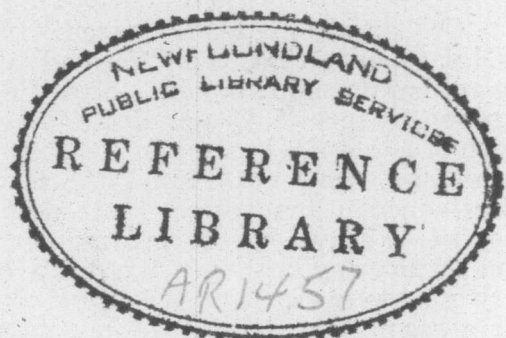


# The Star,



AND CONCEPTION BAY SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Friday, June 7, 1872.

Number 7.

## 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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Harbor Grace, May 14, 1872. tff

## NOTHING TO SAY—A LETTER.

My friend, I would willingly write to you, if I had anything to tell; I'd scorn to indulge in words untrue, Though they may answer as well, But you know I'm averse to all but truth; I hold affection at bay; So you must excuse my sleeping muse, For I have nothing to say.

If I were a woman I might contrive To invent a page or two; Their dear little tongues are ever alive, With something sweet and new. Their talk is pleasant, but they must own There's much of it thrown away; I'd like to dilate on the female trait,— But I have nothing to say.

Of words I was never so much bereft, I think I'll steal a few, And let no one else know of the theft, As many good writers do. But fame, though great, thus falsely gained, I fancy would soon decay; I'm sorry, indeed, that I can't proceed, But I have nothing to say.

There are many things that would suit me well To write about if I could; But whatever I write seems to be wrong, Be the subject bad or good. Why is it so? I would like to know; Tell me somebody, I pray, 'Tis a source of thought that comes unsought, When I have nothing to say.

I'll have to remain in silent pain, Till something bids me speak, And my sleeping muse wakes up again On some sky-kissing peak. But my mind is all astray; I'm sorry, indeed, I must conclude, For I have nothing to say.

## Supreme Court.

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

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

[CONTINUED.]

Mary Foley, sworn—Live South Side Harbor Grace—know Daniel Shougharoo—am a servant of his; was his servant last November. I knew Garrett Sears—he lived with Geehan. Know prisoners at the bar. Remember the Thursday when Mrs. Geehan's body was found. Recollect the Monday evening previous Geehan was over to my master's premises—didn't hear their conversation. Recollect the Sunday before. I went to Spaniards Bay after dinner and returned about 6 or 7. On the Monday evening I saw Geehan at my master's stable, and saw a scratch on his face. I was at Geehan's house on that evening, and saw both the prisoners there. I asked Hamilton where was her mistress. She said in Harbor Grace, and that Sears had gone to meet her. Saw Geehan at my master's on Tuesday—he was there most all day, killing a pig with my master. He went home and came back again after night. Geehan said Sears and his sister had gone to Brigus, and that Sears was going on to St. John's; Hamilton was there at the time. I passed Geehan's house on Tuesday, and saw Geehan in the yard and Hamilton was standing at the back door. They remained in my master's house that night till about 10. My master asked them to come over—never saw them there together before. I told her to come over that evening. Saw Sears on Monday about 10 or 11 o'clock; he was walking through Geehan's field, going towards back cellar house and pit. I know the pit on Geehan's land. He had on a canvas trousers, something dark on his back and a sou'wester—carried nothing in his hand. Never saw him dead or alive after. On that day, when at dinner, I heard report of a gun. The clothes he wore were something like those produced. The report was very loud and shook the windows. Remember being in Geehan's house on the Monday after Mrs. G. was buried. Heard Geehan say he fired at a hawk. Geehan had been at Harbor Grace, and on his return Hamilton told him a hawk had been after the hens that day. He said he had fired at one before that. I was at Geehan's that day washing the sheets that had been taken from Mrs. G.'s corpse. On Wednesday night I was at Geehan's house, and asked Hamilton what time they expected Mrs. G. She said they didn't expect her that night. On Wednesday I saw Geehan's horse in the field. Have seen Geehan use a box cart and a dray cart. One of his carts was on wheels on Tuesday—think the dray cart. On the day Mrs.

G.'s body was found Hamilton came to our house and said a woman was dead in Spaniards Bay road. She said the police had said it was her mistress; she seemed excited and was crying. My master asked her what was the matter, and she told him. He asked her if the mistress had any money about her. She said she did not know, but had heard her master say he had given her £5. Last saw Mrs. G. alive on Sunday in her own yard. Nothing was said that evening about her going up the Bay—had heard nothing from Mrs. G. or Sears about it. On Monday evening before the body was found Hamilton told me Geehan fell down from hayloft on some boughs, and scratched his face.

Cross-examined by Mr. Emerson—Hamilton was crying when she came to our house. I have known her these two years; she bears a good character; have heard her mistress give her a good name. Before Hamilton came home from the Labrador her mistress used to speak favorably of her.

Cross-examined by Mr. Rafterus—Knew Mrs. G. and Sears pretty well—occasionally went to their house on business—was there during the week before the gun was fired. They appeared to be living amicably—never heard any quarreling. Mrs. Geehan and Hamilton were good friends. Heard Sears had frost-bitten toes—he had a lame step. Never heard him say he was going to the Hospital—heard Geehan say it. My master never lost any hens by a hawk. Never knew Geehan and Sears to quarrel. Was at the wake the first night—was up and down stairs all night—the place was crowded. Mary Mansfield was there one night—never knew Mary Mansfield till last summer—saw her then pretty often. Never saw Mrs. Geehan in bad health; she worked all summer. The family were on good terms.

By the Court—I saw no hawk the day I was at Geehan's—was there from ten o'clock to four, washing in the kitchen. Mrs. G.'s body was washed in the kitchen—the people had refreshments up stairs.

John Hearn, sworn—Live at Bryant's Cove, and am a farmer and fisherman—know the prisoners; live three miles from them. They live at River Head of Harbor Grace, South side. I was at Nowlan's Harbor on the Labrador last summer. Knew Geehan's fishing room, and saw Hamilton there; she was in Geehan's employ. Our room is 130 or 140 yards from theirs. My wife was with me at the Labrador. I had a conversation with Hamilton at our house there.

The Counsel for prisoners objected to evidence about to be produced on the ground of irrelevancy. It had application solely to Mrs. Geehan, the circumstances of whose death were not matter of enquiry. Mr. Emerson contended that the statement sought to be put in evidence by the Crown carried no malice on the part of Hamilton towards Sears, and could not be construed as a threat against him. If showing malice at all it would only show it as against Mrs. Geehan; and such malice on the part of Hamilton towards her ought not to be received in a trial on an indictment for the murder of Sears. Mr. Rafterus contended that, as Geehan was no party to the statement of Hamilton, and not present when it was made, it could in no way effect him, and should not be received in evidence against him.

The Counsel for the Crown, *contra*, contended that the evidence was admissible inasmuch as there was a common design and conspiracy on the part of prisoners against Mrs. Geehan and Sears; that the threats against the former were part of the common plan, and were fulfilled afterwards by her death. The murder of the two deceased were parts of one complete conspiracy, and in the carrying out of that conspiracy certain threats were uttered against one of the deceased, which were now sought to be established. In order that the evil desires of the prisoners might be realized, it was necessary for them to put both of the deceased out of the way. The deceased had been connected together throughout. They were brother and sister, and lived in the same house. Having made away with the sister, it became necessary to make away with the brother in order to prevent him from instituting inquiries as to whereabouts of his sister. Moreover, the prisoners have connected the deceased throughout, not only by their deaths, but by the statements, often repeated, of their having gone up the Bay together. If therefore submitted that the evidence was receivable.

It being eight o'clock, and the objections taken of considerable importance, their Lordships thought it advisable to adjourn till to-morrow morning at ten o'clock, when they would be prepared with a decision upon the point.

The Court then adjourned.

FRIDAY, May 31.  
Court opened at ten o'clock.  
The Chief Justice said just before the

Court adjourned last evening a point had been raised as to the reception of evidence in the defence objected to as irrelevant, as it had only to do with the death of the wife of the male prisoner. I have carefully considered the question, and am of opinion the evidence is relevant and should be received. The case of the Crown is that it was the object of these parties to get rid of Mrs. Geehan, in order to the complete carrying out of their criminal intimacy; and having done that, then to get rid of Sears to prevent him from instituting enquiries and bringing them to justice, which was, they contend, the motive which influenced the killing of Sears. If this motive can be shown for the commission of the crime charged in the indictment, the evidence against the prisoners becomes clearer, more pointed and more conclusive. It is competent for the Crown to show that such was the motive. His Lordship cited from Archbold showing that evidence going to establish the motive for the crime was receivable evidence. He was also of opinion that it was admissible on the ground of there being a common conspiracy against both the deceased, the combination being shown by the deceased parties being coupled together subsequently. It was competent for the Crown to show that such a conspiracy existed, and was carried out as far as Mrs. Geehan was concerned. It is true the evidence may only show malice on the part of Hamilton as yet towards Mrs. Geehan, but Geehan himself may be ultimately coupled with it. Judge Robinson cited *Regina vs. Clews*, where evidence in precisely similar case was allowed to go to the Jury for what they might consider it worth. Judge Hayward concurred with his brother Judges as to the admissibility of the evidence.

