

LOCAL MATTERS.

NOTICE.

The public are hereby cautioned against paying subscriptions or amounts for advertisements to any person on behalf of the STAR, unless said person hold written authority from me to collect and receive the same.

J. E. COLLINS,
Ed. "Star."

Induction.

It is announced that the induction of Rev. H. Hough Barber, late of Newcastle, is to take place in Shediac on the 4th prox. Bishop Kingdom will be present.

Picnic at St. Margarets.

Though the morning of Wednesday last lowered and threatened rain and storm, not a few went from here and other places to the St. Margarets' picnic. A very large number all told attended, and though there was some rain the day was thoroughly enjoyed. The proceeds reached \$300.

Personal.

Mr. Guppy who has been engaged in harbor surveys along the North Shore lately took ill and had to go home to Ottawa.

Colonel Taylor, D. A. G., was in town yesterday inspecting the different armories of the 73rd Batt.

Episcopal Church Bazaar.

The Bazaar held in the Masonic Hall, Thursday evening by the ladies of the Episcopal Church was largely attended; and all who went seemed highly pleased at the extent and quality of the exhibits; and the taste in the arrangements. There were several tables well filled with fancy works, delicately wrought with the needle, and these tables were presided over by skilled sales-ladies. The refreshments were not the least pleasing portion of the collection, nor the least patronized. The proceeds reached \$220.

Gone to Montreal.

Rev. J. Theberge, parish priest of Alnwick was in Chatham last week on his way to the eye infirmary in Montreal, for treatment for his eyes. For a couple of years past the revered gentleman has found that a thick coating has been growing on the inner part of his eyelids; so far has this gone that his sight is now seriously threatened. He will remain in Montreal as long as his physicians deem necessary. We hope he may return with his sight fully restored.

Preparations.

We would recommend the 30 strong party to buy a spring bottom chair for Mr Blake to keep him from being jolted and wobbled to death while riding in on the Chatham Branch. If the organ-grinder and his band meet Mr Blake at the Junction they ought to strike up "The rocky road to Dublin," to the time of the jiggle jog of the old cars on their way in.

"Oak Point."

Yes, this is all very true; but if you look through this issue of the Star carefully you will see just "how much" there was in the charges made against Peter Legere. As to the "motives" of the writer, they are insignificant, and harmless. The gentleman at Oak Point, is we verily believe is a gentleman in the widest sense of the word, and no one who meets him can say otherwise—but as to those political pretensions you speak about, we have only to say that before being able to get there, he has first to be able to beat Mr. Romain Savoy.

The Sunday Magazine.

The number for September affords pleasant, instructive, entertaining and edifying reading—not for Sunday only, but for every day in the week. The periodical is religious in tone and sentiment, but sectarianism is strictly avoided, and all sects, and all classes of readers will pursue its pages with pleasure and profit. The leading article is entitled "American Benefactors," by James Laurence Bowdoin, L.L.B. It has thirteen illustrations, with portraits of Wm. B. Astor, H. H. Warner, Prof. Lewis Swift, Daniel Drew, etc., etc. "The Wallachians," with ten illustrations; "Mauritius," with five illustrations; and "The Christian Church at Washington, D. C.," are particularly note-worthy articles. Mrs. Robert O'Reilly concludes her highly interesting serial "Out of the World"; there are short stories and sketches by M. V. Denison and other popular writers, and some admirable essays by W. C. Proctor, Marcus Dods, D. D., Rev. Dr. Deems, etc., etc. The poems are of more than ordinary merit, and some of them are beautifully illustrated. The miscellany is abundant, and contains a vast amount of information and entertainment. The illustrations are numerous, and well executed. A single copy is sold for 25 cents; annual subscription \$3, post paid. Address, Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.

STAR-BRIEFS.

Blueberries.

The last wet weather is spoiling much hay.

Rev. Dr. Leeming who lectured here last fall is now lecturing in Halifax.

