

The Star,

AND CONCEPTION BAY SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Tuesday, July 2, 1872.

Number 14.

JULY.

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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.

NOTICE.

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

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PANY
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May 14. tff

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other Material in connection with the
art, they hope to give entire satisfaction.

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

GENERAL NEWS.

(From the Weekly Scotman, June 1.)

THE TICHBORNE CLAIMANT AT BRISTOL.

The claimant of the Tichborne estate, accompanied by Mr. Onslow, M. P., visited Bristol on Friday week, and attended a public meeting in the evening. Large numbers of persons assembled to greet him at mid day, but he did not arrive until 1 p.m. Several persons who were present were so demonstrative in their endeavours to shake hands with the "claimant" that they tore down the door of his brougham. The evening meeting was largely attended, and resolutions sympathetic with the claimant were passed, as well as one condemning the language of the Attorney-General. The claimant stated in the course of his speech that papers sufficient to establish his claim had been sent in by Mr. Robertson Gladstone. Several of the speakers, among whom were a tailor, a clerk, and a publican, remarked that the committee appointed to receive subscriptions were not certain that the claimant was the real Sir Roger, but they were anxious that justice should be done. This observation created some confusion. The claimant occupied a prominent position on the platform and freely used his pocket handkerchief when reference was made to the funeral of the Dowager Lady Tichborne. Mr. Onslow, in the course of a long speech, denied that he was attempting to set class against class. They had been deserted by the upper classes, and now appealed to the British public; and the British public, who were never wrong, had responded. The Attorney-General's speech, he said, was a gross misrepresentation of facts, and was couched in language unworthy of a lawyer. Mr. Onslow had visited the claimant in Newgate, and his great grief was that a Tichborne should ever get into such a place.

On Saturday night, a second meeting of the sympathisers with the claimant was held at the Broadmead Rooms, Bristol. The meeting was intended principally for the working classes, and the prices of admission were consequently reduced to 2s. 6d., 1s., and 6d. This arrangement had the desired effect, and long before the time announced for the commencement of the proceedings the large hall was crowded with an enthusiastic audience, whilst the avenues leading to it were besieged by large numbers desirous of gaining admission, or, failing that, to catch a glimpse of the "claimant." Several speeches were made; and resolutions condemning the Attorney-General for the language he used during the late trial, and protesting against the employment of six counsel in the forthcoming trial, having been carried unanimously.

The claimant, who was introduced to the meeting as Sir Roger Tichborne, Bart., rose and was received with great cheering. He said he must avail himself of the opportunity, before saying anything for himself, to mention that some kind lady in Bristol had sent him a present that day. Who that lady was he did not know. If they would permit him he would read them the letter. The present he received was that book (a Bible.) (Cheers.) All he could say was that, if his enemies did not take it from him, he would never part with it. (Cheers.) The letter ran as follows:—

"Clifton, 25th May, 1872.
"To Sir Roger Tichborne.
"DEAR SIR.—Pardon the liberty I take asking you to accept the enclosed Bible from a sincere well-wisher; but after attending the meeting at the Broadmead Rooms last evening, I feel fully convinced you have not had fair-play; and whilst remembering your defence fund, I wish to offer you, as a token of Christian sympathy, this precious book of peace and comfort to all those who are passing through sorrow and bitter trial, and I pray God will bless you, and reward the many friends that have been found so true to you. With the best wishes from mother."

Now, he thanked them for their kind attendance that evening, for it was very gratifying to him to see that he was not left alone to be crushed. (Cheers, and a voice, "Nor you shan't be.") Therefore it not only gave him confidence and courage to proceed in the case in which he thought he had shown a deal of courage already—(cheers)—but when he told them that he did not fight for himself—(applause)—it was for his little ones he fought—(applause)—and he told them confidentially that had he to go through that he had suffered for himself, he should have gone away, or probably taken that useless life from his body; but he was the father of a family, and for these children he was willing to fight till the day he died. (Applause.) He did not ask these present to believe he was Sir Roger Tichborne—(cries of "We do!")—that he left to themselves; but what he asked them—and what he knew they were all willing to do, because they had shown it

—was to see that he had fair-play and a fair trial. (Applause.) He had not the slightest doubt but that he should have remained in Newgate had it not been for the British public coming forward in the way they had. He did not hesitate to say they frightened those very Judges on the seat, and they granted bail. (Cheers and voices—"We will frighten them again.") "Send them down to Bristol, and we will lynch them." They must remember the charges that were made against him—one was perjury, for saying that he was R. C. Tichborne, the son of his father—(cheers and laughter)—another was for saying that he was not Arthur Orton; and the other charge was for forgery, which was a criminal charge. (A voice—"What for?") Signing his own name. (Loud cheers.) But there was one thing, rest assured, whether they cut him in pieces, or used any other cruelty they liked, he should sign the name of R. C. Tichborne for the future.

