

The Princess Marie.

When the beautiful Princess Marie heard the intention of her husband (Don Alfonso) to take the field, she declared her desire to go with him. The Princess Marie is about eighteen years of age, medium height, slender make, fair, and very handsome. Her dress is simple, consisting of a dark-blue riding-habit, arranged so as to form a short dress, to enable her to march through the mountains, when her horse is shot or meets with other casualty; over the habit she wears a blue jacket, trimmed with fur and braided in military fashion, on the right side of which she carries the tripple crown and cross-keys, the same as worn by her husband when he was taken prisoner at the walls of Rome, while defending Pius IX. against the troops of Victor Emmanuel; her head dress corresponds with that of her husband and his staff, being a white cap with a tassel set in the centre of the crown, where hanging over the right side of the head; around her neck she wears a gold chain, to which is attached a cross and in her belt, a dagger which is intended for the defence of her honor, in case she should have the misfortune to fall into the hands of the volunteers, who are all commanded by the leaders of the Commune who escaped from France at the close of the civil war in that country, and who never fail to torture their prisoners in the most barbarous manner, before cutting their throats. But this is not so with the regular soldiers, who respect the Carlist, and they them. One may naturally ask, what can a young lady do in such a place that she should expose herself to the dangers and hardships already described. Oh! if the poor souls which departed this life in her sister's arms could only speak to us, we should know what good has been performed by the young princess; what a consolation it was to the dying soldier, far away from home and kindred, to have in that terrible hour one to whom he could confide his last mission, to whom he could entrust his hard earned savings for an aged father, a loving mother or kind sister, the thoughts of whose affliction on hearing his sad fate inflicted a wound far more severe than the bullet which sprinkled the battle field with his life's blood.

Long Lost Brothers.

The Newark Advertiser tells these two strange stories:—A despatch from Cape May announces the return of a long lost son as follows: About twenty years ago Capt. Baymore, lying with his vessel in the port of New Orleans, had with him his little son, three years of age, who, while playing around the decks, was suddenly missed. Every effort was used to find him, even to searching in the river, but all was unavailing and he was given up as drowned. A day or two since a stranger with a heavy black beard and language of strong German accent made his appearance, and claimed to be his long lost son. From his story it seems that he was stolen by a Dutch captain, who cared for him and educated him as his own. The boy always supposed that he was his father until otherwise informed by the Dutch skipper on his death bed, who gave him his real father's name and told him that he used to live somewhere in Cape May county. His search here was rewarded by finding his father still alive and a resident of his former home; but strange to say, his father refused to own him, his belief being so firm that his boy was drowned. The son had with him the newspaper containing the advertisement for his body which the Dutchman preserved. It is said that the young man is in good circumstances, and he has started to return to his present home, which is in Mexico.

James H. Spencer, of West Hoboken, twenty-five years ago had a brother, ten years his senior, who left his home and shortly afterwards the family discovered that he had shipped on board a vessel bound for China. They subsequently heard that the vessel was wrecked in the Indian Ocean, and that all on board perished. They mourned for the wayward boy as lost, and long ago his memory was consigned to oblivion. At 7 o'clock on Tuesday evening, as Mr. Spencer was at supper with his family, a rap was heard at the door, and on its being opened a stout, swarthy man, with a large bushy beard stood before them. He was requested to be seated and then asked Mr. Spencer if he had any recollection of his brother John, who left home twenty-five years ago. He answered that he could not very well get him, and that shortly after leaving home he was drowned on the coast of one of the Islands of the Indian Ocean. Spencer's surprise may be judged when the visitor stated that the missing one stood before him. The two brothers so long separated sat up during the night and reminiscences of their younger days were recalled, and the missing brother gave a graphic account of his travels on land and sea. He had travelled over the arid, burning desert of Africa, and harpooned whales in the Polar seas, dug gold in Australia and fought against the Maories in New Zealand. After passing twenty-five years in such an adventurous manner, he had returned to find the grass of many years growing over his parent's graves, and the loved one of his youth gone where early passions are unknown.

The Polar Expedition.

From the facts elicited by the examination of the survivors, it would seem that the reports as to foul play towards Capt. Hall were not altogether without foundation. The Boston Globe says: The character of captain Buddington of the *Polaris* does not seem to improve in public estimation since the mouths of rescued crew have been unsealed by the government. Capt. Tyson, the commander of the party on the ice-floe, declares the conduct of Buddington toward Hall to have been brutal to the last degree, though he

does not believe the latter was poisoned. It will be remembered that Morton, the first mate of the *Polaris*, laid the death of Captain Hall at the door of the ship's Dr. Bessel. The Danish inspector of Greenland, who gave the matter a thorough investigation, believed that Buddington was greatly influenced by Bessel against Captain Hall, and that between the two the death of the latter was compassed. Captain Tyson said that after the burial of the deceased commander, Buddington shook his fist toward the grave and cursed its occupant in the most horrible manner; and, also, that before his death, violent altercations took place between the two, Hall at the time throwing Buddington across the cabin. One thing seems to be certain, if Hall was not poisoned, it was not from any feeling of friendship on the part of Buddington, Bessel and their adherents. The sworn statements of all the parties examined will soon be made public, and until then it may be as well to suspend judgement.