We are glad to learn that Mrs. Bowser, of the Bowser hotel, who has been ill for some time is improving.

The schr. "Claymore," Capt Marquis, arrived in port on Monday with a cargo of coal, and having carried away her maintopmast and foretopmast head.

Mr. Thomas Flanagan has his weigh scales in good shape to accommodate any parties that wish to patronize him and save long hauling.

The News says one of the embankments of the Tantramar marshes broke away Wednesday night, admitting the tide; and flooding the marshes several feet deep. Here is a theme now for Mr. Chandler's muse,

Mr. May, St. John's leading clothier and tailor was here this week taking orders for his house. He secured a large number. Mr. Mays establishment is one of the oldest in St. John; and the leading tailoring establishment in the Province.

The Union Advocate has been informed that the trustees of the Newcastle school district have in contemplation that in future, when advertising for teachers, male or female, in addition to the usual references, the photograph of the teacher must also be supplied. This is probably done on the principle pursued by Barnum, who in hiring lion-tamers always insisted on having the photograph of the applicant sent in professional attitude.—News.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE "SWILL TUB" AND PETER LEGERE.

In the Chatham "Swill Tub" of 28th of July, under the head of "Cheating the People of Alnwick," there is a correspondence which is a tissue of false statements made by one who is not worth minding, his word or person not being respected in this locality. "Lazor" which is a very good name for him, felt sore that he had not the laying out of the money, or that it was not laid out by his directions. I am sorry to say he can neither read nor write or even sign his name; and hence his sudden departure for Chatham immediately after the sale of roads on the 14th July. He had of course to call at Oak Point for instruction. He surely does not mean that he is one of the "Intelligent Frenchmen of Alnwick," who is fit for office or that he can stand side by side with Mr. Legere, in ability or straightforwardness in public matters.

I will give a true statement of the sale of roads on the 14th which aroused the indignation of this "Lazor." I admit that he was not allowed to control the sale. Mr. Legere gave the proper notice as required by law,—a large number of persons attended the sale and among that number the Swill Tub correspondent, was conspicuously observed advising the people not to bid low, and his usual way trying to create discord. It is true Mr. Legere's son-in-law did the writing when the sale of a piece of road was made; the measuring was done with a tape-line used by surveyors which Mr Legere had borrowed for the purpose, and when the first lot sold was measured, Mr Legere discovered that there was one foot of the tape line, caused no doubt by constant use; so "Lazor," or Leper your statement is false on that point. Now, about the "big jobs." I will give the sales in order—J. B. Russell, 10 rods, at 13cts. per rod; Lewis Russell, 10 rods, at 16c. per rod; J. B. Russell, 10 rods, at 15c. per rod; Sylvia Savoy, 12 rods at 17c. per rod; J. L. Gould, 10 rods, at 18c. per rod and the next 10 rods to Mr. Legere's son at 22c. per rod, through green under growth and to be turpined. Now, "Lazor," or Leper, your favourite Wm. Russell 10 rods at 40c. per rod; Francis Muzerall jointly with L. Russell, 20 rods at 50c. per rod.

It is useless to go over all the ground, but I may say the man that made these false statements at the "Swill Tub" office is well known here, and he should blush with shame, knowing that it was his own relations and not Mr. Legere that got the best jobs. Mr. Legere had \$90 to expend, less his commission, and he got over 200 rods of road made. I will leave it to any man that will inspect the work to say what "Lazors" motives were for making such an unwarrantable attack on Mr. Legere.

Yours, etc.,

A VOICE FROM PORTAGE RIVER.
Alnwick, Aug. 8, 1881.

LIGHTNING.

To the Editor of the Star,—

DEAR SIR—I see it stated in a local paper that there is a theory that lightning is attracted by high objects. I never heard it before. Is there such a theory? ENQUIRER.