Mr. Guildford Onslow, M. P., then came forward, and in the course of a long speech repeated the statements he had made on the previous evening. In the course of his remarks he said there was existing not far from Bristol a man who would be put in the witness-box, and would swear that he knew that gentleman (pointing to the claimant) in Australia as Thomas Castro; whilst, at the same time, he intimately knew Arthur Orton—(applause)—that he had transactions with both of them, and could positively prove it as a fact that the gentleman lived there under the name of Thos. Castro, and that he was not Arthur Orton. (Cheers.) That man, who was prepared to give the evidence, had been offered £50 if he would not go into the witness-box to swear. (Shame.) He did what he (Mr. Onslow) had advised his constituents to do in a contested election—take money and peach afterwards. (Loud applause, and laughter.) That man was an honorable man; that witness was an undeniable witness in the box, as they would hear when the trial came on. He said to the man who offered him the money, "If you give me the money, I must have it, and down." The other man said, "No; I cannot do it, but I will give you £10; that is all I have got in my pocket." The witness said, "Give them to me;" and he received the ten sovereigns, which were now in their keeping, marked as they were, and one of these ten was a peculiar one. (Applause.) That individual called upon the witness a few days afterwards, and said, "I was only in fun. I want my money back again." The witness said, "I was only in fun, and I shall keep it"—(laughter)—and he did keep it, and they had now got it safe. (Applause.) The witness went up to London and told that almost incredible story, but in the Court he actually "spotted" the man who had paid him the money. (Applause.) He (Mr. Onslow) challenged the Attorney-General for a thousand guineas that Sir Roger should beat him at chess and at ecarte, and that he should play a better tune on the piano than the Attorney-General could. (Cheers and laughter.) He would bet the Attorney-General a thousand guineas that Sir Roger would ride him a mile race across country—weight for weight with him. (Laughter.) He (Mr. Onslow) thanked the meeting for the flattering reception he had met with from them, and hoped that when they had travelled the country, and appealed to the public of England, they would meet with a similar reception to that which they had met with at Bristol. (Cheers.)

Mr. Taylor, corn-factor, moved—
"That, having heard the statement of Mr. Onslow, Sir R. Tichborne, and other gentlemen this evening, this meeting is of opinion that the claimant is worthy of sympathy and support, and hopes no means will be spared to secure him adequate means of defence."
Mr. Snary, photographer, seconded the resolution, and it was carried unanimously, and the proceedings then terminated.

It is stated that the two meetings held at Bristol will probably result in a benefit of £100 to the "Defence Fund."

NARROW ESCAPE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are still sojourners in the French capital. On Monday they were visited by General Ladmirault, Count Arnim, and other persons of distinction. On Tuesday the Prince and Princess gave a grand dinner. On Monday the Prince had a very narrow escape of a carriage accident. "One who was Present," and who has reached London, describes it in a letter to the "Daily News." He says: "It was indeed fortunate that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales stepped back from his carriage at Paris, yesterday, before the horses took fright. I happened to be crossing the Place Vendome at the time given in your telegram, and was looking at the socket of the notable "column," when I heard a rattling of hoofs and a violent noise of carriage wheels. On turning round I saw

two carriage horses, one a light bay and the other a dark bay, tearing round the place from the direction of the Hotel Bristol, and dragging at their heels a neat landau or brougham. The driver's box was empty, and the animals were evidently half mad with terror. Jumping aside—for it was death to endeavour to stop them by standing in their way—I looked eagerly into the vehicle as it swept past to see if it was occupied. Great was the relief to note that it was empty. "Thank God!" I said to a friend, "there is no one inside." In front, just at the beginning of the Rue de la Paix, was an open carriage in which were three or four schoolboys. Looking back in the nick of time, the driver of the vehicle contrived to pull out of the way. Close to the pavement in the Rue de la Paix was a hooded cart containing linen. It was, I think, standing still, though the driver held the reins. The frightened horses with the carriage dashed towards it, and then wheeled slightly to the right. A wheel of the landau caught a wheel of the cart, and tore it away. I was delighted to note that, though the cart was nearly upset, the driver held on. He sat for quite a minute after the collision, holding the reins like one who was stupefied. Meanwhile, the scared horses continued their gallop. One or two other vehicles, so far as I could see, were, at all events, grazed. Just at the end of the street the wheels of the landau came off, and the shattered vehicle dragging heavily along, the horses were stopped. When I got up the animals were held by a blouse, both seemingly very little blown, and without a scratch. The carriage was smashed. The four wheels were off, and half the body was gone. After a few minutes the coachman, who wore high top-boots, smart hat and white belt, arrived, and he was allowed to lead the horses away. A crowd continued to gossip and gesticulate round the wreck of the vehicle, and when I drove past on the way to the Northern Railway station, at seven o'clock, were there still. So far as one can judge, no occupant of that carriage could have escaped with his life. Manchester Weekly Times, June 1.

FEARFUL SCENE ON BOARD SHIP.