John Hearn, recalled—Hamilton came to my house, and my wife asked her if she received any news from home. She said she had a letter, and everything was well at home, only her mistress was sick all the summer, and it was a pity such a smart young man should be tied up to such a busy old h. I said her mistress was a smart young woman, and would live to bury her and Geehan. Hamilton said Mrs. G. wouldn't live to see Christmas day. I repeated that she was a smart woman, when Hamilton replied she was very old, and again repeated she wouldn't live to see Christmas. She turned to my wife and said—it was Uncle Pat and Aunt Jane now, but it would be Uncle Pat and Aunt Joanna then. I understood from these words that after Mrs. Geehan died she would be Aunt Joanna. By Uncle Pat she meant the prisoner Geehan. No other conversation took place and she then left the house. I knew Sears, and have heard him call Geehan Pat and Pats. Our room at Labrador is about 140 yards from theirs. Was at their room three or four times, but never inside the house, and don't know where Sears slept—was never in his room. I was always on good terms with prisoners. When the conversation took place my wife and servant were present. The gun now shown me is the one I saw. Our servant was engaged about her work when this conversation took place. My wife was a cousin of the late Mrs. Geehan. I heard Sears had sore toes, but did not know it myself. Did not hear Sears say he was going to St. John's. Garrett seemed willing to work—he was a shoreman.

Cross examined by Mr. Emerson—The conversation took place last August—don't remember date or time of day. Never saw Hamilton in our house before, but was not surprised when she came in that day. She sat on the door step. My wife was in the house and seated near me. Hamilton's side was turned towards Sears. There are three rooms in my house at Nowlan's Harbor, kitchen and two bedrooms, all on same floor, but divided by board partitions closely nailed together. There are no seams in the partitions. The boards were new last summer, but very little shrunken. Any one in bedroom talking in an ordinary tone would be heard in kitchen. My servant took no part in the conversation. That was the only conversation I recollect having with Hamilton on the Labrador last summer, unless as I might pass her. Don't know what she came to our house on that day for. I have mentioned the conversation to different parties, both before and after Mrs. Geehan's body was found. Don't recollect to whom I said it—before except my wife—we talked about it frequently. I didn't pay much attention to it at the time. I know nothing about the conversation after Mrs. G. died. I don't recollect to whom I said it—didn't recollect to whom I said it. Don't know what she came to our house on that day for. I have mentioned the conversation to different parties, both before and after Mrs. Geehan's body was found. Don't recollect to whom I said it—before except my wife—we talked about it frequently. I didn't pay much attention to it at the time. I know nothing about the conversation after Mrs. G. died. I don't recollect to whom I said it—didn't recollect to whom I said it.

Mr. Pin- sent were not present. Didn't tell Mrs. Geehan of the conversation. Did not see her till after she was dead. I live about three miles from the Geehan's, but don't go often down that way. Never heard of any improper familiarity between Geehan and Hamilton at the Labrador.

Cross-examined by Mr. Greene—Have known Sears ten or fifteen years—never noticed him walk lame—never heard of there being a necessity for his going to St. John's to get his toes cured. Have known Geehan some years—never heard of there being a necessity for his going to St. John's to get his toes cured. Have known Geehan some years—never heard of his quarrelling with his wife or brother-in-law.

Re-examined by Attorney General—when I heard of the death of Mrs. Geehan the conversation came fresh to my mind—mentioned it several times after her death, and it came to the ears of the magistrate, and I was summoned to attend as a witness on the inquest.

By the Court—I returned from the Labrador in October, I think.

Catherine Hearn, sworn—Am the wife of the late witness, John Hearn—know the prisoners at the bar. I was at Nowlan's Harbor, Labrador, last summer with my husband. The prisoners were there; Hamilton came to our house during the summer in the day-time—my husband and the servant were present. The latter was about her work, and did not hear the conversation that took place. I asked the girl what news from home. She said the old woman was sick all the summer, and that it was a pity to see a fine young man like him have away on an old hake. My husband said Mrs. Geehan was a fine smart woman and might bury both of them. She said—“You'll see that—she won't live until Christmas.” She then looked round to me and said—“It's Uncle Pat and Aunt Jane now, but it will be Uncle Pat and Aunt Joanna instead.”

I lived with Geehan when young, and used to call his wife Aunt Jane. I understood her to mean that I would call her Aunt Joanna—unless she meant that I can't say what. I can't say what. I was at Geehan's wake and saw Hamilton there. I asked them if they sent or telegraphed for Garrett Sears. She said not. I asked why not—that he wouldn't be there to his sister's funeral unless sent for that day. She said Geehan did not want to see him and blamed him for his wife's death on account of their going to Brigus together. She said they expected when Garrett heard of his sister's death he would never come back. I said it was a dreadful affair. She said it was. I asked her what possessed Mrs. G. to go to Brigus. She said Mrs. Geehan would get black wool at Brigus, there was none there; and as Mrs. G. was going Sears would accompany her as far as that. She said that on the morning Mrs. Geehan was found she felt uneasy and could take no breakfast, and her master was the same. This was on Friday. Other conversation took place which I can scarcely remember. She said a St. John's gentleman was there that day, and she must have had a great memory to answer all his questions. She said her master went out to build a pig house, but he was not able to do it, and he came in and went to mend her mistress's bluchers. In the morning she was at the back-house doing her work, when the police came and asked Geehan if his wife was home night before. He said not. This occurred on Thursday. She said she ran in and took the policeman by the arm and asked him if he had any account of her dead or alive. He said—I'm afraid I have too much. She said—“He asked me if my mistress had on a blue dress with white flowers. I said yes. He asked if she had high boots I said yes. The police then told Mr. Geehan to go with them,” and then she said she ran over to Mr. Shougharoo's leaving all the doors open. I had no conversation with her after that. I saw Mrs. Geehan's body. Saw one mark on her forehead, but did not see any on her throat—it was bandaged up. After the finding of the body of Mrs. Geehan on the road I got a great shock and the words Johanna had said on the Labrador came to my memory that moment.

Cross examined by Mr. Emerson—That is the reason I recollect these words—they are as exact as I can go of the conversation on the Labrador. Was not very well acquainted with Hamilton—she was a particular conversation. I thought it strange for her to say it at the time. I didn't speak at all after she had said these words. Never saw Mrs. Geehan alive after I came from Labrador. Don't remember telling the conversation to any one before her death. Never heard anything bad or good of Hamilton's character—never heard her use bad language. Think she used the word bloody that morning—wouldn't like to swear so. I heard my husband say she said “bloody old hake.” Didn't talk much with my husband about the conversation till after

Mrs. Geehan was found. Never sent word to Mrs. Geehan that Hamilton had said that of her on the Labrador. Mrs. Geehan was my second cousin. Had not seen much of her lately, but was on good terms with them. Had not visited them for years—once in ten years. Don't think they were at my house for my mother's. Don't know any reason. We were on very good terms so far as I know, and there was nothing to prevent my going there. Did not go to see her when I got back from Labrador. I didn't wish to tell Mrs. Geehan of the conversation—it might create ill-will or disturbance.

Cross-examined by Mr. Raftus—Geehan's house on the Labrador had boards in front, and was covered with sods and rinds—it was the usual rough fisherman's house. Had only one room—was never in that room—don't know how many beds in it. I was at Mrs. Geehan's wake the second night. I know Mary Mansfield now, but didn't know her then. There was a good many at the wake. I was down stairs. Didn't see Geehan there. Often heard Sears had sore toes, and heard him complain of them. Never heard him say he was going to St. John's. Never heard of neighbours losing fowls by hawks.

By the Court—I don't know the meaning of "hake." In Geehan's Labrador house there was a board partition, but no door when I saw it. Have been going to Labrador ten or twelve years. Master and servant often occupy the same room at the Labrador without any impropriety and without any partition between. Two females and one male may sleep in one room—but not one man and one female. I never knew it done.

