

THE CARBONEAR HERALD,

AND OUTPORT TELEPHONE.

Vol. 1

CARBONEAR, NEWFOUNDLAND, OCTOBER 30, 1879.

No 24

THE CARBONEAR HERALD

Is Printed and Published from the Office, west of the Post and Telegraph Offices, Water Street, Carbonear, every THURSDAY MORNING.
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All communications to be addressed to the Editor, Proprietor and Publisher,

J. A. ROCHFORD,
Herald Office, Water St.,
Carbonear, Nfld.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROUTE

OF THE
LABRADOR MAIL STEAMER,
1879.
(The Northern Coastal Steamer will Connect with this Service at Battle Harbor.)

LABRADOR Steamer to leave St. John's on the 10th July, call at Harbor Grace—thence to Battle Harbor; from Battle Harbor direct to Salmon River, calling at Henley Harbor, thence on return calling at Blanc Sablon, Forteau, Lance-au-Loup, Red Bay, Chateau, Henley, Chimney Tickle and Cape Charles.

PROCEEDING NORTH—From Battle Harbor to Spear Harbor, Francis Harbor Bight, Dead Island, Venison Island, Punch Bowl, Bateaux, Indian Tickle, Grady, and then go direct to Indian Harbor, Mannoek's Island, Black and, Cape Harrigan.

RETURNING SOUTH—Calling at Turnavick, Adnavick, Ragged Islands, Cape Harrison, Sleight Tickle, Holton, Emly Harbor, White Bears, Smokey Ticksles, Bake Apple Bight, Indian Harbor, Rigoulette, Pack's Harbor, and Independent, two last places alternately.

Long Island and South East Cove, alternately.

Grady.
Indian Tickle.
Bateaux and Domino alternately,
Punch Bowl and Seal Islands, alternately.

Comfort Bight and Bolster's Rock alternately.

Venison Island.

Tub Harbor and Snug Harbor, alternately.

Dead Island.

Ship Harbor and Scrammy Bay, alternately.

Fishing Ship's Harbor and Francis Harbor Bight, alternately.

Little Harbor.

Murray and Spear Harbors, alternately, and thence to Battle Harbor

The following trips will be the same as above except after the first round trip in September the steamer will not be required to go north of Holton, but after that trip must call at all Harbors between Bateaux and Henley Harbor, for Herring Fishery news.

JOHN DELANEY,
Post-Master General,
St. John's, June, 1879.

A CARD.

T. W. SPRY,
Notary Public,
"EXPRESS" BUILDINGS,
ST. JOHN'S, N.F.L.D.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

A DIVIDEND on the Capital Stock of this Company at the rate of Ten per cent per Annum for the half-year ending 30th June, 1879, will be payable at the Banking House in Duckworth Street, on and after SATURDAY, the 12th instant, during the usual hours of business.

By order of the Board,
R. BROWN,
Manager.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

P. JORDAN & SONS.

CLOTHING AND DRY GOODS ESTABLISHMENT,
222 Water Street, St. John's.

Importers of British and Foreign Manufactured GOODS.

Always on hand a large supply of **CLOTHING,**

Made up under their own inspection which they can

SELL AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Also a large assortment of LEATHERWARE and other GOODS

All orders in the CLOTHING DEPARTMENT shall receive best attention and be made in any STYLE required and at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

Set 4, 2m.

JUST OPENED.

NEW GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE,
(Opposite the Public Wharf,) Harbor Grace

The Subscriber begs to inform the public of Carbonear that he has Just Opened the above Premises where he will keep on hand, a choice and well assorted stock of

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
AT LOWEST PRICES POSSIBLE
N. STEWART,
PROPRIETOR

Harbor Grace,
June 19th, 1879.

CARD

JOHN A. ROCHFORD,
Notary Public.

"Herald" Building, Water St., CARBONEAR, N.F.L.D.

Next Post & Telegraph Offices

All business transacted with punctuality and satisfaction.
May 2.

JUST RECEIVED

Per *Lero*, from Grenock,

100 Barrels Bass & Co's

A L E,

(QUARTS.)
100 Bls. ditto ditto Pints
May 22. J. & T. HEARN.

ANDREOLI'S
Book & Novelty Store,
HARBOR GRACE,
116-WATER STREET-116.

The Subscriber offers for sale:—

BOOKS

PICTURES,

LOOKING GLASSES,

CLOCKS, TIME PIECES,

LOOKING GLASS PLATES,

Statues, Picture Framing,

STATIONARY,

And a Variety of FANCY ARTICLES, too numerous to mention.

PICTURES framed to order.

CLOCKS CLEANED & REPAIRED.

Despatch Orders strictly attended to
V. ANDREOLI.

Harbor Grace,
May 22nd, 1879.

R. McARTHUR,
COMMISSION MERCHANT
AND AUCTIONEER,

AT HIS

Market-Stand & Auction-Mart

WATER STREET,
Carbonear, Newfoundland,
October 16, 1m.

