

The Star,

AND CONCEPTION BAY SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Friday, June 28, 1872.

Number 13.

JUNE.

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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.

NOTICES.

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May 14. tff

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**ALEXR. BANNERMAN,
E. WILKS LYON.**
Harbor Grace, May 14, 1872. tff

out the one common design. You will see how far the evidence bears out this view of the case as far as Johanna Hamilton is concerned. This certainly is, Gentlemen, an extraordinary case, involved at first in great mystery, and it does not seem to us now, knowing the circumstances which we do, that the death of Mrs. Geehan was very lightly passed over. You will remember what was stated by the witnesses respecting her—that her body found at the junction of two public cross roads, respectively dressed, her clothing not being disarranged, presenting no appearance of having been exposed for two or three days to the weather, as it must have been if the prisoner's first statement had been correct; and yet all that time undiscovered. From all this it is only reasonable to conclude that the body could not have been there long. In the voluntary statements given by them the prisoners have attempted to explain the particulars respecting the death of Mrs. Geehan and her being placed where the body was subsequently found. But I think I will be able to show you that their statements are a mass of contradiction, and that before the killing of Sears was committed they had agreed upon the course by which they hoped to exculpate themselves. And where parties thus endeavor by false statements to exculpate themselves, and having regard to the connection shown to have existed between them, I do not think you will be disposed to regard either of these deaths as natural or accidental. My learned friends seem to think that if there had been any intention on the part of the prisoners to bring about the simple minded, and did not show themselves possessed of much wisdom in disposing of Garrett Sears's body—that they did not act with much consideration. But I ask you, Gentlemen, was there not a good deal of consideration exhibited by them in putting his body into the pit, as about the last place where it would have been discovered; and indeed it is easy to believe that, were it not for the sagacity and activity of Inspector Foley, the body of Sears would not have been discovered, and this trial not been held. It was undoubtedly through his perseverance and energy that the body was found. Mr. Raffus admits that Sears was shot by Geehan, but by the instruction of his client says that shooting was accidental—that had Geehan intended to cause the death of Sears, the act would not have been committed at midday, and with such a weapon as a gun. But, in my opinion, having regard to the locality, and the circumstances, these were just the time and mode when and by means of which such an act in such a place to escape suspicion would have been committed. We have it in evidence that the yard where the shot was fired was in a hollow with a wall, and concealed from outside view, and that guns are frequently fired off in the daytime in that neighborhood; and probably the discharge of the gun in the hands of Geehan on that fatal day would not have been thought much of but for the cries and screams which immediately followed the report. The Counsel for the prisoners have endeavored to convince you that Geehan was firing at a hawk, and that Sears suddenly came out of the back door just at the time, between the gun and the object, and was shot. But as that shooting was not and could not have been fatal, an attempt is made to explain away what followed by the statement that Geehan is so simple a man that he did not know the law, and was not aware of the difference between shooting a man accidentally and intentionally killing him, and thought his accidental shooting was the same in law as committed intentionally. He goes further and says that Geehan was so simple that he thought if he put the body of Sears in the pit and Mrs. Geehan's on the road they would surely be found. But I think you will not regard these circumstances as showing simplicity, but will look upon them as evidences of a premeditated evil plan. Had the shooting been accidental, and Geehan really an innocent man, would he not have gone immediately to his brother-in-law, Sears assistance, sent at once for a medical man and had his wounds dressed; and would you not have expected Johanna Hamilton to do what any other woman, not a guilty confederate, could have done under the circumstances. But it has been shown in evidence that Sears was not shot, except in so far as two or three shot passed through his arm. He received these, then cried out when he saw the murderous intention of Geehan, and was then dispatched by the first instrument that came to hand; for Dr. Allan has told you that it was utterly impossible that thirteen wounds such as Sears had upon his body could have been self-inflicted, and there is not a tittle of evidence to cast this death upon any other person or persons but the two prisoners at the bar, and even this much can be gathered from their own separate statements, for neither of them attempt to implicate any other individual. It is of