Brigandage in Spain.

A violent attack by brigands to seize and carry off an Englishman has just been made at Denia, near Valencia, in Spain. It appears that a Mr. Andrew Graham, a merchant in the fruit trade, and connected with the firm of Graham & Co., Mincing Lane, London, on the way from his warehouse to his country residence, about eight o'clock on the evening of the 15th ult., was attacked by eight or nine armed brigands. Their object was evidently to carry him to the mountains and demand a ransom. In attacking Mr. Graham, however, the brigands did not know with whom they had to cope. He is a man of considerable nerve. When attacked he was driving home alone in a *tartana*—a kind of carriage peculiar to Valencia. The nature of the attack will be best understood by Mr. Graham's declaration before the judge, which is to the following effect:—

On Monday evening, between seven and eight o'clock, I was stopped on the road about half way between Denia and the entrance to the avenue leading to my house, by six or eight or more men armed, and I believe masked, who presented at me, from the front part of the *tartana*, four guns on the right side and two or more on the left, and there was one man behind with a dagger in his hand. I immediately drew my revolver and fired two shots to the right front of the *tartana*, one to the left and one behind, and then jumped out and ran for my life. Immediately a gun was discharged at me and I fell. I rose, but fell again immediately, when a volley of at least twelve to sixteen shots was discharged at me, all with balls, which whizzed about my head and body; the first one, which wounded me on the left thigh, was fortunately charged only with shot. By this time some of the villains who followed me came up to me. I threw myself on one of them, wrenched his gun from him, and struck him to the ground with the butt end. I did ditto to two others with the same gun. I seemed then to have only one opponent—a very powerful looking man, who was aiming at me with a gun. I presented the gun at him, and we seemed both to fire at the same instant. I saw no more of him. Some of the other men were now coming forward, but I began in desperation with both hands to throw stones at them from a heap fortunately beside me on the road. When I had beaten them off I ran in the direction of Denia, calling for help at the top of my voice; but faint from loss of blood, I lay down among the vines and listened to hear if the men were following me, when I heard the *tartana* being driven off towards Ontara. I then proceeded as best I could in the direction of D. Jose Aranda's country house, where every kindness and attention was shown me—the doctor sent for and my wounds dressed.

As soon as the news was conveyed to Denia the authorities proceeded to the spot, where they found a man, disguised and masked, quite dead, a loose jacket and a good deal of blood. The pony and *tartana* were found near Ontara, about three miles distant from Denia, the pony covered with wounds inflicted with a knife or dagger, to make the poor animal go its fastest, and the cushion of the *tartana* saturated with the blood of the wounded brigands. The dead man has not yet been recognized, nor have any of the others been heard of, though the authorities are using every means to discover the perpetrators of this diabolical outrage.

A Strange Story of Domestic Trouble.

The New Orleans correspondent of the *Courier Journal*, referring to the murder of young Armand by some villain in the parlor of his boarding house, and in the presence of several ladies, a few days since in that city, relates the following incidents connected with the family history of the deceased:—

An unfortunate affair occurred here a few days since which illustrates the fate which pursues some families like a Nemesis. A young man named Henry Armand was killed while he was talking with a lady whom he was visiting without being allowed chance or warning. Some years ago it will be remembered by your Lexington readers, a gentleman of that name came there from Louisiana, bringing with him his wife and three sons. The family lived in great seclusion, Mrs. Armand rarely seeing any one.—She was very beautiful, and seemed to be overwhelmed with an intense melancholy. It transpired that she had married in opposition to the wishes of her relatives, and had once separated from him on account of his savage and violent temper. Strangely enough this temporary divorce, *à mensa et thoro*, was terminated by an elopement; she ran away from her friends and rejoined her husband. Shortly afterwards Armand attacked one of her relatives, who

stabbed him repeatedly and left him for dead. Upon his recovery he removed, as has been said, to Lexington, Ky. There his violence and eccentricity developed into positive insanity, and after having been long a terror to that community, he was one night assassinated in a most horrible manner; some unknown person blew his brains out with a shot gun. His eldest son, Horace, conceived the idea, although unjust, that Ben Warfield, an exceedingly estimable man had instigated the murder.