Mary Mansfield, sworn—Know the prisoners at the bar—knew Mrs. Geehan; I lived with her last summer. Joanna is a single woman; I lived with Mrs. Geehan from the time Geehan, Sears and Hamilton went to Labrador till they came back. They returned a couple of three days after the first of October. I helped Mrs. Geehan about the house and farm as a general servant. Mrs. Geehan enjoyed good health all the summer, but had diarrhoea in the fall. That disease was going amongst the women, but I had not got it. Hamilton slept upstairs in Geehan's house, and I slept with her. Geehan and his wife slept down stairs on the kitchen floor—they had a comfortable room. Sears slept in a bed on the other side of the room in which Hamilton slept. I was at Mrs. G's wake—Hamilton was there and Geehan. On the Sunday morning after they came from the Labrador Mrs. Geehan went out to milk her cows, and told me to toast some bread for Hamilton, who was sick in bed. Mrs. Geehan had two cows—they were outside the back-door. While she was gone Geehan went up stairs into Hamilton's bed room, and remained there about half an hour. There was no one up there but the two of them. He then came down stairs. Hamilton told me he was up seeing how she was, and asked me not to say anything to the Mistress about it. I asked her if the Mistress was up there. She said he came up to see how she got on and not to say anything to the Mistress about it, because she would jaw. He came down and went out before Mrs. Geehan came in from milking the cows. Mrs. Geehan's dead body was found about a fortnight after. I spoke to Geehan at the wake. I was in the sitting room up stairs—was sitting near the fire, and he was sitting near me. He was in front of the fire and very near me.

The question was here raised as to the admissibility of the evidence about to be given. The Court did not think it legal evidence. Mr. Emerson said it could have no bearing whatever as against the prisoner Hamilton.

The Attorney General thought the evidence was material, as showing the licentious character of the prisoner Geehan, and his feelings on this solemn occasion when his wife was lying dead in the room below. He regarded it as being nearly as strong as the remarks of Hamilton to Mrs. Hearn on the Labrador, because this was an act attempted to be committed by Geehan himself, which would have been committed but for the virtue of the girl Mansfield, and because it was in utter opposition to his pretended regard for Mrs. Geehan in searching for her and in going up the bay to institute enquiries for her. The act which it was desired the witness should establish was subsequent to the death of Mrs. G. and S. and coupled with his conduct with the female prisoner showed a licentiousness at variance with the character assumed by him.

The Chief Justice regarded this as a purely isolated transaction, in no wise bearing upon the death of Sears, the subject of the present inquiry.

Judge Robinson—Would the Jury be justified in drawing any conclusion from it that would tend to fasten the murder of Sears upon the prisoners?

The Attorney General—If at such a time a married man would approach a female improperly, that was strong evidence of his disposition to a criminal intimacy with other women, and therefore with the prisoner Hamilton.

Judge Robinson—you must remember there is not the same delicacy of feeling of refinement amongst this class of people on the Labrador as that felt by us, and we should not strain inferences of this sort.

Mr. Raftus was thankful to the Court for suggesting in the first place that this evidence was not legal, and was willing to abide by the ruling of the court.

Judge Hayward thought the conduct of Geehan in this particular matter was not essential to the prosecution. If gone into the Jury may think something criminal occurred, whereas we have reason to believe there was nothing more than a levity of conduct on the part of the prisoner Geehan.

Examination resumed—I heard no talk about Mrs. Geehan and Sears going to St. John's. Heard Sears had sore toes.

There were screens on the bed slept in by me and Hamilton, and that of Sears, sufficient to prevent us from seeing each other. We used to draw them over when going to bed. Geehan brought a long gun with him from the Labrador, which he kept on the rack in the kitchen. Geehan put it on the rack. There was only one gun there. The gun now produced is like it. I assisted in hauling squids during the summer, which were placed back of Geehan's premises. There was a stone wall round his yard, and a cow-house at the chimney end of the house, but separate from the house. Geehan had a horse and cart; could go with it from his place to the Island Cove road, and then along to the Spaniards Bay road, without going up through the neighborhood. When I last saw Mrs. Geehan she was in good health and spirits. She was not subject to fits or dizziness in the head; she was a sober, steady woman. Last saw her alive on Sunday morning, as she was found on Thursday. Did not see Sears alive from the time I left till his body was found. Saw him about a fortnight before Mrs. Geehan's body was found. Sears was in good health when I saw him. I took tea and toast to Hamilton on that Sunday morning, after Geehan had been with her; she was in bed.

Cross-examined by Mr. Green—Have known Sears five years—often saw him walk lame. Knew Mrs. Geehan three years—she was a quiet nice woman. There was no quarrelling between her and her husband. Heard her complain in the fall. Have known Geehan three years; heard nothing bad about him. He was sober for a spell, and joined a Temperance Society. Never heard of anything improper between him and Hamilton.

By the Court—Left Mrs. Geehan's service about a fortnight before the wake. Hamilton told me Geehan was in her bed room all the time on that Sunday morning. Mrs. Geehan was out of doors about half an hour milking the cows.

Mary McGrath, sworn—Live on the South Side of Harbor Grace. Know Sears well.

Mr. Raftus here said it might save time and trouble if the defence were at once to admit that the body found in the pit was that of Sears; they did not dispute that fact.

Examination resumed—Know the prisoners. Knew Mrs. Geehan and family well. Saw Sears's body after being dug up. The evening they got him they brought me over to recognize him, and I did recognize him by certain marks. Am sure it was his body.

Cross-examined by Mr. Raftus—Knew Sears had bad toes—he sent for me to see if I could do anything for them. Never heard him say anything about going to St. John's. Never heard anything bad about the prisoners. Saw Mrs. Geehan's body. Her throat was swelled and had a mark upon it, but thought it might have been from the string of her bonnet.

Thomas Burke, sworn—Live on the South side of Harbor Grace; know the prisoners; know Geehan's house; live north of them. There is a grove between our house and his, and a descent of the land. The fence north of my land fronts the road leading down the South side. Remember the Thursday Mrs. Geehan's body was found. Remember the Monday preceding. I was working about my premises, on my own ground, near the main road, my brother was with me. I went to dinner between one and three. Before going to dinner I heard a gun fired—it was just after the girl called me to dinner. The report came from the direction of Geehan's house. There is a grove between where I was working and Geehan's; don't know the distance; could not see any smoke. I knew Garrett Sears; saw his dead body in the pit in a part of Geehan's land the day it was found. I was at Mrs. Geehan's wake and saw the prisoners there. Had a conversation with Geehan about Mrs. Geehan and Sears. I asked him if he thought anything had happened to her. He said no; that he considered she had got weak on the road. He said Sears was going to St. John's to the Hospital to get his toes cured; he also said he gave his wife £5 before she went. Hamilton was not present when he said this. I heard two other guns that morning from the direction of the Northward; they were fired from a boat. The Fitzgeralds are neighbors of mine. I had a conversation with them just before the sundown on the same day about what had passed on Monday.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE STAR.

HARBOR GRACE, JUNE 7, 1872.

The Royal Mail Steamer "Georgia" arrived at St. John's yesterday morning, having made the run from Pictou in the remarkably short time of 48 hours. Return mails will be despatched at 10 A. M. to-morrow.

In our obituary of to-day will be observed the death of an old and respected gentleman, Mr. James McStravick. The deceased, during a sixty years' residence in this country, won many friends who will miss greatly one who by his affectionate demeanor and sterling integrity was deservedly respected by all classes. He attained the ripe old age of 78, and was exceeding the three score and ten allotted to mankind.

We have been published by the following copy-right letter from Boston, for our own copy-right correction.

of postage to Boston being only 13 cents, so that Boston must charge the extra 10 cents for her own ends:—

Boston, May 15, 1872.

DEAR SRS.—Telegraph received of this date. We dislike, with the rest of the world, your mail arrangements; arranged splendidly to forbid correspondence in and out of the letters. Twenty-three cents postage for letters to and from is as an elephant hitched to an enterprise, and every letter has a young one to be saddled upon it. Commercial men can stand it; the people can't. Are very busy. When we see the published arrangements between Pictou and Newfoundland, we will stick it front of desk for guide in future.

Yours truly,

CORRESPONDENCE.

[FOR THE HARBOR GRACE STAR.]

FLIRTING.

"Old girls" and thunder-cloud Bachelors are pleased to be down on what they are pleased to call flirting. Among those of both these classes there is a popular tendency to construe everything between a smile to a sigh to signify this depreciable. At one time the Saturday Review abused the girls of Old England for their proficiency in the art; later, however, this great organ has grown repentant on the subject—the change, no doubt, being brought about through the personal influence of some fair one who sobered the poor Editor's thoughts.

