

# The Star,

## And Conception Bay Weekly Reporter.

VOLUME III.

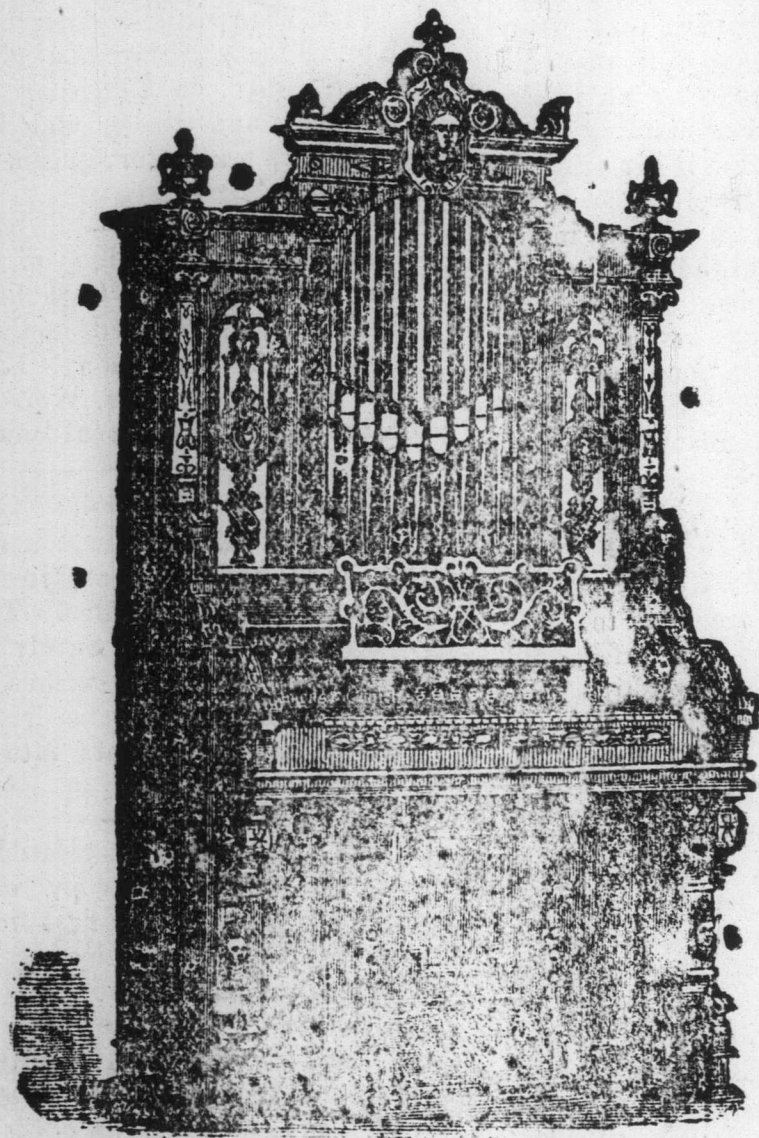
HARBOR GRACE, NEWFOUNDLAND, JANUARY 21, 1875.

NUMBER XXXIV

### NOTICE.

#### SIMMONS & CLOUGH ORGAN CO'S IMPROVED CABINET ORGANS

PRE-EMPTION FOR PURITY OF TONE.



EVERY INSTRUMENT FULLY WARRANTED.

#### GRAND COMBINATION ORGANS

FITTED WITH THE NEWLY INVENTED

#### SCRIBNER'S PATENT QUALIFYING TUBES

An invention having a most important bearing on the future reputation of Read Instruments, by means of which the quantity or Volume of tone is very largely increased, and the quality of tone rendered Equal to that of the Best Pipe Organs of the same Capacity.

Our celebrated "Vox Celeste," "Louis Patent," "Vox Humana," "Wilcox Patent," "Octave Coupler," the charming "Cello" or "Clarinet," Stops,

#### AND ALL THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS!

Can be obtained only in these Organs.

Thirty-five Different styles for the Parlor and the Church. The Best Material and Workmanship Quality and Volume of Tone unequalled.

PRICE.....\$50 to \$500

Factory & Warehouse, Cor 6th Congress Street Detroit Michigan.

