

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."

Gaspereaux.

Gaspereaux are plentiful and of good size. A few have reached the markets.

Fire at Nelson.

On Friday night last a house occupied by Mr. James Frazer, Nelson, was burned to the ground with its contents.

Newcastle Briefs.

Major Call of the N. C. B. of A. has just received from Christie Bros., London, England, a new uniform and also a new sword and belt. He has also received new regulation helmets for his officers and men. The battery will go into camp at Sussex on the 27th June.

Salmon.

Salmon have made their appearance at Bay du Vin and Point aux Car. Parties there have already secured a good many.

Replaced.

We are glad to see that the Government has replaced the boat belonging to Mr. Gray, recently destroyed by these two persons in Napun. Even though the abandoned persons took vengeance on the Brit regulation we are glad to see that the Government has recompensed the poor man who lost the boat.

Personal.

Sir Leonard Tilley will reach St. Andrews next week, and after staying there a few days will re-visit St. John where he will spend two or three weeks. He is now in St. John.

The Princess Louise will sail for Canada in the "Parisian" on the 7th or the 9th of June probably.

Sir Charles Tupper is now spending a few days in Nova Scotia.

Archbishop Hannen and Bishop Sweeney are both on their way home.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for June.

Abounds as usual in attractive features. The leading article, "Russia's New Emperor, Alexander III," by Alfred H. Guernsey, is highly interesting, and its ten illustrations are admirable. Among the other noteworthy contributions are: "Beggars in Italy," by Junius Lorraine; "Among the Pennsylvania Dutch" (7 illustrations); "Freaks of Nature in Landscape" (12 illustrations); "The Empress of Austria" (7 illustrations); "Tyrol and the Tyrolese," by W. Seton (4 illustrations); "A Week in Hamburg," by Alfreton Hervey (12 illustrations); etc., etc. The sketches include "J. Fennimore Cooper," "The Loss of the 'Kent,' East Indianman;" "Sport in India," Benedict's powerful serial novel, "A Late Remorse," is continued, and there are some exceedingly interesting short stories by popular writers. Bret Harte contributes a poem, finely illustrated, entitled, "What the Chimney Sang," and the other poems are of rare merit. The miscellany is large, and embraces a great variety of subjects replete with entertainment and embodying much useful information. The number contains 128 quarto pages and more than a hundred engravings. It is also embellished with a beautiful colored frontispiece, "Baby's Awake," from a painting by Meyer Von Bremen. The price of a single copy is only 25 cents; yearly subscriptions, \$3. Address, Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.

STAR BRIEFS.

Photographs of the great jam of logs, South West Bridge, for sale at Colpitt's Photograph Gallery, Chatham, N. B.—3w.

W. C. Whitaker, Esq., of the St. John post office department was in town this week.

Policeman Wilcox has tendered his resignation, after putting in his "soft" winter.

Mr. Symes, the dead meat agent, has met a serious collapse in Halifax. He is in jail for debt.

Mr. James Desmond is putting a new windlass, and part of a new deck on the barque "Forest Queen."

The wife of Hon. Robert Marshall died suddenly in St. John Thursday night. She was subject to paralysis.

Mr. Wm. Troy of Douglastown has purchased Mr. D. Davidson's tannery. Mr. Troy will conduct it on his own account.

John O'Keefe and James Quoban returned home from Mobile on Thursday, where they were loading vessels the past winter.

The largest lot of Bermuda onions perhaps ever consigned to one person in Chatham was stored at the auction rooms of Mr. Wyse yesterday.

Mr. Enoch Piper of St. John has been on a tour to the salmon grounds at Bay du Vin. He expects to supply his St. John freezer with salmon secured here.

The Moncton Times says the Rev. Mr. Lawson, "the saint," has been convicted of newspaper libel before his brother presbytery, and they have resolved to remove him from the ministry. Brother Lawson has probably more brains, and not less christianity, than any member of the court who have passed such a sentence upon him.

A FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT.

OVER TWO HUNDRED PERSONS DROWNED.

The most shocking accident that has ever occurred in Canada happened, at London, Ont., about 6 p. m., on the Queen's birth day.

The steamer "Victoria," with over six hundred excursionists on board, was returning from Spring Bank, and when near the Cove Railway Bridge, about one mile below the city, the boat suddenly collapsed like an egg shell and became a total wreck, level with the waters edge. All the passengers were instantly plunged into the stream, more than half of them being under the debris.

The first news which reached the city was brought by survivors, who struggled through the streets wet and weary. The news fell like a thunderbolt and a stampede took place for the spot. Arriving there a horrible sight met the view. Some fifty or sixty bodies had already been recovered and were lying on the greensward some distance up the bank. Those arriving from the city from every direction crowded around anxious to see if any of their people were on board. About one thousand families were represented on the excursion, and the wail of anguish that arose at the sight of the victims was heart-rending. Fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters rushed about panic stricken endeavoring to identify their friends. By seven o'clock about eighty bodies were recovered from and under the wreck, where the water is some two feet in depth. Almost every minute some poor victim was brought to the surface and conveyed in strong and willing arms to the bank. The total loss will aggregate over two hundred.

