell him to call another time, for I am very busy now."

A few moments after the clerk returned, saying: "He tells me it is a matter of life or death, and that if you will see him he will not detain you many minutes."

"Did you ask his name?" inquired Mr. Playfair.

"Yes, sir; he said his name was Mehemet Ali Singh, replied the clerk."

"Well, show him in, Jones; but I know nothing of the man."

Jones did as he was directed, and Mehemet Ali was soon standing before the merchant. After a variety of oriental salutations, he began to explain the business that he had come about; but his English was so bad that Mr. Playfair, who happened to know the native language, requested him to speak in Hindustanee.

"Mr. Playfair, thinking from this that Mehemet wished to obtain alms of him, and being a benevolent man, sought his purse. But the Hindu, a nobleman, of nature's own stamping, drew himself up to his full height, and said:

"Let the English lord wait until he hears what his servant would say."

Mr. Playfair paused. The Hindu also hesitated. They looked one another full in the face, and then Mr. Playfair, beginning to recover himself, said:

"Well, Mehemet, tell me what you want. I'll do what I can for you; but don't, please, waste my time."

"My lord shall know, replied the Hindu in his own language, and looking so sadly that Mr. Playfair was touched, and said:

"Well, tell me what it is, and I will try to help you."

Mehemet, who pretended to speak as if unmoved, replied:

"I am now a poor man, as my lord sees; but once it was not so. Once my fathers had lands, and palaces and servants, much gold and many wives—all that the heart of man could wish—but this day I, the son of a great race, am alone and have nothing. For myself I would die; but little Fatima, can I see her die without help, without food, the last of my race? Only one thing I have: this dagger. It has jewels worth many rupees, but it is charmed. It is charmed for good to the house of Ali, but for evil to a stranger. I may not sell it, or I could soon get money. But I learned that my lord was rich. Will my lord lend his servant a few rupees, and keep the dagger till Mehemet may ask for it again?"

"Well, you see, I don't—began the merchant. I never lent money in that way, he went on. If the jewels are genuine, you could easily get money of the—" he continued, when all at once the piteous face of the poor Hindu father knocked over all his prudence, and he said:

"I don't care a straw about your dagger. You can leave it, or take it away. But I think you are telling the truth, and I cannot see a man in real misery without helping him. Here are two hundred rupees. Get food and plistic for the child. If you want more, come to me, and then I'll see properly into the case."

The Hindu bowed lowly as he heard the rough decree of the English merchant, and uttered countless thanks. He left his dagger and departed.

Some hours after, when the merchant was less busily engaged, a friend of his, a well-known Calcutta banker, came into his room and began to chat. Suddenly his eye lighted upon the dagger, which had remained unnoticed since the beggar left, and he said:

"I wonder that you leave this dagger about."

It is fully worth from twenty to thirty thousand rupees.

"Are you sure?" exclaimed the merchant. "Certainly," replied the banker. "And then he entered into a long explanation needless to repeat here."

The merchant looked up the dagger in his safe. But he was not easy. He said to himself:

"I thought the dagger was only a dodge. I did not believe what the man said about the stones in it. I wish he had taken it away. I wish he would come for it."

The dagger troubled the merchant so much that he employed the police to find its owner, purposing to give him not only the weapon, but a good round sum of money. This he never did, though God will reward him for the intention, for the police reported that their utmost efforts had only resulted in finding the man dead, and that the child had died the very day that the man came to the office.

A few weeks after, Mr. Playfair left India for Europe. His wife had been dead for some years, and their only child, a little boy, was educated in England, and was now grown beyond childish years, and was bidding fair to become as stout a man as his father. When Mr. Playfair was introduced to a young lad, of more than eighteen years, although he saw in him a likeness of himself in early days, he could hardly believe his own eyes. The retired merchant was, however, very proud of his son, and being almost as wealthy as he was proud, got on very well with him, which is saying much for his wealth, for his pride was no small matter.

SCENE II.

Time passed on, and young George fell in love with a poor American girl. Her father, who was nothing much to speak of, had taken her over to Europe in order to prosecute some claims to property there. He unexpectedly died, and she was left alone. With great difficulty she obtained a post as teacher in a school. It was indeed strange for a young American girl to be a stranger in England under such circumstances. Young George Playfair met her by chance, and fell in love with her in that wild and desperate fashion in which some men do fall in love once in their lives.

