

The Star,

And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

Vol. 1.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Tuesday, June 17, 1873.

Number 104.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

JUNE.

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
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Moon's Phases.

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

First Quarter... 3rd, 2h. 49m., a. m.
Full Moon.....10th, 6h. 31m., p. m.
Last Quarter...17th, Noon.
New Moon.....24th, 5h. 41m., p. m.

Mall Steamers to Depart from Here.

For Liverpool.....	Thursday, June 19
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, " 25
For Liverpool.....	Thursday, July 3
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, " 9
For Liverpool.....	Thursday, " 17
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, " 23
For Liverpool.....	Thursday, " 31
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, Aug. 6
For Liverpool.....	Thursday, " 14
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, " 20
For Liverpool.....	Thursday, " 28
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, Sept 3
For Liverpool.....	Thursday, " 11
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, " 17
For Liverpool.....	Thursday, " 25
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, Oct. 1
For Liverpool.....	Thursday, " 9
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, " 15
For Liverpool.....	Thursday, " 23
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, " 29

Wholesale Prices Current, St. John's.

BREAD—Hambro' No 1, 32s. 6d.; No. 2, 28s. 6d.; No. 3, 24s. 6d.; Local, No. 1, 28s.; No. 2, 23s. 6d.; F. C., 22s. 6d.
FLOUR—Canada Fancy 42s. 6d.; Canada Superfine, 38s.; New York Extra, 35s.; to 39s.; New York Superfine, 32s.; New York No. 2 30s. to 32s.
CORN MEAL—White and Yellow, per brl. 18s. to 20s.
OATMEAL—Canada, per brl. 30s.; P. E. Is. land, 27s. 6d.
RICE—East India, per cwt. 20s.
PEAS—Round, per brl. 20s. to 21s.
BUTTER—Canada, good 1s. to 1s. 2d. Nova Scotia, good 11d. to 1s. 1d.; American 8d. to 10d.; Hambro' 8d.
CHEESE—9d. to 10d.
HAM—9d. to 10d.
PORK—American mess 95s. to 100s.; prime mess 90s.; extra prime 77s. 6d.
BEEF—Prime, per brl. 35s.
RUM—per Imp. gallon 7s. 10d.
MOLASSES—Muscovado 2s. a 2s. 1d.; Clay-ed 1s. 9d.
SUGAR—Muscovado 45s. to 47s. 6d.; American Crushed 72s. 6d.
COFFEE—1s. 1d. to 1s. 3d.
TEA—Congou and Souchong, ordinary broken leaf, 1s. 7d. to 1s. 9d.; fair to good, 2s. to 2s. 6d.
LARD—American and Canadian 7d. to 8d.
LEATHER—American and Canadian 1s. 5d.
TOBACCO—Canadian, 1s. 7d. to 1s. 8d.; American 1s. 5d. to 1s. 6d.; Nova Scotia, 1s. 5d. to 1s. 6d.
CORDAGE—per cwt. 65s.
SALT—per hhd. Foreign, Liverpool, 7s. 6d.
KEROSENE OIL—New York manufacture 1s. 9d.; Boston 1s. 9d.
COAL—per ton, North Sydney 30s.

172 WATER STREET, 172

JAMES FALLON,
TIN, COPPER & SHEET
IRON WORKER,

BEGS 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. tft

NOTICES.

JAMES 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. HUGHES, Esq.
N.B.—FRAMES, any size material, made to order.
St. John's, May 10.

FOR SALE.

RESERVES & GROCERIES!

Just Received and For Sale by the Subscriber—

Irish Cove OYSTERS
Spiced do.

APPLES

PEACHES

Strawberries—preserved in Syrup
Brambleberries do.

—ALWAYS ON HAND—

A Choice Selection of GROCERIES.

T. M. CARNS.

Opposite the Premises of Messrs. C. W. Ross & Co.
Sept. 17.

HARBOR GRACE

BOOK & STATIONERY DEPOT

E. W. LYON, Proprietor.

Importer of British and American

NEWSPAPERS

—AND—

PERIODICALS.

Constantly on hand, a varied selection of School and Account Books

Prayer and Hymn Books for different denominations

Music, Charts, Log Books, Playing Cards

French Writing Paper, Violins

Concertinas, French Musical Boxes

Albums, Initial Note Paper & Envelopes

Tissue and Drawing Paper

A large selection of Pipes & Half Dime

MUSIC, &c., &c.