Captain Bartlett, master of the "John Sydney," gives the following account of the mutiny and loss of life which occurred on board his ship: "The 'John Sydney' arrived at Dobby, on the 4th of April, to load a cargo of lumber for Liverpool, and finished loading on the 2nd May. My crew arrived from Savannah on Tuesday the 7th. Among them, the first officer, Mr. Jake, noticed an Indian, who had deserted from my ship only eight days before. Mr. Jake said to the Indian, 'What, you back again? What did you run away for?' The Indian answered in an insulting manner that 'he ran away in order to get two advances.' Mr. Jake then simply pushed him, and sent him forward. Just then a negro, named James Brown, stepped out of the fore-castle, and said, 'Mr. Jake, we won't have any fighting here.' Mr. Jake said, 'Ah! you want to take a hand, do you?' When on the instant Brown drew his knife, and struck at the mate, cutting off his suspender and penetrating through his two shirts. Mr. Jake then jumped back and drew his revolver, but before he could use it, he received a blow on the back of the head, and at the same time some of the crew struck him a blow under the left eye, inflicting a severe wound. By this time the fight had become general, and knives were drawn, and clubs used. The cook, seeing one man trying to stab the mate, jumped before him with his big galley knife, and told him 'that if he attempted to use his knife he would kill him.' The steward, seeing that the crew were determined to kill the officers; ran into the cabin, and seized a cutlass, and just as he got to the mate he saw the man Brown with the mate's revolver raised, and the mate wrestling with him. The steward spoke to Brown and told him to 'Let go the mate, or he would run him through.' Seeing that Brown was determined to kill, and that he could not save the mate in any other way, he struck Brown on the left side with the point of the cutlass, when he dropped the revolver and let go of the mate, but continued fighting for some moments, when he fell, and expired almost immediately.—Ibid.

EXPECTED ENCOUNTER BETWEEN AMERICAN AND SPANISH WAR-SHIPS.

The West India and Pacific mail steamer, which has just arrived, brings intelligence of a rather serious dispute between the Spanish and American authorities at Aspinwall. It appears that the steamer Virginus, which had for some time been lying near Aspinwall, was closely watched by the Pizarro, a Spanish man-of-war, on suspicion of being engaged in supplying arms and supplies to the Cuban insurgents. The American Consul at Aspinwall, on being appealed to by the captain of the Virginus, decided that the steamer was a United States trading vessel, and that there was not the slight-

THE STAR.



Latest Despatches.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., June 22nd. The night express went past this place at 12.20 this morning full of passengers, many being Ministers of the English Church, homeward from the Synod at Toronto; and eleven miles below Belleville station the engine jumped, the baggage car remained on the track. An eye witness says that immediately after the accident he went to the second class car, it and the smoking car was telescoped, and on the top of the locomotive. The passers were exposed to the escaping steam which was so dense that he could see nothing. One after another the scalded were crawling from the openings. Five persons were found dead and were carried to the roadside, where the wounded lay nearly three hours in the most fearful agony. The sight was one to baffle description. The terrible cries of the sufferers rent the ears of the lookers on, who made every possible effort for their relief. The condition under the influence of their terrible injuries was fearful to witness. The second class car was crowded with passengers, many of them were lumbermen "en route" for Quebec. Sixty-five men and women were scalded and otherwise injured, six of whom died on the spot, the others are dying every day. John H. Ebbert, the engineer, was instantly killed, and the fireman badly injured. The wounded and dying are so much disfigured as to be unrecognisable. Since the previous report this evening, twelve more of the injured have died, making 23 deaths now, and others dying. Medical men say that not more than six or seven of the sixty-five persons injured will live. The killed and wounded are all second class passengers.

MONTREAL, 23rd. The latest accounts from the scene of the late railway disaster, near Belleville, report thirty three dead, but the reports are not very reliable.

The election contest has commenced in Ontario, and prospects are exciting.

GENEVA, 23rd. Nothing has transpired to weaken the hopes entertained for amicable adjustment of the differences between Great Britain and the United States.

In Navarre a considerable number of Carlists had engagements with the Government troops on Saturday, and were defeated.

Montpensier has issued a manifesto, in which he asserts the right of Alfonso, son of the ex-Queen Isabella, to the throne.

LONDON, 24th. Madrid journals deny that the Spanish Government has requested the recall of Minister Sierkles.

NEW YORK, 24th. Fifteen hundred pounds of nitro glycerine exploded on Friday in San Francisco, wrecking six buildings. Nobody injured.

A fire in Chicago on Saturday. Two men burned to death, and three patrolmen badly injured.

Jubilee tickets are three, two and one dollar this week. President Grant attends to-morrow.

The cable steamer "Dacia," supposed to be lost is safe.

NEW YORK, 24th. Four boys, from 7 to 14 years, were drowned at Albany while bathing.

Of 95,000 men who have struck during the past eight weeks, it is stated that 60,000 are working 8 hours, 25,000 are on strike, and 10,000 resumed work at 10 hours.

Ten jurors have been obtained in Stoke's case.

GENEVA, 24th. A serious question has arisen before the Geneva Board in reference to indirect claims. Arbitrator Adams holds that indirect claims are within the treaty and that the Tribunal should pass on question of their admissibility, while Cockburn maintains an opposite opinion.

