

A COMPLAINT FROM SHIPPEGAN.

Two or three fishermen from Shippegan called into our office a day or two ago, and asked us if the STAR supported the Dominion Government.

We enquired of them what was wrong with the lights on the bars at Shippegan, and they told us that during every storm the bars shift and as the lights are erected upon the sand bars, they also shift; that, as the bearings of the lights are given and printed in every captain's chart, they prove dangerous to vessels sailing near the coast; for the vessels go by the printed bearings.

We asked them how the Government was to blame for this, and they told us there is a public breakwater being put up for the protection of the bars from the sea; and that the manner in which it is being built is a disgrace to the Government, and that the first heavy storm will carry it away.

They contend that instead of being filled with rubbish as it is being filled now, it should be heavily ballasted to withstand the surges.

They compare each light now to an Ignis fatuus, and say that some day the Government will have a number of suits on hand from captains lured to destruction by those ever-changing beacons.

We listened to the story, and came to the conclusion that where there was so much smoke there must have been some fire; and that once more the Department of Marine & Fisheries shows itself to be out of joint. If this Department continue to act as it has been acting toward the people of Northern New Brunswick for a year or two longer, it will have alienated about all the friends the Government have in this quarter.

OUR FISHERIES.

Not alone in the matter of bad-built breakwaters have we, as a firm believer in Sir John Macdonald's Government, a score to settle with the Department of Marine & Fisheries; but also on the snuffing and crochety policy of the Department with regard to the fisheries of New Brunswick, and especially those of the Miramichi; a policy that would hardly do credit to an old woman and which has alienated as many supporters of the Government as Mr Snowball with his mill and his newspaper: while our fisheries are none the better of it. We can admire the man who says, "Out with you party demands; I will faithfully fulfil my trust; but we cannot admire the man who stubbornly clings to theories which nobody but himself thinks are advancing the interests of his trust, and which every body beside himself knows are killing the interests of his party.

The interests of the fisheries by all means first; the interests of the party by every means next. Our officer has got it into his head that every suggestion made him by a member of our party must necessarily be a political one, and if for no other reason than this which he refuses to hear it, and maintains our fishermen in a state of chronic rebellion.

We are glad an opportunity has arisen for us to say the time has come when the people of the North Shore demand such changes in the fishery regulations, as they in their intelligence and practical knowledge of the matter deem proper. Our fisheries have been mismanaged and the Government has exposed itself to the enemy; has well deserved the strictures of every Tom, Dick and Harry in the Opposition.

change for a hundred reasons; the first and chief one being that each of the proposed districts requires different management and hence different regulations and not like now have the rules figured out according to stubborn theories which while admirably suited for one place may be ruinous for another. The work would then be done more efficiently, because the Inspector of each district would spend all his time at his business, whereas now the pittance is so miserable and given to so many that efficiency is not secured, while the expense is as great as under the management we propose.

We have given our scheme in condensed form, and shall be happy to answer any question of details, and to receive suggestions from practical gentlemen interested in our fishing industry.

OUR COUNTY COUNCILLORS.

It would seem from present appearances—though appearances often deceive—that we shall have to compel two of our townsmen to serve as Councillors for Chatham. It is only a fortnight ago since a very fair percentage of the population were speaking of "running;" the latest is that Mr. Johnstone has declined to come again, while it is hardly probable that Mr. Lawlor will pitch up the contract of the parliament building for the sake of running for a Councillorship!

It might be like chasing the mirage to endeavour to ascertain a cause for the lack of ambition among growing politicians for Council honors, yet guessing is an old and time honored institution and often not a bad road to knowledge. Perhaps then, the duties of Councillor are becoming too onerous with the honors and the profits are too little; or perhaps those who would like to be Councillors just in name are beginning to see that henceforth something more will be expected of them than has been exacted in the past; and not having a very great deal of moral courage they shrink from a duty which properly done would not fail to bring the disapproval if not the curses of a few. Or perhaps those who would like to be Councillors are not all masters of their own actions, and now and again do not object to being made cats paws of in the interests of "their party."