little importance to us when the ear and the hand were severed—except in aggravation of the barbarous act—these did not occasion the death; Doctor Allan has sworn that death was occasioned by the blows on the head, and these he tells were given before death. One does feel surprise and indignation that after the fatal occurrence so little care was taken of the body that it was even exposed to the ravages of pigs; and Task you, gentlemen, if it is reasonable to suppose that the body of a man accidentally killed would have been disposed of as this was—more especially where men had lived amicably together, occupied the same house and fed at the same table for a series of years. You are also told that no evidence has been given to prove actual criminal intimacy between these prisoners. But who could prove that? The Crown presumes a case upon which you will have to make your own inferences. They lay a case before you showing the unusual and improper intimacy which existed between them as master and servant, of their sleeping in the same room at the Labrador, of the master going up into Johanna Hamilton's room while she was in bed, and remaining there half an hour, and the mistress is not to be told of it; this was shortly after their return from the Labrador and after the commission of the murder we find them cohabiting together, sleeping in the same house and in the same room—these two being the only persons in the house; and lastly, you have learned from the evidence of Dr. Crowdy what the present condition of the girl is. I will briefly run through the evidence, asking your attention to the principal points as I refer to them, and will present the case to you in two aspects—first upon the circumstantial evidence, and then upon their own admissions and statements. I think I shall be able to show you that if they never had made such admissions, the chain of evidence is nevertheless so complete as will exclude the idea of any person but themselves having had any hand in the infamous affair. I never knew a case where the witnesses, over twenty in number, gave their testimony so intelligently—not one of them having swerved from his deposition, or been contradicted by another; and not one has shown himself too anxious to volunteer testimony—each one of them having left the box with his credibility unimpaired. You are only required to act in this case as you would in important affairs of your own, each one of you giving the best exercise of his reason to a thorough comprehension of the whole evidence. First, Daniel Shougharoo is put in the box, and he tells you that he was in Geehan's house on the Sunday evening, previous to the fatal Monday, 20th November last, and that Geehan and his wife and Johanna Hamilton and Garrett Sears were present, and they were all joking and laughing. He also says—"I saw Geehan that afternoon—he came over to my house shortly before night, and told me that Mrs. Geehan and Garrett were going to St. John's, the latter for the purpose of getting his toes cured at the Hospital." Now if Mrs. Geehan and Sears were to leave next day for St. John's, would that explain their conduct on the Sunday evening—after Shougharoo had left Geehan's house, Geehan goes over to Shougharoo, and tells him that Mrs. Geehan and Sears were going up the Bay. But why did not Geehan tell Shougharoo this when they were all together at Geehan's house? Why tell him secretly, and how is it that Johanna Hamilton tells her sister the same thing secretly? Mr. Raffus says it would not have been becoming in Hamilton telling her sister of it in the presence of her master and mistress; but how is that only these two, Geehan and Hamilton, the master and servant are aware of this pretended journey? Several of the witnesses testify to having heard the report of the gun, and it seems extraordinary that the attention of so many should have been called to it, when guns are frequently fired in that neighborhood. Mary Vokey tells you it was so loud as to shake the windows—and well it might from the heavy charge. On Monday evening Shougharoo saw scratches upon Geehan's face, which were not there before, and which Geehan excused by saying that he fell through the stable loft. How the scratches were made we do not know, but it is certain they were not there on the Sunday evening. It will be for you to say if you believe his statement in that particular. On Monday evening he told Shougharoo that his wife had gone to town, and Garrett had gone to meet her. At that time undoubtedly both of them were dead, and if dead through accident who would he naturally have communicated it to, if not to Shougharoo, his most intimate friend? But to him he stated they had gone to town, which he knew was a falsehood. You may regard this a trivial matter, Gentlemen of the Jury, but where the crown is sustained in its case by circumstantial evidence, every statement made by either of the prisoners in connection with the crime charg-