Young Armand was himself a gallant, generous fellow, and forebode to attack Warfield in the lack of proof to justify his suspicions, until he encountered him accidentally, and, an altercation ensuing, they exchanged shots with fatal effect. Warfield was killed and Armand desperately wounded. Mrs. Armand returned with Henry to Louisiana, and Horace went—no one knows whither. Last week Henry—a handsome, vivacious youth, of admirable and winning character—became the victim of a tragedy as bloody as those in which his father and brother suffered.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—“Gus Hardy's continuation of the Life of Uncle Joe” received, but too late for today's issue; will receive due attention next week.

THE STAR

HARBOR GRACE, DEC. 13, 1873.

The English mails arrived here on Thursday last—news unimportant.

The loss of the schooner “Mary Ann,” which took place at Fortune Harbor on the 13th November, incurred an amount of suffering seldom experienced, even by our hardy fishermen. By the sad disaster ninety men, women and children are reduced to extreme destitution. The distressed individuals, at the time of the unfortunate occurrence were on their way from Labrador, with the fruits of their summer's toil and suffering; and, doubtless, were anticipating the happiness of a safe return home and a joyful meeting with their near and dear friends; but, alas! they were doomed to disappointment. Suddenly all that tended to constitute their earthly comfort became engulfed, leaving them without food or clothing on a barren coast, hundreds of miles away from their friends and kindred. Their condition must have been dreadful had it not been for the prompt action of the Government. As soon as the Executive became aware that the “Mary Ann” was missing, the steamer “Hawk” was despatched to the relief of the sufferers, who were thus enabled to reach their homes once more.

Contributions in aid of the distressed—to the extent of £108—have already been handed in by the charitable people of Harbor Grace and Carbonear; and it is to be hoped the relief fund will be further augmented during the coming week.

The following report of Captain Wm. Hennessy, of the brig “Belle,” which arrived at this port, on Monday last, has been handed to us for publication:—

NOVEMBER 15th.—Lat. 38.03 N., long. 17.30 W., at 2 p.m. saw a vessel to the southward, with a signal of distress flying (ensign half-mast); short ended sail and hove to. At 4 p.m. she bore down under our lee and hove to; proved to be the Portuguese brig “Uniao,” from Pernambuco, bound to Oporto. The vessel was in a sinking condition, with a boat astern; the crew having tried to board a barque in the morning, were unable to do so, being too far off. Took the crew on board, and proceeded for St. Michael's; arrived at St. Michael's on the 20th and landed crew.

[TO THE EDITORS OF THE STAR.]

DEAR SIRS,— You will oblige the undersigned—in behalf of the distressed shipwrecked crew of the schooner “Mary Jane,” which was lost at Fortune Harbor on the 13th November last, on her way home from the Labrador fishery—by conveying to the Government our sincere thanks, for the prompt assistance rendered in despatching the steamer “Hawk” to the scene of suffering and bringing the sufferers home. We also desire to thank the many kind friends in Harbor Grace and Carbonear for their liberal contributions (amounting to £108) received to date, in aid of the destitute individuals.

Further contributions will be thankfully received by
WM. HAWKER,
GEO. WINSOR,
JOHN McCARTHY.

CARBONEAR,
Dec. 12, 1873.

The city of Montreal has appropriated, as they say there, five hundred acres of land on “The Mountain” for a Park, at a cost of \$800,000.

Latest Despatches.

LONDON, Dec. 7.

Fog so thick that all traffic is suspended. Streets filled with torch-bearers.

McMahon and wife subscribed 5000 francs to the “Ville du Havre” survivors' fund.

Cartegena still holds out. Insurgents strengthening works and armaments. Bazaine's trial drawing to a close; judgement will probably be pronounced to-morrow.

NEW YORK, 9.

Nothing new regarding Cuba. Question of disposition to surrender “Virginus” without further discussion grows more general. Gold 109.

LONDON, 9.

Still very foggy. Numerous deaths by collision in the river. The fog caused a railway accident near Birmingham 30 killed and wounded.

Bazaine's defence read a letter from Frederick Charles, stating that the Marshal never visited the Prince's headquarters, during the siege, and expressing the highest esteem for the energy with which he prolonged the resistance to Prussian arms.

NEW YORK, 10.

Cuba still pacific. The “Virginus” will be delivered to United States in daylight at some port other than Havana, and the prisoners at Santiago will, at the same time, be handed over to the American war vessel.

The attempt to pass the resolution, recognizing the Cuban insurgents as belligerents, failed in the house.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Santiago Executions.

