

THE CARBONEAR HERALD

AND OUTPORT TELEPHONE

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No. 31

THE CARBONEAR HERALD

AND
OUTPORT TELEPHONE,
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reasonable terms.

All communications for the "Her-
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and publisher;

E. J. BRENNAN,
Herald Office, Water St.,
Carbonear, Nfld.

JOB PRINTING
of every description neatly executed
at the Office of this paper.

AGENTS FOR HERALD

The following gentlemen have kindly
consented to act as our agents all in-
cending subscribers will therefore confer
favor by sending in their names and
subscriptions that they may be forwarded
to this office.

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NOTICE.—This paper will not be de-
ivered to any subscriber for a less term
than six months—single copies four-
pence.

All correspondence intended for pub-
lication must be sent in not later than
Tuesday evening.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

This Great Household Medi-
cine ranks amongst the leading
necessities of Life.

These famous Pills purify the blood
and act most powerfully, yet soothingly
on the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS
and **BOWLS**, giving tone energy and
vigour to these great Main SPRINGS
OF LIFE. They are confidently re-
commended as a never failing remedy in
all cases where the constitution
from whatever cause has become
impaired or weakened. They are won-
derfully efficacious in all ailments
incidental to Females of all ages and

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Its Searching and Healing Pro-
perties are known through-
out the world.

For the cure of **BAD LEGS**, Bad Breasts
Old Wounds, Sores & Ulcers
and every kind of **SKIN DISEASE**, it
has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufac-
tured only at
433, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines
throughout the Civilized World; with
directions for use in almost every lan-
guage.

The Trade Marks of these Medicines
are registered in Ottawa. Hence, any
one throughout the British possessions,
who may keep the American Counterfeit
for sale, will be prosecuted.

Purchasers should look to the
Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the
address is not 533, Oxford Street,
London, they are spurious.

ADVERTISEMENTS



HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

CAUTION.

The PILLS Purify the Blood, correct all
disorders of the Liver, Stomach Kid-
neys and Bowls, and are invaluable in
all complaints incidental to Females.
The OINTMENT is the only reliable re-
medy for Bad Legs, Old Wounds, Sores,
and Ulcers, of however long standing.
For Bronchitis, Diphtheria Coughs
Colds, Gout, Rheumatism, and all Skin
Diseases it is no equal.

BEWARE OF AMERICAN COUNTERFEITS

I most respectfully take leave to ca-
the attention of the Public generally to
the fact, that certain Houses in New
York are sending to many parts of the
globe SPURIOUS IMITATIONS of
my PILLS and Ointment. These fraud-
sters on their labels some address in
New York.

I do not allow my medicines to be
sold in any part of the United States.
I have no Agents there. My Medi-
cines are only made by me, at 533 Ox-
ford Street London.

In the books of directions affixed to
the spurious make is a caution, warning
the Public against being deceived by
counterfeits. Do not be misled by this
audacious trick, as they are the coun-
terfeits they pretend to denounce.

These counterfeits are purchased by
unprincipled Vendors at one half the
price of my PILLS and Ointment, and
sold to you as my genuine medicines.

I most earnestly appeal to that sen-
se of justice, which I feel sure I may ven-
ture upon asking from all honorable
persons, to assist me, and the Public, as
far as may lie in their power, in de-
nouncing this shameful Fraud.

Each Pot and Box of the Genuine
Medicine, bears the British Govern-
ment Stamp, with the words "HOLLO-
WAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT, LONDON"
engraved thereon. On the label is the
address, 533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON,
where alone they are manufactured.
Holloway's Pills and Ointment bearing
any other address are counterfeits.

The Trade Marks of these Medicines
are registered in Ottawa. Hence, any
one throughout the British Possessions,
who may keep the American Counter-
feits for sale, will be prosecuted.

Signed THOS HOLLOWAY,
533 Oxford Street, London.

FANCY FAIR

A FANCY FAIR will be held in
the St. Patrick's School Room, Car-
bonear, about the 15th December
next for the purpose of raising funds
to repair and furnish the Priest's Resi-
dence.

Subscriptions and articles for sale
will be thankfully received by the
following ladies:

Miss MCCARTHY, Miss A. DOYLE,
Mrs B. MURPHY, Mrs J. STAPLETON
" J. KELLY, Miss M. J. TOBIN
" M. KANE, " M. MARSHALL
" W. FINN, " B. FITZGERALD
" E. HAMILTON, " B. MALONE,
Miss KRENEALY, Treasurer,
Miss MCKAY, Secretary.