GENEVA, 25th. It is stated that the Board of Arbitrators at session on Monday, 17th inst., informed Agents on the part of the United States and England that they consider indirect claims presented in the case of the American Government as untenable. There is reason to believe that despatches have been received from the Government at Washington which will lead to a satisfactory solution of the entire question. These despatches Mr. Bancroft Davis, the American agent, will communicate to Court when it re-assembles. After Wednesday the Tribunal will proceed to consider the direct claims of the United States.

MONTREAL, 25th. The jury on the inquest of the late railway catastrophe, near Belleville have given a verdict finding the disaster purely accidental, and exonerating the Company from all blame. A broken wheel was the cause of the accident.

The Quebec Volunteers went to Camp to-day. Mortality is increasing in the city. There were one hundred and sixty interments last week.

QUEBEC, 25. The steamship "Prussian," with Lord Dufferin, the new Governor-General, arrived at 8 a.m. to-day. He was received by the Lieutenant Governor and Ottawa Ministers.

BELLEVILLE, 24. The Coroners Jury on the late railroad accident on the Grand Trunk, find it was purely accidental. The track was in a good condition, and the engineer was sober. An efficient and careful officer died at his post.

LONDON, 25th. At the Session of the House of Lords last night, the Ballot as amended, passed its third reading.

The Geneva Tribunal met yesterday, but no account of the proceedings has transpired; it is to meet to-morrow. Senor Morel, has been appointed Spanish Minister at London. Appointments for Berlin and Vienna have also been made.

M. Laicy, late Minister of Public Works have been chosen President of the Right in the French Assembly.

The Carlists continue fighting in Andalusia. They retired to Jeroso, and are fortifying themselves with barricades; they made a sharp fight, but were finally routed.

LONDON, 26th. An International copyright treaty, between Great Britain and the German Empire, has been drafted at Berlin.

The "Daily News" to-day says that America agrees to being non-suited in her case before the Board of Arbitrators so far as indirect claims are concerned. The "Echo" this afternoon says, that notwithstanding a misapprehension by the American representatives of the intention of their government relative to the indirect claims, it has reason to believe that the treaty is safe. The "Standard," however, is of an opposite opinion.

It is stated that the negotiations for the complete evacuation of France by the German troops, have been brought to a favourable conclusion.

A German despatch says, a majority of the Board of Arbitrators are unfavorable to a longer adjournment of the Tribunal than a fortnight. The English representatives leave Geneva on Friday, and therefore it is supposed that an important decision will be given on Thursday.

NEW YORK, 26th. President Grant attends the Harvard Commencement to-day, after which he goes again to the Jubilee, and to the Ball at the Coliseum in the evening.

The twelfth juror in the Stoke's case was obtained this afternoon, and the case was opened by the district Attorney, who claimed that but one verdict could be returned if it were proved the prisoner shot Fisk.

BERLIN, 26th. The Federal Council has approved of the amendments made by Parliament, to the Bill proscribing Jesuits. The Bill thus becomes a law, and its provisions will soon be carried into effect.

The Mayors of the cities in Alsace and Lorraine have been ordered to prepare registers for a military levy in October next.

LONDON, 27th. A Geneva special says, that Lord Fenton, British agent, yesterday read a reply from his Government to the last despatch received by Bancroft Davis from Secretary Fish. It is possible that the final sitting will be held on Friday morning. Mr. Davis will leave for Paris on Friday, but contemplates returning in a few weeks.

NEW YORK, 27th. A despatch received here to-day from Geneva contains nothing of importance, except that the Arbitrators will, to-morrow announce when they will consider the direct claims.

James McHenry and others interested in the Erie railroad and representing more than sixty millions of its stock arrived from Europe and are engaged in forming a new corps of directors.

The grand Ball at the Boston Coliseum on Wednesday evening, passed off with great eclat, about 30,000 persons were present from all parts of the country and a portion of the Foreign Diplomatic Corps, army and navy officers, and the governors of several States.

NEW YORK, 27th—Even. President Grant arrived in New York this afternoon.

Stokes' trial was resumed this morning, the court being densely crowded. Several ladies were present, among them Mrs. Fisk.

MONTREAL, 27th. Lord Dufferin arrived here early this morning and proceeded direct to Ottawa by steam boat. An address will be presented to him to-morrow morning.

The dinner to be given to Messrs. Hoben and Dorien had been postponed till Wednesday evening next, in order that Messrs. Blake and McKenzie may be present.

MARRIED. At the Cathedral, on the 28th ult., by the Revd. D. Falconio, Mr. Jeremiah Leary, of this town, to Miss Catherine Prendergast, of St. John's.

SHIP NEWS. PORT OF ST. JOHN'S. ENTERED. July 1.—Kate, Colbert, Richabucto, lumber & shingles—T. Lynch.

CLEARED. June 28.—British Gem, Bernard, London, oil & skins—Ridley & Sons. July 1.—Atlanta, Keefe, Lisbon, fish—Punton & Munn.