No. There is no such theory. Lightning is conducted by certain high objects, because they stand in its way; and measurably "attracted" by some objects whether high or low. The source whence that "theory" comes as we have often said before can manage to trade on its smartness when writing on "fish" or dealing with the private and public affairs of its neighbours; but in the era of literature where a knowledge of literary subjects is required, we may see the skin of the lion, but we see the ears, and hear the bray of the ass. A man is smart, saucy and abusive by intuition, or from associations; but he cannot become learned by such means. Now a man in private life may pass as a learned man, by the use of catch phrases at stated times, but if he be the editor of a newspaper, he cannot conceal his ignorance. He may get some planet-struck individual to purloin a lot of leaves out of a work on astronomy and head it "the comet" and publish it, but often he is in a hurry, must have something to say on this certain subject or that—then neither the picked-up phrase, nor the smartness, nor the sauce will do. The hoofs and horns will appear.—Editor.]

THE DONKEY AND THE MULE.

To the Editor of the Star,—

Sir,—When the electric fluid shot from the cloud, struck Senator Muir-heads freight sled, it caused considerable commotion. The citizens generally worked with a will, and by their exertions a great calamity was averted. Of course it is generally recognized that Mr. Brennan saved the town. His pluck and perseverance cannot be too highly praised. Mr. Snowball, too, gave great assistance. His steamer "St. George," was at hand with her powerful donkey to give aid if required. But not only was his donkey on hand, but his MULE was there also. It would not be very much missed, only that its brazen face is now so familiar, that in every case, where mischief is perpetrated, the mule is always to the front. Its bray is generally heard, but it never kicks only when goaded. It has a bland smile like the "Heathen Chinese" and like all mules is sometimes brash. It would be a good idea for the head of the fire engine company to hire the mule from Mr. Snowball to haul the engine. Such an arrangement would be a mutual benefit, as sometimes the mule becomes an elephant on its masters hands, which could be avoided by keeping it properly worked.

Yours, etc.,

HAND ENGINE.

THE MEETING.

To the Editor of the Star:—

Sir,—A general meeting of the faithful was held in a room of the Masonic Hall in Chatham on Thursday evening to make arrangements for the coming of Blake. R. Carman, Esq., was duly elected chairman, and a stranger elected himself secretary. It was moved by Charles Bernard, Esq., that this meeting constitute itself the general meeting of the Liberal allies Reform alias Grit, party of the county. After some remarks from Davie, this was carried. Then the stranger secretary moved that we organise a grand reception, which motion was spoken to and adopted. The next motion was for a brass band. Several stated that as our Chatham band could only play two tunes, viz.—"Our Captain with his whiskers" and the "dead march," it would be in order to import a brass band from Moncton. After considerable debate in which it was intimated that the secretary had brass enough for a dozen bands, the resolution as amended was carried, when Mr. Brennan moved that we adjourn sine die, and they all went to the Bazaar, happy, and ENTHUSIASTIC.

A TOUR THROUGH IRELAND.

LOUGH MASK CASTLE—CAPTAIN AND MRS. BOYCOTT—LORD MOUNTMORRIS.

(From Cor. Montreal "Witness.")

Mrs. McDougall got a driver to take here to Lough Mask Castle. On the way she asked the "man" what he thought of Mrs. Boycott, "Never heard a word against her in my life. The people had no reason to be like her. Hard word or hard deed she left no memory of behind her." We drove past the residence where Captain Boycott lived, a fine spacious house finished in plaster to imitate stone. The grounds near the house were nicely laid out, but that is the universal rule in Ireland. Drove through a gateway into the yard. In a stable loft in the yard some police were lodged. The driver hallowed at them, and one came down the stone step; to see what protective duty was asked of him. I asked him to show me the ruins, and he complied in the kindest manner. Across the barnyard and through a shed we made our way into the castle ruins. There are many nooks and crannies, as is the case in these ancient ruins generally, but the main body of the castle was divided into two large apartments, with the roof on the floor of course. I noticed the track of recent fire along the old walls. He said it was made by the officers who were down there on protective service for Capt. Boycott. They had one apartment and cooked there, and the police the other. These quarters open to the sky, and having stones on the floor, did not look comfortable. We went up the circular stairs to the ramparts. There is a walk around the top behind the battlements. Looking down at the remains of a fireplace in what was a lofty second story, my guide told me there was a name and a date there. The name Fitzgerald, I forget the date; so this must have been one of the Geraldine castles. There is a fine

VIEW FROM THE BATTLEMENTS.

