

The Star,

AND CONCEPTION BAY SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Tuesday, July 2, 1872.

Number 14.

JULY.

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MOON'S PHASES.

NEW MOON.....6th, 11.53 A. M.
FIRST QUARTER...14th, 3.48 A. M.
FULL MOON.....21st, 3.27 A. M.
LAST QUARTER....27th, 5.57 P. M.

NOTICE.

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Importer of British and American

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May 14. tff

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E. WILKS LYON.
Harbor Grace, May 14, 1872. tff

GENERAL NEWS.

(From the Weekly Scotman, June 1.)

THE TICHBORNE CLAIMANT AT BRISTOL.

The claimant of the Tichborne estate, accompanied by Mr. Onslow, M. P., visited Bristol on Friday week, and attended a public meeting in the evening. Large numbers of persons assembled to greet him at mid day, but he did not arrive until 1 p.m. Several persons who were present were so demonstrative in their endeavours to shake hands with the "claimant" that they tore down the door of his brougham. The evening meeting was largely attended, and resolutions sympathizing with the claimant were passed, as well as one condemning the language of the Attorney-General. The claimant stated in the course of his speech that papers sufficient to establish his claim had been sent in by Mr. Robertson Gladstone. Several of the speakers, among whom were a tailor, a clerk, and a publican, remarked that the committee appointed to receive subscriptions were not certain that the claimant was the real Sir Roger, but they were anxious that justice should be done. This observation created some confusion. The claimant occupied a prominent position on the platform and freely used his pocket handkerchief when reference was made to the funeral of the Dowager Lady Tichborne. Mr. Onslow, in the course of a long speech, denied that he was attempting to set class against class. They had been deserted by the upper classes, and now appealed to the British public; and the British public, who were never wrong, had responded. The Attorney-General's speech, he said, was a gross misrepresentation of facts, and was couched in language unworthy of a lawyer. Mr. Onslow had visited the claimant in Newgate, and his great grief was that a Tichborne should ever get into such a place.

On Saturday night, a second meeting of the sympathisers with the claimant was held at the Broadmead Rooms, Bristol. The meeting was intended principally for the working classes, and the prices of admission were consequently reduced to 2s. 6d., 1s., and 6d. This arrangement had the desired effect, and long before the time announced for the commencement of the proceedings the large hall was crowded with an enthusiastic audience, whilst the avenues leading to it were besieged by large numbers desirous of gaining admission, or, failing that, to catch a glimpse of the "claimant." Several speeches were made; and resolutions condemning the Attorney-General for the language he used during the late trial, and protesting against the employment of six counsel in the forthcoming trial, having been carried unanimously.

The Claimant, who was introduced to the meeting as Sir Roger Tichborne, Bart., rose and was received with great cheering. He said he must avail himself of the opportunity, before saying anything for himself, to mention that some kind lady in Bristol had sent him a present that day. Who that lady was he did not know. If they would permit him he would read them the letter. The present he received was that book (a Bible.) (Cheers.) All he could say was that, if his enemies did not take it from him, he would never part with it. (Cheers.) The letter ran as follows:—

"Clifton, 25th May, 1872.
"To Sir Roger Tichborne.

"DEAR SIR.—Pardon the liberty I take asking you to accept the enclosed Bible from a sincere well-wisher; but after attending the meeting at the Broadmead Rooms last evening, I feel fully convinced you have not had fair-play; and whilst remembering your defence fund, I wish to offer you, as a token of Christian sympathy, this precious book of peace and comfort to all those who are passing through sorrow and bitter trial, and I pray God will bless you, and reward the many friends that have been found so true to you. With the best wishes from mother."