ed, shown to be false, is of the greatest importance. On Tuesday, Geehan was assisting Shougharoo about his pigs, but before that time Shougharoo saw Geehan shovelling clay upon the pit in which the body of Sears was afterwards found, Geehan telling him that Sears had dug it—showing, Gentlemen, that Garrett Sears had actually, though unconsciously, dug his own grave. We have evidence that Sears was there on Saturday, but he was never seen there afterwards. What brought Sears there on Saturday, unless he were sent there by Geehan for the express purpose of preparing this pit, for that was not the time of year to be putting in squids. And what brought Geehan up there on Tuesday, if not for the purpose of covering the body. He then goes on to tell Shougharoo while they were both at the pit that Garrett and Mrs. Geehan were then, about ten o'clock, at the head of Spaniards Bay on their journey. Then came the killing of the pig; and a further visit in the evening to Shougharoo, after which Geehan returned to his own house, and remained there all night along with Johanna Hamilton. You have heard there was a sail spread up near the pit on Saturday, and again on Tuesday—we can't say for what purpose it was put there, but if for a screen there was not much wind on either day to require it, and it was unusual to use one for the purpose. The Crown believes and has stated to you that the sail was put there to screen what was being done about the pit from the observation of the neighbors. It will be for you to say whether this was the case or not. During that Tuesday night these two prisoners remained together, there being no other inmates of the house. On Wednesday nothing of importance occurred, but on Thursday morning Geehan expressed himself as being in trouble, and said he couldn't content himself to work on account of the absence of his wife and Garrett Sears; the girl was also uneasy and apparently anxious, and it was on that morning Mrs. Geehan's body was found lying on her face in a sawpit on Spaniards Bay Road. It will be for you to say who put her there in that state, and whether the prisoners did not do so to avert suspicion from themselves. Before the body was brought home, Johanna Hamilton went over to Shougharoo's house, and with affected surprise informed him that the body was found. He asked her if any money was found upon her. Hamilton replied that she did not know, but said that she heard the skipper say he had given her money. Look at the complicity of these prisoners throughout. Both were in trepidation all the morning, unable, as they say themselves, to eat their breakfasts, and when the police brought intelligence of the finding of the body, she runs over to Shougharoo, as if she now knew of the death of her mistress for the first time, and tells him of it. Now, if there had been no complicity between these prisoners, would not that have been a fitting and a proper time to tell Shougharoo all the circumstances? And yet the deception was kept up by them throughout without faltering. Shougharoo says that he saw marks on the head of the body, and bruises on her throat. No doubt it was insinuated on the part of Geehan that his wife had come to a violent end, for he said he had given her money; and even to the witness Morrissey he appears to have insinuated suspicions of foul play against her on the part of her brother Garrett Sears. Up to this time not a word had been said to Shougharoo about the hawk, although Shougharoo lived so close that if any hawk had been about the place he would have known it. Strange, if he had fired at a hawk some mention of it was not made to Shougharoo. At the wake Shougharoo did hear Johanna Hamilton say the skipper fired at a hawk on Monday, but that was all, and it will be for you to say if the story is a probable one, or if this was to be set up as one of the excuses to ward off suspicion for the firing of the gun. After the burial of Mrs. Geehan they still carry on the deception, and Geehan goes up the Bay to make enquiries about where his wife had been, but hears nothing whatever about her, of course. Going on further in Shougharoo's evidence, we find he states that the beating, bruising and battering of Sears was such that Shougharoo, who had known him for years, could not identify him. John Fitzgerald's evidence is most important, and if a part of his statement had been mentioned before, it might have led to the guilty parties. He heard the report of the gun, and then heard cries, and believed the voice to be that of Sears. He ran up to the boundary fence, but was prevented going further by his wife. At what time was it these cries were heard? Was it when the gun was being fired, or was it immediately afterwards, when Sears saw that it was the deliberate intention of Geehan to kill him, perhaps with the butt of the gun, for that might cause the wounds on the head? We know that the shots from the gun did not kill him, because no shot entered his brain or any

broken my heart, but left my conscience tranquil."

INCREASE OF THE GERMAN ARMY.

The Berlin correspondent of the "Times" writes that in consequence of certain measures adopted by the Berlin Government, the German army is being so fast increased that by the beginning of 1874 each of the 148 infantry regiments will be composed of four battalions instead of three.

EXECUTION OF COMMUNISTS.

There was another execution at Satory on Saturday morning, when two men, Serizier and Boin, were shot for the part they played in the massacre of the Dominicans at Arcueil, and a third man, Bondin, for having assassinated an apothecary who had refused to fight.

AMERICAN DIRECT CLAIMS

An appendix to the case of the British Government just published by the Foreign Office, contains the reports of Messrs. Cohen and Young, appointed by the Board of Trade to examine the claims contained in the American case.

FEARFUL SCENE AT AN EXECUTION.

There was a fearful scene at an execution in Feutress county, Tennessee, on the 5th April. The weight of the doomed man snapped the rope and he fell to the ground.

THE MEDICAL INSTRUCTION OF WOMEN.