NOTICE. DENTISTRY! DR. LOVEJOY, AN OLD PRACTITIONER OF NEW YORK.

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The Cheapest and Best ever Offered to the Public!!!

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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 Lamplough's Pyretic Saline Powel'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 " Parson's " Jaynes' " Holloway's Ointment Adams' Indian Salve Russia Salve

All the above proprietary articles bear the Government Stamp, without which none are genuine. Outport Orders will receive careful and prompt attention. May 14.

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 DRY GOODS. Consignments solicited. St. John's, May 7.

W. H. THOMPSON, AGENT FOR Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. Servants and Sharemen's SHIPPING PAPERS, FOR SALE at the Office of this Paper.

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. W. H. THOMPSON, AGENT FOR Fellow's Compound Syrup OF HYPOPHOSPHITES. 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. A GENTS. CARBONAR.....Mr. J. Foote. BRIGUS....." W. Horwood. HEARNS CONTENT....." C. Rendell. BAY ROBERTS....." R. Simpson. St. FERRE, Miquelon " H. J. Watts.

THE OLD CLOCK'S VOICE.

Against the wall the old clock stands,
Its hands are red with rust;
And its pendulum sways through a dusky haze
Of cobwebs robed in dust.
Over a hundred years ago,
With measured swing and motion slow,
This clock began to mark times flow.

Many a one, in days gone by,
Who gazed upon his face,
Now sleeps where the breeze through the
tremulous trees
Makes musical the place!
Yet, as if it were an immortal thing,
The old clock still keeps up its swing,
And counts the hours as they take wing.

Off in the stormy winter time,
While gathered around the hearth,
The young and the old secure from the
cold,
Make most of the hour of mirth.
Above the ringing laughter's chime
Is heard the old clock's steady rhyme,
Weaving the song of passing time.

And when the summer days come round,
And the birds sing in the trees,
While the breath of flowers called forth by
showers,
Sweeten the kind south breeze,
Mingled with sound of bird and bee,
And cheery laughter of infancy,
The old clock's voice sings merrily.

All seasons through that voice is heard,
Through fortune and through ill,
Whether fate be fair, or dreags of care
Life's fullest measure fill;
To note the moments as they fly,
The hours that come, the hours that die,
The old clock stands there faithfully.

CARRIE BERTRAM; OR, How a Heart was Healed.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER VI. AND LAST.

Caroline felt wonderfully relieved by her long drive in the country; seeing which, her uncle proposed another on the following day. Caroline willingly assented, and Donald asked Mr. Quintin to accompany them; indeed through a strange series of circumstances, this acquaintance of a day had already become as one of them, acquainted with their secrets, and they with his. Caroline had been very silent all the time, but her thoughts were not gloomy; they were only tinged with sadness at the uncertainty of worldly things; nevertheless, she thought that it was a very beautiful world, with its rivers, and mountains, groves and glens, flowers and singing birds.

In their subsequent rides, every beauty in the scenery was pointed out to her by Alfred Quintin, who, like herself, was an ardent lover of nature. Every herb and tree, not known in Scotland was commented upon in a way that proved him a thorough master of botany; till Caroline began to feel that these excursions would lack their interest were he not there. She felt his presence a powerful exhilaration to her mind, and gradually allowed herself to be drawn to talk upon her own tastes and studies, thus revealing unawares the extent of her own attainments. During these times old Donald was rather at a discount, though he generally managed to intersperse the conversation with a few irrelevant allusions to the Crimea and Edinburgh, his two favourite topics.

For two months they stopped at Leipzig, visiting many places within easy distance, but always returning there, as if it were their home. The air of the place, or the company, was serving to revive Caroline else they would not have stayed so long. Day by day she was growing "more like her own self again, and her uncle rejoiced that he had brought her to so suitable a place.

At length the university session was about to close, and Alfred Quintin, along with a few others, was to receive his honors in the public hall. Donald Inglis and his niece were there, and when Carrie heard the congratulatory shouts as the young Englishman carried away the prizes from the German university, she felt a pride in her heart for his sake sweeter than anything she had ever felt before, and her eyes filled with tears. At the same moment she was conscious that Alfred's gaze was fixed upon her and a rosy blush suffused her cheek; but she reasoned within herself, wondering why she should be ashamed. She liked Alfred it was true, but only with a sister's love. Strange it was then, after all, when she felt so like a sister towards him, that she could not add her congratulations to those of her uncle, but hung back bashful and ill at ease through having a few tears discovered.

Miss Bertram, said Alfred, as they returned to the hotel, at the same time offering her the handsomest volume in the collection, will you keep this as a memento of to-day?

Oh, Mr. Quintin, what a shame of you to give away your prizes! she cried unthinkingly.

I never give them away, he said; but I want you to take this one. I shall consider it an honor if you do.

Scarcely knowing how to act, but

feeling to refuse it would annoy him, Caroline accepted it and said she would keep it with pleasure.

