

way. I don't believe in the old stories; but people say it's not lucky to spake that way about fairies."

From this I could easily see that one of Master Quinn's soft points was the fairies. I therefore repeated in a more decided manner an ardent desire for a spiritualistic visitation, to the evident dismay of the driver. At the same moment our horse made a sudden bound at a turn in the road, almost pulling the reins out of the driver's hands and nearly tossing us all out of the waggon.

"You see that, sir," said the driver, in a nervous tone of voice; "I told you it wasn't right to be talking in that way."

AN ACCIDENT.

Shortly after we came in sight of a party of laborers returning from the work of erecting the telegraph poles. The road was narrow, and we were going at a pretty smart speed down a steep declivity. The wagon ahead of us had passed the crowd of laborers, who were thus placed between the noises made by the two vehicles. The poor fellows evidently did not know of our approach. We shouted, the driver pulled in his horse, but before we could stop, the shaft of our wagon had struck one of the men, throwing him upon the ground, and, as we thought at first, the wheels passed over his body. We were agreeably disappointed at seeing the man spring up the next moment, scarcely injured at all, but much frightened. His escape was little less than miraculous. A stiff draught of whiskey completely restored him. This accident confirmed the driver in the opinion that I had excited the anger of the fairies, "spaking" about them on their own soil. I relate this incident solely for the purpose of corroborating what I had been told before leaving St. John's respecting the superstitious tendencies of the lower classes in this part of the country.

FIRST VIEW OF HEART'S CONTENT.

"Are we far from Heart's Content?" I ventured to ask the driver, after a long silence.

"There it lies, just before you," he replied, pointing to a cluster of little cottages resting in a valley beneath, on the shore of what at first appeared to be a large pond. As we advanced, however, the proportions of a noble little harbor developed themselves, and we caught sight of the Narrows and the beautiful bay of Trinity flowing in from the Atlantic. The view presented was in pleasant contrast with the bleakness we had just passed. The village is built at the foot of Mizen Hill, along a semicircular road stretching out almost abreast of the Narrows. The most imposing edifice is the Episcopal church, which towers above all the other buildings like a giant among pigmies. This church has no bell, and the congregation are notified that service will take place by means of a flag, which is hoisted at full mast to tell people that the parson is not yet ready, and at half-mast to show that the hour for service has arrived.

The soil about the village does not look very productive, but every one of the cottages has its little potato or cabbage garden, covered with thousands of capelins, which, it appears, are very generally used for manuring purposes in this country.

THE HOTEL DE VILLE.

Our wagons stopped in the middle of the village, in front of the dwelling of skipper Elias Warren, which enjoys the distinguished honor of being *par excellence* the Hotel de Ville of Heart's Content; that is to say, people come here to have their smile when they feel like it. Skipper Warren is one of the biggest guns of the village. He commenced life as a fisherman, made a good pile in the days when cod and seal were in the zenith of their glory, and retired just at the right moment to enter into the higher pursuit of fitter and speculator. The skipper is suspected of being a shrewd business man, who can see as far as most people and a little further. We received a cordial if not a disinterested welcome in the Warrenian household. Tea, ham and eggs, cod and bread were spread before us in liberal quantities, and we ate with a gusto which only hungry travellers can experience.

WHAT IS SAID ABOUT THE CABLE.

As one would naturally expect, the great topic of conversation here is the Atlantic cable. The people are full of it, talk of it morning, noon and eve, and dream of it at night. Some think it destined to transform the village into a city, second in prosperity and importance only to St. John's, such is the incredible extravagance of their expectations. You must know that the popular idea here is that St. John's is only a peg or two behind London and New York, and that a little exertion on the part of the Heart's Contentians would enable them to outstrip all three. On the other hand, there are many who look upon the cable with unfriendly eyes. They have formed the opinion that the fisheries somehow will be injurious-

ly affected by the cable; and as the fisheries are bad enough already, it is no wonder they view the telegraph enterprise with disfavor. This class will need to be watched closely, for it is not unlikely they will seize the first opportunity that presents itself to cut or otherwise injure the cable.

WHY THE FISHERIES FAILED.

A few observations respecting the causes of the recent failure of the fisheries will be appropriate in this connection.

