

# The Star,

AND CONCEPTION BAY SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Tuesday, June 11, 1872.

Number 8.

## 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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Their Prices are the LOWEST  
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ALEX. BANNERMAN,  
E. WILKS LYON.  
Harbor Grace, May 14, 1872. tff

### THE STUDENT.

Alone, at midnight's hour, a pale-faced  
lad  
Bends o'er his book and reads of things  
divine,  
His face at times seems bright, at times  
seems sad,  
At some engrossing, some o'erpow'ring  
line.

In mystic tales he dips his ardent eyes,  
From Jove's high power down to Circe's  
might,  
With Cume lives, with Pyramus he dies,  
He starts aghast at Troy's disastrous  
sight.

With sage Ulysses he harangues the crowd,  
He walks with Plato as a boson friend,  
And with the voice of Stentor cries aloud,  
And tearful, mourns poor Philomela's  
end.

At length his task is o'er, and he retires,  
Care-worn and wearied, to his nightly  
rest,  
But dreamland hovers o'er him;—fancy  
fires  
The finer feelings in his heaving breast.

Prophetic voices murmur in his ear,  
Bright visions flash athwart his teeming  
brain;  
He dreams of sea, and fancies he doth  
steer  
Some heaving bark along the surging  
main,

Till in some far-off realm at length he  
lands,  
And by his wondrous deeds excites  
applause;  
There, greatly honored and renown'd, his  
hands  
Are ever lifted in fair virtue's cause.

Then, fleet'er than the light, he homeward  
hounds,  
O'er hill and dale, o'er lake and ocean  
sheen,  
Nor stays to listen to enchanting sounds  
Which flow from sirens of the waters  
green.

But, nearer home, he trembles as he sees  
A fairy form in fairy garments dress'd;  
It is—why is he so ill at ease?  
It is the dear one whom his soul loves  
best.

The old, old tale he tells with falt'ring  
tongue:  
"I love thee, dearest, more than words  
can say;  
I love thee, more than poet ever sung;  
I'll love thee ever: stay, my darling,  
stay!"

A misty veil appears before his eyes—  
The form is gone which lately near did  
seem;  
The morning light steals in; he starts, he  
sighs,  
And wakes, alas, to find 'twas all a  
dream!

### Supreme Court.

Trial of Patrick Geehan and  
Johanna Hamilton for the  
Murder of Garrett Sears.

(From the St. John's Morning Chronicle.)  
FRIDAY, May 30.

[CONTINUED.]

Cross-examined by Mr. Greene—Where I was working was further from Geehan's than where the Fitzgeralds were working. I heard the gun plain but no voice. I knew Sears well—never took notice of his walking lame. Have known Geehan 25 or 30 years—heard nothing bad of his character—he bore a good character. Never heard of any improper conduct between him and Hamilton. Fitzgeralds could have heard any cries better than me, because they were nearer. Fitzgerald was at my house that evening.

Patrick Morrissey, sworn—Live on the South side of Harbor Grace—know the prisoners well. Knew Sears and Mrs. Geehan. I remember when Mrs. Geehan's body was found. I had a conversation with Geehan after that. After the body was buried I went down to a neighbor's house—it was about half-past nine o'clock. I remained there about two hours or two hours and a half. When I came out I saw a man coming down the lane, and I thought it was Sears. His face looked queer, and I got a fright. Went on to my house and found the family sitting down to supper. I told them Sears was come and had just gone down the lane. My son said he would go down and see. I told him to stop where he was. About three or four o'clock next evening I saw Geehan com-

ing towards my house, and I went out and spoke to him. I asked him if what I was going to ask him was a fair question. He said "Yes, any question at all." Then I asked him did Garrett go down the night before. He asked me did I see him. I said, "I don't think I did." He looked down for a few seconds and then said, "He didn't go down unless he went dead." He asked me would I think but Garrett would kill his own sister. "Pooh," said I. "I fell in company with a good many in my time that read a good deal, and read a good deal myself; but I never read, and no man ever told me he read of the brother ever killing the sister, or of the sister killing the brother; but I heard tell of many a one that read of the husband killing the wife, and the wife killing the husband." I turned away then and said, "Farewell now, for evermore." I don't know why I said that, but I said it. I never again saw Garrett Sears alive, and I don't know that I saw him then.

By the COURT—I was just coming out of the house when I saw the man coming down the road, and while I delayed he passed. I went out on the main road, and after looking at him said to myself—"Let Garrett Sears be dead or alive that's him." I said this without knowing anything had happened to him.

Cross-examined by Mr. Raftus—It was about nine or half-past nine when I saw him. I couldn't tell what clothes he had on, and can't swear it was Garrett Sears. Mrs. Geehan was buried at this time, and Sears was missing. Geehan didn't answer me cheerfully, like one man would commonly answer another—he spoke weakly. I have been to the ice and made a good many passages with Geehan, and knew him to be a good, moral man. He always looked pale. He did not speak boldly to me as usual. The main line of road ran towards the road leading to Geehan's house.

By the COURT—When I saw the man he looked sideways towards me. I couldn't seem to see his face distinctly—couldn't seem to see the flesh—it was like something was drawn over it. I thought it was Garrett Sears—believed at once that it was him—and I got a turn. I went home at once, and told my family I saw Garrett Sears go down. I had not drunk a drop that evening. I was as sober as I am now. It was a fine bright night—the moon was shining. The man was three or four yards from me. Sears was a stiff, heavy man, about 50 or 60.

Thomas Bates, sworn—Am Inspector of Constabulary. Went to Harbor Grace last 23rd November. Was induced to go there from a rumor that a woman had been murdered on the Spaniards Bay Road. Have known the prisoners since that time. Was at Geehan's house frequently. The rumor had reference to Mrs. Geehan. Saw her body on Friday, after it had been removed to the house. Observed scratches on the throat and a mark on the temple—think left temple. I saw Hamilton in Geehan's house. Had a general conversation with her as to probability of how Mrs. Geehan came to her death. She told me Mrs. Geehan and Sears had gone away about six o'clock on Tuesday morning—that Sears was going to St. John's for Hospital treatment, and that Mrs. Geehan was going up to Turks Gut. A post-mortem examination of the body of Mrs. Geehan was held on Saturday, 24th at her husband's house. The Attorney General, Mr. Lilly and myself were in Harbor Grace, and had viewed the body and it struck us from certain marks on the throat that a post-mortem examination was necessary, and it was held on the following day, after which Geehan and Hamilton were arrested. I made investigations at Geehan's house frequently afterwards. There was discoloration of the body found in the pit, and identified as Sears's. The body was partly decomposed. The clothes which have been produced in Court were those he had on when taken from the pit. The shirt was brought up covering the face, and the sou'wester brought down covering the eyes. I was at the pit when the body was discovered—I discovered it with a ramrod. In the morning I was determined to have a thorough search, and directed the police to bring a ramrod. In the morning, before that, Dr. Allan and myself were looking at some blood on the bedclothes of a bed up stairs, and on some articles of female apparel. Afterwards I went to the pit, and had the ramrod. The men seemed to doubt that there was anything there, but I thought I would search. I pushed with the ramrod in several places, and discovered something about two feet down. I directed the men to dig away the clay, and after getting about two feet down saw something of a greenish color. I asked the constable what it was—he said a squid. The constable shook the dirt from it and found it to be a man's hand. I did not have the body removed till sent for the Doctor and Coroner. After they had come we had it removed to Geehan's house. The post-