[Established, 1850.]

Address Simmons & Clough Organ Co., Detroit, Michigan, Price list furnished, and orders received at makers' prices, on application to

F. W. BOWDEN, "Public Ledger" Office, Agent for Newfoundland.

St. Johns, Jan. 1, 1874.

#### CONSUMPTION CURED.

To the Editor of the H. G. Star.

ESTEEMED FRIEND,— Will you please inform readers that I have a positive

#### CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

and all disorders of the Throat and Lungs and that by its use in my practice I have cured hundreds of cases, and will give \$1,000.00 for a case it will not benefit. Indeed, so strong is my faith, I will send a Sample. Free, to any sufferer addressing me.

Please show this letter to any one you may know who is suffering from these diseases, and oblige.

Faithfully Yours,  
DR. T. F. BURT,  
69 William St., New York.

July 16

#### SAILMAKING.

The Subscriber

BEG respectfully to acquaint the Ship-owners and public of Harbor Grace and the outports that he has taken the Workshop lately occupied by Mr. Robert Morris, No. 10 Victoria Street, where he is prepared to perform all work in the above line in a satisfactory manner, and hopes by strict attention to merit a share of public patronage.

GEORGE CARSON.

May 14.

#### FITS CURED FREE.

Any person suffering from the above disease is requested to address Dr. PRICE and a trial bottle of medicine will be forwarded by Express,

#### FREE!

Dr. PRICE is a regular physician and has made the treatment of FITS AND EPILEPSY a study for years, and he will warrant cure by the use of his remedy.

Do not fail to send to him for trial bottle; it costs nothing, and he WILL CURE YOU, no matter how long standing your case may be, or how many other remedies may have failed.

Circulars and testimonials sent with FREE TRIAL BOTTLE.

Address  
Dr. Chas. T. PRICE,  
64 William Street, New York

July 16.

#### MRS. MAHAR,

can accommodate a limited number of

#### BOARDERS

at her Residence, adjoining the shop occupied by Mr N. OHMAN, Aug. 13.

### STORY.

#### THE PRIMROSE

I saw it in my evening walk  
A little lonely flower—  
Under a hollow bank it grew  
Deep in a mossy bower.

An oak's gnarl'd root, to roof the cave,  
With Gothic fret-work sprung,  
Where jewell'd fern, and arum leaves,  
And ivy garlands hung.

And close beneath came sparkling out,  
From an old tree's fallen shell  
A little rill, that clapt about  
The lady in her cell.

And there, methought, with bashful pride,  
She seem'd to sit and look  
On her own maiden loveliness  
Pale imaged in the brook.

No other flower, no rival grew  
Beside my pensive maid,  
She dwelt alone, a cloister'd nun,  
In solitude and shade.

No sunbeam on that fairy pool  
Darted its dazzling light—  
Only, methought, some clear, cold star,  
Might tremble there at night.

No ruffling wind could reach her there—  
No eye, methought, but mine  
Or the young lambs that came to drink  
Had spied her secret shrine.

And there was pleasantness for me  
In such belief—cold eyes  
That slight dear nature's loveliness,  
Profain her mysteries.

Long time I look'd, and lingered there  
Absorbed in still delight,  
My spirits drank deep quietness  
In with that quiet sight.

#### CONSCIENCE.

My conscience is my crown;  
Contented thoughts my rest;  
My heart is happy in itself;  
My bliss is in my breast,

Enough, I reckon wealth;  
A mean, the surest lot;  
That lies too high for base contempt,  
Too low for envy's shot.

My wishes are but few  
All easy to fulfill:  
I make the limits of my power  
The bounds unto my will.

I have no hopes but one  
Which is of Heavenly reign:  
Effects attain'd, or not desired,  
All lower hopes refrain.

I feel no care of coin;  
Well-doing is my wealth:  
My mind to me an empire is,  
While Grace affordeth health,

I wrestle not with rage  
While fury's flame doth burn;  
It is in vain to stop the stream  
Until the tide doth turn.