For the past few years the fisheries have been growing worse and worse, until now consequences of the most disastrous nature are beginning to be looked for. Fishing is the main dependence of the great bulk of the population of the country, and, that failing, great destitution and suffering must necessarily follow. What are the causes which threaten to bring about this deplorable state of affairs? As well as I can ascertain by inquiries among the people the fault lies principally with themselves. They supply the weapon for their own destruction, and it is in this way:—The article most used for bait is the capelin, a fish found in prodigious abundance on these shores. Formerly, this fish used to breed in the shallow waters along the shore, and the cod followed them into the bay and harbors. But the recent custom of destroying them in a wholesale manner by using them for manure is said to have driven them from their favorite haunts along the shore, and they now take refuge on the bottom of the sea, far away from land, where the large fish feed upon them and become glutted. In this plethoric condition it is to be expected that they will refuse bait offered by the fisherman. This is a theory which has brought farming operations under the wrath of the fisherman. It is an ingenious theory, because it is based on the supposition that the capelin is capable of communicating to his fellows the fact that they are used for degrading purposes by the tillers of the soil. Another theory is that the French system of fishing is the real cause. It appears that the French fishermen are in the habit of dumping loads of bait into the sea in order to seduce the fish to remain in their vicinity. This piece of strategy is supposed to work admirably. The fish finding themselves well attended to around the banks, remain there, and, consequently, the French are enabled to carry off as much as they can gather, or rather *vice versa*. This they could not do if the Newfoundlanders themselves did not supply them with the needed bait, in exchange for a few dollars. The attention of the Colonial Legislature has been called to the subject, but as yet no steps have been taken towards remedying the evils. Having written thus much on a subject generally interesting here, I return once more to the village of Heart's Content itself.

(To be continued.)

New Advertisements.

ST. JOHN'S
Dye Works.

THE SUBSCRIBERS beg to inform the inhabitants of St. John's and the Outports that they have opened a

Cleaning & Dyeing
ESTABLISHMENT

In this town, and trust by good workmanship, combined with moderate charges, to merit their patronage and support.

Silks, Stuffs, Velvets, Shawls, Scarfs, Damasks, Moriens and Window Curtains of every description; Velvet and other Mantles, Table Covers, Carpets, Hearth Rugs, Lace Falls, Merino and Coburg Dresses, Ribbons, &c., cleaned or dyed; and every process connected with the above business executed in the best possible manner, at the shortest notice with punctuality and dispatch.

Blacks dyed for Mourning twice a-week.
Gentlemen's Clothes cleaned or dyed.
Blacks extracted and dyed to various colors.

P. M. FORDHAM.

JOHN F. ROBINS ON.

N.B.—All orders left at the Receiving Room, 198, Duckworth Street, or at the Works No. 12 George Street, (off Queen Street), will meet with prompt attention.
Sept 1 3m.

Danielle's
Farewell Adult BALL

ON THIS FRIDAY EVENING.
Aug 30th

On Sale.

30,000 BRICK

T. N. MOLLOY & Co.

Sept. 1

New Advertisements.

ON SALE.

10,000 Hemlock

Studding.

(Assorted sizes.)

T. N. MOLLOY & Co.

Sept. 1

On Sale.

250 Barrels No 1 Rockland

L I M E.

T. N. MOLLOY & Co.

Sept. 1

THE HOME AND COLONIAL
Assurance Company.

(LIMITED.)

Capital, £2,000,000 Stg. Shares, £50.

Paid up, £100,000.

Chief Offices—69, CORNHILL, LONDON, E. C.

Governor—JOHN PATERSON, Esq.

Deputy Governor—ALEX. FRASER, Esq.

FIRE AND LIFE BOARD.

Chairman—T. W. H. MacKean, Esq.

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Clark Irving, Esq., Hyde Park Square, London.

James Lyall, Esq. (Lyall Rennie & Co. Calcutta.

James McMaster, Esq. Director of the Merchant Banking Company.

Brinsley D Courcy Nixon, Esq., Queens Gate Gardens.

John Paterson, Esq. Director of the Alliance Bank.

Felix Payer, Esq. (of the late firm of H. & J. Johnston & Co.

Henry Thorburn, Esq. 5, Queensborough Terrace.

Manager Fire and Life Department—Thomas Miller, Esq.

Secretary and Actuary—Morrice A Black, Esq.