mortem examination was held in Geehan's house, and the inquest in the Court House at Harbor Grace. While searching the house I found a gun under one of the beds, said to have been the bed on which Sears slept. It was between the bed and the bedstead. The barrel appeared to have been cleaned and greased since last fired. The lower guard and trigger guard had been removed, the latter not recently. On 24th November, before Geehan's arrest, I heard Geehan say he gave his wife £5 before she went on the journey up the Bay. I examined the yard subsequently, and saw a cart there with shot-holes in it. They were in the front board and tail board, and I extracted one. The shot pitted the cart. The tail board was riddled with shot, which passed through it. The tail board was one and a half inches thick. The gun must have been fired near, or else had a heavy charge. I was in Geehan's house almost daily; found some shot there, much the same as that produced. It was in a leather case. Also found some powder. (The tail board of the cart here produced and identified.) Geehan had scratches on right cheek. When the body was taken from the pit the nose was found to have been split by some heavy blows from a sharp instrument—there were punctures on each side. The skull was beaten in and broken, one of the ears gone, the fingers of one hand gone from the first joint. Dr. Allan saw the body before it was removed.

Cross-examined by Mr. Emerson—The distance across the yard from North to South was about forty feet. I saw the cart in the yard; it was not more than ten feet from the back door. There was one door looking into the yard from the dwelling house, one from the cellar and one from the stable. The distance from the cellar door to the cart was about twelve or fourteen feet, and about the same distance from the stable door to the cart. I am acquainted with the use of guns, but could not give any idea how far from the cart the person who fired the gun stood—it would depend very much on the charge; the appearance of the tail board is as though fired very close. I have had no experience with shot of that description, but know it would not scatter more than smaller shot.

Cross-examined by Mr. Greene—I was at the pit when the body was dug up, and paid particular attention to the body. It was about two and a half feet down. I was not digging—the policemen Dalry and Hatcher did that. Daniel Shougharow was present. I told Police to be careful while digging up the body. It was necessary to be careful. Hatcher seemed to think there was no body there. The clothes were removed from the body four or five hours after it was taken up. Dr. Allan and some constable removed them—I was present part the time while the clothes were being removed. My impression is they cut the clothes off. I was at the post-mortem examination of Mrs. Geehan, but not at the inquest. I went near the tail board belonging to the cart I saw in the yard. There were some stones in the yard near the door. I saw marks I supposed to be blood about the yard, stable and kitchen. A gun would not look greasy after being fired. I afterward saw Geehan in the Penitentiary and remember he made a statement there. Mr. Lilly was there—don't remember the day of the week. I remember having been sent for by Geehan, and went down with Mr. Lilly. It was the day after. Geehan had a conversation with him about the statement made the day before not being correct, and wanted to make a fresh statement. Mr. Lilly said he had not the power to take a fresh statement, or words to that effect. I don't remember if Geehan, said what particular part of that statement was incorrect. To the best of my belief Mr. Lilly did not say the next statement the prisoner would make would be the correct one. I was present when the first statement was made in the Penitentiary, and was there the second time with Mr. Lilly. I think I heard all the conversation. The prisoner attempted to go into particulars, but Mr. Lilly stopped him, and told him he could not take a fresh statement. The prisoner said the former statement was incorrect, and he wanted to make a fresh one.

Re-examined—I can't say where the tail board was found. I first saw it with the Police at Geehan's. On the 4th December I observed marks about the fireplace and wall which I thought were blood, but on closer examination thought them to be paint, and I now believe they were paint. It would require an analysis to tell. There was a great deal of paint about the house. There were marks on the end of the stable also. While examining the body, after I saw the hand, I told them to be very careful in removing the earth. They followed my instructions.

By the COURT—I was under the impression that I put the ramrod through the soft portion of the body, as I pressed

pretty hard. If I did at all, it must have been through the stomach. No damage was done to the body by the shovel or spade. The fingers looked as if bruised off at the joint—it was a fresh wound. The parts around the ear looked decomposed where cut off. Dr. Allan and his son held a post-mortem examination. The Doctor first made a careful examination at the pit, and afterwards at the house.

William Allan, sworn—Am a physician and surgeon in Harbor Grace. Remember December last. Met Inspector Foley about that time—on Dec. 6—and also met Mr. Lilly. I went to Geehan's house with them. We found some blood on a bed and on some articles of female clothing. Inspector Foley and myself further examined, and on turning up a bed and bedding on the opposite side of the room upstairs we found a gun. That looks like the gun. After examining another room and the kitchen we went out into the yard and the stable. Coming out of the stable we went to look at a cart lying on a dung heap. I saw nothing about it to attract my attention. I then went up from the yard to the cellar behind. I saw Mr. Lilly and Mr. Coughlan trying to force the staple—just then some one called, and I found it was Inspector Foley calling from the pit. He was there when I went up, with two policemen. When I got to the pit I saw part of a human hand protruding from the earth. That was the only part of the human body visible at that time. It was the left hand. The rest of the body was covered with earth. I gave instructions to the police to be very particular in removing the earth, so as not to wound the body with the shovel. I was there all the time, and observed that they followed my instructions until they uncovered the body. When the earth was removed the body was found lying straight on its back, with the arms crossed on the lower part of the abdomen. I went down then into the pit and removed the sou'wester, which partly covered the lower part of the face. It was a dark sou'wester. The outer shirt was drawn up over the lower part of the face—it was a dark woollen shirt. I observed a depression on the left side of the head, put my fingers upon it and found the depression was caused by an extensive fracture. The fingers of the right hand were removed from the second joint. The flesh about the parts was torn and bruised, not the effect of decomposition. It was severance of the fingers from the hand. I remained till the Coroner and Jury came, when the body was viewed in the pit by the Jury, and then removed to Geehan's house, where the clothes were removed from the body. The sleeves were were cut away, and the body of the garment drawn off. There was a wound a little below the right eye—a fractured wound. I put my finger into the wound about two inches. The wound was somewhat circular, and went back to the cavity in that part of the cheek—it was likely to have been produced by some pointed instrument. The graff produced at the inquest might produce a similar wound, or a pitchfork with three prongs might produce it. I observed contused wounds on the left side of the head, and also wounds on the right side. I introduced my fingers into the wounds on the right side, and discovered a fracture of the skull. I examined the wounds on the left side of the head, and found that three of them were fractures of the skull. The hole in the cheek might have been made by the gaff now produced. There was another wound on the left side of the face, outside of the eye, penetrating to the bone. It was a bruised wound, not as if cut by a sharp instrument. There were bruises about the right side of the neck, and an abraded spot upon the right arm, about two inches below the shoulder, couldn't say by what caused. It was rather on the outside of the arm. About three inches below there were two other small openings in the arm, about two and a half inches apart, and of a circular shape. I suspected at the time they were caused by gunshots. I did not examine them further then. I think the wounds might have been produced by shot of the kind now shown passing through the arm. That evening I examined the toes, and found a sore upon the big toe of each foot. They were ulcers—the effect of disease and not a wound; they had the appearance of sores. That was all I observed that evening, except the discoloration on various parts of the body. There was discoloration on the scalp on the left side of the head, around the eyes, over the right temple, on the right side of the neck, and patches about the sides of the chest, on the abdomen, the anterior parts of the thighs and arm, and others on the neck—some of them partly caused by putrefaction, others by blows. Am not aware of anything more being done that evening, and I left the body in the house of Geehan. It was identified as the body of Garrett Sears. The post-mortem examination was held