Her uncle had ordered a grand dinner to be prepared for the occasion, and had given orders to have a carriage and horses to convey them and it to a fine old chateau distant about ten miles.

It was a beautiful place, a place full of romance and ghost stories; and Caroline felt as if she had left all her old world behind her, when, after the sumptuous meal, she left her uncle and Mr. Quintin smoking on the terrace, and roamed up and down by lake and rivulet, through groves and over lawns dotted with high chestnut trees, under the umbrageous foliage of which rustic seats were placed in perfect concealment. The chateau had been explored while dinner was being set out; so she said sitting down by a mossy well, now I think I have seen it all.

So I think you well might, said Alfred's voice close beside her, after your long ramble; you might have given me an invitation to go with you and see it too.

Oh, are you displeased? she said, I thought uncle and you were getting on very well.

So we were, he replied; what do you think we were proposing?

To take another ride to-morrow? she said, questioningly.

Yes, one in a railway carriage, said Alfred. Your uncle was thinking of visiting the principal cities in Germany, and then returning home by the Rhine.

And would you go with us? asked Carrie.

Do you want me with you? he asked. Of course I do, she replied, we could never go without you, you speak the language and understand the people so well.

Caroline Bertram, he said fiercely, you talk to me as if I were a guide, hiring myself out at so much a day. Surely you have not suffered to so little purpose yourself that you can dance carelessly over other people's best hopes.

Have you suffered? she asked inquiringly.

Suffered! he repeated; yes, and I am suffering now, so badly that I cannot endure it any longer. Put an end to it; say if you can love me—yes or no?

Caroline bowed her head, so strangely overcome that she could not find tongue to answer. Alfred was sitting on the stone wall of the well close by her, and in his agony he caught her hand in his and cried almost sternly, et it be yes or no—yes or no, at once.

Her fair head drooping still lower, she gasped forth a simple yes. It was enough: he heard it, and, clasping her in his arms in his excess of joy, he called her his beautiful, his bride, and all the endearing names that a man like him could shower from the fulness of his heart upon the first woman he had ever loved. They sat there and talked till the sunlight faded away, and the moon and the nightingale hallowed their bliss; then through the groves they wound their way back to the chateau, lost in their maze of love. Murmuring softly to each other, even their tones were in harmony with the scene around, when the spell was broken, and they were brought back to the every-day world by the voice of Carrie's uncle exclaiming, from the end of an alley, hullo, Mr. Quintin, you've taken a considerable time to tell my niece your plans about the tour!

Yes, I confess I have, said Alfred; but we have agreed to propose a small amendment to your plan; and that is, that it be converted into a marriage tour.

Is that your amendment? exclaimed Donald; with all my heart then be it so. I think you said, Carrie, you day two months ago, after you knew the worst, it is better as it is.

We do not know sometimes the kindness of the hand that scourges us, answered Carrie, in a low, happy voice.

When seated in the carriage, and the darkness enveloped them, the three talked the matter over in quite a cool, collected manner. Alfred urged that there was nothing to prevent their getting married at once, and old Donald declared himself set against long engagements; so Caroline was persuaded to give up her idea of being married in Edinburgh, and consented to its taking place before they left Leipzig, on their journey.

A fortnight after, very quietly, but solemnly, was the ceremony performed, and Donald Inglis handed over the fair Caroline to Alfred Quintin, with tears in his eyes, but saying, I am proud to give you into hands so worthy.

Oh, Alfred, she said, I wonder I ever deluded myself into the idea that I loved Stuart Kerr; what I feel for you is so different from what I felt towards him.

Is it, dear? said the proud and happy husband.

I liked him I think, because I considered him my fate, if I may talk of such a thing, said Carrie, or because he was my first love, but not for anything

that was lovable about him; though, of course, I did not see that then.

I understand it, dear, said Alfred; you were early bound by an engagement to him, and your heart was too faithful ever to seek a reason for its devotion, or once to wish for freedom.

This conversation took place as their tour was drawing to a close, and from it the reader will be enabled to draw the conclusion that they were perfectly happy. As for Donald Inglis, he gave halfpence to every beggar he met; his own peculiar mood of communicating his overflowing joy to his fellow-creatures. In this way he was always being escorted by a retinue of beggars in every town they passed through, which circumstance not unfrequently hastened the departure of the young couple, who did not covet such popularity.

They were once more in England, and for some days were busy among the sights of London, when Carrie expressed a particular desire to see a play that was then being acted in one of the smaller theatres. It was a piece she had seen in her childhood, and she had a strong desire to see it again—nothing very good, *The Man with the Iron Mask*.

Very well then, little one, said Alfred; but remember, it is to be the last time. I do not object to the drama in itself; but there are evils arising from it, which as a minister of the Gospel, I must try to put down.

But you have not got a charge yet? she replied.

I have got one charge at any rate, that seems going to take charge of me, he said, as he stooped down and caught the little wheedler's face within his hands and kissed it fondly.