Now, he thanked them for their kind attendance that evening, for it was very gratifying to him to see that he was not left alone to be crushed. (Cheers, and a voice, "Nor you shan't be.") Therefore it not only gave him confidence and courage to proceed in the case in which he thought he had shown a deal of courage already—(cheers)—but when he told them that he did not fight for himself—(applause)—it was for his little ones he fought—(applause)—and he told them confidentially that had he to go through that he had suffered for himself, he should have gone away, or probably taken that useless life from his body; but he was the father of a family, and for these children he was willing to fight till the day he died. (Applause.) He did not ask these present to believe he was Sir Roger Tichborne—(cries of "We do!")—that he left to themselves; but what he asked them—and what he knew they were all willing to do, because they had shown it

—was to see that he had fair-play and a fair trial. (Applause.) He had not the slightest doubt but that he should have remained in Newgate had it not been for the British public coming forward in the way they had. He did not hesitate to say they frightened those very Judges on the seat, and they granted bail. (Cheers and voices—"We will frighten them again;" "Send them down to Bristol, and we will lynch them.") They must remember the charges that were made against him—one was perjury, for saying that he was R. C. Tichborne, the son of his father—(cheers and laughter)—another was for saying that he was not Arthur Orton; and the other charge was for forgery, which was a criminal charge. (A voice—"What for?") Signing his own name. (Loud cheers.) But there was one thing, rest assured, whether they cut him in pieces, or used any other cruelty they liked, he should sign the name of R. C. Tichborne for the future.

Mr. Guildford Onslow, M. P., then came forward, and in the course of a long speech repeated the statements he had made on the previous evening. In the course of his remarks he said there was existing not far from Bristol a man who would be put in the witness-box, and would swear that he knew that gentleman (pointing to the claimant) in Australia as Thomas Castro; whilst, at the same time, he intimately knew Arthur Orton—(applause)—that he had transactions with both of them, and could positively prove it as a fact that the gentleman lived there under the name of Thos. Castro, and that he was not Arthur Orton. (Cheers.) That man, who was prepared to give the evidence, had been offered £50 if he would not go into the witness-box to swear. (Shame.) He did what he (Mr. Onslow) had advised his constituents to do in a contested election—take money and peach afterwards. (Loud applause, and laughter.) That man was an honorable man; that witness was an undeniable witness in the box, as they would hear when the trial came on. He said to the man who offered him the money, "If you give me the money, I must have it, and down." The other man said, "No; I cannot do it, but I will give you £10; that is all I have got in my pocket." The witness said, "Give them to me;" and he received the ten sovereigns, which were now in their keeping, marked as they were, and one of these ten was a peculiar one. (Applause.) That individual called upon the witness a few days afterwards, and said, "I was only in fun. I want my money back again." The witness said, "I was only in fun, and I shall keep it"—(laughter)—and he did keep it, and they had now got it safe. (Applause.) The witness went up to London and told that almost incredible story, but in the Court he actually "spotted" the man who had paid him the money. (Applause.) He (Mr. Onslow) challenged the Attorney-General for a thousand guineas that Sir Roger should beat him at chess and at ecarte, and that he should play a better tune on the piano than the Attorney-General could. (Cheers and laughter.) He would bet the Attorney-General a thousand guineas that Sir Roger would ride him a mile race across country—weight for weight with him. (Laughter.) He (Mr. Onslow) thanked the meeting for the flattering reception he had met with from them, and hoped that when they had travelled the country, and appealed to the public of England, they would meet with a similar reception to that which they had met with at Bristol. (Cheers.)

Mr. Taylor, corn-factor, moved—

"That, having heard the statement of Mr. Onslow, Sir R. Tichborne, and other gentlemen this evening, this meeting is of opinion that the claimant is worthy of sympathy and support, and hopes no means will be spared to secure him adequate means of defence."
Mr. Snary, photographer, seconded the resolution, and it was carried unanimously, and the proceedings then terminated.

It is stated that the two meetings held at Bristol will probably result in a benefit of £100 to the "Defence Fund."

NARROW ESCAPE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are still sojourners in the French capital. On Monday they were visited by General Ladmirault, Count Arnim, and other persons of distinction. On Tuesday the Prince and Princess gave a grand dinner. On Monday the Prince had a very narrow escape of a carriage accident. "One who was Present," and who has reached London, describes it in a letter to the "Daily News." He says: "It was indeed fortunate that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales stepped back from his carriage at Paris, yesterday, before the horses took fright. I happened to be crossing the Place Vendome at the time given in your telegram, and was looking at the socket of the notable "column," when I heard a rattling of hoofs and a violent noise of carriage wheels. On turning round I saw