Carbonear, 30th Oct. 1880

PROFESSIONAL.

DR. RICHMOND SPENCER.

may be consulted Mondays &
Fridays at the residence of Mr
Ambrose Forward until furth-
er notice.

NEWS PER MAIL.

THE CAZAR AND THE NIHILISTS— STRANGE RUMORS.

Paris; according to a despatch, is full of
conflicting rumors concerning the story
of the attack on the Czar. It is believed
in quarters where the inside facts about
Russian affairs are likely to be known
that the whole truth has not yet been
made public, and that the case is infinite-
ly worse than has been given out. Many
insist that the Government is in posses-
sion of information that the Czar has been
killed outright, but this version of the
affair is not received by cooler heads. It
is, however agreed that the attempt up-
on the Czar's life was made at Livadia,
his country seat, whither he had retired,
and where he has been living of late
with his new wife the Countess Dolgorou-
ouki. It is well known that he left St.
Petersburg less on account of his health
than to escape the dissensions and un-
pleasantness his marriage caused among
the members of the Imperial family. The
Czar, who has been especially bitter
and outspoken in opposition to the Czar's
new matrimonial alliance, is declared to
give a quasi-consent to a Nihilistic move-
ment to make matters so disagreeable for
the Czar as to drive him into abdication
and it is said that many prominent mem-
bers of the Russian nobility, now regard
the morganatic marriage as an outrage as
well as a mistake, are cognizant of such a
Government and wink at it. How much
truth there is in this is not possible to
say, but circumstances well known in
to have taken place at St Petersburg
within a few weeks past point to its prob-
ability. The Czar's command for the Coun-
tess Dolgorouki as a condition of his abdi-
cation stirred up so profound a feeling in
the Imperial family and among the aris-
tocracy that it is looked upon as more
than probable and wholly in accord with
Russian traditions that the event of to-
day is inspired at the Winter Palace it-
self although it will undoubtedly be as-
serted that the act originated with the
Nihilists, as it was executed by their
smugglers. The very fact that there seem
a disposition to suppress the details is
believed to indicate the operation of a
controlling influence higher than could
be exercised by a band of friendless assas-
sins; but the whole truth cannot be long
delayed.

RUSSIA'S FUTURE RULER.

What may be in store for Turkey, Ger-
many or Austria—indeed, for Great Bri-
tan itself—From the moment the helm
of the Russian state ship shall be con-
fided to the vigorous grasp of Alexander
Alexandrovich, no man can say. The
Czar, who is a Prince cast in a very dif-
ferent mould from that which shaped
his weak, amiable, easily influenced suc-
cessor, is known to entertain fixed opinions,
resolves, and projects, and to adhere to
them with all the tenacity of singularly
determined and self-relying nature. Of
his fervent faith in the Pan-Slavistic
dogmas no doubt has been entertained
since he came to manhood, by those
who know him best; and his antipathy
to all German men and things is no less
notorious than his sympathy with the at-
tractive qualities of the French nation.
He is believed by his countrymen to be,
before all else, a true and uncompromis-
ing Russian patriot; to hold in horror
the system of speculation, bribery, and
administrative fraud that has honey-
combed the empire during the last two
reigns; to have set his face, in particular,
against abuses of their high station
practiced, hitherto with impunity by cer-
tain of his own near relatives; and to have
vowed himself to the mission, as far as
the internal affairs of native lands are
concerned, of extirpating root and branch
the countless abominations tolerated by
his father, with what results the Nihilistic
movement has only too trebly demon-
strated. The Russian Crown Prince,
under whatever title he may assume the
active Government of his imperial heri-
tage, coregent or other, is generally ex-
pected to come back as a radical reformer
at home; and as a vigorous promoter of
the Pan-Slavistic programme abroad.
Should he realize the anticipations at
present entertained on his account, it is
more than probable that Russia's neigh-
bour in Europe and in Asia will, in the
course of a few years to come, find ample
reason to regret the romantic union that
is about to lead to a grander Nicholas-
Czar's renunciation of imperial sway in
favor of Alexandrovich.

THE SULTAN AT HOME.