The "London Students' Gazette" a new publication, says:—"The female medical education movement is pressing forward. Recently two lady candidates succeeded in passing the examination at the Apothecaries' Hall; and two sisters of a well-known London surgeon are commencing a systematic course of medical training."



Latest Despatches.

MONTREAL, June 22. A frightful accident occurred on the Grand Trunk Railway last night, at 12 o'clock, near Belleville, Ontario. An express train coming east rolled over an embankment, and a second-class car, carrying a number of passengers, rolled on the top of the locomotive.

PARIS, 21. Political affairs in France are getting into a critical condition between the Delegates of the Right and Thiers, and there is now a complete rupture. The latter is now obliged to look entirely to the Left for support.

LONDON, 22. The Spanish Minister of War has telegraphed to the Governor-General of Cuba that the policy of the Government towards that Island is to maintain the integrity of its territory and secure the triumph of the Government.

NEW YORK, 22. It is now definitely stated that the question of indirect damages in the Alabama case is settled practically as reported yesterday. A despatch from Washington states the present situation quite fully, and encourages the belief that the arbitration will hereafter go on smoothly.

Gonzales, the chief of the Cuban insurgents, has surrendered to the Government forces. Stokes has now seven jurors. Gold 113 3/8.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.

A letter from Zanzibar, dated April 19, has been read at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society. The letter does not say anything to indicate a hope of the safety of Dr. Livingstone. The favourable reports we have had from time to time have, on investigation turned out to have been fabricated by native traders, who are notorious for their lying propensities.

A FRENCH SCULPTOR'S BEQUEST.

The well-known sculptor and caricaturist Dantan, whose will has just been opened, leaves 30,000f. to the city of Paris, 20,000f. of which are to be devoted to founding an annual prize of 1000f. for drawing or sculpture.

FATAL ACCIDENT TO A NOBLEMAN.

Compte de la Reyniere, a Legitimist well known in Paris, has just met with a sad death. He was crossing the Rue du Bac, when a porter with a large box of books on his head stumbled against him, and the box falling, knocked the Count down and broke his skull.

Correspondence with the Governments of Canada, Prince Edwards Island, and Newfoundland, respecting the treaty of Washington was published on the 29th ult.

GETTING OUT OF A SCRAPE.

A lawyer, who was sometimes forgetful, having been engaged to plead the cause of an offender, began by saying I know the prisoner at the bar, and he bears the character of being a most consummate and impudent scoundrel. Here somebody whispered to him that the prisoner was his Client, when he immediately continued, but what great and good man ever lived who was not calumniated by many of his contemporaries.

DIED. At Western Bay, on the 10th inst., in the 61st year of his age, Mr. William Boyce. The deceased was a native of the County Wexford, Ireland.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF ST. JOHN'S. ENTERED. 24—D. Grant, McEhran, Sheet Horbor, N. S.—J. & W. Boyd. Brilliant, Staunton, Meramichie—J. & W. Boyd.

NOTICE.

DENTISTRY!

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SAIL-MAKING.

THE SUBSCRIBERS beg to acquaint their friends and the Public that they have taken the Rooms formerly occupied by the late Mr. James Meech, where they hope to obtain a share of patronage.

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LOVE.

Who can define the thoughts of love
That burn within the breast?
What words are there that will explain
Thoughts of the heart the best?

When woman learns to love mankind,
Her life, her all, are his:
And man the same towards woman feels:
But none tell what it is.

You meet a youth in distant lands,
Away from home and friends:
Thoughts of his home disturb his mind—
In silence hours he spends.

You ask him why his sorrowed heart,
Why he no joys can find,
His answer'll be, "I think of home,
And those I left behind."

You meet a husband on the street—
Ask him in accents mild,
His answer'll be, "My only love
Is my dear wife and child."

Then ask the little prattling child:
His face will beam with glee.
The answer that he'll give is true—
"Mamma is love to me."

Then ask an old gray-headed man
What love his heart doth crave:
He'll say he's tired of life on earth—
His love is for the grave.

Go ask the Christian what his love,
This answer will be given:
"Cold earth it has no love for me—
My love is life in heaven."

CARRIE BERTRAM;
OR,
How a Heart was Healed.

[CONTINUED.]

The doctor says a change of climate might do you good, Carrie dear, said her uncle one day after a private consultation with that gentleman.

Where shall we go then, Uncle Donald? and the pale face brightened, as it had not done for many a day.