The city is plunged in the deepest gloom. The havoc has been made among high and low, as one can see by glancing at the names. Mr. Robertson manager of the B. N. A. Bank, is among the drowned. Coffins are carried away in horse loads to the scene of the tragedy, and the undertakers could not nearly supply the demand. Much blame is attached to the captain of the boat, and others responsible, for taking such a load on board, but they were only anxious to make money. Seldom indeed has a city been more eadly blasted at one fell stroke, than has ill fated London.

LETTER FROM "CHATHAM BOY."
Chatham Boy who left here a few days ago for Boston, got employment on the way, and is now at work in the office of a daily paper in Portland, Me. He sends the Star an account of his trip by the boat from St. John etc. We take up his letter at where he reaches Portland.

I could not help getting off the boat to take a look at this beautiful city, and in company with a Miramichi boy I went through the streets for an hour. I decided then to seek employment here before going to Boston. Success crowned this decision, for the second printing office I went into I got employment, which I have a prospect of holding as long as I remain here.

There are 6 Cunard steamers here at present loading cattle, grain and produce, which with the square rigged vessels employ temporarily about 1,300 men. The wages are from 30 to 40 cts. per hour. There are at present over fifty square rigged vessels in the harbor loading grain, lumber etc, and work at present is brisk but I understand it will not continue long. There is, therefore, no inducement for a laboring man to come here in the hope of obtaining permanent employment. Wages for mechanics range from \$2 to \$2.50 per day, but this either is not expected to last.

The sidewalks in Portland are all brick excepting Congress and Exchange Streets, which are nearly all granite. It rained more or less in Portland, every day since Saturday week, but Sunday was a beautiful day and you could scarcely get along the streets or sidewalks with people and teams. Were the Star printed in a mud less community I might enter into a description of this great and cleanly town, but the people there are used to nothing but eternal mud and filthiness and a description of Portland, no matter how graphic, would fall on their ears like Latens on those of a Sioux Indian.

A new daily paper has been started here in the interest of the "Greenbackers," called the Morning Chronicle, and upon which I am employed. Its mission appears to be the breaking up of the "powers that be."

Portland people, particularly the boarding masters, only give two meals on Sunday. When this cruel edict finds its way into my boarding house, I will take steps to have it abolished.

Being a stranger here I can't give you much news this time but will in future issues.

Yours, etc.,
CHATHAM BOY.
Portland, May 23, 1881.

LETTER FROM SHIPPEGAN.
The following is a copy of a private letter, but as it deals with a public matter, we give its publication.

DEAR SIR:—Is there any law in Shippegan forbidding persons to put herring on their land for manure? I saw today from 40 to 50 barrels on one mans farm. If Shippegan has no fishery laws, it ought to have. There are now a dozen boats fishing herring for manure. If persons at Chatham did this I fancy they would be fined; for there, as I understand, they are not allowed to put smell on the land, much less good herring. Down here they do as they please. It ought to be stopped.
Shippegan May 22, 1880.

BURNT CHURCH NOTES.
Mr. Thomas Wasson launched a fine new scow here the 25th of the month.

Our farmers are busy; some of them have their crops in.

Salmon fishers are hurrying to get their nets in the water. Reports of salmon at Hay Island are received. Speaking of Hay Island there is much talk as to who will be appointed keeper there. Perhaps Mr. Snowball who could do everything at last election can say.

We are wondering if Mr. Snowball ever show his nose here after all that has happened since 1878. He promised provisions and "political favors" for votes here, but the voters have got neither.

Men like Hon. M. Adams and Mr. Mitchell, are the men we want. They wear well.

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23—J. K. Emilie, 609, Ploinqnest, Greenock, J. A. & J. Stewart.
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COASTWISE—CLEARED.
May 25—sch. Forest Queen, 74, Blampye, Pictou, refuse deals, D. & J. Ritchie.
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PORT OF BATHURST.
ARRIVED—May 24—bark Exaudi, Bie, Lyngoer, R. A. & J. Stewart.

TALES OF OCEAN.
Capt Sorensen of the Norwegian bark "Svea" reports that on the 22nd April in lat. 56 30 N., lon. 22 30 W., he passed the ship "Jamestown" of Boston Mass., abandoned and without rudder, and most of yards gone; vessel seemed to be floating on the cargo, and no appearance of crew on board. She was lying to the North; and weather was squally from the eastward.

From R. Fellows, M. D., of Hill, N.H.
"Although I have generally a great objection to patent medicines, I can but say in justice to DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY that it is a remedy of superior value for pulmonary disease. I have made use of this preparation for several years, and it has proved to be very reliable and efficacious in the treatment of severe and long-standing coughs. I know of one patient, now in comfortable health, who has taken this remedy and who but for its use, I consider, would not now be living.
50 cents and \$1 a bottle. Sold by all dealers generally."