But when the flame is out,  
And ebbing wrath doth end  
I turn a late enraged foe  
Into a quiet friend;

And taught with often proof,  
A temper'd calm I find  
To be most solace to itself,  
Best cure for angry mind.

No change of fortune's calms  
Can cast my comforts down:  
When Fortune smiles, I smile to think  
How quickly she will frown;

And when, in froward mood  
She moved an angry foe,  
Small gain I found to let her come  
Less loss to let her go.

### NEWS ITEMS.

#### A BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

A suspension bridge at Bristol, England has been since its erection the scene of no less than ten suicides the latest being that of a young girl, whose intention being divined by the toll-keeper ran from him and threw herself from the bridge. As she ran she looked back at him several times and smiled, thus showing that she was insane. It is a singular fact that in England such elevated places as monuments and bridges frequently develop any latent suicidal mania which may exist in the minds of persons visiting them.

No Chinaman has ever yet become a book agent.

### EXTRAORDINARY AND REVOLTING ACCIDENT.

On Tuesday night last an accident occurred on the road to Hall-Corners, which is most remarkable when regarded in several ways. On that day Mr. Andrew Gage, tavern-keeper at the Corners, drove a light waggon and team into town. One of the team was a small black mare and when Mr. Gage with Mr. Hoey and Mr. Eustace set out for home in the evening she appeared all right. While driving along the road below the mountain near Mr. Jardine's place she was noticed to stumble, but nothing else being observed, the party drove rapidly on to Albionville where they stopped for a short entertainment. They drove on, and Mr. Eustace, when near McGill's blacksmith shop told Gage that he was driving too fast, and took the lines. While near Swazie's Corners Eustace noticed that the mare was going a little lame (it was very dark and the horses could not well be seen) and he remarked it, but she seemed to get over it. The party stopped at the Corners, and after more entertainment drove on and reached home, having travelled the fourteen miles in about two hours. The horses were unhitched and taken to the stable; as the mare entered the door, some one standing by heard the squish of blood or some liquid near her feet. A light was brought, and to the sickening horror of every one present, it was seen that her left hind foot was broken off. The men were struck dumb with horror and could scarce believe their senses. It was then remembered that all the way home the mare had not only kept up the pace, but had to be held back, as she was bent on pushing ahead, and that when she went into the stable she made no movement to indicate her fearful condition. She was thrown down and the hoof examined. It was found that she had in some way broken the bone between the fetlock and the hoof close off, and that the continued trotting (what agonies that poor dumb brute must have suffered!) had by means of the sharp edges of the broken bone cut through the flesh and skin until when she reached home she was standing on the stump of the leg, with the hoof flopping after her at every step, being attached only by a piece of the hide not yet severed. The poor mare, though suffering terribly gave no symptoms of it, but as she was useless, she was speedily put out of pain by being killed. The accident has created great excitement as it is of such an unheard-of nature. Examination next day showed marks of blood along the hard frozen road for more than three miles back, which showed that the accident that broke the leg must have occurred much further back still, as the flesh and skin had to be cut through before the blood could escape, and large quantities of it must have been lost.

The whole case is one too revolting to dwell upon, and is one of the class we are glad to dismiss. The question is how could the horse have jogged so rapidly onwards and pulled so hard upon the lines while she was in such agony? Mr. Gage was offered a large sum of money for the mare when he was in town.—Hamilton Times, Dec. 12.