That night he kept his promise—he took her to the theatre. The piece was pretty well acted, and recalling pleasant associations, was to Caroline particularly interesting. When the part came where the heavy iron mask is taken off the prisoner's head, after having been worn for twenty years, she became quite excited, the voice seemed so familiar to her. How strange, she thought, that such a strong impression should be made in such early childhood; it seems only yesterday since I heard that voice ring through the iron mask.

Slowly the prisoner was brought to the front of the stage, the heavy mask was removed, and Stuart Kerr stood before them. He was an actor by nature, and sought to earn a living by what had once been his favourite amusement.

Half fainting, Caroline was conveyed from the theatre, and never asked her husband to take her there again.

Alfred searched out his half-sister, and found her in low lodgings, leading a life of indolence. He offered to add something to the yearly income left her by her father, which offer she scornfully rejected. Notwithstanding this, he never lost sight of her. On his last inquiries he heard that her husband had fallen into dissipated habits, and had become a low actor in a low theatre. She had tried first to teach music and German, but lacking the perseverance and patience necessary to success, had failed in both. Latterly she had tried acting, and earned a small weekly pittance by doing, or rather overdoing the tragedy queen for the entertainment of the lower classes of London. During these vicissitudes Alfred failed not to assist her and her husband anonymously.

Caroline was welcomed with open arms by Alfred's mother; and her young husband, getting a living in his native country, his people became her people, for, saving her own dear Uncle Donald, there were no friends she loved so well as those to whom she had been united by marriage.

THE

Knight of the Gauntlet.

As Tom and I dived about the bay in our boat one sunny morning, baiting for "cunners" that never bit, we talked of many things. Love amongst the rest.

Nonsense, Geoff! said Tom; who would be a married man! Look at old Casco Bay, how it flashes in the sun, and the little blue wavelets go dancing up these island beaches; those same little fellows have been dancing out in the broad Atlantic, tree as the air, happy and jolly. I'd like to be one of them; I don't want to settle down, tied to anything. And as to love, as poets and women write it, it isn't worth stealing.

Hush! Such profanity, Tom!

"A secret sense comes o'er me, I shall not tarry long."

I feel it in the air; I am certain I am born for a romance, and that my destiny will be sealed suddenly and unexpectedly. I shall meet my fate and love her instantly, without regard to times and seasons, days, weeks, or months, but because 'my love loves me,' and I shall marry her off-hand, as in a dream, hardly knowing the color of her eyes, even,

Go on, Geoff! go on! I like to hear you prattle.

I will not. You are laughing at me, replied I, rather sullenly, taking up an oar to change our place with the subject, for I was opening a room in my air-castle, wherein hung my most gossamer, beautiful and dearly beloved dream-pictures, to Tom, just to be laughed at by the commonplace wretch.

What a fool I was to speak of my premonitions even in fun!

Don't mind me dear old Geoff. Indeed, I wasn't laughing exactly at you; but you are such a romantic old boy, and your talk about "sealed destinies" and "fairylike visitants" is so characteristic of you, that's what I was smiling at; not that I don't have the most reverential regard for your "fairylike visitant," or shall, if she appears. 'Kiss and make up,' as the children say, Geoff; and let's go down by the Cistern Islands; they've been frightened off here, and that's more out of the way.

As we slipped over the shining water, and neared the little islands, fir-crowned and pebble-beached, the fresh, glad air, the flooding sunlight, the ripple of the bay, all joined to make it one of life's most beautiful of beautiful mornings to me. What did I care for catching cunners!

Tom, put me ashore awhile, as you fish. I'll take a swim, and explore the place, and you can pick me up on the other side.

All right.

The boat grated the pebbles, a spring, and I was Alexander Selkirk, "Monarch of all I surveyed."

Tom idly "bucked water" a little way, and threw out his line again. I strolled along the beach a few steps; snail-shells, pebbles, and knots, of leathery, blistery-looking seaweed strewn the tiny white beach. Just then my eyes rested on something else. I stooped. At my feet lay a lady's gauntlet glove, a chamois-leather glove. Poor thing, it was soaked almost to a pulp by the bad little waves, that were still tumbling it about, all its fancy stitching discolored and frayed. A most woeful little wayfarer it was. I took it up and squeezed the water out of it. Something hard pressed my hand. I turned the glove, and a shining ring dropped at my feet. A prize! Hurrah! I picked it up eagerly. It was a handsome cluster diamond, and the setting was heavy and valuable. Inside the broad gold band was engraved, "Hope Werner."

Excellent! My future had sent me a token. My fairy was coming, and I knew her name now—Hope Werner. Who ever heard of such a thing as a glove and a ring being tossed up from the broad Atlantic at a young man's feet by chance? No it was a token.

Oh, fiddliestick! said Tom, when a half-hour later, I showed him the glove. Nothing strange in finding a glove out here. There's lots of excursions up this way every summer—clubs and what not. The 'Highlander's Club' was here week before last from Boston, and last week the 'Cunner' Club was here from Portland, on Little Chebeague Island. Some girl lost it overboard, I suppose, though you'll think, no doubt, some mysterious, person your 'fairy visitant,' perhaps, sent it; there is to be a wonderful tale hanging thereby, and you'll pin her favor to your helmet, and be of a verity 'The Knight of the Gauntlet.'