Fire Department.

Fire Insurances effected on every desirable description of property in town and country at moderate rates and on liberal terms. Losses by lightning and damages arising by explosion of gas will be made good by this Company.

Life Department.

Arrangements are being made for the extending of this Department to Newfoundland, of which, when complete, due notice will be given.

The promptitude and liberality with which the engagements of this Company have always been met have made it quite a favorite in those parts of the United Kingdom and of the Colonies in which Agencies have been established, and it is hoped that a pursuance of the same course of dealing with its patrons here will cause it to be equally favoured in Newfoundland.

Rates and particulars of Insurance may be had on application to the Agent at his Office, No. 261, Duckworth Street, St. John's.

ROBERT J. KENT,

Agent for Newfoundland.

Sept. 1.

The Morning Chronicle.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1865.

THE HOME AND COLONIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY OF LONDON—FIRE AND LIFE.
CAPITAL—TWO MILLIONS STERLING.

Moderate premiums, favorable terms, perfect security.—See advertisement.

Office—No. 261, Duckworth Street, St. John's.

ROBERT J. KENT, Agent.

We publish to-day the beginning of a second letter from Newfoundland to the New York Herald. We think the correspondent's acquaintance with us was too brief to enable him to form a perfectly correct opinion of subjects upon which he writes.

The country may now flatter itself that the present year of 1865 will favorably compare with recent past years in the result of its business operations. A very fair seal-fishery preluded what we may already set down as at least a good cod-fishery. Usually, we find ourselves unable at this early period of the year, from lack of satisfactory information, to express a favorable opinion of the fishing voyage. But we already know enough of the present season's operations to be assured of better than an average catch. The shore cod-fishery has been generally good, even taking into account the very few localities in which little or nothing has been done, while recent advices from the Labrador assure us of tolerably good work. Not one of the half-dozen bankers sent out has returned, but we hear that some of them will shortly be on their way home with full loads. Then, the Greenland whale fishery has been most successfully initiated by the Wolf, whose trip added some £10,000 or £12,000 to the wealth of the country. If we add to this prosperous condition of affairs the fact that our farmers will or have harvested unusually bountiful and good crops, it will be conceded that the Almighty has dealt generously with us, and encourages us to hope that better days are dawning upon our poverty-stricken country.

It is clearly the duty of our Government—a Government which seems to be administering public affairs in a highly intelligent and satisfactory manner—to aid on the general prosperity; and it can do this very materially by reducing our Colonial expenditures. There is now apparently no reason why that huge drain upon the resources of the country—Pauper Relief—may not be immediately and permanently diminished, and we believe strenuous efforts are being made in this direction. That such efforts may be successful is the special desire of the whole country, which has been altogether too long burdened with this extravagance.

Other lesser drains upon the Treasury will also, we trust, receive attention; and, generally, we hope soon to note a material reduction in the colonial expenditure.

With fair fisheries, and a wise appropriation of the public finances, this colony has nothing to ask or hope from Confederation with the neighboring provinces.

FOR THE MORNING CHRONICLE.
THE RESOLVE.

I.

'Tis over! 'Tis over! I've broken the chain
Which bound, but which never can bind me again.
The dark clouds have passed from my Heaven, and afar,
In its crystalline depths, shines Hope's beautiful star.
Long, long o'er Life's desert, unsheltered and vast,
With no joy in the future, no bliss in the past—
And hating the present, with blasphemous breath,
While cursing my life, I shrank trembling from Death.
For me no tall palms wav'd their frondage on high,
To tell that a cool bubbling fountain was nigh;
But a thirst-mocking mirage, that pictur'd in air
Streams, which vanishing left me alone with despair.

II.

As a child in a garden, all laughter and song,
Mid foliage and blossoms goes dancing along,
Unheeding the clouds that, with scarcely a warning,
O'ershadow the beauty and gladness of Morning—
I saw not my cloud in Life's exquisite dawn,
Nor woke from Youth's dream till its glory was gone.

III.

The conqueror of old, when returning from war,
Deck'd with laurels the captive he chained to his car;
But scarce had the bright pageant pass'd ere each wretch
Faded, fell, and left bare the grim shackles beneath.
So, dragg'd at the wheels of Drink's chariot, my soul
Was blindly enslaved by the garlanded bowl;