### ACCIDENT ON MOUNT SAINT BERNARD.

The London Times of the 28th November contains the following account of the recent terrible catastrophe on Mount St Bernard, a brief announcement of which has already reached us by telegraph: On Monday morning it was rumoured in Stion that a frightful accident had happened at a few kilometres from the great St. Bernard. The rumour, unfortunately proved to be well founded. On the 19th inst., at the break of day a caravan composed of twelve Italian workmen returning to their country, left the Bourg St Pierre and the tavern of Proz where they had passed the night and, despite the foul weather and difficult state of the roads, attempted to cross the mountain pass or to reach the refuge, as circumstances might allow. The sky was dark and there was a violent snow drift. On reaching the spot known as the Mantagne St Pierre half way between the starting point and the place of refuge they were joined by two monks,—proceeded by the convent servant and a large sized dog, who, according to the rule of the monastery came to meet the travellers. At this moment the drift of snow became intense. Suddenly a frozen waterspout, called 'veurs' in the language of the mountaineers, whirled through the air, and, whisking up the fresh fallen snow, enveloped the travellers. The first column composed of five Italian workmen two monks, the servant and the dog, disappeared under a shroud of snow several metres thick without any avalanche having fallen from the mountain, the seven others who were following were stricken down by the same cause a short distance from the first. A dead silence followed, suddenly the seven last victims buried in the snow succeeded in emerging from beneath the white surface. They were saved and they returned to their starting place, after having made every endeavour to rescue their comrades from the grave in which they are probably, at this moment of writing, still alive. One of the men succeeded by the force of instinct and the energy of despair, in breaking through the ice piled above him. It was the monk Contat, from Sembracher. He dragged his bleeding limbs about a mile and a half from the grave where he had been buried for several hours and reached the first hut, called the 'hospital' and situated close to the Velan. It is there the young monk was found the next morning nearly insensible, after having been twentyseven hours alone, without food or assistance of any kind, by his brother monks of the convent, who had come to look after the victims of the catastrophe? The dog Truco had succeeded in scratching through the snow and found his way back to the convent. At the sight of this noble animal with his bruised and bleeding body, the monks no longer had any doubt as to the fate of their two brothers, and started at once to seek for them. A flask of spirits applied to the mouth of the survivor of this scene—which is here narrated from his own description—restored him to life for a short space, for a few minutes later he was a corpse. His colleague and six other companions, buried beneath the 'veurs' have not yet been found. This is the most terrible accident which has happened on Mount St Bernard since the year 1816.

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### THE PREAKNESS CALAMITY.

On Thursday afternoon last every road that led from the surrounding mountains to the valley where the Preakness Reformed Church stands was crowded with people on their way to the funeral of the Dotterweich children, who were drowned on the previous Sunday. The little brick church and the grounds around it were crowded long before the funeral cortege with the five coffins, arrived. The procession entered the church at 1.30, the group of ministers coming first, followed by twenty boys, schoolmates of the Dotterweich children who bore the coffins. Behind these were the parents and survivors of the family. A solemn silence fell on the audience, broken only by the convulsive sobs of the bereaved mother. The father was conducted to a seat in the front pew to the right hand aisle. The pall bearers took seats that had been reserved for them on the other side of the church. Rev Mr. Boynton offered the invocation, after which the choir sang 'Bright Forever' and Rev. Mr. Janson of Pompton read from Matthew xix, 14: 'Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not for such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' The Rev. Dr. Spear followed in prayer. The choir then sang 'Nearer, my God, to thee,' and the pastor delivered a short sermon from 2d Cor. i, 3. At its conclusion after music by the choir, Rev Mr. Wahrenberger of Paterson made a short impressive prayer while the lids were being removed from the coffins the choir sang 'Where the weary cease.' The cover was lifted from the coffin containing the body of the eldest girl, and when the features of the beautiful girl were exposed to view the mother broke into loud lamentations.

The caskets were of black walnut with silver mountings, and bore plain silver plates with the following inscriptions: 'Caroline Dotterweich, aged 16 years, two days; Augusta aged fourteen years eight months and nine days; Maggie aged thirteen years and six days; Phillip aged nine years, ten months and three days; Barbara, aged six years, five months and nine days. Rev Mr King pronounced the benediction which closed the services in the church. For two hours a continuous stream of people passed in one aisle and looked at the children, the family sobbing all the time. When the girls passed who had worked in the mill with the eldest they stooped and kissed her and passed on with tears streaming from their eyes. This was more than the father could bear, and his sobs broke out afresh. After the children of the Sabbath School had filed past the parents were led forward. When the father reached the first coffin he threw up his hands crying 'Oh my God, my God! God by!' He fell on his knees. He was assisted to each in succession, kissing each as did the mother and other members of the family. The coffins were placed in one large grave and the first clods thrown on them as the sun was setting. Fully one thousand people stood around the grave, and listened to the service.

The German consul at San Sebastine writes that the captain and a portion of the crew of the German barque 'Gustave' have been imprisoned.