The Hamburg-American mail steamer, just arrived at Plymouth, brings details of the execution of three batches of the crew of the *Virginus*. The court martial on the crew was hurried on in their work by telegrams from Havana, and telegrams to the United States consul inquiring the nationality of the prisoners, were intentionally detained. In order to avoid intervention it was ordered that all prisoners should be executed within twenty-four hours, and news of the execution was received at Havana with great rejoicing. The prisoners, when found guilty, were led out into the public square of Santiago, and, in the presence of an immense concourse, were shot at noonday by a squad of marines. The first batch executed consisted of three generals, and the next 36 of the crew of the *Virginus*; and next day (November 8) 12 more of the Cuban volunteers were shot. Among the latter was Franchi Alfaro, a man of great wealth, who offered the authorities one million dollars to spare his life. The crowd witnessed the massacres with great composure, and serenades were offered in the evening to the captain general and the general commanding the marines, and the press of Cuba are unanimous in approving the proceedings. The chase of the *Virginus* was intensely exciting. It happened that the Spanish war ship *Tornado* had that morning arrived and was mistaken by the *Virginus* for a sailing ship, so she kept on her course towards her. When the mistake was discovered she turned towards Jamaica and, being short of coal, began to burn grease and other combustibles, and throw overboard horses, cannon, and cases of arms. When the *Tornado* came within range she began firing, and after three shots and a shell, the *Virginus*, which was flying the American flag, was brought to and captured. The vessel at the time (says the New York Herald) was positively in British waters—within a league of Jamaica.

The Highlanders will be disappointed at learning that they are not to fight in the kilt, a garb which no doubt would have as much moral effect in Ashantee as it is said to have had at the Alma and at Lucknow, but one which is unsuitable for bush fighting, especially under a tropical sun. Both the regiments will prefer to be provided with the comfortable and serviceable grey suit, something like the uniform of the London Scottish, that has been adopted for the whole of the expedition. Moreover the Government has decided upon clothing the two West India regiments of coloured men in the same manner, and the necessary uniforms are being got ready. Sir Garnet Wolseley, and every soldier under his command will therefore be dressed alike; and every man, black and white will be furnished with the light gossamer veil attached to the helmet, to cover the face and head.

SIR HARRY BURRARD, an English gentleman, who married a St. John, N. B., lady, offered some time ago to present to the corporation of that city a first class life boat, for use in the harbor, if the city would provide a crew for it. The city authorities having taken no action in the matter, Sir Harry has withdrawn the offer. Now the authorities are willing to furnish a crew.

A CHEERFUL CONDUCTOR.—A Nashville man had occasion to go to Memphis over the No. three-tern road last week. There were but a few passengers a card, and during the night the conductor came and sat down by him. Goin' to Memphis are you, stranger? he asked. Yes sir, said the Nashville man. Mighty rough road ain't it? queried the conductor, with a yawn. Very, was the reply. Last time I went over the road this car we're in now was up-ets, and a man was killed all to smash, said the communicative ticket puncher, with another yawn. Then he added: I've got the most reckless engineer on the road with me to-night, too, but I hope we won't have any accidents. I certainly hope we will not, responded the passenger, with a feeling of uneasiness. Well, I don't know as it would make much difference to you, said the conductor cheerfully; You'll die anyway if you're goin' to Memphis.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF HARBOR GRACE.

ENTERED.
Dec. 6.—Vesta, Keefe, Sydney, coal—John Munn & Co.
8.—Belle, Hennessy, Torrevegio, salt—do
Two Brothers, Foot, Sydney, coal—do
Consort, Parsons, Sydney, coal—do
CLEARED.
Dec. 10.—Glencoe, Noel, Waterford, herring—John Munn & Co.
Island Queen, Pepperell, Naples, fish—W. J. S. Donnelly
22.—Vastiff, Pike, Halifax, 50 brls. herring & ballast—Paterson & Foster.

AUCTION!

CHEESE!

THE SUBSCRIBERS will Sell by Auction on MONDAY next, the 15th instant, at 12 o'clock—

18 CHEESE,

Just Received.

GEO. C. RUTHERFORD & Co.

Dec. 13.

NOTICES.

UNION BANK OF NEW-FOUNDLAND.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of SIX PER CENT on the Capital Stock of this Bank, for the half year ending 30th November, has been this day declared, and will be payable at the Bank on and after MONDAY next the 8th instant.

(By order of the Board)
JOHN W. SMITH,
Manager.

St. John's, Dec. 2. 3i.

A CARD.

THE undersigned would respectfully intimate to the gentlemen of Harbor Grace and neighbourhood, that he will visit them on a BUSINESS TOUR, on FRIDAY, 12th inst., and may be found at Mrs. Gaden's, Cochrane Street, where he will be prepared to receive orders from his friends and patrons.

JAMES MELLIS,
Tailor & Clothier,
St. John's.

Dec. 3.

Good News for All!

THE SUBSCRIBERS

BE to intimate to the public that they have recently received by the steamship *Austrian*, from Liverpool, the second edition to their large variety of

GOODS,

And as a change is to take place in the business soon, the entire stock must be sold off by the New Year

Greatest Bargains

Ever offered to the public in Conception Bay, by calling at

SQUIRES & NOBLE'S,
“Golden Fish.”

Nov. 12.