two carriage horses, one a light bay and the other a dark bay, tearing round the place from the direction of the Hotel Bristol, and dragging at their heels a neat landau or brougham. The driver's box was empty, and the animals were evidently half mad with terror. Jumping aside—for it was death to endeavour to stop them by standing in their way—I looked eagerly into the vehicle as it swept past to see if it was occupied. Great was the relief to note that it was empty. "Thank God!" I said to a friend, "there is no one inside." In front, just at the beginning of the Rue de la Paix, was an open carriage in which were three or four schoolboys. Looking back in the nick of time, the driver of the vehicle contrived to pull out of the way. Close to the pavement in the Rue de la Paix was a hooded cart containing linen. It was, I think, standing still, though the driver held the reins. The frightened horses with the carriage dashed towards it, and then wheeled slightly to the right. A wheel of the landau caught a wheel of the cart, and tore it away. I was delighted to note that, though the cart was nearly upset, the driver held on. He sat for quite a minute after the collision, holding the reins like one who was stupefied. Meanwhile, the scared horses continued their gallop. One or two other vehicles, so far as I could see, were, at all events, grazed. Just at the end of the street the wheels of the landau came off, and the shattered vehicle dragging heavily along, the horses were stopped. When I got up the animals were held by a blouse, both seemingly very little blown, and without a scratch. The carriage was smashed. The four wheels were off, and half the body was gone. After a few minutes the coachman, who wore high top-boots, smart hat and white belt, arrived, and he was allowed to lead the horses away. A crowd continued to gossip and gesticulate round the wreck of the vehicle, and when I drove past on the way to the Northern Railway station, at seven o'clock, were there still. So far as one can judge, no occupant of that carriage could have escaped with his life. Manchester Weekly Times, June 1.

FEARFUL SCENE ON BOARD SHIP.

Captain Bartlett, master of the "John Sydney," gives the following account of the mutiny and loss of life which occurred on board his ship: "The 'John Sydney' arrived at Dobby, on the 4th of April, to load a cargo of lumber for Liverpool, and finished loading on the 2nd May. My crew arrived from Savannah on Tuesday the 7th. Among them, the first officer, Mr. Jake, noticed an Indian, who had deserted from my ship only eight days before. Mr. Jake said to the Indian, 'What, you back again? What did you run away for?' The Indian answered in an insulting manner that 'he ran away in order to get two advances.' Mr. Jake then simply pushed him, and sent him forward. Just then a negro, named James Brown, stepped out of the fore-cabin, and said, 'Mr. Jake, we won't have any fighting here.' Mr. Jake said, 'Ah! you want to take a hand, do you?' When on the instant Brown drew his knife, and struck at the mate, cutting off his suspender and penetrating through his two shirts. Mr. Jake then jumped back and drew his revolver, but before he could use it, he received a blow on the back of the head, and at the same time some of the crew struck him a blow under the left eye, inflicting a severe wound. By this time the fight had become general, and knives were drawn, and clubs used. The cook, seeing one man trying to stab the mate, jumped before him with his big galley knife, and told him 'that if he attempted to use his knife he would kill him.' The steward, seeing that the crew were determined to kill the officers; ran into the cabin, and seized a cutlass, and just as he got to the mate he saw the man Brown with the mate's revolver raised, and the mate wrestling with him. The steward spoke to Brown and told him to 'Let go the mate, or he would run him through.' Seeing that Brown was determined to kill, and that he could not save the mate in any other way, he struck Brown on the left side with the point of the cutlass, when he dropped the revolver and let go of the mate, but continued fighting for some moments, when he fell, and expired almost immediately.—*Ibid.*

EXPECTED ENCOUNTER BETWEEN AMERICAN AND SPANISH WAR-SHIPS.

The West India and Pacific mail steamer, which has just arrived, brings intelligence of a rather serious dispute between the Spanish and American authorities at Aspinwall. It appears that the steamer Virginus, which had for some time been lying near Aspinwall, was closely watched by the Pizarro, a Spanish man-of-war, on suspicion of being engaged in supplying arms and supplies to the Cuban insurgents. The American Consul at Aspinwall, on being appealed to by the captain of the Virginus, decided that the steamer was a United States trading vessel, and that there was not the slight-