I think Germany would be best, uncle it is nearest.

A sudden suspicion flashed across the old man's mind, and lifting his eyes to hers he read its confirmation. My puer lammie! He always talked broad Scotch when he was excited or when his feelings were touched. My puer lammie, he said, is that what's wrang wi' ye a' this time?—and I've never seen't do it bodie!

The old man's sudden discovery, and tender, almost womanly sympathy, opened up the well-springs of the girl's heart, and while her tears flowed copiously she told him all the story of her long-concealed misery. He felt inclined to be indignant when she described to him the gradual falling off of interest in Steuart's letters; then their increasing coldness, and latterly their discontinuance. An' ye never tell't me, he said, half reproachfully.

I was ashamed, uncle; and besides, I thought you never liked him.

Neither I do, blurted out the old man. He's no' half guid enough for you.

But uncle, said the gentle girl, everybody does not see me as you do; and you know, I—I love him.

There was a touch of deep pathos in the last words; so Donald Inglis drew his hand across his eyes, and going over to the orphan girl, said in a voice sweet as a woman's, see be it then, lassie; what ye like, I'll like.

That night Carrie went to her bed crying, half with joy at her dear old uncle's love and care, half with the pity for herself she would have been sure to feel for another under similar circumstances.

In the morning, when she woke, the Spring sun was shining on her, and in her bosom had sprung up a hundred little bright hopes. Involuntary, as if the good spirit prompted her she exclaimed reverently, thank God. And the birds outside took up the strain, and the heavens were filled with music. After this she had little time for thought till sailing on the German Ocean.

Donald Inglis, when he took a thing in hand, was a person of great energy, and would not let the grass grow under his feet. Having once made up his mind to go to Germany, he began his preparations immediately; and Carrie being commanded to do the same, was not loth to obey.

Well, how do you like the sea, Carrie, said her uncle, as she sat on the deck of the Hamburg steamer and watched the marvellous motion of the waves, and drank in the fresh sea-air.

Oh, uncle, it's delicious; my heart feels quite refreshed.

I quite believe that, said her uncle, after the lot of dry feeding it has had all the winter.

What do you mean, uncle?

Why, I mean, said he, that learning may be all very well, but it's not the proper nourishment for girls in their teens inclined to mope.

My opinion is, said Carrie, that people with empty minds are more apt to mope than those whose minds are enriched by study; and I only wish my health had permitted me to feast more

largely upon that same dry feeding you object to.

I think you've got plenty of it now, he replied. There's young Balyte said to me the last time I dined with his father, Sir Thomas, they tell me your niece is becoming quite a blue-stocking.

And what did you say, uncle?

I said, Heaven forbid!

Carrie laughed, and responded, Amen.

When they arrived at Hamburg, after resting sufficiently to recover from the fatigue of their voyage, they set about inspecting the busy city. Ten days they stayed occupied in this way, during which time Caroline, though filled with impatient anxiety, never asked her uncle where he meant to take her next. She trusted implicitly in his management, and tried to give herself up with a sort of forced carelessness to the enjoyment of the present. Donald knew not a word of German, and her services were continually being required, which was a diversion in itself.

The first evening, having left Carrie to rest he proceeded on a pedestrian tour through the city alone, and, having forgot to observe the name of the hotel in which they had taken their apartments, he wandered for hours in a vain attempt to return to the spot from which he had set out. Perspiring through passion at this unlooked-for misfortune, it was with a feeling of great relief that he remembered to have heard that the Scottish and German languages were somewhat akin. He thought, at any rate he could be none the worse for trying; so, with a good deal of the Gaelic accent accompanying the broad Scotch of his speech, he inquired of the passers-by the way to his hotel. The people thought him trifling or mad, and, not understanding a word he said laughed outright. This aggravating him more and more, he swore at them for being stupid and ignorant, and not understanding their own language.

When the clamour was at its loudest a Scotch woman, who had married a German sailor, came to the rescue, and succeeded in assuring him that she could understand him quite well; but when he asked to be shown to an hotel, the name of which he had not the slightest idea of, she was fain to join in the general mirth against her countryman. All at once, however, Donald recollected that a large statue stood in the street opposite his doorway, and, thus guided, she conducted him without further trouble to his quarters. The next morning he confessed the whole misadventure to Caroline, and laughed as heartily as she did while recounting it. On the third day he told her to prepare to resume their journey; and it was with a trembling voice she asked where they were to go next.