Now, in our humble opinion, flirtings is a pretty word, and altogether an agreeably useful thing—if viewed apart from jaundiced prejudice and snarling selfishness. As regards mere *action* the words *flirting* and *sprightly* are synonymous. The war of custom waged by the classes first referred to, has succeeded in imparting a meaning that never should attach to the monosyllable, *flirt*; and this meaning, we venture to assert, has done a great deal of harm in the world. A young girl cannot smile or look pleasantly in the face of a young man without bringing down on her the foggy mantle kept on hand by the social puritans first referred to. To be caught shaking hands would consign a moderately bashful maiden to a back parlour with a high small window for a week—there to watch the cabbage growing; the result being that this good old custom is fast disappearing. If seen walking with an agreeable male acquaintance on a charming cool summer evening—or for that matter, on any other occasion—then look out for upturned eyes and smothered whisperings; the poor lassie is doomed! The sight or smock of kissing would send the puritans into hysterics and peripneumony. "They never heard of such conduct!" "Such an outrage was never committed by any one belonging to them!" "They knew their respective parents all their lives and they were not guilty of such conduct!" "What is the world coming to?" "Thank Providence they late it." We may hereafter be enabled to demonstrate that what they so spitefully condemn has proved itself an active agent in promoting the arts and sciences as well as in advancing civilization. Meantime we submit the query: if two persons pleased with each other happen to meet, or arrange a meeting—whether on the street or in a room does not matter—ought they to act hypocritically for the mere purpose of pandering to morbid sentiment? If not—and we say they should not—then their conduct on the occasion will be as ripe and juicy; their feelings and enjoyments will be harmonious. Surely, in such circumstances, demure faces, downcast eyes, and hesitating steps—with a yard's space between the individuals—would be very ridiculous. Flirting—so called—has a special mission in the world. Like every other good agency, it has its enemies; but while it continues to operate in its legitimate field, neither the sneers or frowns of our puritans will put it down. It is no argument against it that it at times shows itself where it should not be seen, and even ventures within the precincts of edifices sacred to higher purposes. We could name many things right in themselves that should never be seen in churches, and yet are sometimes found there. It is right enough to make money in an honest way, but it is quite wrong to lay plans in church for its accumulation; yet men have acknowledged that their most lucrative speculations were matured in church. We reprobate all improper flirtings as we do every other improper thing. But considering it on its pure merits—its actual meaning and intention—we do say it is a delightful duty, presenting quite a contrast to most of our other duties. Take the correction of a child—by way of illustration—or the swallowing of eight *Cochles* pills, or even sitting for one like-ness to a second rate artist (of which, luckily, we have none here); is not duty in each of these cases remarkably disagreeable? Flirting—as flirtings—on the contrary, is without alloy. Thus far by way of introduction. We shall hereafter deal with "flirting" in detail, showing what it is and what it is not, and what it does. Of course we will be marked; our mind is, however, made up, knowing that the largest, best drilled, and most active army is on our side, and that our watchword is "right."

ADAM AND EVE.

May 5.

[FOR THE HARBOR GRACE STAR.]

BAROMETER FOR EVERYONE.

BY "AULD REEKIE."

The following observations, obtained by long and careful study, will be found very useful and should be committed to

memory. I hope no one will doubt the truth of them, as it is hard to undergo the routine of minute investigation and publish for a host of unbelievers:—

When a rattle is seen pelting the police with stones and ends of houses, be sure it will rain to lay the dust either right away or at some future time.

When twenty or more pigs are standing on one leg each, painting their tails a dark purple pea green, the wind will invariably blow North East by West.

When the sea whitewashes the clouds in the East, five miles above the zenith, anticipate a change when it comes.

When new dress goods and crockery-ware are being disposed of at great reductions, and the tin is not forthcoming, female thunder will be heard near at hand.

When the barometer stands at boiling point, an earthquake at Sydney will be the cause—great scarcity of coal to be looked for.

If any letter containing fish from Labrador pass through the Post Office in summer, the price of fish will be high and a shower of mussels and cooked lobsters will be inevitable.

May 5.

The "Telegraph" of the 5th inst., says:—

On Monday the 27th of May, the Foundation Stone of a New Wesleyan Church was laid by Stephen Rendell Esq., in the presence of a large concourse of spectators. The new building is situated in the street fronting the residence of Lewis Tessier Esq. It will be a handsome stone construction with accommodation for about fifteen hundred persons. We understand that the amount required for this building has been almost completely subscribed, so that the enterprising promoters of this good work will have the satisfaction of raising their new edifice free of debt. This is a position which reflects no small credit upon those who have undertaken this good work.

GENERAL NEWS.

THE NEW AUSTRIAN EXPEDITION TO THE NORTH POLE.

The last European mail brings us accounts of the programme and rapid equipment of the great Austrian North Polar Expedition soon to sail. Since the startling discovery of the open Polar Sea between Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen and northward by the explorers, Payer and Weyprecht, last September, the enterprise and influence of Dr. Petermann has been successful in arousing the spirit of research through all Germany in behalf of an extensive and protracted exploration of the North Polar regions. For this purpose, since the return of Weyprecht and Payer, the sum of \$87,000 has been privately contributed in Austria, alone, and the Emperor of Austria has also given very largely, by material aid, to the fitting out on an expedition on the largest scale. From an account of the latter furnished by Dr. Petermann we learn that the party under command of Weyprecht and Payer will sail from Bremerhaven about the last of June in the screw steamer Admiral Tegethoff, now under construction at that port. The steamer is 220 tons burden, 118 feet long, 25 1-4 beam, 13 1-2 depth below deck, has the rig of a three-masted schooner, and an engine of ninety-five horse power, capable of propelling her to five or six knots an hour. She will accommodate coal sufficient for forty days use.

There will be, beside Lieutenant Wyprecht and Payer, two other officers of the Austrian navy—Brosch and Orel—an accomplished machinist, two glacier guides from the country of the Tyrol, and sixteen picked marines from the Austrian service, making in all twenty-four men.

The plan is to advance, if possible, to the Pole on the meridians east of Spitzbergen in the open sea, there discovered last September by the commanders of the present enterprise. The expedition is provisioned and thoroughly equipped for a stay of three years in the Arctic regions. They propose to winter the first year at Cape Chelyskin, the northernmost point of Asia (longitude 100 east); to prosecute the survey and exploration of the central polar region in the second summer; and during the third summer, to strike, if possible, eastward for Behring's Straits.

Count Wiltsek a wealthy and liberal savant, has recently given the expedition 30,000 guilders, and will accompany it during its summer voyages. He will also establish in Nova Zembla a depot of provisions and supplies, for which he further appropriates a large sum.

Simultaneously with this magnificent undertaking the Swedish government is to send out a similar one to advance upon the Pole by means of sledges, immediately north of Spitzbergen; and for this purpose fifty select reindeer are now being trained and exercised. Finally, great efforts are now being made in Germany to get up a third expedition to reach the Pole by way of East Greenland, under the lead-

ership of a former explorer. Should this last named project be tried there will be this summer, counting Captain Hall's American expedition four grand movements of discovery converging upon the Pole.

THE PHANTOM TRAIN.

A writer in the "Albany Evening Times" relates a conversation with a superstitious night watchman on the Central Railroad. Said the watchman: "I believe in spirits and ghosts. I know such things exist. If you will come up in April, I will convince you."

He then told of the phantom train of Abraham Lincoln. Regularly in the month of April, about midnight the air on the track becomes very keen and cutting. On either side it is warm and still. Every watchman when he feels this air, steps off the track and sits down to watch. Soon after, the pilot engine, with long black streamers, and a band with black instruments, playing dirges, and grinning skeletons sitting all about, will pass up noiselessly, and the very air grows black. If it is moonlight, clouds always come over the moon, and the music seems to linger, as if frozen with horror. A few moments after, and the phantom train glides by. Flags and streamers hang about. The track ahead seems covered with a black carpet, and the wheels are draped with the same. The coffin of the murdered Lincoln lies on lying on the centre of a car, and all about it, in the air, and on the train behind, are vast numbers of blue-coated men, some with coffins on their backs, others leaning upon them. It seems then that all the vast armies of men who died during the war, escorted the phantom train of the President. The wind, if blowing, dies away at once, and over all the air a solemn hush, almost stifling prevails. If a train were passing, its noise would be drowned in the silence, and the phantom train would rise over it. Clocks and watches always stop, and when looked at, are found to be from five to eight minutes behind. Everywhere on the road about the 20th of April, the time of watches and trains is found suddenly behind. This, said the leading watchman, was from the passage of the phantom train.