We care very little for ourselves who comes out, or who goes in, provided the men who sit at the Council board see that the officers appointed to certain duties perform those duties, and not be compelling the people to pay taxes for a service which is only a name, and a sop for small politicians who have some claim on their patrons. We know full well the importance Chatham has attached to the past political professions; and that if a man came out for Hen Catcher he had straightway to tell the people of what party he was, whether Mitchell's or Snowball's; and then the strongest party duly elected their Crit or Tory Hen Catcher. The candidate for the time-honored office of Hog Reeve or Cow Driver is put to the same test, and we see no earthly reason why the county councillor shouldn't.

Thus, before a man is qualified to catch a hen, according to law, or to drive a hog, or "take up" a cow, he is supposed to be intimately acquainted with the great mysteries of Protection and Free Trade, to know all about our tariff—while our very M. P. may be forgiven for stating that the present Government have placed an additional tax on tea!

For us, as we have said, we do not care a cent for the political profession: we want to see intelligent men appointed who can read and write at least fairly, and who are able and willing to do their duty. Their task is not trifling and not unworthy ordinary brains: for Lord Dufferin said, some time ago, such Boards were pregnant with the germs of our constitution; that indeed civic and county councils are the bases upon which our higher governmental fabric stands.

AN IGNORANT M. P.

Mr. Snowball our M. P. is responsible for this statement in the last issue of his paper:—

"The Moncton Times does not want tea and sugar cheapened by the removal of a part of the heavy duties now levied on these articles?" When the present Government came in they reduced the duty on tea so that we pay less tax on the article now than under the Mackenzie regime. Our M. P. should be careful about betraying his ignorance.

OUR EXPORTS.

The exports from Newcastle for September were \$106,165; the value of exports from Chatham for the same month was \$169,560. The value of our exports this year from Newcastle and Chatham will go hard on doubling our exports of last year. The proper way to judge of the difference is by taking the trade of 3 or 6 months of

one year and comparing it with the corresponding months of the other year. One month there may be no rains and ships may lie idle, claiming demurrage; the next month the exports will double.

GRIT FACULTIES WANING.

The St. John Weekly Freeman publishes a five-column dose on the Railway Commission which no one will read. We cull from the dreary mass one sentence which is worth re-publishing.—

The Commission have done all in their power to discover something that would prove Mr. Mackenzie guilty of nepotism, or corruption, or incapacity.

It was hardly necessary for the Government to try to establish a charge of "incapacity" against Mr. Mackenzie, for his own party admitted and established that fact when they deposed him from the leadership and put Mr. Blake in his stead.

THE GRAND SOUTHERN.

This road which Mr. Murray Kay tried so hard to kill and in doing which he lost his money and his reputation is now nearly completed. When finished it will be one of the best—built roads in the Dominion.

CAPE BRETON.

Wandering down on the beach during the afternoon, we saw carboniferous rocks between middle and north harbor. In these were particles of coal. They had been much disturbed and were elevated at a high angle. As an evidence of the subsidence of this part of Cape Breton, we saw at the mouth of north harbor imbedded in the mud, a thick net-work of the roots of trees and shrubs. These lay at a depth of at least 5 feet below ordinary high water level. The settlement of Aspey Bay, which boasted of a Kirk whose spire was visible in the distance, comprises some hundreds of families of Scotch or Scotch descent. These settled around the three bar harbors of which we have spoken. The land on which they have settled, so far as we could judge, appeared to be capable of cultivation with success, and in many places produced excellent grass; indeed the inhabitants exported much cattle to the Island of Saint Peter's. The settlement is bounded on two sides by high granite hills and on the third by the sea. The area which it covers, may be represented by the figure of an equilateral triangle, at the apex of which is the source of a small river; which runs through a gorge in the hills to St. Lawrence Bay, which is but two or three miles distant. There is a good road through one of the gorges in Cape North.