To Leipzig, of course, said he. It would seem a strange thing for us to be in Germany, and not to look up that young dog, Kerr.

To Leipzig then they went; and on the night of their arrival Caroline felt, as she lay on the strange pillows and in the strange place, that she had so often dreamed about, that the crisis of her life was come. Better, she thought, after all, had it come to me in my own home; the issue may be fatal, and I may be doomed to sleep in a German instead of a Scottish grave. And with a strange foreboding in her soul she wept herself to sleep.

CHAPTER IV.

Now there's what I call a thorough gentleman, Carrie, said her uncle, as on the afternoon of the following day they made their way to Steuart's address. They had already reached the suburbs of the city in accordance with the directions of the English waiter at the hotel, but were now at a loss how to proceed. Ask him if this is the right road he'll give you a ceevil answer, surely, said Donald, remembering his ill-usage at Hamburg.

Caroline rather shrank from accosting the gentleman in question, as at that very moment she was aware he was casting upon her a look of unmistakable admiration.

I'll ask him myself, added Donald, seeing that Caroline was about to let him pass without doing so. Beg pardon sir, said he, but do you know a know man of the name of Steuart Kerr, studying at the University, and lodging somewhere about here? We have just come from Scotland, and are anxious to see him.

At the end of this harangue, rattled forth without a pause, Caroline interposed.

Oh, uncle, said she perhaps the gentleman does not understand English.

Yes I do, said the stranger.

There, ye see! shouted Donald, exultingly; I kent he was nae foreigner by the frankness o' his face; and, without another word he took the stranger by the hand, and shook it as if he had known him all his life.

Mr. Kerr, the gentleman you are in search of, is an intimate friend of mine, and lodges just behind those yew trees, said the stranger. I believe he will at present be in his garden, enjoying his

after-dinner smoke. I half thought of going to join him in passing, but I have left my sister all alone at home, and I am afraid she will be lonely.

If you are not in a terrible hurry you may wait a little and talk to me, said Donald. My niece, you see, has slipped away already; she'll be for giving Steuart a surprise; you understand they're sweethearts, and I dare say will be married some day.

At the mention of this, for several reasons a strange blackness gathered before the eyes of the frank though quiet young Englishman. (Our readers will no doubt have recognised in this stranger the Alfred Quintin already introduced.) When he called Steuart Kerr his intimate friend he scarcely expressed himself quite properly; he ought to have said, he is my sister's intimate friend, and I tolerate him. The truth of the matter was, that whenever he could avoid Steuart he did so. In the present case it was so, and though he had left his sister only an hour at home, he preferred returning to her to smoking a cigar in the company of Steuart. He was not altogether pleased at his attentions to his sister, nor at her encouragement of them; and when Donald Inglis made mention of the engagement existing between him and the young lady who had just left them, partly on his sister's account, partly on hers, he was angry; and without replying to the old gentleman's remarks, he turned and walked moodily by his side.

Donald attempted to resume the conversation, but failed to elicit anything more than monosyllables from the companion whom he had lately found so willing to please. Heedless of where he was going, Alfred led him up the hill, past the yews, and as if by instinct to the gate in the high hedge that admitted them to the garden of the house where Steuart lodged.

With a little sparkle of the old fun in her, Caroline had run on before with the determination of making quite a romantic scene out of her first interview with her lover. As she went she imagined him looking up from his books with a puzzled pleasure on his face when she stood in silence before him. She said to herself, now I will not speak a single word, however much I am dying to speak; and perhaps he will think me a spirit. Poor Steuart, she soliloquized, he is very far away from home; I must not reproach him about the letters to-night.

As she neared the house her courage failed her, she could not carry out her intentions; so to pass the time till her uncle should join her, she sauntered round among the trees that surrounded the houses. All at once her eye caught sight of the little gate in the hedge, and her courage revived—she remembered what the gentleman said about Steuart's smoking in the garden; and besides, she thought she could play little tricks in a garden that she could not do before strangers in a house; so she gently opened the gate, and passing through, found herself in a very wilderness of flowers and shrubs. Dropping her bonnet and shawl in order that in her white dress she might the better carry out the delusion of the ghost, she tripped lightly along the walks, slyly peeping behind the shrubs, and expecting every moment in her high state of nervousness to be startled into a scream by the sudden appearance of the very person she was going to frighten. She had searched nearly all the garden without success, when she discovered, not very far from the little gate by which she had entered, a trellised Summer-house, completely covered over with leaves and scarlet blossoms. He would be there, she thought. Still on tip-toe she advanced, and stood right in front: unexpectedly she was transfixed. Giving vent to no happy cry, as she had feared she might, she stood paralyzed and as pale as death.