Of course I shall, quoth I, with a satisfied little thrill, and an involuntary squeeze of my left arm to the vest-pocket where reposed Hope Werner's ring.

Tom's profane eye I did not intend should rest on that, nor, indeed, any other, to have my dainty secret common talk in ignorant, vulgar mouths.

As for the glove, it kept "shedding salt tears," and leaving dampness behind it on the seat, till Tom pitched it into the sea again, with an emphatic "Nasty thing!"

True to my quest as Knight of the Gauntlet, I searched long and faithfully for the owner, but in vain. Two years went by; it was summer again. My visionary lady love tarried on the way, and my romance was getting dim and dusty; I had almost given up, when one evening, as I was just pulling off my boots to retire to my berth on a Portland bound boat "en route" from Boston, where I had been studying law, etc., I heard a young girl's voice near my door talking to her "aunt." I did not mind what she was saying!

"The Harpswell they going there, too, for a summer's frolic? I wondered. She prattled on: Not like 'Harpswell Neck,' aunt? Oh, yes you will; it is splendid there. You know that's where the "Highlanders" went when I lost that ring.

Oh, yes, I remember when you was down there, dear; as much as two years ago, wasn't it?

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

Mrs. H. B. Stowe says: "Men need wives who are in love with them. Simple tolerance is not enough to stand the strain of married life; and to marry when you cannot truly love, is to commit an act of dishonesty and injustice."

Every person should cultivate a nice sense of honour and self-respect.

WIT AND HUMOR.

DURING a class meeting held in a Southern village, a short time since, Brother Jones went among the coloured portion of the congregation. Finding there an old man notorious for his endeavour to serve God on Sabbath and Satan the rest of the week he said, "Well Brother Dick, I'm glad to see you here. Haven't stole any turkeys since I saw you last, Brother Dick?" "No, no, Brother Jones, no turkeys." "Nor any chickens, Brother Dick?" "No, no, Brother Jones, no chickens." "Thank the Lord, Brother Dick, that's doing well my brother!" said Brother Jones, leaving Brother Dick, who immediately relieved his over-burdened conscience by saying to a near neighbor with an immense sigh of relief "Ef he'd said ducks he'd a had me!"

HOW TO QUARREL WITH A WIFE.—Wait until she is at her toilet preparatory to going out,—she will be sure to ask you if her bonnet is straight. Remark that the lives of nine-tenths of the women are passed in thinking whether their bonnets are straight, and wind up with the remark that you never knew but one who had common sense about her. Wife will ask you who that was, You, with a sigh, reply: "Ah! never mind!" Wife will ask you why you did not marry her. You say, abstractedly, "Ah! why, indeed?" By this time the climax is reached.

TIT FOR TAT—Somebody—evidently (to judge from the condemned articles) influenced by feminine spite—advocated in an American paper a tax of sixteen cents per pound "on tobacco, liquors, dogs, old bachelors, and members of the Legislature." Old Single-man, after reading the paragraph snorted and said, "Why not on snuff, tea, cats, old maids, and supporters of Woman's Rights? We echo his questions."

A GENTLEMAN of indolent habits made a business of visiting his friends extensively. He was once cordially received by a Quaker, who treated his visitor with great attention and politeness for several days. At last he said, "My friend, I am afraid thee will never visit me again." "Oh yes, I shall," said the visitor; "I have enjoyed my visit much; I shall certainly come again." "Nay," said the Quaker, "I think thee will not visit me again." "What makes you think I shall not come again?" asked the visitor. "If thee does not leave," said the Quaker, "how canst thee come again?"

We never knew a cabman with an eyeglass, or a chimney-sweep with spectacles. We never knew a lady buy a bargain at a shop sale and not afterwards regret it. We never knew a man propose the toast of the evening without his wishing that it had been placed in abler hands. We never knew a waiter in a hurry at a chop house who did not say that he was "Coming, sir," when really he was going. We never lost a game to a professional at billiards without hearing him assign his triumph chiefly to his flukes.

CLEARING UP WEATHER.—Sheridan was once staying at the house of an elderly maiden lady in the country who wanted more of his company than he was willing to give. Proposing one day to take a stroll with him, he excused himself to her on account of the badness of the weather. Shortly afterwards she met him sneaking out alone. "So, Mr. Sheridan," said she, "it is cleared up,"—"Just a little ma'am; enough for one, but not enough for two."

Mr. Page, a man of advanced years, found a young lady's glove, and handed it to her saying:

"If from the glove you take the letter G, The glove is love, and that I give to thee." Taking the glove, the young lady replied: "If from the Page you take the letter P, Then Page is age, and that won't do for me."

"Ah, John, I have buried my brother since I saw you!" "Served him right," said John. "What do you mean, sir?" was indignantly demanded. "Why, my dear fellow," said John, "would it have been serving him right to leave him unburied?"

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