Earl De-la-Warr, in his account in the
Morning Post of the cruise of the Eteline
writes:—"The chief sights in Constantinople
are really the inhabitants from the
Serraglio downwards. The Sultan

goes to mosque on Fridays, and the po-
pular congregations to see him issue from
the garden gate of Yeldiz Kiosk. The
troops march up with excellent bands,
but the music has a strong flavor of the
wild Eastern melody so well rendered in
Michael's March. He comes out with a
brilliant staff, himself only mounted; a
carriage or two with his wife and children
drives down to see the spectacle; a cry
runs through the crowd, Long live the
Padishah, and he salutes graciously.
Dark-eyed and with an aquiline nose,
Abdul Hamid has a pleasing presence;
and when, after prayers, in an open phaeton,
he takes the reins and drives, two
splendid ponies, we see the man in the
prime of life, care stamped upon his
brow, but with an open countenance,
taking in the scene around him, and
looking frankly at the group of strangers
to whom he presently despatches an
aide-de-camp with his compliments and
an invitation to visit the Palace gardens.
These are very extensive and beautiful.
There are aviaries, stables with marvel-
lous Arabs, trout breeding ponds, suspen-
ded bridges lined with flowers, kiosks
where Eastern luncheon is given, and
many things worth seeing. We were
anything but stationary, and whenever we
moved up to the Palace we had cause to be
grateful for many courtesies from the
diplomatic colony. Mr. Goschen keeps
open house; Count Court reciprocates
the attention which he always received
in England. M. Tissot, Count Novikoff
and the Marquis and the Marchesa de
Villa Mantilla, and others afforded a
cordial hospitality. Hobart Posha con-
stituted himself a guide to all things
pleasant, and General Baker said others
were full of cordial attention.

JOHNSTON'S LAST BATTLE.

On Sunday, the 6th of April, 1862, John-
ston with his eager army, began his fare-
well fight. He handled his ardent army
with brilliant skill and impetuosity.
Whenever there was a pause in the on-
ward movement he led the charge in
person. To those who saw him on
that day the writer did in all the
glories and fever of delirious success,
mounted upon a magnificent steed, his
massive figure seeming to enlarge the
gigantic size with the ardor of battle, his
face aflame with his indomitable spirit of
fight, he was the ideal embodiment of
the fiery essence of war.

He threw himself with his reckless in-
difference into danger. And the last
charge that broke the Federal position
was led by him in person under a per-
fect blaze of flame and hail his horse shot
in four places, his clothes pierced, his
footsole cut by a mine, but his person
untouched. It was in this supreme mo-
ment of victorious onset, a decisive tri-
umph seemingly and surely in his eager
grasp, that a fatal bullet struck him, a
small wound under the knee, severing the
political artery.

Governor Ferris, of Tennessee, who
was on his staff, rode up to him, seeing
him reel in his saddle, and holding him
steadily, asked him:

"General are you wounded?"
He replied deliberately and with em-
phases, "Yes, and I fear seriously."

He was lifted to the ground. His
boot was full of blood and his life cur-
rent pouring out beyond recall. He
never spoke again. General Preston
knelt by him, and asked him passion-
ately:

"General Johnson do you know me?"
General Johnson smiled faintly. Lying
in a ravine out of range of the merciless
bullets, he was dead in a twinkling.

Could General Johnson have had im-
mediate medical attention he would have
survived. His staff surgeon was Dr. D.
W. Yandell of Kentucky, and he was
away from him under circumstances that
constitute the most touching and beau-
tiful feature of this romantic death.
The Federalists in retreating left, of course,
ward General Jackson came across a
squad of wounded Federal soldiers.
Stopping, he kindly addressed them,
and asked if any were badly wounded.
Then turning to his staff he remarked:
"It nearly breaks my heart to see men
in that uniform suffering. Doctor," ad-
dressing Yandell, "do stop and see if
you can do something for these poor
fellows."

Dr. Yandell stopped on this humane
mission, and General Johnson owed his
death to the absence of skill and in-
struments, and this absence was due to
his tender humanity to the wounded foe
—a humanity the more striking because
it was exhibited in all the excitement of
battle.

TO MY FRIEND IN AMERICA.

INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE.