THE LATEST SEA SERPENT. Captain M'Taggart, of the Ship Kent, at present in Liverpool, reports that he left Liverpool for Benin and the West Coast of Africa in the Brigantine Onward, on the 20th September last, and that, when about Sixty days out, and when his vessel was between Cape Palmas and Grand Bassa, one night the vessel was surrounded with enormous shoals of fish of every description, including sharks, porpoises, &c., and although he had been trading on the coast for upwards of twenty years, he never saw such a sight before. Next morning about eight o'clock, in going forward to take the sun, he observed something in the water, on the star-board bow, and he at once called the attention of the crew to it, and they and the officers of the Onward at once pronounced it to be a sea serpent. As far as Capt. M'Taggart could judge, the head which was very broad, and surmounted by something shaped like a coronet, was about eight feet out of the water, and it was going through the water at a very rapid rate, knocking the spray about like a ship. The strange fish went on rapidly for about two minutes, when it stopped and remained stationary. This gave the Captain time to observe the fish more minutely. About ten feet from the head there was a large fin, about two feet out of the water, and further on there was another about one foot out of the water. The scales were large and of a beautiful color. From the head and shoulder, which were of immense width, the body of the fish tapered gradually away to an extent of about 180 to 200 feet, ending in a tail something like a mackerel. After lying quiet for some time, the fish or serpent shot ahead again at a great speed, and was soon lost to view. The Captain thinks that the presence of such vast shoals of fish on the night previous, so far out at sea, must have had something to do with the presence of this monster on the African coast.

A prisoner in the Indiana Penitentiary sought to escape by getting himself nailed up, by a companion, in a box labelled "wagon spokes" which was so arranged that he could open one end of it by pulling a string; but when the box was carried out, it was stood up on the wrong end for the prisoner, leaving him standing on his head. He stood it for about twenty minutes, and then yelled, "Turn this box up the other way." He was soon taken back to his old quarters.

A commission has been appointed by the Paris Academy of sciences to investigate the tonic properties of sea-water, and its use in the preparation of articles of food.

St. John is to have a miniature Jubilee, in August.

## LATEST DISPATCHES.

LONDON, May 29.

Montague Bernard, one of the Joint High Commission, delivered a lecture last night at Oxford on the Treaty of Washington; in the course of his remarks, he said circumstances had prevented his reply to the accusation made of carelessness and too implicit a reliance upon understandings on the part of the British members of the commission. He (Mr. Bernard) gave the highest praise to the American Government and people for the good temper displayed throughout the negotiations.

The crowd at the Derby was the largest ever known. Among the distinguished persons present were the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Arthur. Cromorne won by only a neck. Consols 93s 4d.

NEW YORK, May 30.

Hostilities between Salvador and Honduras have begun. Guatemala has sent 200 troops to aid Salvador. James Gordon Bennett is dangerously sick.

"Adriatic" of the White Star line, made the passage from Queenstown to New York in 7 days and 18 hours; the quickest time on record.

LONDON, 31.

In Parliament last night the relations between this country and America were discussed.

In the House of Lords last night, Earl Granville refused to give a satisfactory reply to a question propounded.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone promised Disraeli a satisfactory reply as soon as the American Congress adjourned. Earl Granville said the British Government has not abandoned the consideration of the treaty, and negotiations are still in progress. The "Times" intimates that treaty negotiations are virtually concluded and throws the blame on America.

The weather throughout England is favorable to the crops.

NEW YORK, June 1.

No change in the treaty situation. There was a Cabinet meeting yesterday at which the matter was considered—result unknown.

Mr. Sumner delivered a long speech in the Senate yesterday concerning arbitration as a substitute for war between nations.

The "Herald" says that Sumner's speech yesterday was a savage arraignment of the President, and the bitterness which is evidently provoked by a sense of personal provocation will weaken its force, as several Senators seem anxious to reply in defence of the administration. The final adjournment of Congress may be deferred.

Mr. James G. Bennett of the "Herald" was alive to-day, but was unconscious.

The United States Government received no despatches from England to-day.

Gold 114 to 114 1/2.

Mr. J. Sanfield McDonald died at Cornwall, Ontario, at 2:48 p.m. to-day.

The city mills in Cleveland, Ohio, was burned; loss \$13,000, insurance \$6,000.

LONDON, June 3.

The "Observer" says that the cabinet yesterday had under consideration the last communication from the American Government concerning the supplementary articles to the treaty. The final decision of the American Government is expected within twenty hours.

The Lucas cotton mills near Rouen were burned on Saturday; loss 100,000 francs; over a thousand operatives have been thrown out of employment.

NEW YORK, 3.

The American Revolutionists have been again defeated.

The prospects of saving the treaty are not improved by despatches received at the state department. The propositions which the English Government made cannot be accepted. It is now too late for the supplemental treaty to reach Geneva on the 15th, the day assigned for the meeting.

James Gordon Bennett of the N. Y. "Herald" died at 8:30 on Saturday evening. The "Herald" not out. Of the family, young Bennett receives the proprietorship.

NEW YORK, 4.

A despatch of Saturday's date from Earl Granville to Secretary Fish says in effect that Great Britain declines to modified supplementary articles to the treaty. Granville says in this position of the use, her Majesty's Government repeat their readiness to extend time allowed for the arbitrators meeting, and have as General Schenck is aware provided Sir Edward Thornton with full power to sign a treaty for this purpose, or they are willing to concur in a joint application to the Tribunal of Arbitration at

once to adjourn the proceedings of arbitration which they are advised by their law officers is within the competence of the arbitrators to do upon such an application with the formality of a treaty.

The coming Presidential canvass has opened with great animation caused by Sumner's attack on Grant.

Numerous speeches are made in defence of the President. Gold 114 1-2.

### THE JUBILEE.

The great international musical festival will commence in Boston on the 17th of June, and end on the 4th of July. The coliseum is rapidly approaching completion, and will be ready up to time. The great events at the jubilee headquarters last week were the engagement of the great German Madame Peschka-Leutner, and the news that the French Garde Republicaine band and the Irish Constabulary band are to sail at once for Boston. The Irish Constabulary Band is a splendid organization, and will make a sensation upon its arrival. The consent of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland had to be obtained for the band to leave Dublin. The French band which was reconstructed under the new regime from the celebrated band of the Imperial Guard, is one of the finest instrumental organizations in Europe. It consists of fifty members, and the entire organization is coming to Boston. Strauss and his orchestra left Vienna for Boston on Saturday last, 25th, and will probably arrive on the 13th or 14th of June. He will have a grand reception at the hands of the musicians of Boston.

English journals contain the announcement of the Death of Mr. Horace Mayhew, who was well known to a large circle as one of the "Brothers Mayhew," the authors of a variety of farces, fairy tales, and other works of humorous fiction. The deceased gentleman was also one of the earliest and most constant contributors to "Punch" in its palmiest days, both under the present editor, and also under the late Mr. Mark Lemon.

The United States coast survey department has organized a scientific party to determine the difference in longitude between the United States and Europe. Persons will be stationed at Brest (France), St. Pierre Miq., and Cambridge, Mass.

There is said to be a female preacher in New Hampshire who delivers one of Henry Ward Beecher's sermons to her congregation every Sunday.

### MARRIED.

At the Cathedral, on Tuesday morning, by His Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Caragnini, Mr. Michael Lahy, to Miss Catherine Gorman, both of this town.

At St. Paul's Church, on the 6th inst., by the Rev. Bertram Jones, Mr. Elford, of Dildo Cove, Trinity Bay, to Miss Oakley, of Greenspond.

At Carbonear, on yesterday evening, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. J. O'Connor, Captain James Kenneally, to Miss Mary, second daughter of Mr. Maurice Doyle.

### DIED.

On the 31st ult., Mr. Frederick Parsons, an old and respected inhabitant of this town, aged 56 years.

On the 1st inst., after a long and painful illness, Mr. William Sheppard aged 24 years.

On the 4th inst., Mr. Patrick Day, a native of St. John's, aged 48 years.

At Bay Roberts, on Wednesday, the 5th instant, much and deservedly regretted, Mr. James McStravick, aged 78 years. Deceased was a native of Glasgow, Scotland, and was a resident of this country for nearly 60 years. (Glasgow papers please copy.)

At St. John's, on the 28th ult., Annie, infant daughter of Mr. C. B. Rankin, aged 10 months.

At same place, on 28th ult., after a short illness, Margaret Mary, youngest child of James and Annie Tessier, aged 1 year and 7 months.