It was no easy matter for George to make love. His father's eye was ever upon him, almost absurdly affectionately, and Annie Lee, his heart's idol, was very much against secret meetings. At first she did not know his wealth or position, and thinking him as poor as herself, felt kindly toward him, and it was not until after the true position in which she was placed first clearly appeared to her, that she saw how unwisely she had acted, and tried to retrace her steps.

In vain! Young George loved her, and of course all her assumed devices—for she really loved him—failed. Her intentions were right, but after all she learned the truth of the poeise of Sir Walter, the "Great Unknown," who truly declares,

"Love is lord of all."

She agreed to see her lover, and do all that a lover could rightly wish; but upon the condition that before they were wedded, he should have the full consent of his kind and indulgent father.

Annie Lee was a beautiful girl, and had many lovers and admirers, but she had only one love, and a stranger in the land of her forefathers, she only thought of him.

One night after meeting the idol of her heart, she entered the long dark lane where she lived, in a pretty little cottage kept by a man named Whitton, but she would not let her lover go home with her, as she expected old Whitton or his wife might be coming up the lane to meet her.

The lovers parted in lovers' fashion.

The next morning the body of Annie Lee was found with a deadly dagger wound, life extinct, in that very lane. The body was cold and stiff when it was first discovered in a pool of blood. Life had long fled.

SCENE III.

George was frantic when he heard of the fearful crime. He went to the dead-house, whether they had carried the body, and wept bitterly over it. But, even in the anguished state of his mind, he was surprised at the change which had taken place in the features of the dead. A lover is always familiar with every shade and expression, every line and dimple of the beloved one's face; but the features of Annie Lee were so changed by death that George was greatly shocked. It appeared to him that the features were unaturally changed. Old Mr. Playfair, although he had before refused his consent to the wishes of his son, now, fully sympathized with him in his great grief, and acted a father's part in endeavouring to console him.

The next day was appointed for the inquest and it was agreed that they should attend it together, as Mr. Playfair had consented that George should claim the body of the friendless girl, and inter it with those unavailing honors with which we strive to show respect for the dead. The secret of George's love for the deceased was now generally known and every one strove to show their sorrow for his loss.

The inquest was held at a tavern in the village, and after the jurors had examined the body they retired to a large room which was prepared for them, and proceeded to business.

The first witness called stated under what circumstances they had found the murdered girl.

George Playfair then stated, with evident emotion, how he had left her on the night when she was last seen alive. His deep sorrow excited the warmest sympathy of every one present in the crowded room.

Old Whitton and his wife testified that the girl had not returned as usual; that they had waited long for her, and early in the morning, going up the lane to make enquiries, had found her dead, as already described. They swore to the identity of the body, but observed that a diamond ring which the deceased always wore, and which was a present from her lover was not on her finger. This was the more singular as her purse was found in her pocket, and she had on at the time of the murder a singular cameo brooch, which no one had before seen her wear, and which George swore that to the best of his belief, she had not worn that night. Strange to say a packet of letters from her lover and a likeness of him, which it was said by old Mrs. Whitton, she always carried about with her, were not found either upon her body or in the little trunk which belonged to the deceased. This was, to say the least, singular, as, although the missing ring was valuable and might tempt a thief, yet her money, etc., had not been touched, and the portrait and letters could be of no possible use to any one but the owner.

Two other witnesses ought to have been present: one a young fellow-teacher, Jane Ellis, a girl about the same age of the deceased, and greatly resembling her in appearance, and the other the teacher of the boys' school, John Hall. Jane had been the bosom friend of Annie Lee, but had left the village for her home, as the holidays had now begun. She had gone very suddenly without telling any one; but as she resided in the school-house, this excited little wonder, and it was supposed that a letter which she had received the morning before, had caused her sudden departure. The only person who felt aggrieved at this was a sturdy young farmer, who stated that she had said nothing to him of leaving so abruptly when he last saw her, on the very night of the murder. The other absent witness, John Hall, who was known to have greatly admired Annie Lee, was supposed to have escorted Miss Ellis on her journey, as their parents lived in the same town. It was concluded that they must have gone by the late night train, or a very early morning one. By the carelessness of the secretary of the school board, the addresses of Miss Ellis and John Hall had both been mislaid or lost, and no one knew whither to send for them; but as their testimony was of quite secondary importance, the coroner said there was nothing to prevent the holding of the inquest. After the examination of the last witness, one of the jurymen asked the police sergeant:

"Was any weapon found near the body?"