Lately appointed Agent for the OTTAWA PRINTING & LITHOGRAPH COMPANY

Also, Agent for J. LINDBERG, Manufacturing Jeweler.

Large selection of CLOCKS, WATCHES

MEERCHAUM PIPES, PLATED WARE, and

JEWELRY of every description & style
May 14.

GEORGE BOWDEN,

Repairer of Umbrellas and Parasols,
No. 1, LION SQUARE,
ST. JOHN'S, N. F.

THE SUBSCRIBER, in tendering thanks to his friends for the liberal patronage hitherto extended to him, begs to state that he may still be found at his residence, No. 1, Lion Square, where he is prepared to execute all work in the above line at the shortest notice, and at moderate rates.

All work positively finished by the time promised.

Outport orders punctually attended to.
St. John's, Jan. 4.

POETRY.

SERRANO'S FLIGHT.

A SPANISH STATESMAN'S ESCAPE FROM HIS COUNTRY.

(Correspondence of the London Times.)

Madrid, May 8, 1873.—A day or two after the flight of Queen Isabella from Spain, in September, 1868, Madrid put on its gala attire to welcome the victor of Alcolea, who, at the head of the Revolutionary army, had defeated the royal troops under the Marquis of Novaliches, on the 28th of that month. Gay, indeed was the city. Every balcony was covered with festive drapery and filled with excited occupants. Triumphant arches were erected, here, there, and everywhere; the streets were crowded with troops and people, whose shouts of welcome rent the air as the idol of the moment, in his rich uniform of Captain General, surrounded by a brilliant and very numerous staff, rode on a gaily caparisoned horse from the railway station through the capital. Above the music of the many military bands rang out the cheers of the populace and "Viva Serrano!" was on every lip. Similar ovations were given to Prim and Topete on the days of their arrival. I remember well those eventful days. In grandeur and unanimity they exceed any of the many 'displays' we have had since. But alas for the fleeting nature of popularity in Spain! Two years later Prim was shot by an assassin on the eve of the entry of the Monarch whom he placed upon the throne. Two years more, and the Monarch, finding his crown to be of thorns, laid it down and returned to his own country a sadder but a wiser man. Two months more, Serrano, after hiding for many days from the popular fury, has sought safety in a precipitate flight to a foreign land. After occupying the most exalted post in the Provisional Government of 1868, viz., its Presidency—then the Presidency of the Executive power, then the Regency of the Kingdom, descending from that to be the first Premier of the new King, and the Generalissimo of the national forces sent to the north on the outbreak of the Carlist insurrection last year—in fact receiving from the revolution and the Monarchy all the honours which it was possible to heap upon a subject, the Duke de la Torre, fearful of attack from the mob, has had to escape from Madrid, in a disguise so perfect that the keenest Bowstreet officer not in the secret would have failed to detect him. Happily, he has now joined his wife and children at Biarritz, and for some time at least will cease to occupy any place on the dangerous chessboard of Spanish politics.

After being hunted from house to house by the infuriated and lawless crowd, his own dwelling, those of his relatives and more immediate friends being subjected to a rigorous search over and over again repeated, the duke sought shelter under the flag which has never yet refused to protect the weak against the strong. He besought a hiding place at the hands of the English Minister, Mr. Layard. He came not as a fugitive from justice. No warrant out against him. He was no forger or murderer. No tribunal had passed sentence upon him. Yet his life was in grave peril—peril, not from ordinary process of law but from extraordinary; and, for the moment, irrepressible popular fury. He knocked at England's door. Could England refuse to admit him? Red tape might say "Yes," but humanity and English spirit as represented in Mr. Layard said "No" and to the doors of the British Legation in the Calle Torija were opened to receive the ex-Regent, and once popular idol, as were the doors of the American and other Legations to others of the fugitives. Fearful of the possibility of a fresh outbreak renewal of the violence of the 23rd and 24th of April, and, moreover, impelled by the supposed existence of a plot to assassinate him, the friends of the Duke urged his departure from the country. Even the Government joined in the urgency. But how to get him away was the difficulty. His handsome features and manly form were known to every man, woman and child in the city. Madrid is not a seaport, and the only way out of it is by rail. The railway stations (there are two) were at one time taken possession of by armed volunteers, and every carriage searched for obnoxious persons. On the 24th even locked wagons which conveyed merchandise under Customs seal from one part of the country to another, and which merely pass through Madrid in transit, were broken open and searched. It was felt necessary that all the prominent ex-Monarchists who were seeking safety in flight should go disguised.