NEWS PER MAIL.

Bessie Darling.

N. Y. Telegram.

Miss Bessie Darling, the actress, who has just returned from her European tour, gives the following dramatic account of the misfortune that attended her visit to the Catacombs of Paris:

LOST IN THE CATACOMBS.

"There were thirty-one of us in the party. Regardless of the guide's injunctions that we should stay together on the penalty of getting lost, I wandered, unobserved by any of my companions or the guide, into a transverse gallery, and after leisurely deciphering the several inscriptions that attracted my eye, turned to make an exit and rejoin the party. But I turned in the wrong direction, and did not discover my mistake until I had gone some distance. Positive at first that my course was correct I hurried on without giving an alarm. As soon, however, as I realized that I was indeed lost, you may be sure that my voice was exerted as only a woman in distress knows how to exert her voice. I retraced my steps in as much of a run as the flame of my candle permitted, pausing at every opening I passed to call and listen. The echoes of my calls were simply fiendish in the way they came back to me. They were far from human in tone—more like derisive howls uttered from the cold, grinning skulls that were staring at me on every side with their hideous sunken eyes. As these echoes only added to my tribulation I refrained from calling any more. My voice was gone, at any rate. The ghoully atmosphere seemed to defy any effort above a hoarse whisper. Thus I wandered from one gallery into another, into caverns and out of them, and back into other galleries again, and all the while going further and further into the most dangerous section of the Catacombs, wherein visitors are never conducted. I wandered this way for nearly two hours. The silence was so oppressive that even the squealing of the rats would have been welcome, but the catacombs are singularly free from this vermin. So long as my candle held out I kept heart and did not despair. When its flame began to flicker and grow weak, I lessened my pace and carried the candle close to the ground to enable me to avoid the skulls and ribs I was constantly stumbling over. The ground was so pesty it held my feet so firmly at times that I imagined some unearthly crawling creature was attacking me. I emerged at last from a narrow gallery into what I thought was an enormous chamber, but its darkness was so black that I came to a stand-still at the threshold, as it were. I could not distinguish either floor or ceiling, nor see a vestige of already familiar skulls or bones. The atmosphere was colder and purer than what I had yet experienced in the place.

"ALAS, POOR YORICK!"

"I don't know what prompted me to do it, but I picked up a skull and threw it in front of me. To my infinite terror I did not hear the thud of the skull upon any ground until after a few seconds, and then I heard it away beneath me, accompanied by a muffled rattle as though the skull had fallen on and disturbed a pile of others at the bottom of a great unseen pit. And pit it was—over one hundred and fifty feet deep as I was afterwards told. Two or three steps more and I might have gone headlong down. I turned to go and die somewhere else; but as I turned the light of my candle expired, and here nature gave way. I fainted within three feet of the edge of this awful abyss. The chilliness of the air revived me after a while. I opened my eyes. Was I blind? for I saw nothing. I threw out my arms and only felt the slimy mud in which I was lying. I turned my head, and my cheek rested against a clammy skull. Oh! my God, how I prayed for death. Once more I became unconscious, and I lay for eighteen hours insensible. It was fortunate that I fell where I did. Had I fallen in any of the galleries restricted to visitors I might

have lain undiscovered for thirty days for, as you are aware, the Catacombs are on public view only once a month. As it was, I fell at a spot frequented by the workmen daily employed in the place. The pit near me they used as a dumping hole for refuse bone litter. Had I tumbled into that pit my body would have been covered up with tons of ghastly dumpings before the search for me would have extended to the awful hollow."

RESCUED BY A WORKMAN.

"What were the circumstances of your rescue?" the reporter asked.

"I again recovered consciousness," Miss Darling narrated, "just in season to attract the attention of a retreating workman. Too exhausted to call, I could only groan, and, brave fellow, he at once advanced in the direction of the sound. My face, clothes and arms were so besmeared with mud that he could not locate me until I groaned again. I must have been a frightful object, with my hair all matted with the slimy earth and my eyes wide open upon him appealingly. But he was a courageous fellow to return my fixed gaze and merely mutter to himself, 'Suicide and dead!' As he stooped over me I managed to touch his foot, whereupon he started up, lit a spare candle, placed it in the ground beside me, and then hastened away. 'Oh, has he abandoned me without killing me?' I cried to myself. I swooned again. When next I revived I found myself being tenderly carried by stalwart hands up the steep main entrance steps down which I had descended so many hours ago. Although I was perfectly conscious of the fact of my rescue, I did not manifest the least sign of life; hence the newspaper reports to the effect that I had been found dead. It was ten o'clock in the morning when I was rescued; I had been lost in the Inferno of Paris since two o'clock the previous afternoon."

ALARM FOR HER SEARCH.