Within the bower sat Steuart Kerr, bound to her by the promise next most sacred to marriage, his arms round the form of a beautiful woman, whose eyes were raised to his in all the confidence of mutual love. Caroline stood just long enough to horrify both Steuart and his companion with her weird, wild, phantom presence, when she fell back, but happily to be caught in the arms of Alfred Quintin, who had entered the garden only in time to save her. Donald Inglis, who came upon the scene the moment after, saw at one glance how matters stood, but was too anxious about his niece to trouble himself about the couple in the bower. In following Mr. Quintin with his senseless burden, he turned back only once to hurl an epithet at them, so terrible that it rung through all the garden, and made the very flowers tremble on their stems.

Restored to consciousness at a well among the yews, and conveyed to their place of abode in a carriage, Caroline felt that the crisis of her life was past, and went to her bed with a feeling upon her that she would never rise again. She pictured to herself the few mourners that would attend her body to its foreign grave, and wondered if Steuart would be there, and if he would be sorry when he heard that she died for him. She thought the stranger, who had been so

kind to her that day, would, at any rate, accompany her dear old uncle when he followed her coffin to the tomb, and, with a strange pleasure, pictured all the details of the melancholy event. She thought, as the tenderness of the stranger occurred to her, happy is the woman who has plighted her troth to him—he could never break his faith.

CHAPTER V.

How is your niece this morning, Mr. Inglis? said Alfred Quintin, as he was shown into the private parlour of that gentleman the next forenoon.

Oh sir, I don't believe she'll ever rise again, replied Donald. She has got a dreadful shock, and I'm sure her system will not stand it.

Excuse me, Mr. Inglis, said Alfred, but lying in bed is the worst thing she can do; if she is at all well, we must have her out for a drive this afternoon. The old man shook his head, and Alfred went on. I have some strange news this morning,—Steuart Kerr has eloped with my sister.

With your sister! exclaimed Donald, with astonishment.

Well, she is my half-sister,—which is bad enough, said Alfred; and, seeing the perplexed look of the old gentleman, he added, the young lady whom you saw with him yesterday in the summer-house.

I thought you said she was at home? interrupted Donald.

And so I thought, said Alfred, indignantly; but she has played me false. But now, Mr. Inglis, since you know so much already, and your niece is so strangely mixed up in this affair, I may as well tell you all.

My sister, he began, is the only offspring of my father's first marriage, which was a "mesalliance." She is a most curious creature; and, though she inherited my father's noble bearing, she was like him in nothing else. His second wife, my mother, a gentle lady, bore with her till she could do so no longer. Henrietta was an arrant flirt, and fearing nobody but her father, after his death was continually distressing my mother by her clandestine love affairs. She had no real harm in her; but had she been in the mood at any time, she would have thought nothing of running away with the groom. I always expected she would elope; and am only thankful she has eloped with no one worse than Steuart Kerr. My mother, afraid of her bad example upon her own girls, who were then at the most impressionable age, entreated me to take charge of her during my studies at Leipzig. For two years I have done so, she taking lessons in music and German the while. I believed that she had grown quite sedate and steady, till to-day I have been undeceived. She is beautiful without and base within, treacherous and fickle-hearted. I know two good men whose happiness she has blighted. These things I ought to have told Steuart; but she was still my father's daughter, and her fair name was dear to me. Besides he added, self-reproachfully, I did not know that their love had gone so far.

Well, if that's her history, I advise you to let them gang, said Donald, relapsing into Scotch, for I think they're weel met.

I cannot do ought else now, though I was willing, said Alfred; they have got married this morning in a small suburban church, and I have no longer any control over her. What I am most distressed about is, how your niece will bear this piece of intelligence.

There's one thing, said Donald, and that is, tell her who may, I canna. I couldna bear to name it to the puir thing, and see her heart break as it were before my vera e'en.

Certainly, Mr. Inglis, nobody could do it better than you; besides, it is your duty, and the sooner it is done the better, urged Alfred.