# THE STAR.

next day by direction of Coroner. My son assisted me at the post-mortem. The report now shown me is the original report we made at that examination, and these are our signatures. It states that over the left temple we found a brownish livid discoloration one and one-half inches above the left ear; we found a wound on the scalp of a triangular shape, alongside that wound. One inch further up there was another about three-quarters of an inch in length. One inch upward and backward there was another wound one and one quarter inches in length. In all these wounds the scalp divided to the bone. About one inch above these there was another small wound triangular in shape. Amongst the wounds nearest the ear, I felt extensive fractures with my fingers. One inch below the outer angle of the left eye there was a wound one inch long penetrating to the bone. Over the right temple, and extending downward over the cheek to the mouth was a reddish brown discoloration—the outline in some parts being separated. Parts surrounding both eyes were of a livid hue. A little under the right eye there was an opening into the cheek-bone in which a fracture was felt. Both eyes were injected with blood. The soft parts of the extremity of the nose were very much bruised and torn. On the chin were three very superficial wounds. The right external ear was entirely removed, the edges remaining undergoing putrefaction. About two inches behind the right ear and towards the occiput there was a wound of triangular shape through the scalp to the bone, admitted the point of the finger. There were some livid brownish discolorations on the right side of the neck, about three inches in length, and extending towards the front of the throat. The surface of the right arm, from the armpit to a little below the elbow was discolored with blood. About two inches below the shoulder, on the right arm, was a wound about one inch in length. Three inches further down the arm there were two small wounds of a circular form with a little coagulated blood about their edges. These latter are the wounds I regarded as the probable result of gun shot. The four fingers of the right hand were separated at the second joint. The surrounding substance was torn, and of a brown color. The separation was not the result of decomposition, but of a blow from some instrument. The skin over the abdomen, and the lower parts of the side of the chest, was of a livid greenish hue. The thighs on the outside of a slightly reddish brown color. The genitals were livid. About one inch from the extremity of the big toe of the right foot and a little upon the inner and under surface, there was an ulcer, and another on the other big toe. They were old sores. There were many reddish-brown patches upon the back. On turning back the scalp on the left side of the head, we found it much filled with blood—large quantities of coagulated blood. There were extensive extravasations of blood on the head. On the right side towards the occiput, in the region of the wound, there was extensive coagulation. On the occiput and corresponding to the wounds in the scalp, were two holes penetrating through the skull, and about the size of the point of the little finger. In the one on the left side there was a piece of loose bone of small size. These holes were about three inches apart. From the right side there was a fracture running round by the right temple. On the left side, above the ear and extending towards the eye, were extensive fractures from which we took eight detached pieces of the skull. At this part a portion of the brain protruded, and there was a great deal of extravasated blood on the surrounding parts. The surface of the brain was covered with a thin layer of extravasated blood, the greater part on the left side. There was laceration of the brain, and the bloodvessels were gorged with blood. On removing the brain we found a fracture on the side of the head, extending from the under to the anterior part of the skull. The two small shot wounds on the arm communicated with each other. The organs of the chest and abdomen were healthy, as were the vital organs. The stomach contained about six ounces of food in an advanced state of digestion. The bones on the left side of the head had been driven into the brain, and the fractures on the left side communicated with those on the right. The lower part of the skull all round was completely broken and fractured, and the fingers bruised off—the hand perhaps having been put up in defence of the head. They might have been broken by the same instrument that injured the head. The fractures on the left side of the head were inflicted by a heavy, blunt instrument. The stock of the gun was likely to produce them, and might have caused the severance of the fingers. The holes on the back part of the head were produced by a sharp-pointed instrument. The point of the gaff might have done it, or a pitchfork. From the hole at the right side of the head the fracture ran round to the ear, and was caused by a blunt instrument, and not by the instrument that made the hole, nor was it probably done at the same time. A mattock was produced at the inquest but I don't think the holes were made by that. It is possible the mattock removed the ear. The wounds could not have been inflicted by the parties who exhumed the body even if they had tried to do it. Some of the wounds must have been made while the man was living, but as to others of them I could not say whether made while dead or living. A less number of wounds would have been sufficient to cause death, and those noticed could not have been self-inflicted. The wounds made in the body while living were sufficient to cause death. The holes in the back of the head may have been produced by the corner of the mattock, and it was just the sort of instrument to have severed the ear. It must have taken some time to inflict all these wounds if done by one party—less