"Had there been any search for you instituted in the meantime?" the reporter inquired.

"None whatever," the actress rejoined. "My companions knew nothing of my misfortune they read it in the next day's afternoon paper. There were so many of us, and we had been somewhat independent in our movements in the Catacombs, lagging behind or distancing each other, and dispersing unceremoniously upon regaining 'terra firma,' that my absence could not have been definitely noted. My family were ignorant of my having gone to Catacombs. I met the party on their way there and was persuaded to join them. There was, of course, no little commotion at my hotel when I failed to return that evening. The police were notified and preparations made to begin, the next morning, to drag the River Seine for my remains, on the suspicion that I had been waylaid, robbed and murdered and my body cast into the river. But the intelligence of my rescue obviated that intention."

The Night-Blooming Cereus.

Washington Post.

Embowered in a leafy nest of tropical plants, with the flaming scarlet and the glossy green, of whose blossoms and branches their pure white flowers offered most cool and grateful contrast, the night-blooming cereus plants at Mr. Thomas W. Fowler's residence, Fifth street, Monday night, uplifted their pendant corollas in a glory of bloom and fragrance that has never been equalled in Washington. Seventeen pure white blossoms, each bearing in its heart a tiny boat of golden seeds, loaded the air with odor as heavy and as ever perfumed the silent waters of Sumatran flower forests. The cereus blossoms began to open about 8 o'clock Monday night and at 9 the entire number flashed in the lamp-light from their background of deep-hued frontage like white stars with golden hearts on an emerald sky. As each one slowly unclosed its glossy, fragrant petals, emitting at each pulse of motion a tremendous wave of voluptuous perfume one might well think the flower was trembling with delight at its own beauty and odor. They sprang out of a hook-like stem that hangs upon the

very tip of a long, narrow, cape-shaped leaf, and in the faintest breath of air writhe and sway like the forked-tongue heads of some curious Indian serpents, clinging to the boughs of strange, quaintly-shaped lissome Sumatran trees. Their perfume is heavy and tropical and voluptuous in the extreme, fascinating the senses with its surfeiting sweets. By this morning they were all closed, not to open again. "Like most men's devotion," said a bright-eyed girl who stood gazing with delight upon the unusual scene, "they last but a single day." Whereat, many there thought that the sweetness excused the brevity and that life was too short to be lived entirely amid the ravishing pleasure of exquisite but such distracting fragrance Major Fowler's house was visited Monday night by at least 1,000 persons, all anxious to behold so fair and so rare a sight.

Silver Bullets.

The mines recently discovered in the Sierra Mojada Mexico, about which so much has recently been said, were found by a Mexican lieutenant and squad while in search of Indians. Believing that Indians made their abode in the rough and almost unapproachable region, the lieutenant proceeded to investigate, and came upon several squaws and children, and two worn warriors who were congregated about the mouth of a cave moulding bullets. The rods were taken in tow, when the cave was searched, and quite a quantity of silver bullets and roughly made silver articles were found. So astonished was the lieutenant to find the precious metal put to such a common use that he made further search, discovering the very locality at which they obtained the natural ore. Their mining tools consisted principally of two or three old hatchets and axes, with which they cut the ore loose as it clung, and almost solid mass, to the side of a gigantic mountain. For years the Indians had visited many Mexican towns, even going as far as Monclova, with cargoes of bullets of pure silver, which they all give away. But no one knew, anterior to the discovery made by the lieutenant, above referred to, where they manufactured the bullets. Now the locality is swarming with seekers after wealth, and the richest silver discoveries known have there been made.

Cochrane and Goldsmith's Maid.

New York Times.

We have heard a great deal from Eastern travelers of the wonderful attachment which exists between the horse and his master in Oriental lands, but we doubt if ever anything more interesting has been told than the following story of Goldsmith's Maid: Recently, Charles Cochrane, who was for many years her faithful groom, arrived from California, and wishing to see the grand old trotting mare and her colt, called on Mr. Smith, her owner, to obtain his permission to visit Fashion Stud Farm in New Jersey. Mr. Smith accompanied Cochrane to the farm, and on arriving there remarked: "Charley, the Maid is jealous of her colt, is very cross, and will permit no one to approach it." Cochrane arranged that Goldsmith's Maid should hear his voice before she saw him, and although they had not seen each other for two years, a loud whinny presently assured the visitors that the mare had recognized the man's voice. Cochrane next showed himself when a touching scene occurred. The old queen of the turf, who for months would not allow any one to approach her, making use of both heels and teeth if it was attempted, rushed with a bound to her old friend, forgetting even her colt, and rubbed her head upon his shoulder, her nose in his face, played with his whiskers, and showed by her every action that her heart was full of joy to see him. Directly the colt came up to them, and the old mare was delighted when Charley placed his hand on the little fellow. When Cochrane left the place the mare followed him to the gate, whinnying for him even after he had passed out of her sight.