Lough Mask, which is very shallow here, a little water and a great many stones overtopping it in profusion, lies before us, and an extensive country, partly fertile in round hills and green valleys, partly crusted over with stones. A policeman, not my guide on this occasion, told me, illustrative of the disposition of Captain Boycott, that the but in which the police were sheltered was very damp—water, in fact, was running on the floor under their bed. They had a small coal stove, and on the cool becoming exhausted before they got a further supply, one of the men being down sick, they ventured to ask Captain Boycott for the loan of a lump or two of

coal to keep their stove going till their supplies were received, and he refused them. They were obliged to protect his ass and water cart down into the lake to draw water from out beyond the edge where the water was deep, and, therefore could be dipped up clean. He would not allow them to get any of the water for their own use after it was drawn, or lend them the ass to draw for themselves. They had either to wade out into the lake or dip up as they could at the edge.

Along the road we drove, until from an eminence we could see

LOUGH MASK

in its beauty, with its bays and islands spread out beneath us. This view gave us a part of the Lough where the water covers the stones. This particular evening the water was as calm as a mirror and as blue as the sky above it, and the trees on the hills and bays around it in their greenness and leafiness, round-headed and massive, were all bathed in sunlight. We came to fields a little more barren-looking, where bare stone fences took the place of the rich hedges, turned up a road that lay between these stony ramparts, and drove along for a little. I was wondering in my own mind about Captain Boycott. Did he, in his own consciousness, think he was doing right in his system of fines? He knew how small and miserable the wages were; he knew of the poor, comfortless homes and the "smidrie o' wee duddy weans" that depended on the poor pennies the father brought home; he knew that he came out well fed and leisurely to find fault with a peasant who was working with a sense of goodness about the stomach. Did he think that increasing the hunger pain would make him more thoughtful, more orderly? Would he have done better if he had been suddenly brought to change places with his serf? If he could not help fining the people until he fined off the most of their wages, where they to blame for refusing to work for him? Was the Government right in taking his part when it had neither eye nor ear for his people's complaint? I was questioning with myself in this helpless fashion, when I heard my driver enquire in Irish of a bare-footed country girl if we were near the spot where Lord Mountmorris was murdered. This question, and the surprise with which I became aware that I understood it, made me forget captain Boycott for the time being and wake up to the present time. We had stopped our car and were waiting for the girl's answer, which she seemed in no hurry to give. At length lifting a small stone she threw it on the road a cars length behind us, answering in Irish that there was the spot where he was found. The murderer was hidden in the field opposite. The road was bare of the shelter of ditch or hedge, bush or tree. It was late, he was coming home alone; his police escort for some reason were not with him that particular night,