time if done by two. The death of Sears was occasioned by the injuries to the head.  
Cross-examined by Mr. Rafius—I could not say the punctured wounds must have been caused before death. It is possible a complicated fracture such as I have described might be produced by a heavy fall. But I think they must have been caused by heavy blows. The wound below the right eye might have been produced before or after death. Decomposition had set in. I would not swear the ear might not have been removed by the spade of the workman. I don't think so in this case, from the putrefaction of the remaining parts. The fingers had the appearance of having been removed some time, and I don't think they could have been removed by the spade. A great part of the discoloration was the result of putrefaction. I am not certain that either of the weapons shown produced the punctured wounds. They could not have been caused by the ramrod pushed down, because that was too small an instrument to produce such wounds. The ear and fingers might have been removed by an animal and in that case the remaining parts would probably present the same appearance.  
Re-examined—The wounds near the nose and below the eye were not done at the time the body was taken out of the pit. They must have been made an hour or two after death if after death at all. I can't say I ever saw or ever heard of such a fracture as that on left side of the head produced by a heavy fall. The putrefaction of the edges show that the ear must have been severed either before or an hour or two after death. The same is true as regards the fingers.  
**[TO BE CONTINUED.]**  
**THE STAR.**  
HARBOR GRACE, JUNE 11, 1872.  
THE outfit for the Labrador Cod fishery is now about completed, supplies being on a liberal scale. A stranger passing through Harbor Grace any day during the past week would be interested in the bustle and activity prevailing, and could not avoid the conclusion that it was "stirring" a place as any other. Notwithstanding the very large gathering from all parts of the Bay, it is creditable to the people that, except in the one disturbance—originated by a couple of drunken men—nothing could be more peaceable and orderly than the conduct of our hardy fishermen on this occasion. We wish them every success and happy re-unions in the fall.  
THE reports of the fishery at this early date continue to be satisfactory. In this Bay a fair start has been made; and from Bonavista also news announces that fish had there struck in. "Days are golden" in the earlier part of this industry, so that "all hands" are hurrying away, or have gone, to their respective locations. The scarcity of men has proven a drawback—the mystery being, what has become of them? The shore fishery, no doubt, absorbs a large portion of those who in former years depended on the sharmen's lay.  
**LOCAL VARIETIES.**  
The coastal steamer *Tiger* arrived from the Northward, on Monday evening, and *Hawk*, from the Westward, on Thursday evening. The former brings favorable accounts of the opening of the fishery to the Northward. The latter reports but little done to the Westward.—*Express of Saturday.*  
A Jury of Matrons having reported to the Supreme Court that the prisoner Joanna Hamilton, sentenced to death as accomplice in the murder of Garrett Sears, is about to become a mother, her execution has been postponed till November next.—*Nfld. of Friday.*  
The Society of St. Vincent de Paul gratefully acknowledge the receipt of Twenty pounds from Revd. C. Harvey and John M. Maddock, Executors of Thomas Butler, Esq., late of Port de Grave, merchant, deceased—being the amount of bequest to the Society.—*Ibid.*  
H. M. S. *S. Eclipse* arrived at this port on the morning of Wednesday last, from Halifax.—A late Halifax paper notes that H. M. S. *S. Lapping* will leave that port for Bermuda on the arrival of the English mail, and would probably return to Halifax about the 12th June, en route to Newfoundland.—*Times of Saturday.*  
"AT HIS OLD TRICKS.—The ingenious youth who fabricates sensations about the Colonies—especially Newfoundland—for the New York press, has turned up again. His latest inventions are the murder of a family in St. Pierre, Miquelon, and the loss of 44 vessels and 3,000 lives in the Newfoundland Seal fishery. The New York *Times* is the latest journal that publishes his fictions."  
We take the above from a Halifax paper. It is high time to put a stop to the excessively improper conduct of the "ingenious youth," and others of the same disreputable stamp, who persist in their villainous occupation, to the great discredit of the American press.—*Ibid.*  
We have much pleasure in noticing that the little steamer *Isabella*, belonging to Ambrose Shea, Esq., after having her machinery thoroughly overhauled by the St. John's Foundry, is now in good working order, and made a successful trial trip on Wednesday last.—*Ledger of Friday.*

## CORRESPONDENCE.

[FOR THE HARBOR GRACE STAR.]  
**FLIRTING.**

As we anticipated, the opinions advanced in our last have raised quite a storm in a teapot about our ears. One anxious mammy sarcastically hints that our grocers bill for "pepper, mustard and vinegar must be enormous! Another calls us a "poison'd asp as should be shut up in a parrot cage the remainder of our lives!" Wading through the billows thus lash'd into trouble around our devoted heads, we stand firm and dry on the pedestal of truth; and therefore continue our meditations on "flirting." For the sake of condensation we will suppose it possible to meet good looking people who are wholly unconscious of their personal distinguishing marks, or who feel greatly pleased when these peculiarities are systematically ignored. The supposition is a bold one, but granting that it may be realised it does not follow that the transformation extends to beholders. If a person has a long and a short arm or a "hop and carry one" gait, observers will certainly notice the eccentricity. To argue that a dam-d with a blue and a black eye would attract attention; or that politeness insists on assimilating colour in such a case, is only to add to the absurdity that professes insensibility to the charms of beauty. One object in life should be to look at things as they are; overrestraining and abnegation alike are reprehensible. Nature is beautiful in her blessings as in her lessons. She spreads before us a field sufficiently varied and attractive to strengthen honesty of principles in her children, leaving no incentives to subterfuge or deceit. The astonishment is that these influences are less potent than they are found to be. A drive in the country by and bye would open to our delighted view a panorama of beauty. If on such an occasion, we had as our companion one who appreciated such a scene, it would follow as a matter of course that we would both alight, when, if a lady and we a gent, there is nothing more certain than that our knowledge of flowers would quickly expand. We gather a bouquet of wild roses, and together sit down—'neath umbrageous foliage, within hearing of the murmuring brook—inhalere their sweet perfume and descant on their unadorned beauty. There cannot be anything more natural than such recreation; and yet—if we happen to be young people and are seen thus engaged—three out of four of those who thus behold us would set this down as a case of flirting in the first degree. But if so, then it is flirting—in like degree—when the sun kisses the dew drops; when the bee extracts sweets from the honeysuckle; when innocent children gambol in merry frolic over green fields, chasing the butterfly that evades their anxious grasp. Strong in their antipathy to natural, honest and sprightly enjoyment, "puritans" have studiously ridiculed everything resembling such recreation. Sometimes this is done with the cutting weapons of irony; at other times it may be traced in a sem humorous strain, intended to wound more deeply. A late writer must have been moved by the latter influence when he asks, "If small girls are wails are large ones wailers? Certainly, says sweet sixteen! at least the boys have a habit of applying them to their lips in sealing their vows." There is a strong smack of envy on the part of this writer, so that we can afford to let him pass. Such men will not be likely to seal many vows in the manner indicated. Where "puritans" of the class referred to become troublesome, it would be well if an arrangement could be made to enforce their keeping on one side of a street, leaving the other for their detested flirts. We think it must be self-evident to honest-minded people, that flirting means the legitimate enjoyment of nature's blessings; that it is the grateful reception of favours bestowed on us as on our fathers from time immemorial; that it is the due application of the fitness of things—not proud and vindictive, but content and philanthropic; and lastly, that it is an acknowledgement of the nice adjustment regulating the universe.  
ADAM AND EVE.  
June 10.  
[FOR THE HARBOR GRACE STAR.]  
**AUCTIONEERING.**  
BY "AULD BEEKIE."