### SHIP NEWS.

#### PORT OF HARBOR GRACE.

ENTERED.  
June 2.—Breadalbane, Power, Sydney, coal—Paterson & Foster.  
3—Creole, Stapleton, Sydney, coal—W. J. S. Donnelly.  
4.—Ticino, Noel, Sydney, coal—do.  
6.—Florence, Noble, Montreal, provisions—Ridley & Sons.  
Alabama, Hartnett, Quebec, salt—do.

RELEASED.  
June 4.—Release, Clunn, Exeter, fish—Puntin & Munn.

#### PORT OF ST. JOHN'S.

ENTERED.  
June 1.—Helene, Menard, Montreal—Job Brothers & Co.  
Lady Mulgrave, Ryan, Figueira—P. & L. Tessier.  
Portia, Prout, New York—Bowring Bros.  
Tickler, Aylward, P. E. Island—J. & W. Pitts.

3.—Juanita, (sph) Oliver, Havana—C. F. Bennett.  
Morning Star, Walpole, P. E. Island—Clift, Wood & Co.  
Volant, Power, Sydney—John Woods, Kitty Clyde, Noel, Sydney—S. March & Sons.

CLEARED.

3.—Dora, Debrix, Pernambuco—Job, Brothers & Co.  
Queen of the Isles, Monroe, Richebucto—the Master.  
St. George, Johnson, Quebec—Bowring Brothers.  
Scotia, Chapman, Quebec—Job, Brothers & Co.

### FOR SALE!

THE NEW BRIGANTINE

"E. C. WHITE,"  
Burthen 145 Tons,

Built at Charlottetown, P. E. Island, by the well-known builder, Mr. Wm. White. She has 3-inch Pine Decks; is in every respect a substantial vessel, and a good model for the Seal Fishery and general trade of this country.

J. & W. PITTS.  
St. John's, May 21, 1872.

### Superior French Kid GLOVES,

At remarkably Low PRICES, to be had at the Shop of

E. W. LYON.  
May 24. ttf

### NOTICES.

#### Union Bank of Newfoundland.

THE Directors hereby give notice that a Dividend on the Capital Stock of this Company, at the rate of Twelve per cent. per annum, for the half year ending 31st May, 1872, and a Bonus of Two Pounds per Share, will be payable at the Banking House in Duckworth Street, on and after SATURDAY next, the 8th inst. (By Order of the Board.)  
J. W. SMITH, Manager.  
St. John's, June 6, 1872.

### HARBOR GRACE

Book & Stationery Depot,

E. W. LYON, Proprietor,

Importer of British and American

### NEWSPAPERS

—AND—

### PERIODICALS.

Constantly on hand, a varied selection of School and Account Books  
Prayer and Hymn Books for different denominations  
Music, Charts, Log Books, Playing Cards  
French Writing Paper, Violins  
Concertinas, French Musical Boxes  
Albums, Initial Note Paper & Envelopes  
Tissue and Drawing Paper  
A large selection of Dime & Half Dime

MUSIC, &c., &c.

Lately appointed Agent for the OTTAWA PRINTING & LITHOGRAPH COMPANY.

Also, Agent for J. LINDBERG, Manufacturing Jeweler

A large selection of CLOCKS, WATCHES  
MEERCHAUM PIPES,  
PLATED WARE, and  
JEWELRY of every description & style.  
May 14. ttf

### W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Parsons' Purgative Pills.

### JAS. HOWARD COLLIS,

Dealer and Importer of

### ENGLISH & AMERICAN HARDWARE,

Picture Moulding, Glass  
Looking Glass, Pictures  
Glassware, &c., &c.

### TROUTING GEAR,

(In great variety and best quality) WHOLESALE and RETAIL.

221 WATER STREET,  
St. John's,  
Newfoundland.

One door East of P. HUTCHINS, Esq.)

**N.B.**—FRAMES, any size and material, made to order.  
St. John's, May 10. ttf.

### NOTICES.

## HARBOR GRACE MEDICAL HALL, W. H. THOMPSON, PROPRIETOR,

Has always on hand a carefully selected Stock of  
**Drugs, Medicines, Dry Paints, Oils, &c., &c.,**  
And nearly every article in his line that is recommendable:

Gallup's Floriline for the Teeth and Breath  
Keating's Worm Tablets  
" Cough Lozenges  
Rowland's Odonto  
Oxley's Essence of Ginger  
Lamplogh's Pyretic Saline  
Powell's Balsam Aniseed  
Medicamentum (stamped)  
British Oil  
Balsam of Life  
Chlorodyne  
Mexican Mustang Liniment  
Steer's Opodildoc  
Radway's Ready Relief  
Arnold's Balsam  
Murray's Fluid Magnesia  
" Acidulated Syrup  
S. A. Allen's Hair Restorer  
Rossiter's " "  
Ayer's Hair Vigor  
" Sarsaparilla  
" Cherry Pectoral  
Pickles, French Capers, Sauces  
Soothing Syrup  
Kaye's Coaguline  
India Rubber Sponge  
Teething Rings  
Sponge, Tooth Clothes  
Nail, Shoe and Stove Brushes  
Widow Welch's Pills  
Cockle's " "  
Holloway's " "  
Norton's " "  
Hunt's " "  
Morrison's " "  
Radway's " "  
Ayer's " "  
Parsons' " "  
Jaynes' " "  
Holloway's Ointment  
Adams' Indian Salve  
Russia Salve  
Morehead's Plaster  
Corn Plasters  
Mather's Feeding Bottles  
Bond's Marking Ink  
Corn Flour, Fresh Hops  
Arrowroot, Sago, Gold Leaf  
Nelson's Gelatine and Isin-glass  
Bonnet Glue  
Best German Glycerine  
Lime Juice, Honey  
Best Ground Coffee  
Nixey's Black Lead  
Roth & Co.'s Rat Paste  
Brown's Bronchial Troches  
Woodill's Worm Lozenges  
" Baking Powder  
McLean's Vermifuge  
Lear's India Rubber Varnish  
Copal Varnish  
Kerosene Oil, Lamps, Chimnies  
Wicks, Burners, &c., &c.  
Cod Liver Oil  
Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites  
Extract of Logwood, in 1/4 lb. boxes  
Cudbear, Worm Tea  
Toilet Soaps  
Best Perfumeries, Pomades and Hair Oils  
Pain Killer  
Henry's Calcined Magnesia  
Enema Instruments  
Gold Beater's Skin  
Fumigating Pastiles  
Seidlitz Powders  
Furniture Polish  
Plate Polish  
Flavouring Essences  
Spices, &c., &c.  
Robinson's Patent Barley  
" Groats

All the above proprietary articles bear the Government Stamp, without which none are genuine.

Output Orders will receive careful and prompt attention.  
May 14. ttf

## LEMESSURIER & KNIGHT,

[LATE EVANS, LEMESSURIER & KNIGHT.]

### COMMISSION AGENTS.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION GIVEN TO THE SALE AND PURCHASE OF

**DRY & PICKLED FISH,**  
FLOUR, PROVISIONS, WEST INDIA PRODUCE

### —AND— DRY GOODS.

Consignments solicited.

St. John's, May 7. ttf

### W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

### 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.

ORDERS SOLICITED.

MORRIS & PARSONS.  
May 14. ttf

### W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Fellows' Compound Syrup

OF  
**HYPOPHOSPHITES.**

### Servants and Sharemen's

### SHIPPING PAPERS,

FOR SALE at the Office of this  
Paper.

### 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.

### AGENTS.

CARBONEAR.....Mr. J. Fotta.  
BRIGUS....." W. Horwood.  
HEARTS CONTENT....." C. Rendell.  
BAY ROBERTS....." R. Simpson.  
St. Pierre, Miquelon....." H. J. Watta.

MY FRIEND.

[The following touching poem was written in the prison dead house at Camp Chase by Col. W. S. H. A fellow prisoner was engaged to a beautiful lady; she proved faithless, and her letter came, breaking the truth. Soon after he died, and this was Col. H's reply.]

Your letter came, but came too late,  
For Heaven had claimed its own;  
Ah, sudden change from prison bars  
Unto the Great White Throne!  
And yet I think he would have stayed  
For one more day of pain,  
Could he have read those tardy words  
Which you have sent in vain.

Why did you wait fair lady,  
Through so many a weary hour?  
Had you other lovers with you  
In that silken dainty bower?  
Did others bow before your charms,  
And twine bright garlands there?  
And yet I ween in all that throng  
His spirit had no peer.

I wish that you were by me now,  
As I draw the sheet aside,  
To see how pure the look he wore  
Awhile before he died.  
Yet the sorrow that you gave him  
Still had left its weary trace,  
And a meek and saintly sadness  
Dwells upon his pallid face.