Noo, Mr. Quintin, it's no use preachin' to me in that gait, said Donald, I tell ye I canna do't. Break it to her yourself, it'll be a guid turn, and aye ye'll maybe no regret yet.

Alfred could not resist this pleading, and promised to undertake the task if he would send Mis Bertram to him.

I thank ye from my heart, said the old Scotchman to Alfred before leaving the room; ye'll mak a guid minister yet. Saying which he took his way up stairs to his niece's room.

Come in, said Carrie's sad voice, as her uncle tapped at the door.

Dear me, he said, feigning surprise, are ye no thinking o' rising?—the sun is shining gloriously, far brighter than it does in Edenburgh.

She turned her face to the wall as she answered, I only wish I was in Edenburgh.

Well, ye'll never get to Edenburgh lying there, said her uncle; but if you get up and move about there's no saying what we may do. Get up now, there's a gentleman in the parlour wanting to speak to you. And not waiting to hear further remonstrance, he walked away and closed the door.

Who could the gentleman be? she thought; and why did her uncle not stay to tell her? Perhaps it was Steuart;

she would like to hear what he had to say for himself; she would go down. Rising with more vigour than she believed herself capable of, she dressed herself again in her white dress of the previous evening, and with her rich brown hair looped hastily up, she slipped quietly down stairs. When she entered the parlour, instead of Steuart she saw Alfred Quintin gazing at her with tender solicitude. She advanced; and, frankly holding out her hand, thanked him for all he had done. He took her hand with the kindly manner of a close friend, and told her he wished to speak to her upon a matter of importance. She seemed to divine what it was, so she clenched her hands, and with pallid cheeks sat listening in perfect silence while he recounted to her all the story he had already told her uncle.

Save for the eager eyes and nervous twitching of the fingers one might have believed her heart untouched. Here was she, who had looked upon marriage with Steuart Kerr as the consummation of all her dreams, sitting calmly listening to the story of his marriage with a rival. Suddenly there sprang up before her a dreary pageant of shattered hopes and dreams, and with the cry of a disappointed heart she flung herself among the sofa cushions, quivering in every limb. Her hair escaped from its comb, uncoiled, and fell about her nearly to the floor, and she lay there sobbing, oh Uncle Donald, take me home, take me home!

Alfred, terrified by her excess of suffering, ran towards the door to bring her uncle to soothe her, but remembering what the old man had already said, he turned back to try and do so himself. As he looked at her, crouched upon the sofa, sobbing as if her heart would break, a strange yearning towards her seized his soul, and he felt that if ever deep love took sudden possession of a man, that man was himself. Obeying an impulse to give words to what was thrilling through him, he advanced; but recollecting himself, he merely laid his hand upon her bent head, and said huskily, God bless you.

The voice seemed to rouse her to a sense of her position, and lifting her head, but still hiding her face, she said, I am sure you must think me very foolish.

No, he said, I respect the feeling you have shown, and am only sorry that the object for which you grieve should have been so unstable.

I do not grieve for him, she said, in a tone of indignation; after last night, I could never have trusted him again.

That's right, said old Donald, who thought it no harm under the circumstances to play evesdropper for a minute before entering; I like to see you show such spirit; you've got a spark of the old soldier in you yet. As he said this, a carriage rumbled up to the door; hearing which he went on: now, Carrie, Mr. Quintin was proposing a drive for you this afternoon, and the sooner we go the better. Get on your bonnet now at once, and let us see that you can face your sorrow like a heroine.

Caroline seemed inclined to demur, but both Mr. Quintin and her uncle urged so hard that she was obliged to comply. Alfred formed one of the party as the old gentleman declared he would not go without him. He felt himself in rather a delicate position, and in order to set Caroline at her ease, talked much more than was his wont. Both he and Caroline seemed tacitly to avoid the one subject that must have been engrossing their thoughts; but old Donald not quite so particular, took no pains to conceal his ideas upon the same subject, and animadverted freely upon the conduct of the runaways.

Well, said he, talking to himself more than to any other person, I am glad they are married; thanks to their own folly, they've saved another good couple from being spoiled. And continuing in the same strain he said, puer Carrie, if ye had got Steuart Kerr, ye wadna hae had your sorrows to seek.

I know it, uncle, she replied, in her old gentle way; I see now it is better as it is.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

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