half's in seeing distance, and might sue for a divorce. Put it up; who says a dollar a pound. Nobody says a dollar; well look here, the first who bids a dollar a pound will get a frying-pan into the bargain. A dollar a pound, now there ye boobies, you don't know a good ham from a pot of snow blacking—a dollar, four shillings, three shillings, two shillings. I'll take one shilling a pound for the ham. One shilling a pound—neither a sixteenth part of a farthing less or more. One shilling a pound—sold again. Now for a change; here's a frill of figs that grew on the fig tree that once was withered; there are four pounds sterling in a frill—how much for the figs—no one says anything for the figs. Very well—I don't care a fig! I'll eat 'em myself and live happy at five per cent commission on these deplacitated old hams.  
June 10.  
**GENERAL NEWS.**  
**INCREDIBLE STORIES.**  
A young gentleman in Newfoundland, who appears to be gifted with some literary ability and a good deal larger share of dishonest audacity, has been supplying the leading New York dailies with "bogus" sensational reports of heart-rending incidents, "the scene" being invariably laid in or near Newfoundland. The "Sun" and "World" were both taken in, and both, we believe, exposed the author. And now there appear in the "Times" extravagant statements bearing the impress of the same cunning hand. The "Times" publishes a letter declaring that four steamers, forty sailing vessels and three thousand men, of the Newfoundland Sealing fleet, have been wrecked and destroyed. Two are three vessels and portions of their crews have certainly been lost, as already described in Canadian papers; and with this modicum of fact to assist him, the correspondent has concocted the most extravagant falsehood of the year. The names of all the vessels which he declares are "known to have been lost," with the number of the crew on each vessel, are stated with great particularity, and fact and fiction are weaved together with all the cunning of insanity. There also appears in a New York paper a story purporting to be a description of a wholesale murder in the Island of St. Pierre, involving lives of ten persons, that looks "very like a whale." Three shadowy figures are seen stealing from the house of a blacksmith named Fongier "before the dawn of light;" they are pursued;—they take to a boat, which immediately puts to sea;—they are followed, overtaken and returned to land;—their crime is discovered—they have murdered ten men, women and children! The cause of the murder is unique. The head of the murdered family was heir to property in Bordeaux, France, valued at six millions of francs. His name is Fongier, and his wife's name Berthe. The wife's relatives, especially one Louis Berthe, had been in possession, and through Fongier's efforts, dispossessed. The short road to retaining the property was for Louis to murder Fongier, his wife, and all his family, resident in St. Pierre. After Fongier left Lyons for his home, Berthe associated with himself two desperadoes who could be hired to do anything for money, and sailed for Newfoundland. His midnight decent on the unfortunate Fongier family was only too successful. The consternation and horror spread far and wide throughout this peaceful settlement by this wholesale slaughter is indescribable. The murderers will be sent to France as the authorities of St. Pierre have no jurisdiction in murder cases." It may be all fact, but it sounds as if it were all fiction, and the product of the same mind that has so frequently and successfully imposed on the acute New York Press.  
**THE OIL TRADE.**  
The growth of the oil business in America is one of the most wonderful features of the age. It is only eighteen years ago since Luther Atwood first made coal oil and offered it for sale; and it was four years later that it came into use for illuminating purposes. Two years later still, or twelve years ago, the manufactured products of the Pennsylvania wells came into the market. The figures which represent the trade of to-day are enormous. From the Pennsylvania oil region, which has been further developed than any other, because of the priority of its discovery and its commercial facilities, there were shipped last year 5,700,000 barrels, or 228,000,000 gallons, of which 3,890,326 barrels were exported. Of this quantity, 94,955,850 gallons passed through New York market, 53,901,590 gallons through Philadelphia, and only 2,185,096 through Boston.  
**THE ALLEGED NEWS FROM DR. LIVINGSTONE.**  
Dr. Beke, in a letter to the "Times," cautions the public against being too sanguine respecting the truth of the report last week as to the safety of Dr. Livingstone. There does not appear, he says, to be any letter, or even any

oral message, from either Livingstone himself or Mr. Stanley; but it is simply the "report" of "some natives," who profess to "have been forty days on the journey" from Ujiji to Zanzibar. Dr. Beke reminds us that false reports of Dr. Livingstone's death were circulated by his own people some time ago, and that in 1865 a false report that Captain Cameron had been liberated from captivity in Abyssinia had the effect of putting an end to Mr. Palgrave's mission to endeavor to procure the liberation of the captives. He adds, however, that it will not in like manner prevent Lieutenant Dawson and his party from prosecuting their journey, for it is announced that at the end of the present month, when the rains shall have ceased, they purpose proceeding from Zanzibar into the interior.

## THE TICHBORNE CLAIMANT'S DAUGHTER.

The Warrington "Guardian" (Eng.) records a wonderful story. It reports that a letter has been received by a respectable tradesman living in Birmingham, from a relative residing in Poole, in Dorsetshire, which alleges that a young woman who has been for some time residing with a farmer in the neighborhood of Poole, has been discovered to be the daughter of Sir Roger Tichborne. She has hitherto gone by the name of her guardian, and was supposed to be his daughter. There is a mysterious "sealed packet" in the case, which was not to be opened till the young woman came of age. The packet was opened the other day, when the singular discovery was made. "Which way will the cat jump now?"

## STARTLING DREAM VERIFIED.

A singular case of the fulfilment of a startling dream has recently been added to the many well-authenticated instances of such occurrences. A Mr. J. C. Clymore of Vienna, Ill., in a letter to the Hon. Horatio King of Washington, with whom he was in the habit of corresponding, mentioned incidentally that he had dreamed for four consecutive nights of being murdered. A few days later a despatch from Chicago announced that J. C. Clymore had been murdered near Vienna on the evening of March 29. Mr. King, recalling the story of the dream, at once supposed that the murdered man must be his correspondent, although there was a slight difference in the spelling of the names. To make the matter sure he wrote to Vienna, and in answer he received two letters from the Postmaster of that place, from which it appears that his conjecture was correct. Mr. Clymore left his home on the morning of April 29th, and was last seen alive in a desolate spot late in the evening of that day. The next morning his hat, saddle-bags, papers, gloves, and pieces of his clothing were found near where he was last seen. There were also two large clubs found, bearing blood and hair. The horse he was riding went home with a gash cut in one shoulder fourteen inches long. His body was afterward found floating in a stream. It was not known that he had any enemies, and it is supposed that he was murdered for money, as he was accustomed to have large sums in his possession. The Vienna Postmaster writes that Mr. Clymore related his strange dream to the last man he is known to have talked with.

## THE MICMAC INDIANS AND LADY WOOD.

The Micmac Indians of P. E. I. are in luck. A Charlottetown journal congratulates them on a further instance of kindness and sympathy manifested toward them by the late Lady Wood, of Bath, England. Her Ladyship in her will, after leaving a sum towards the establishment of an institution for the Deaf, and Dumb, leaves the residue of her property on this Island, for the benefit of benevolence will be highly appreciated, and under judicious management, powerful aid in the prosecution of the enterprise on foot for improving the condition and circumstances of these people.

## ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

As the S. S. "Eagle," of and from St. John's, Nfld., Jackman master, was entering Cow Bay on the 26th ult., one of the stokers who appears to have been laboring under a fit of temporary insanity, made an unsuccessful attempt to commit suicide by cutting his throat with a s' eath knife; at last accounts he was still alive.—Halifax paper.

A man should do for his advertising something as he does for his stock of goods—arrange it so as to attract attention by its novelty, variety and good taste.

Mr. Anthony Musgrave, C. M. G., late Governor of the colony of British Columbia, has been appointed Governor of Natal.

A \$10,000 fire occurred at Ottawa on the 24th ult.



## A SUMMER SONG.

The summer flowers in regal bloom  
Make field and garden fair,  
Their fragrance in the dreamy noon  
Perfumes the balmy air;  
The river murmurs through the vale  
Upon its sea-bound way,  
And o'er the pleasant hill and dale  
The birds sing blithe and gay,—  
And river, flowers, and birds to me  
Are ever bringing thoughts of Thee.

The woods at eve are cool and lone;  
And when I linger there,  
There's something in the wind's soft moan  
That whispers Thou art near.  
My thoughts by Fancy's chain are bound  
As by a magic spell,  
And strange, sweet visions wrap me round  
While in the lonely dell,—  
And rustling leaves and murmuring  
To me are bringing sweetest dreams.

The sunset saddens in the West,  
The stars peep through the skies;  
The weary day is hushed to rest  
By gentlest zephyr sighs;  
The wavelets break upon the shore,  
The moon shines o'er the sea,  
The sandy beach I wander o'er  
Alone to dream of Thee,—  
And stars, and sky, and moonlit sea,  
All, all are bringing thoughts of Thee.

## SELF-SACRIFICE;

OR,

## ALAN MONROE.

[CONTINUED.]

Sir Astley tore down the window, and crying for "Help!" looked out upon a strange, awful scene. Lights glittering here and there, crowds of moving objects lining the banks, only just visible by stray lanterns and torches, and the scattered fire of the overturned engine, which was puffing its last gasp before a mountain of shattered carriages.

Sir Astley shook the door—it was locked. In desperation, he knelt by the prostrate girl, chafed her hands, wetted her lips from the spirit flask he carried with him, then again he shouted for aid, and this time one or two men came running towards him.

"Dreadful accident, Sir; run into a goods train," said the man, as he came forward and opened the door.

"I fear this lady is very much hurt; assist me to remove her from the carriage." Sir Astley's voice was husky. "Is there a station near?"

"More than five miles from Berwick, sir," replied the man.

Though Sir Astley had been obliged to avail himself of assistance to lift Miss Aylwood from the carriage, he would allow no other arms to bear the burden, until his strength failed; and tottering to the embankment, he laid her down, and fell beside her; but in a minute he started up. "Good heavens! she will catch her death of cold!"

He was staggering away towards the awful moving mass in front, to seek help, when "Oh dear Sir!" cried a plaintive voice at his ear! "I'm so thankful to find you. Where is—?" Then, with a shriek, Phoebe knelt beside her mistress, and weald and wept, and crooned like a Banshee.

Meanwhile, aid had multiplied, and Sir Astley soon found what he sought. A rude litter was constructed, and Miss Aylwood removed upon it to an hotel at Berwick.

As they passed along, Blanche opened her eyes and as she languidly moved one small gloved hand, she felt a firm, kind pressure close upon it, and a voice whispered, "Heaven be praised! you are safe. Take courage; I am here."

Who the "I" was, Blanche was too confused to comprehend, but in the sense of protection, with the swaying movement of the litter, and the measured tramp, tramp of her bearers, Blanche, with one shiver at the cold morning air, again became unconscious.

## CHAPTER IV.

"And you cannot tell me the address of the friends to whom your mistress was going?" asked Sir Astley, of the trembling Phoebe who stood in the doorway of a large private room, at the "Queen's Hotel," Berwick, while her interlocutor passed up and down restlessly.

There were the remains of an early breakfast on the table, but Sir Astley had been too severely shaken to partake of much food, and his anxiety for his fellow-traveller seemed greater than there short acquaintance warranted. He often pressed his hand to his now plastered forehead, and looked very pale and haggard.

"No, indeed sir, I cannot," Mr. Monroe was to have met us at Edinburgh, and I believe their place was some miles beyond," was the woman's answer to the last question.

"And the boxes have only 'Passenger to Edinburgh,' ruminated Sir Astley. "Well, there is nothing to be done but to wait Miss Aylwood's return to consciousness; the doctor says its only a shock to the brain—no injury. How does she seem now?"

"Still sleeping, sir; if she opens her eyes, she closes them again instantly." The Baronet stopped suddenly.

"Has she no letters? The friends to whom she was going should be written to. As for Mrs.—Mrs. Rutherford, I am acquainted with—the family, and will at once telegraph to her Miss Aylwood's escape."

"I make no doubt, sir, now I think of it, that my young lady has Mrs. Monroe's address in her travelling-bag. Shall I bring it to you?"

"Certainly. It is necessary; she would wish it, I am sure." The little leather reticule was soon placed in Sir Astley's hands, and the maid was turning away.

"Be so good as to remain" if you please. I do not wish to open Miss Aylwood's private papers without a witness that I do no more than transcribe the address. Stand here for a minute, if you please."

He seated himself at a side table, on which were pens, ink, and paper; and Phoebe took up her position as indicated beside him.

There was but one letter amidst the usual medley of biscuits, clean handkerchiefs, scent-bottles, and other ladylike trappings, the same which we have already pronounced sacred to poor Blanche's eyes alone; and now it was laid open before a stranger, disclosing within a delicate little floral card, with a true lovers' knot, evidently symbolical of St. Valentine. This and the letter were reluctantly and reverently traced. The signature was first copied—"Alan Monroe;" then the heading of the letter—"Grassedale, Edinburgh." He appeared not even to glance at anything else.

It was the work of a minute, but as Sir Astley returned the reticule to the maid, with the letter duly enclosed, his hand shook, and there was a deep flush on his face. If Phoebe observed this, it was attributed to his scruples to availing himself of this necessary information. When alone a pallor succeeded to the recent glow on the Baronet's face, and after one minute's rigid stillness he dropped his head upon his folded arms on the table, and the words, "My own beloved Blanche,"—seen in spite of himself—now in large capitals, now in italics, now in old English letters—danced before his wearied brain until he slept.

The soft-footed waiter crept in and out unheard. "Puir mon! nac maivel he's awerie! Sic a hairbreadth escape o' his life! They say there's fifteen kilt, and five-an'-twenty sairy hurt. Aweel, aweel! I'm unco glad he's no sleepin' the sleep o' death!"