LORD MOUNTMORRIS WAS MURDERED, and some one has a mark on his hand that all the water of the Lough will not wash off. We drove along the road, a bleak and bare road, with a hill on one side of it and a steep slope down on the other, until we came to a small plantation, a lodge gate, and drove up an avenue with small plantations of young trees here and there, some grass land with a few beasts grazing about, some signs of where flower beds and flower borders had been better cared for once on a time than now, and came to a comfortable roomy square house finished in plaster. This was castle something, the residence of the late Lord Mountmorris. With a blessing, content and a three hundred a year one could fancy that person sung of by Moore, "With the heart that is humble," being able to make out life nicely here. When a man has a title to his name with all the requirements which it implies and demands, one could imagine a constant and wearing struggle going on. If I have earnestly and constantly sought to find a reason that could possibly irritate an ignorant and exasperated peasant to the point of taking the life of this man, I have found none. He was unhappily addicted to drink, it is said, but he must have had a large majority of the inhabitants of Ireland of all creeds and classes on the same side with him in this, to judge by the number of houses licensed to sell liquor to be drunk on the premises which are required for the drouthy part of the population. He is accused of having warped justice to favor his friends in his capacity of magistrate. I have heard that accusation brought against other magistrates again and again, who were not molested. He was said to have boasted when you that he was a spy to the castle authorities, and could have any of them—he chose to point at taken up. This was mere bluster, I suppose. There does seem no reason why the poor man should be cut off in the midst of his days by a guilty hand, for there is no record of any tangible injury which he had done to any man. Here on the spot where he fell among the common people, I did not hear anything that seemed to give reason for any hatred that would lead to murder being entertained against the deceased nobleman. We turned away from the house and grounds, and I felt very sad enough when we passed the place where he lay in the dark night, amid bare, barren loneliness until the alarm was given. Health in full blossom of purple clung to the ditch back, foxgloves in stately array nodded at me from above flowers that creep and flowers that wave were springing everywhere, the rains of heaven had washed off the red stain, but I could not shut my eyes to it. I saw the human body, dignified into something awful by the presence of death, lying there waiting for the hands that were to take it up reverently, and bear it away

for investigation and burial. I saw the dyed stones of the road that will never lose the mark of guilt that colored them with the blood shed there.

DIED.

At Chatham N. B., on the 11th inst., ELEANOR ST. CLAIR, aged 11 days, daughter of Gertrude Anna and J. E. Collins. [Newfoundland papers please copy.]

T. F. KEAREY,

—DEALER IN— CHOICE BRANDS

Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

—ALSO IN— ENGLISH ALE & IRISH PORTER

Large quantities of which are always kept on hand and for sale by the dozen or the barrel.

T. F. KEAREY, [Near of Customs House,] CHATHAM, N. B. Chatham, Aug. 20, 1880.—tf

James P Mitchell.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Notary Public, Conveyancer &c OFFICE:— Adjoining Telegraph Office, Hays' Building,

NEWCASTLE, N. B. August, 30th, 1880

M. A. FINN,

Importer of WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS, TO BACCOS AND TOBACCO-NISTS' GOODS

Wholesale and Retail

PRINCE WM. ST., Cor. Princess, Hotel Dufferin Building, ST. JOHN, N. B. Nov 27 tf

J. B. RUSSELL,

Direct Importer CHOICE WINES, BRANDIES, WHISKIES, CORDIALS, &c., &c., &c. —ALSO— COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF WELL-SELECTED

GROCERIES: Opposite Masonic Hall, NEWCASTLE, N. B.

Newcastle | Nov 24—tf

STAGE LINE

FROM BLACK BROOK.

The Subscriber wishes to inform his friends and the public in general, that he is now running a STAGE between Black Brook and Chatham, for the conveyance of passengers and freight. The Stage will leave Black Brook every day, [Sunday excepted] the following hours viz:— 9 o'clock a. m. 2 o'clock p. m. 6, 30 " p. m. FARE each way - - - 25 cts. FREIGHT according to agreement. JAMES McMURRAY. May, 21, 1881. 3m Black Brook, N. B.

Rheumatism of the Blood and Debility. HAYKRELL, Mass. March 17, 1881.

Gentlemen,—Thirteen years ago I was troubled with rheumatism of the blood. My blood was in such poor condition that when I retired my arms would become so paralyzed that I could not move the clothes to cover me. At last PERUVIAN SYRUP was recommended, and on taking two small bottles I was completely restored to health, and had no occasion to use it again for ten years. About three years ago I was taken with kidney complaint; and had dreadful pains in my back and side. At times, when in the street, I would have such severe attacks that I would be obliged to sit down on a door step, and I would cry like a child. After suffering for some time I remembered what the PERUVIAN SYRUP had formerly done for me, and the use of one large bottle entirely cured me. A few years since my sisters health completely broke down. She was so weak that she could do no work. She consulted Dr. Darke, of Roxbury, who recommended PERUVIAN SYRUP. He said it was just the remedy to meet her case, and the only one he knew of. The result proved the correctness of his opinion, for the use of one bottle completely cured her. Yours very truly, MRS. KARRIE A. DAVIS, No 5 Nichols St.