My Dear Denis,—It's sighin' I am,
honestly relate to you, for the last ten
days, ay and nights' nicited, for an ex-
tremist' evenin' in company of the
Shamroges on your side of the Atlantic
that has in their heart so much tunc and
m' above bein' genial with one another

and laves the world to wag a bit after
its own manners—and many forgets that
when the same sphere of operations is
left to its own devices without our in-
terference it doesn't at all follow there's
no control of the helm. On this side of
creation the Shamroges hasn't a decent
note in their sows, but wears a dark un-
Irish forehead, and hents at thunder and
lightnin' in the next act until ye smelt
the baimstone savin' yer presence, and
scrames and want to be mistook for
O'Connell Smith O'Brien, Stephens, and
Rossa, all in one, and I don't know what
else or more in the way of high and
mighty folly. I'm as always for the good
temper way of doin' every thing—even
of getting our Land Bill, which must
come to pass—and I see Mr Bright says
that in Ireland what wrong with us is
a fit of temper rather than anything else
—a bilious estrangement. Mr Parnell
is recommended Cuckle's Pills by Captain
Burnaby, Mr Dillon ought to strike up
relations with Widow Neuch; Dandelion
will do for Mr Bigger; and the concen-
trated essence of Jesuit's bark is recom-
mended to the Member for Galway, that
might surely believe in that much.

Talkin' of the same leaders of the peo-
ple, "Captain, I've a peice of informa-
tion," as the seamen says in the song.
The Attorney-General, bein' vexed with
a Member I've spoke of, at the last
minute to punish him struck him out of
the indictment, and accordingly he'll have
no place in Law's Book of Martyrs, ay
and is distracted and no wonder in
consequence. But I forget in my hur-
ry to mention that the Prosecutions is be-
gun. The parchment describin' the
seven Parnellisms is as long as Sackville
street and as wide as O'Connell Bridge.
It has as many counts in it as ye'd have
in a grocer's book if ye ran a bill for a
twelvemonth—nineteen itself, all coming
to this, that the five Members of Parlia-
ment—Parnell, Dillon, Sullivan, Sexton,
Bigger, are guilty of lavin' their heads;
and "impoverish" everybody. It is a
quare word. It is the first time, Denis,
I ever seen in a few, an allegation that
monster metens make people poor.
I'm searchin' my brains for the last hour
to know what it means. I'm sure they
don't make the publicans poor that sell
the cordial on Sunday in spite of the
Closing Act. I'm just as sure the news-
papers isn't made poor that's dooin' a
roarin' trade in the Parnell line. Equal-
ly it's certain that the League speakers
isn't poor that can estimate every sen-
tence against a landlord as so many shil-
lings put in their pockets with a dinner
after the biggest hotel in the place,
where for the occasion, the spiciest pig
in the townland is roasted and rashered.
Further, it isn't the lawyers that's to be
poores and six month's work now pro-
vided for the knowin' fellows after a
long fast with briefs covered with gold
gumbeas on both sides. Neither is the
tenants any poorer that has rents in their
stockin' that the landlord's afeard to ask
them to pay, and the agent won't go to
take up, ank the bailiffs; no use any
longer in coerin'. I don't know what is
impooverish unless it is the American
servantgirls that contributes their weak-
ly money so their country and filibusters
on their mistresses ladder, to make up
the loss; on the principle that whoever
treads out the corn ought to have teeth
and whoever washes the pot ought to
have the first good bit out of it. I'm
not sorry to see the money comin' in
from any quarter. If the absentees that
goes to England takes it away why
seouldn't the absentees that goes to Amer-
ica send it back?

Well, Denis; we'll have all the fire and
fun now in the Courts and I hear some of
the ads is resolved on makin' their own
defence and beginnin' by cross-examina-
tion Mr. Gladstone as to his Clerkings
well speak and many more attentions
of a bouncer's sort which they say the
Government reporters has on their notes
again him, Mr. Currie has offered him
the Granville Castle to bring him to Ire-
land which the subbeens put in his
hands. Mr. Dillon has him through his
cathedism Mr. Parnell's to come at him
and Mr. Bigger, and then all the rest
one down another come on, and that part
of the proceedings is expected will
last until the openin' of parliament the
desert Mr. Gladstone's life won't be
pleasin' to him before all's over, and as
for Mr Forster, or Foster as some of the
vagsbones call him, he has a season of
enjoyment for prospect that it would be
unfair to envy him of. I don't pity the
Law Officers, for there's nothin' like a
State Trial for stretchin' a silver linin'
round the dulness of life. For the last
three months after Christmas expect five
works in the Courts whatever happens
outside, may be pistols for two some
could mornin' in the Phoenix Park, reads
in the papers that will snuff out poor
Murry complete, and such abuse of the
landlords by the council for the traveler
sers that they'll not know themselves in
a potograph after it, as I hear they
What the end of it all will be I'm
not empowered to tell you, only this
I'll venture to guess that Mister Parnell
will, with the help of the Prosecution,
will put a finish on the Whig Govern-