"Her love," he said, "could change for me  
The winter's cold to spring;"  
Ah, trust of thoughtless maiden's love,  
Thou art a bitter thing!  
For when these valleys fair, in May,  
Once more with bloom shall wave,  
The northern violets shall blow  
Above his humble grave.

Your love of scanty words had been  
But one more pang to bear;  
Though to the last, he kissed with love  
This tress of your soft hair,  
I did not put it where he said,  
For when the angels come,  
I would not have them find the sign  
Of falsehood in the tomb.

I've read the letter, and I know  
The wiles that you have wrought  
To win that noble heart of his,  
And gained it—fearful thought!  
What lavish wealth men sometimes give  
For a trifle, light and small!  
What many forms are often held  
In Folly's flimsy thrall!

You shall not pity him, for now  
He's past your hope and fear;  
Although I wish that you could stand  
With me beside his bier.  
Still I forgive you; Heaven knows  
For mercy you'll have need,  
Since God his awful judgment sends  
On each unworthy deed.

To-night the cold winds whistle by,  
As I my vigils keep  
Within the prison dead house, where  
Few mourners come to weep.  
A rude plank coffin holds him now,  
Yet Death gives always grace;  
And I would rather see him thus  
Than clasped in your embrace.

To night, your rooms are very gay,  
With wit, and wine, and song;  
And you are smiling, just as if  
You never did a wrong.  
Your hand so fair, that none would think  
It penned these words of pain;  
Your skin so white—would God your soul  
Were half so free of stain!

I'd rather be this dear, dear friend,  
Than you in all your glee!  
For you are held in grievous bonds,  
While he's forever free.  
Whom serve we in this life, we serve  
In that which is to come;  
He chose his way; you, yours; let God  
Pronounce the fitting doom.

The Child of the River.

[CONCLUDED.]

She had vaguely heard that the St. Richmonds were in M——, but, living secluded from gossiping circles, she had not heard it confirmed, and did not believe it, her short vacation from teaching was slipping by in the placid rest which was such a benefit to her after the toil of the academy.

Slowly up the hill she went, till reaching a group of cedars, she sat down to rest. The view of the ocean was somewhat obstructed; she rose and walked to the other side of the trees, but stopped suddenly as she saw a man lying in the shade. She was close by him before she perceived him. Restraint the exclamation that rose to her lips, she looked at his face and could not instantly withdraw her eyes, for she recognized him! The face she had thought beautiful as a boy, was better than that now; still correctly cut, it was now stronger, nobler. To no different man could the boy have grown, unless surrounded by perverting influences.

Those sensitive purely cut lips felt the influence of his dream, for the beam of a smile came to them as Meribah looked. He moved slightly and mumbled words that thrilled the girl's heart as it had never been thrilled before.

"O child of the river; O my child love!"

As the words left his lips, he opened his eyes to meet the eyes of Meribah. His smile grew radiant; for a moment she appeared to

thought it was only a continuation of his dream. Meribah saw that he thought so, and she turned to go before he should fully awake.

Her movements roused him. He sprang to his feet and seized her hands; he looked down at her face with so earnest, so intense a gaze that it reached to Meribah's soul. He forgot everything but the present moment; he knew and realized that this girl was the sole love of his life—that in her eyes was his happiness; and instinctively he knew that her heart was his as it could never be another's. He pressed her hands, still holding her by that powerful, appropriating gaze.

"At last! After all these years," he said. "And I did not know why I was not happy! I told you I should come and tell you why I gave you this ring. It is my claim upon you; you are mine." He held her off and looked into her eyes. Silent, and strangely happy, Meribah lowered her eyes. His gaze searched her face with the keenness of intense love.

"Tell me!" he said, "for I love you. Tell me!"

With that mingling of renunciation and appropriation which is characteristic of love, Meribah bent her head towards him. He watched eagerly for her lips to say what he had asked. They said it—his sentence of infinite happiness.

"I am yours,"  
A sword, keen, glittering all-powerful, was suddenly unsheathed between them.

"Indeed, Mr. St. Richmond, how many do you claim?"

St. Richmond dropped the hands he had held; he started back.

"My God! I had forgotten! How much I had forgotten!" he cried.

Meribah, who had become as cold and self-possessed as a statue, turned to look at her who had spoken. She saw an icy, brilliant face; she was conscious of some sort of elegant rose-colored drapery; of white hands carelessly twirling the ivory handle of a parasol.

She smiled; Meribah shuddered for the smile was directed to St. Richmond, and it was a glitter of serpents. Meribah could not know what fierce misery that smile covered.

"My first experience of man's memory is not pleasing," Miss Varian said; "but the experience shall be useful."

She looked at Meribah.

"You are Meribah Rayne, I suppose; I felt a presentiment of evil when I first heard your name."

She scanned the girl's face, and she read it rightly; her voice was softer as she continued—

"But you are not to blame. Shall I hold Mr. St. Richmond to his engagement?"

"As you please."

Meribah would hardly have recognized her own voice.

That moment was the bitterest time in Geraldine Varian's life. Her feelings were more vehement than lasting; her pride was stronger than her love. She had sufficient penetration to know how honorable was St. Richmond's nature, notwithstanding this momentary yielding to the promptings of his heart.

St. Richmond spoke.

"Miss Rayne," he said, "it remains for us to strive to forget this strange meeting, for Miss Varian knows as well as I, that a St. Richmond never refuses to fulfill his promises."

Miss Varian saw the opportunity of wounding St. Richmond; she improved it.

"Knowing the inviolability of such promises, you still would trifle with this girl's feelings, knowing yourself bound. Honorable St. Richmond!"

The aim was correct, and told upon St. Richmond's soul. He thought he had never suffered so much before. He saw Meribah's cheek grow still paler; her eyes drooped with such an expression of pain as he felt himself.

"It is impossible for me to trifle with Miss Rayne; she knows it. Only by the suddenness, the happiness, the peculiarity of my meeting again with her was I betrayed into revealing that which it is always my duty to conceal. You shall never have cause to complain of me again."

The tone of his voice though subdued, was like what one would have expected of him—of his face. He struggled to subdue the thought that in those words was the renunciation of what he held most dear.

"You say truly, St. Richmond," said Miss Varian. "I shall never have such cause again."

She took her ring from her finger and extended it towards St. Richmond. He did not move, he would not raise his hand. She threw the jewel disdainfully over her shoulder. On her face at that moment was a pride and power that commanded the involuntary admiration of Meribah. Miss Varian did not speak again; she turned and walked away.

St. Richmond approached Meribah, but a gesture of hers stayed him.

"I am not yours," she said mournfully.

It was hard for the man to control himself.

"But you have said it; and now I am free," he said.

"But you loved her."

"In one wild moment I mistook intoxication for love," he replied.

"And you may do so again."

"Meribah!"

The tone was pleading: could she resist it.

"Go away a year. You may wish to return to your allegiance to her; you will be free to do so," Meribah said.

"I cannot go," he said; "your presence is what I have longed for all these years. Do not send me away."

His eyes burned, his lips quivered. Meribah averted her face; she thought she could hardly bear his entreaties, and she prevented them.

"St. Richmond, otherwise I dare not thrust my happiness with you."

She would not see the pained and grieved look of his face, she would not look at him. He came close to her but he did not touch her. His voice was low and sweet.

"Dare not? Is that true?"

"It is true," with an effort.

"One year from to-day—here," he said. "Good by."

To both that year of trial brought its wisdom. It was a weary year; but its end saw the perfection of joy.

No bluer, fairer day could have risen than the one which smiled on the clasped hands, the mutual, absorbed gaze in which St. Richmond and Meribah read each other's hearts.

SELF-SACRIFICE;

OR,  
ALAN MONROE.

CHAPTER I.

"The 7.23 train? Yes, Sir Astley. Will you have the brougham, or the dog-cart?"

"Oh, the dog-cart." The man lingered. "Pardon me, Sir Astley, but the mornings are cold and misty."

"Well, well, the brougham, then, Gregory; and thank you for the reminder."

"You never was much of a one for taking care of yourself, sir," and the gray-headed old servant withdrew.

"It's something to have one human being to whom my existence seems valuable," reflected Sir Astley Chichester bitterly. And yet, as he threw himself into a luxurious arm-chair, and stretched his legs over a soft Turkey carpet, letting his eye wander carelessly around a richly furnished room, he seemed a man more to be envied than pitied. But "the heart knoweth its own bitterness"; and Astley Chichester, in the prime of life, was a soured, disappointed man.

He had strong, deep feelings, and his early manhood had been blighted by the desertion of a woman he fondly loved, on the very eve of their marriage. After this blow he had quitted England, and had only recently returned to his baronial home, Keystone Hall, after an absence of ten years.