JUST RECEIVED

AT THE Newcastle DRUG STORE,

A Fresh Supply of Patent Medicines, viz Maltine, Elkir Beef Wines and Irons, Quinine wines, Hop Bitters.

FELLOW'S Hypophosphites,

Scott's, Putner's, Northrop's and Symon's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, as well as all the Standard Patent Medicines of the day.

—ALSO— Lime Juice in bulk or in bottles. Mineral waters, Boyds' electric Batteries only 50 cts. each.

—ALSO— Perfumery, Soaps, Hair Cloth, Tooth and Nail Brushes, Canary Hemp, Millet, Maw and Rape Seeds for birds.

E. LEE STREET, PROPRIETOR

Newcastle June 15 1881—t

Cheap CASH---STORE.

I now offer for Sale a very desirable line of READY-MADE Clothing: a complete assortment of Gents

Furnishing GOODS.

The Newest and Nobbiest styles in Hats and Caps, a most serviceable line of Boots and Shoes, a select stock of Fine

Groceries.

As my Goods will be sold at Rock Bottom Prices strictly for cash, it will be to the advantage of all, purchasing the above lines to call and examine mine before going elsewhere.

Country Produce taken in exchange for Goods

P. A. NOONAN.

Old Stand, water street, Chatham N.B. Chatham June, 4th. 3m

Tinware, Tinware!

I beg to inform my friends and the Public in general that I have now on hand a fine assortment of

Granitware, Japanned, Stamped and Plain TINWARE

All of which I will sell low for Cash. I am also prepared to execute all kind of work in

Sheet Iron and Gas Fittings

Ploughs and Plough Fittings always on hand. I also have in stock a nice assortment of

Parlor and Cooking STOVES

with patent OVENS. The inside shell can be taken out for cleaning purposes.

A. C. McLEAN, George street, rear of Custom House Chatham N. B. June 4th 1881—3m

F. Clementson & Co.

Have a heavy stock of

GLAS, CHINA AND EARTH ENWARE.

which they manufacture and import. The qualities vary to suit all purchasers. They have now their holiday and winter stock which they are selling off at the lowest figures. Orders from country or out towns promptly filled.

Articles carefully packed and forwarded to any address.

Parties visiting St John should not forget to call on

F. CLEMENTSON & CO., Dock Street, St John, N. B. Doc 15—tf

FIRE! FIRE!! FIRE!!!

Stoves and Tinware.

The Subscribers take great pleasure in announcing to the generous public that they have now, a complete stock of

COOKING STOVES,

and a complete outfit for same. We make a specialty of our stamped Japan Ware.

The Stoves shall be promptly put up for our customers by ourselves. Any Store-keepers requesting the

NEW MEASURES,

should not neglect calling on us for the same at our establishment.

We tender our sincere thanks for past favors, and hope to merit the continuance of the same.

WOODS & McEWAN. Chatham, June 15th, 1881. 3m

THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS

FOR SALE,

Best American Kerosene Oil

CHOICE CONGOU TEA

No 1 Scotch Refined Sugar

SODA BISCUIT.

—ALSO— OLIVE OIL, SPERM CANDLES,

ALININE DYES, Green, Blue, Brown, Purple Rose, &c.

NICHOLAS BARDEN. Chatham, NB March.

THOS. L. BOURKE,

IMPORTER OF

WINES.

BRANDIES,

CIGARS,

&c., &c.

WHOLESALE,

25 WATER St. St. JOHN, N. B. June 11th, '81. 3m