Early on Monday morning, we bid adieu to our old Scotch friend and little Kitty; and although the wind was cool the sun shone with great intensity. About three quarters of a mile after leaving the shore of the Bay, we came to vast deposits of pure white gypsum, which extend for a mile or more along the road over which we travelled. It was very soft and disintegrated easily, indeed just before reaching the place where we crossed middle river, one of the three small streams emptying into Aspey Bay, we found that it had been used for gravelling the road, for which purpose it seemed well adapted; from this place we could see a cliff of it at least 40 feet high; rising abruptly from the river bank, while within a couple of hundred yards rose the granite. Close to this bridge was the house of the mail carrier, to whose hands was confided my valise which was to be carried 22 miles on horseback to Ingonish. After travelling southwards about a mile we came to south river; here again we saw the gypsum in close proximity to the granite rocks. Crossing the stream and following its course or that of one of its branches, we gradually ascended to the summit of the elevated plateau; if such it may be called, which comprises this part of the Island of Cape Breton. The road was fair, and on either side of the valley of the stream, was a forest of birch and maple, the growth of which was short and crooked, the soil poor. After an hour and a half's walk, we arrived at the summit, a flat barren country; where it was not heath,—it was covered by a stunted growth of spruce and fir. The only object on which the eye could rest with pleasure was clusters of wild rose bushes, whose delicate flowers springing up on many places along the roadside among these barren heathes and bogs filled the air with their delicious perfume. The road though narrow was well made of good material. Our destination was the half way house to Ingonish; from which it was 11 miles distant; this being the only house in a distance of 22 miles. We continued our walk along the road until we came within three miles of this house, when it ceased, and we were obliged to fall on a stoney and wretched path which led through the forest. We were tired enough of the journey and of our roads, when at the end of three miles of this miserable path we arrived at the half-way house, a neat building where we took lodgings for the night. The half-way house a neat building well kept by Mr. McPherson is situated about a mile from a little cove called Neal's harbor, where there is a small fishing station, which can be reached by a path through the woods. At ordinary tide small fishing boats can enter it. Its rocky shores as seen from the half-way house look red and are probably composed of the pink syenite, which occupies so much of this country. Here and there looking from the window of the house seaward, small bare white peaks of granite are seen and the fire

which in former years burned off the first growth of wood has left a few scrubby and scraggy pines standing whose growth and stature well indicate the general character of the soft wood in this country where any are to be found.

The day after our arrival, a priest accompanied by a man and woman made their appearance. His face showed the toil which he had undergone in his journey from Saint Lawrence Bay where he was residing, and he complained bitterly of the neglect with which his people were treated in the matter of roads. In front of the door a little boy of about ten summers was playing. He was a bright little fellow, and as he rested for a moment his eye fell upon the last rays of the setting sun which shone upon the clouds; filled with infantile delight, he called out look! look! the clouds are all golden and brass. A solitary goat nibbled the scanty herbage which grew in front of the door, looking picturesque in its solitude. A few little birds who had discovered the residence of man, flitted about and a half a dozen hens whom the little boy kept out of the garden in which a few cabbages and other vegetables were planted were all the living creatures in sight. Just as night was closing in, a wandering Gallic shoemaker made his appearance and entering the house we partook of our frugal meal together and soon after retired to rest. Rising early in the morning, prayers over and breakfast finished, we bade adieu to our worthy and kind host and hostess. For five miles we had no road, nothing but a path which, when these wastes are covered by the snow of winter, would puzzle an experienced woodsman to follow. Here we met a very indifferent road which we followed for six miles, when the beautiful bay of North Ingonish met our view. Here there was a settlement and at Mr. Burkes house we were kindly invited to dine. Everything about him was neat and tasty and we would gladly have spent the balance of the day there. The air here as elsewhere in this part of Cape Breton was refreshingly cool, and the long low roll of the ocean as it fell upon the sandy shore, seemed to invite us to rest. Ingonish Island, upon which there is a light house, is not far from Mr. Burke's. It is elevated some 200 feet above the sea. The bay is several miles wide, and some three or four streams empty into it. The land along the shore is fairly good, but in the back ground arise those grim hills of which Father Perrault speaks. Mr. Burke kindly sent us in his wagon six miles to South Ingonish to the hospitable residence of Mr. McLeod the owner of a little saw mill, a most kind and worthy man, who welcomed us with true Highland hospitality. At South Ingonish, the Dominion Government have erected a breakwater and formed a harbor, excellent at all times of tide for small vessels. Mr. McLeod's mill which was fed by the stream from a lake about half of a mile long, stood on the shore of the harbor not more than forty rods from the lake, a vessel was loading close up to it. He had saved some ice which he sold to the fishermen who used it for the preservation of bait. Some half a dozen French Captains from St. Peter's on the lookout for bait, came into Mr. McLeod's to mail a letter for he was the post master of the place. These were sturdy fellows, bright intelligent men speaking both English and French, in manner and action much superior to the generality of the natives of Cape Breton. They laughed at our way of drying fish, and said that we should wait till September, when the weather was cool and dry them on the rocks.