And with this charitable congratulation, he softly closed the door upon the unconscious Baronet. In less than half an hour, Sir Astley awoke and rose shivering to poke the fire. "I'm a fool—an old fool!" he muttered, between his closed teeth, as he vented his feelings by a series of emphatic thwacks upon the huge northern coal. "With the cruel past to warn me, I have fallen madly in love with a young girl I had never set my eyes on twenty-four years ago; in my silly blindness, never weighing the probability that my usual accursed fate—as far as women are concerned—would follow me inevitably in this instance. Astley Chichester you're a boy!—a perfect boy in hot-headed infatuation! Perhaps, if I could lay my head on a pillow for six or seven hours, I should awake from my dream. But no; I have first a duty to perform, so—"

and seating himself again at the writing-table, he drew the blotting-case before him—"and now for Mr. Alan Monroe, and then for Mildred Rutherford. How little I ever thought to address that woman again in a forgiving and painless spirit!"

## CHAPTER V

Sir Astley had just despatched his letters to Mrs. Rutherford and Mr. Monroe when the waiter reappeared.

"There is a gentleman below, sir speirin' about the leddy; he seems well-nigh daft aboon the accident. Master thought perhaps, as you was a friend of hers, you wouldn't mind a seein' of him," he concluded, relapsing with a coaxing whisper into the broad English dialect, with which he was perfectly familiar, and which he considered complimentary and more comprehensible to his auditor.

Sir Astley bit his lip, and frowned. His heart told him who was the visitor. I will see the gentlemen, certainly. Show him up.

The waiter disappeared with alacrity, and presently returned followed by a boyish-looking man whose pink and white face seemed absurdly small at the top of a huge plaid scarf, twisted many times around his throat; while his slender, almost wasted figure was concealed by a thick tartan, folded as a Maud across his back and chest. He had escaped the national sardiness by genuine threads of gold in his hair; and his face, when the wild, scared expression passed from the large brown eyes, was not without remarkable beauty of an effeminate cast.

Is she—Blanche—Miss Aylwood who gasped, when a violent fit of coughing impeded his utterance.

Take a chair—Mr. Monroe, I presume? said Sir Astley. Miss Aylwood is not seriously hurt. You appear to have a very severe cough; I will ring for a glass of water.

"Oh, it is nothing, answered the visitor, with difficulty. I have been laid up with an attack on the lungs, but am much better. The stairs tried me, that is all.

Sir Astley looked at the small, delicate man scrutinizingly, and the same sort of pity he might have felt for a suffering child or woman, possessed his breast. From a decanter on the side-board he filled a glass with sherry, and held it to his guest.

You have been alarmed and agitated, naturally. Drink this—you are faint—and then we will speak together.

You are very kind. The wine was not refused, but Astley saw how white and blue-veined was the small womanly hand, and how it shook as he carried the glass to his trembling lips. Presently he gained composure and said, It has been a dreadful shock to me. You know, of course, that I am engaged to Miss Aylwood? The landlord tells me you are an old friend of the family. (This must have been Phoebe's construction, but Sir Astley let it pass.) I should have gone to London to fetch Blanche, who was coming on a visit to my mother, but I have as I told you, been very ill. I was on the platform at Waverley when they telegraphed the accident to the train, and I thought the shock would have killed me. He covered his face with his hands. Tell me the truth; is my dear—Blanche really safe? Can I see her?"

"She is safe, but you cannot see her, Mr. Monroe. The doctor has ordered her to be kept perfectly quiet."

"But you—do you?" A quick jealous look passed over the young man's face. He stopped and blushed.

"Am I so favoured as to be admitted to her presence, while you are debarred from it you would ask, Mr. Monroe," said Sir Astley, sarcastically.

"Although, pardon my suggesting the doubt as unnecessary and unworthy of Miss Aylwood's affianced husband."

"I beg your pardon; I am sure I am thankful you were there to take care of her, poor, dear girl! I could not at first trace out where she had been taken, I came straight to Berwick, and but for not being able to find the right place I should have been here before. Now, as I cannot see Blanche, I must go back to my mother; she will hear of the accident and be terribly frightened."

And he rose.

"I wrote to you, this morning, Mr. Monroe, and also to Mrs. Rutherford. Certainly you can do no good by remaining here. She is merely suffering from the sudden shock to her nerves; and the fewer people about her, the better. I will send you a daily bulletin, as I have also promised her sister to do, and directly the doctor gives permission for her to see any one, I will apprise you."

"Thank you very much, Sir—Sir—I forget your name—the landlord did tell me."

"Astley Chichester."

"Then you remain here?" And again the doubtful look passed over the lover's face.

"I have not escaped unhurt, as you see." And Sir Astley pointed to his brow. I am much shaken and need a day or two's rest. When I have afforded you all the information you desire—but pray do not let me hurry you—I shall go to my room, and sleep for as many hours as nature requires.

I am sorry to have intruded on you; but they told me you were travelling with Miss Aylwood; and it has been such a satisfaction! Do you make a long stay in Scotland?"

A few weeks. I am going to a friend who has a moor here. Do you shoot, Mr. Monroe?"

It is to be feared that the smile that accompanied the query was slightly contemptuous, and that, the strong man gloried too much in his strength. He would as soon have pictured a girl loading and firing a gun, as you puny stripping.

No, not much! I don't care about it. If you should be coming in our direction, we shall be very pleased to see you, Sir Astley. And he presented the Baronet with a card, on which was simply engraved, Alan Monroe, Grassedale. It is about nine miles from Edenburgh; any one will direct you. Of course, when Blanche—Miss Aylwood is well enough to travel, I will come and remove her to my mother's house. Good morning, Sir Astley Chichester; and I thank you for your courtesy.

The two men parted with affected cordiality, and their hands met; but this was the impression made upon each other.

He's a big overbearing sort of man. I don't half like his taking possession of Blanche in that way, were young Monroe's reflections. After what he'd done, I couldn't well help asking him for Grassedale; but I shall get Blanche away from here as soon as I can, depend on it. After all, I'm a jealous fool;

for, most likely, a middle-aged man like that has a wife and family.

And so Blanche Aylwood spoils my second love-dream for the sake of a doll like that! mused Sir Astley, as the door closed behind his visitor. A pink and white piece of biscuit china, more fragile than a girl! Well if that's her ideal of a husband, I am not the man for her; so I'll go and sleep off my infatuation!

## CHAPTER VI.

Alan writes word that he's coming to fetch me to-morrow. I—I think I feel strong enough to continue my journey now, Sir Astley.