"Yes, sir," said the officer; "did you not hear me tell his worship the coroner that that there odd lookin' dagger was found near the body?"

He pointed to the table. Every eye was fixed upon the dagger, which the coroner took up, observing that the marks of blood were plainly to be seen upon it.

At that moment George happened for the first time to notice the murderous weapon. His face became a ghastly hue as he turned to his father, and exclaimed: "Good-God! Do you see that dagger, father?"

Mr. Playfair looked. His eyes could not deceive him. The dagger was unique; there were the glittering jewels and the name of its former owner in Hindustanee. It was the dagger of Mehemet Ali!

Then the words of the dead Hindoo came vividly to his mind: "It is charmed for good to the house of Ali, but for evil to a stranger!"

The old man was not superstitious but he trembled and turned pale as he recognized his own dagger, and called to mind the long forgotten words of the Hindu.

A keen lawyer, well known to Mr. Playfair, and who was now present to assist in the investigation, noticed this, and whispered to the coroner, who had also observed the perturbation of the old merchant and his son.

"Mr. Playfair, the coroner said, I have just been told that that dagger is yours. Can you give any account of how it left your possession, and came into the hands of a thief and murderer?"

Mr. Playfair was confused. He stood forward, and was rigidly cross-questioned. He acknowledged that the dagger was his; told how he had obtained it; said that it was so peculiar that he would know it among a thousand; and also stated that his son had borrowed it a few days before, to show to a young companion as a curiosity, but had not returned it. More he could not tell.

George whose confusion was really pitiable, was next examined. He said he had shown the dagger, on the "very night of" the murder, to a young man named Reeve; that after it had been duly examined, and talked about, he had put it carelessly into his pocket and had ever since, in the great trouble which had befallen him, forgotten it. His evidence was given very reluctantly, and the crowd around him, who had so lately evinced their sympathy, now began to look upon him with suspicion.

It so chanced that young Reeve himself was present, and he was ordered to stand forth. He had begun to see the awkward position in which his friend was placed, and gave his evidence with great reluctance. He corroborated what George had said. He and Playfair attended, he stated, a sort of little village club. Playfair had told him of the dagger and he had expressed a wish to see it. On the night of the murder, Playfair had shown it to him, and had then put it in his coat pocket. No one else was present except John Hall, and he had taken no part in the conversation. He expressed a perfect conviction that his friend was far above even the thought of a bad action. This last expression was quite uncalled for, as no one had yet spoken a word against George; but it showed what was passing in Reeve's mind, and adding to the growing suspicion. Reeve also made some very damaging admissions, allowing that young Playfair had once asserted to him, when he was excited by his father's refusal to the love affair, that he would murder himself and the girl and all before he would give her up. Reeve said he believed that this was only idle talk, spoken in anger; but it now told sadly against poor George.

The case certainly was strange. Young Playfair admitted that he was last seen with the girl when alive. He had spoken of killing her if thwarted. And his dagger had been found beside her body. The ring, etc., missing, he might have a motive for taking, but what motive could any one else have? Was it not very possible that, knowing his father would never consent, fearing a rival or possibly after an angry quarrel with the girl herself, he had killed her in the heat of passion, and that his present evidently real sorrow was only an expression of despair?

So the jury thought. They did not retire or consult, but gave in a unanimous verdict of "Wilful murder against George Playfair." That was the newspaper story. Wilful murder corresponds in England, to murder in the first degree in this country.

The coroner, as in duty bound, gave the proper instructions. George was committed for trial. In England there would seem to be a greater value set on human life than in this country.

Here we have three degrees of murder. The name only is changed, and there they are called wilful murder, manslaughter, and justifiable homicide, which last means where one man kills another, as when he is attacked by thieves upon the road, or when his house is broken into, and in defence of himself or family he kills the intruding villain. Though of course, in such a case, his action may even be meritorious, he cannot be bailed; and even in case of theft or forgery, bail is never accepted. He must go to jail and trial.

The scene at the inquest I dare not attempt to describe.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT ISSUE.]

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