True, Sir Astley had returned; but the blow his pride had received was not healed; and he chafed gloomily in his solitary state. In the variety incidental to wandering life—in the warmth and bustle of foreign hotels—in the excitement of travel, the lost love had been partially forgotten—the blank unfulfilled. But now Sir Astley realized that his heart was cold, his life companionless; and that he, of all men, was least formed "to live alone."

And yet he shrank from again casting his heart's treasure at the feet of a woman—from again placing his happiness and his honor in a woman's power. Want of trust, want of faith—the seeds of bitter doubt and harsh suspicion—had sprung up in the ground that had been so rudely tilled, and who can marvel?

Sir Astley Chichester was not a handsome man; but there was a strong sense of masculine power about him which either drew woman's hearts towards him, or repelled them, according to their different temperament. If fear was overcome, love would predominate. In his unhappy attachment, timidity and awe had prevailed too strongly, and led to its sad issue. He acknowledged to himself that to pass through life without a woman's love, would be to him utter stagnation; and yet he shrank from the effort to win for himself that which his soul craved.

He had met with one fair girl abroad who had taken his fancy; he had basked in her smiles and begun to dream of a future; but in a fatal hour he had watched her, unperceived, and had seen those same smiles, that same winning manner, exercised in full force upon some one else, and he had turned away and left her without a word of farewell.

"If she married me, it would only be because I am Sir Astley Chichester," was his inward comment; and a sneer curled his lip, as again he set a seal, whether justly or not he could never know, upon his transient fancy, which had been but a feeble glance.

But here, at home at Keystone, the want of a help-mate, which has been im-

planted in the bosom of every rightly-constituted man, since the days when Paradise was incomplete to Adam without Eve, asserted itself with overwhelming force, where only one faithful old servant, who had lived at the Hall since Sir Astley's boyhood, showed any solicitude about its master.

Poor Gregory left the library with a sad shake of his white head. "He's off again! Well, well, I can't wonder, though I'm main sorry. Why don't he marry? Ah!"—and he drew in his lips with a heavy sigh—"it cut cruel deep, it did, the jiltin' hussey! I mis-doubt he'll never settle down as I'd like to see him, the poor master!"

But the result proved Gregory wrong.

CHAPTER II.

A First-class carriage, with only two occupants—a gentleman and lady—in the night mail, whirled swiftly to Edinburgh. The lady, who is young and pretty, casts furtive, not to say anxious glances at her fellow-traveller, and, with some relief, mentally pronounces him middle-aged and eminently respectable; for there is a long night journey to be accomplished, alone, probably, with only this stranger; and it has become really, in these civilized days, a matter of national disgrace, that one of the greatest perils of the age appears to be two people, of opposite sex, travelling "tete-a-tete" in a railway carriage.

She noticed his hat was pressed over his eyes, which were shut, and his chin rested on his woollen muffler. Her presence appeared to him a matter of perfect indifference. So the young lady gathered confidence, and drew from her pocket a letter addressed to Miss Aylwood, at Pierce Rutherford's Esq., M. P., 85, Chester square, London.

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My own beloved Blanche, it commenced. It is very evident the contents were meant for no other eyes than those that glowed sparkled and glistened over rhapsodies so foolish to all but lovers; therefore we will forbear from publishing poor little Blanche Aylwood's billet-doux. And yet does not this folly bring us nearer to heaven than any other more prosaic stage of existence?

How long Blanche Aylwood's perusal of her precious letter lasted we are not prepared to say; and it is very certain that the moments fled to her unconsciously. She had thrown her veil back, and had been wholly absorbed, when she suddenly became aware that her fellow-traveller had changed his position, and was leaning forward with his eyes fastened on her face; while in them was the scared half-unconscious expression of one startled from sleep under strange circumstances, and a something more which she could not then comprehend.

A maniac!—Scream!—Call the guard!—Open the door, and jump out! &c., &c.—all the usual weak, womanly expedients flitted across Blanche's brain, and, as might be expected, she did nothing; and the two fellow travellers, having stared vaguely at each other for a few seconds, relapsed into their respective corners, not again to sleep and read, but to keep a furtive watch upon each other, from very different motives.

The night was wearing on. Silence and weariness were depressing Miss Aylwood's nerves. She felt that to bear this dull solitude any longer was impossible. At the next station I will change my carriage! she reflected emphatically. I'd rather be second class with Phoebe! This was Miss Aylwood's maid. And presently, to her relief, the train slackened speed, and the long, shrill whistle indicated their approach to a station.

But, suddenly, "a change" came o'er Miss Aylwood's "spirit." The gentleman rose, and said, courteously "this is York. We remain here twenty minutes. Can I be of any use to you? Will you allow me to get you some refreshment?"

Blanche blushed at the injustice she had done her companion, for she was too much of a lady herself not to detect the "ring of the real metal."

"Thank you," she answered; "I will get out, for I should like to speak to my maid, if I can find her."

"It is a long train, and may be a matter of difficulty; but, if you will go into the waiting-room to the fire—for it is a very cold night—I will endeavour to do so for you, and send her to you."

"Oh I cannot give you the trouble! I—"

But her hand was already in his, and she was stepping on the platform.

At the door of the waiting-room he turned suddenly as he was on the point of leaving her. "It seems impertinent to ask your name, and pray withhold it, if you please; but it would assist my search."

Thus appealed to, how could Blanche refuse?

"Aylwood—Miss Aylwood," she said.

"Aylwood!" he repeated, gazing into the fair face with the same fixed look that had startled her. "And so like too! Then I was not dreaming? But what does it mean? Has time stood still with you, Mildred?"

"I am not Mildred," answered the

young lady smiling; "but I am Mildred's sister. You mistake me for Mrs. Rutherford."

"I am Astley Chichester," he answered, absently.

The girl shot a grave pitying glance at him out of her soft eyes, and bowed her head reverently. "I have heard of you," she answered gravely; and then Sir Astley turned away upon his quest.

There was no demur now as to travelling under such protection, and when the train sped on its way, Miss Aylwood and her new-found friend had lessened the distance between them, and broken through their reserve.

It may seem tedious to devote another chapter to a railway journey, but it is a very long distance from London to Edinburgh; and as this journey was fraught with such momentous consequences to Sir Astley Chichester, we must be pardoned if it infringes upon another chapter.

CHAPTER III.

You are very independent to travel so far by night, unprotected, Miss Aylwood, said Sir Astley.

I am not timid, answered Blanche; then she added, with a rising blush, perhaps at the remembrance of her recent tremor, I should not have been alone, but my escort—the friend who was to have been with me, is ill, and was unable to leave Scotland to fetch me.

This sentence was too involved for Sir Astley Chichester's enlightenment; he had not seen the letter commencing, My own beloved Blanche, so he merely bowed and still more earnestly recognized, with feelings of mingled pain and pleasure, the expression and lineaments of his first love repeated, in each particular, in her sister, Blanche.

But even the pathos of love must yield to the pathos of conventionality, and the Baronet found himself blandly inquiring after the health of the woman who had jilted and wrecked his happiness for ten years. Surely something must have been working a cure, for if not interest, at least it must have been indifference, that prompted the polite conversational formula.

I hope Mrs. Rutherford is well; he asked presently.

Blanche slightly raised her brows—perhaps she was scarcely aware she did so—as she answered, quite, I thank you.

Sir Astley noted the movement, and said, with his usual bluntness, I dare say the past is no secret to you; but within the last two hours I have learnt to forgive the insult your sister put upon me.

Blanche's cheek burnt. She raised her eyes to his, with a flash in them. I was a child at that time; but since I grew to womanhood, and could judge right from wrong, I have blushed for that one act in my sister's life.

Impulsively she gave him her hand, which he detained; but she did not add that the name of Sir Astley Chichester had ever been by her sadly and strangely revered; that many a tender, pitying thought had been given by the younger sister to the self-exiled, forsaken lover, until the ideal had been replaced by the real in her susceptible heart.

There hands were not unclasped when a sudden shrill whistle was heard, the train slackened its speed with that abrupt celerity which betokens immediate danger, and ere movement could be made or terror strike, swift as light that danger came.

There was a crash, and total darkness seemed to fall upon them—seemed for the lamp yet burnt in the carriage, and no outward sign was there of the terrible catastrophe which thrilled the public mind with horror in the "next day's papers."

For some minutes was Sir Astley Chichester unconscious; when he opened his eyes, it was with an aching over the temple, and the blood, trickling from a slight scalp-wound. Blanche lay at his feet, perfectly white, cold and senseless—to all appearance, dead.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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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