The words were spoken hesitatingly. Miss Aylwood half reclined on a couch in her private sitting room at the Queen's Hotel; and her self-constituted protector stood on the hearth-rug, looking down upon the pale, pretty specimen of womanhood with earnest concentration, and a thumping heart.

Ten days had elapsed since the accident; and no one knew better than those two occupants of that room—who vainly imagined they were deceiving each other—no one knew better than they did (unless it was the doctor and Phoebe the maid) that Miss Aylwood had been equal to the journey for the last three days. But the doctor had no objection to good patients, and was quick to discern their tastes and inclinations; while Phoebe liked the brisk life of an hotel, and the society of the gallant waiters, who were ever ready to do the coquetish little Southerner a service; and she had been heard to express a shrewd conviction that she should be "buried alive" at Grassedale; so Phoebe had no mind to urge her mistress to a move.

Sir Astley Chichester had passed an hour or two every evening in Miss Aylwood's private room since her convalescence, during which their intimacy had ripened, and his wise resolve as to overcoming his infatuation had been imprudently forgotten. For, alas! between them stood the shadow (it could not be called substance) of Alan Monroe. The betrothed husband had never paid the expected visit, for the nervous excitement and exposure to cold he had undergone while yet suffering from recent illness, had again prostrated him.

Blanche looked up at Sir Astley, as she spoke of her ability to travel, and something she read there brought the color to her face.

"You wish to go?" he said, almost pleadingly.

She passed it off with a little nervous laugh.

"Do not put it so, and make me either too rude or too complimentary, Sir Astley. But you know I must go. I cannot remain here."

"The brightest day passes the most rapidly," he said, musingly.

"I do not call that a 'bright day' which brought us together here," she answered, quickly.

She shuddered at the remembrance of the accident. He put another construction upon it; for there had been dangerous passages in their recent intimacy, when each had trembled with a knowledge of that secret they dared not to speak.

"You are right, Miss Aylwood," he answered, and he moved towards her, taking impulsively the small white hand which, unresisting, remained in his, although a look of sweet, imploring terror filled the blue eyes. "You are quite right; it was not a bright day that threw us across each other's paths, since it has followed that on which you promised to be Alan Monroe's wife."

Closely he folded the hand he so dearly coveted, and held it against his heart, while he bent lower and lower over her, until the blue eyes drooped beneath the passion in his; and then, turning towards the pillow, she burst into tears.

"My darling! My beloved! My own heart's chosen one! Found too late! Forgive me!" he cried kneeling beside her. "Seal my pardon with one kiss, and send me from you for ever!"

No answer but the echo in Blanche's heart, "Found too late!—Found too late!"

In the lack of response to his petition—in the withdrawal of her hand from his—in the silence that followed—Astley Chichester recovered his senses, which in a moment of passion, had deserted him. He was a warm-hearted man, but he had no intention of being deliberately unprincipled; and the sudden perception flashed across him that in stealing Alan Monroe's promised wife away from him, he was treating another man with that dishonor under which he himself had smarted. His whole soul recoiled at the thought.

With one loving pressure on the soft, golden head, he left her side, and retired to a distance wishing vainly he could recall that momentary madness; but her voice, low, faint, and tremulous with a strange sweetness, summoned him to her side again, and he needed all his man's best strength not to go and clasp her to him, so that none should part them.

But he was brave and to her gentle whisper, "Are you angry? Do not leave me," he only answered, "I have been very wrong, Miss Aylwood. Will

you forget what has passed? I dare not trust myself near you again."

The calmness of his words restored her composure. She rose from the couch and merely saying, "Wait till I return," left the room.

In a few minutes she rejoined him, her fevered brow cooled with eau-de-cologne, and only a sweet, saddened look about her eyes to show the recent tears and conflict.

He was seated on the couch she had left, but she knew not his head had been resting on the pillow where hers had lain, when he rose to receive her.

She came up to him and laying her hand on his arm looked up pleadingly in his face.

"I want you to help me to do right," she said.

He started.

Good Heavens! Was the wish of his heart so much hers also, that she needed to enlist him against himself?

"Listen," she added. "I wish—I ought to tell you all. You know that Mildred and I were left motherless very young, to the guidance of our own hearts, or perhaps she might, with better training, have spared the pain she inflicted. But you do not know that I was brought up at Grassedale by dear Mrs. Monroe, one of the kindest, most motherly creatures in the world. Alan is her only son. We have been like brother and sister; at least, so I thought, till I found his happiness—they said his very life—was bound up with mine. His mother—who had been as mine own—pleaded, Mildred and Pierce pleaded; for—and her lip curled—Alan is a Scotch laird, with a long pedigree, and by no means penniless. I was heart-whole; and I gave way, for there seemed no hardship in living the rest of my life, as I had lived for so long, in company with one whom it had been my dearest pleasure to cherish and pet as a younger brother from childhood. But—she paused and then added in a choked voice, you have taught me differently. You have made me feel the real power of a man's love—the only true force that draws a wife to a husband; and I wish you to know you have not thrown your love away. I am honoured by the gift—grateful, proud, but it comes too late; I cannot draw back, though my heart feels broken!"

She leaned her head against the cold mantel-piece, pale and wan. She was stricken too deeply for tears.

Astley Chichester paced the room.

Good heavens! And loving me like this, Blanche, you will take yourself away—you will give yourself to another—man? The last epithet came reluctantly, as though he claimed no affinity as such with Mr. Alan Monroe. You will go to the altar with a lie on your lips!

No, no; cried Blanche. Have mercy—help me to do my duty!

His brain was whirling. He stopped short, looked intently into her face an instant, then caught her in his arms, and strained her to his breast almost fiercely.

Heaven forgive me, I can't, Blanche, you ask too much, my dearest, my last, best love!

But the lips would not meet his, and she struggled from his embrace.

Astley you are cruel—you make unfair use of your power. Then I must stand alone. You, shall at least respect me; for though I ruin your heart's peace and my own, I will never break faith that I have plighted—I will never desert Alan Monroe!

Again his better self triumphed as he looked at the noble woman, strong in her sense of right, beside him, and thought of the hard words he had called her sister for that very deed he was tempting her to commit.

Perhaps something of that change of tone made itself felt by Blanche, for she urged, I shall be braver if I know you share my feelings. Oh, Astley! say I am right; say you will help me to be true!

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

## THE STAR

AND CONCEPTION BAY SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

Is printed and published by the Proprietors, ALEXANDER A. PARSONS and WILLIAM R. SQUAREY, at their Office, (opposite the premises of Capt. D. Green) Water Street, Harbor Grace, Newfoundland.

Price of Subscription—THREE DOLLARS per annum; payable half-yearly.

Advertisements inserted on the most liberal terms, viz.:—Per square of seventeen lines, for first insertion, \$1; each continuation, 25 cents.

Book and Job Printing executed in a manner calculated to give the utmost satisfaction.

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