Serrano's disguise was so perfect that even those who had helped to set it up failed to recognize him after he had shaved off his handsome moustache, put on a pair of false whiskers, (Nature never gave him any) and attired himself in an old mourning suit of Mr. Layard's, including a felt hat, or wide-awake. In

the preparation of his disguise he protested against the whiskers, and only yielded at the last moment. He, however, threw them off the moment he started from the station. I was there when he departed, and I must confess I did not know him, though he brushed past me, to enter the carriage prepared for him. His appearance was that of an elderly English country gentleman returning from a day's shooting. In the same train, but at the other end of it, went Marois, also in disguise, accompanied by a public functionary who shall be nameless. Serrano was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Layard, who did not leave him till they had seen him safe on board a steamer at Santander bound for San Juan de Luz. As a measure of extra precaution in case of attack the military authorities lent a company of soldiers, who filled two or three carriages in the centre of the train. At 6 30 p. m., on the night of Wednesday last the party started. A few miles out of Madrid the train came to a sudden stop, and for a moment great alarm existed until the cause was learned. It was a goods train which had run off the line. After an interval of nearly two hours the journey was resumed. The stations of Escorial, Avila, Medina del Campo, and Valladolid were passed, and Venta de Baños reached. Here the Duke de la Torre and his English protectors changed lines for Santander. At one station some officious civil guards began searching the train, with what object did not appear, but it was possibly under the orders of some over-zealous civil Governor, who thought to render the state a service by arresting any Madrid fugitive who might be in it, quite forgetful of the fact that this, so far from being authorized by the Government would have embarrassed the Government very much. When the Civil Guards presented themselves at the door of the saloon carriage which the railway company had placed at the service of Mr. Layard, the latter stood in front of one door way and Mrs Layard of the other, at the same time declaring who they were. This acted like a talisman, and the Civil Guard, who, I must say, are ever noted in Spain for the good breeding they display in executing even the most disagreeable tasks intrusted to them, retired without searching the carriage. No further molestation occurred, and the party arrived at Santander, at 3.30 on Thursday morning. It had been rumoured among the populace that the English Minister and his wife were expected to arrive, and hundreds of people resorted to the station to have a peep at them. The sight of the crowd at first was embarrassing, but with great presence of mind Mrs. Layard took the arm of the Duke, and in full belief that the latter was the *Ministro Ingles* the crowd respectfully opened a way for them to the carriage of M. Saint Martin, the resident agent of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, who, at that moment, in the absence of Mr. March, was acting as deputy British Vice Consul. The party—i.e. Mrs. Layard, the Duke de la Torre, Mr. Layard, and M. Saint Martin—entered the carriage and drove along the quay to the house of the latter, situated at the extreme end. They attracted no attention from the public, who little dreamed that one of the occupants was the hero of Alcolea and ex-Regent, Marshal Serrano, bent on a clandestine escape from the country he had once governed. M. Saint Martin had chartered a small tug-boat, the *Hercules*, as she lay, at the wharf opposite his house. Serrano changed his attire, saying that though he had escaped from Madrid in disguise, he would not leave Spain or enter France in disguise. After a hasty dinner, the party crossed over to the wharf, and the fugitive, having bid adieu to the kind-hearted *estrangeiros* (M. Saint Martin is a Frenchman) who aided his escape, stepped on board. Just as the little steamer moved off five or six carbineers, the armed soldiers of the Spanish Custom House ran up to the wharf and ordered her to stop. Mr. Layard made known to them that he was English Minister, and that she was going for him on a special mission to France with which they had no right to interfere. They insisted on the ground that she might be conveying contraband to some part of the coast, M. Saint Martin argued with them that such a thing was impossible, and eventually, with much civility, they withdrew, and the tiny craft set full speed down the harbor. Mr. and Mrs. Layard watched her till she rounded the headlands and was out of sight.

Marshal Serrano was dreadfully seasick all the voyage, but suffered no other *contraints*. He reached San Juan de Luz at 10 o'clock the next morning, where, after a hasty breakfast, he took the train for Biarritz. By some misunderstanding the poor Duchess had driven into Bayonne, expecting he would land there. After waiting some time, her heart full of sad misgivings, she returned to Biarritz to find the object of her anxiety safe in the little home they have taken for themselves on the hospitable soil of France. There they will not lack company, Biar-