The view from the point of Mr. McLeod's little cottage was pretty, very pretty looking to the south west for a mile distant. Cape Smoky rose almost abruptly from the sea, whose height of 900 feet or more forms great protection from the south west winds, to the entrance of the harbour. The ridge of which it was the termination ran far inland and under it lay the harbour nearly a mile long; the breakwater being on the opposite shore at the extent of one of these long low sandy bars. So came men on the shores of this Island.

[TRANSLATED FOR THE STAR.]

The Intellectual Faculties.

From the French of Becliar J.

The organs of sense transmit to the brain, the impressions of touch, sight, hearing, smell and taste; but the sensation is not wholly completed in the impression, nor in the transmission of the impression. Thus—a clock striking the hour—though the vibrations cause an expansion of the acoustic nerve—does not necessarily carry the sensation of sound, and it happens often, that it passes unperceived. The attention, alone, is capable of completing the sensation by transforming it into a perception. A sensation perceived, becomes an idea: an idea, considered in its simplicity, supposes merely, a sensation perceived by the brain, and, as such, is common to animal and man. In applying their attention, not only to present, but to past sensations, animal and man compare and judge; but, what distinguishes essentially the man from the animal is, that the latter has only concrete, while the former is capable of forming abstract ideas. A concrete idea never separates the mode of being; it is the simple notion by itself of that which exists. In ideas of this kind there exist only bodies or individuals, more or less numerous, irrespectively of race or species. An abstract idea, on the contrary, separates the mode of being; considers the qualities and attributes of a crowd of bodies, and forms distinct notions of the bodies themselves. For the animal, there are the hot, the cold, the colored bodies, etc., but for him the ideas of temperature, of color, of form etc., (all

things which express certain abstract notions) do not exist.

By the use of signs, of words, of writing, man has further advanced; he has, in this way, given a form to his abstractions; he has substantiated a multitude of ideas, which form the common fund of his language, and, constitute the elements of his thoughts. The substantives, vice, virtue, impulse, civilization, navigation, expression, resemblance, strength, wisdom, beauty, and the thousand such words, which even the more ignorant among men employ every day, correspond evidently to ideas that, in the animal, are wanting. Man has even done more; he has given form to what does not exist; he has created nothingness, infinity, past and future.

We will not inquire whether all man's ideas are transmitted to him by his senses, or, whether there are some which he possessed in the germ; such would be a trifling an idle task. Man his within himself the power to create abstract ideas—a power which animals certainly have not—and what does it signify whether it be the idea itself or the power to create such with the aid of sensations which pre-exist? It is natural enough to think that, if all sensations failed, and, with them, all materials of reflection and judgment, the power which man has to abstract, would remain in a state of latent force.

The comparison between a present and a past sensation, or between two sensations past, cest-a-dire, reflection, suppose the memory which, in man, can apply itself to ideas of all kinds, as also to sentiments. Whether we regard it as an insensible trace deposited upon the surface, or in the depths of the brain; or whether we avow our entire ignorance of the material condition to which it is united, it is not less true that the memory is an essentially organic faculty. Common to animals and man, it is true that the first do not deduce from it, like man, the fruits of judgment and reason; but it is incontestable that memory is not a stranger to the propensities which have their origin in instinct. It is after the sensation perceived the most important faculty of the intellect: without it, all others would be useless.

This faculty varies according to the duration and vivacity of the impression, to the species of animal, and even in different individuals of the human race.

The perceptions of sight and hearing do not impress themselves in equal degrees on the memory, and there are in this connection, individual differences extremely numerous which belong evidently to certain organic conditions. The perception of sight, from whence springs the memory of places and things gives to man, who possesses it in a high degree, a favorable predisposition to the sciences of observation. Hearing very acute in some persons, is almost null in others; to that organic disposition is allied the taste for music. The memory in fine, perfected by exercise, abates, and like the greater number of organic functions, becomes languid with the progress of age.



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