LOBSTER CATCHES.
The following will show the quantity of lobsters caught along the North Shore since the fishing season began. Samuel Bishop of Petit Roche has taken on an average one thousand pounds per day. James Buttiner of New Bandon has taken twenty-five thousand pounds and at present is packing six thousand pound per day. McLean & Sutherland of Caraquet average one thousand pounds a day. F. Mann of Grand Anse has filled thirty thousand lbs., and his average put up a day is 2,000 lbs. Owing to the stormy weather the fishermen on Miscou, Shippegan and Tracadie have been unable to fish or set their traps. Robert Bain established at Green Point is averaging 1,000 pounds per day. His boats on last Monday brought in 6,000 lobsters.

BLACK RIVER NOTES.

In your last issue I see you state a bear killed Mrs. Doran's cow at Black Brook. It should have been Black River. On Sunday afternoon the bear referred to killed three sheep belonging to John McLean. The brute merely killed them, and dragged them over the fence, but did not eat a particle of them. When Mr. McLean found his sheep killed he informed some of the neighbours, and they set spring-guns at once. The spring-gun is so arranged that I have never yet known a bear to cross the lines and escape them. On Monday morning the neighbours heard the most terrific roaring from a cow. It was calm and her bellowing could be heard all over the settlement. We all knew that the bears were again at work. John McLean and Donald Morrissey taking their guns went out and found a small sized bear tearing the cow who had alarmed everybody. They got within a few paces of the brute, and fired, but both missed, whether through fear or not I do not know, and the bear ran off into the woods. They turned home the cow, all torn, and she died that evening. McLean and Morrissey were the but of the neighborhood for both missing a bear at ten paces.

What raising is looking up here this spring. Nearly everyone in the settlement will this year grow more or less. There is a good grist mill eight miles distant on the Little Branch. Six bushels from one bushel or 9 or 10 to the acre, is about the average wheat yield here; and that pays.

Some fine farms here have been badly neglected. Their owners give all their attention to the lumber woods; but they are beginning to find out that the soil after all is the safest to rely upon.
27th May.

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A TOUR THROUGH IRELAND.

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF FINN MA COUL.

OLD HISTORIC LEGENDS.

How Fenians are Created.

(From Cor. Montreal "Witness.")

On the banks of the Finn, near Strabane, was born the celebrated hero Finn Mac Coul. I think this just means Finaly McDougall and, therefore, claim the champion as a relative. Strabane lies in a valley, with round cultivated hills, fair and pleasant to the eye, swelling up round it. Near it is the residence of Lord Lifford. I have heard townspeople praise him as a landlord, and country people curse him, so I leave it there. His recent speech, in which he complains of the new Land Bill, that if it passes into law, it will give tenants as a right what they used to get as a favor from their landlords, has the effect of explaining him to many minds. Leaving Strabane behind, went down or up I don't know which, to Kewtown Stewart, in the parish of Ardstraw, [ard strah, high bank of the river]. In this neighborhood is the residence of the Duke of Abercorn, spoken of as a model landlord. The Glenelly water mingles with the Struell and is joined by the Derg, which forms the Moarne. After the Moarne receives the Finn at Lifford it assumes the name of the Foyle, and flows into history past Derry's walls. King James forced this many titled river at Moyle on his way to the siege of Derry. At the bridge, as you enter the

TOWN OF KEWTOWN STEWART,
stands the gable wall of a ruined castle, built by Sir Robert Newcomen, 1619, burned by Sir Phelim O'Neil along with the town, rebuilt by Lord Mountjoy, burnt again by King James. Upon a high hill above the town commanding a beautiful view of the country far and wide stands the ruins of the castle of Harry Awry O'Neil (contentions of cross Harry), an arch between two ruined towers being the only distinct features left of what was once a great castle. This castle commanded a view of two other castles, owned and inhabited by two sons or two brothers of this Harry Awry O'Neil. These three castles were separated each from each by a river. Here these three Lords of the O'Neil slept, lived and agreed, or quarrelled as the case may be, ruling over a fair domain of this fair country. Towering up beyond Harry Awry's castle is the high mountain of Baisie Basl interpreted to me alter of Baal. I should think it would mean death of Baal. [Was Baal ever the same as Tammyru?] In the valley beyond is a village still named Beltane (Baal teine—Baal's fire), so that the mountain must have been used at one time for the worship of Baal. The name of the mountain is now corrupted into Bessie Bell. In the valley at the foot of the mountain is the grand plantation that stretches miles and miles away, embosoming Baronscourt, the seat of the Duke of Abercorn, and the way to it in the shade of young forests. There are nodding and feathery larches over the hills, glassing themselves in the still waters of beautiful lakes. Lonely granitic and stately desolation reign and brood over a scene instinct with peasant life and peasant labor some years ago. The Duke of Abercorn was counted a model landlord. His published utterances were genial, such as a good landlord, father and protector of his people would utter. Some one who thought His Grace of Abercorn was

that his public utterances and private course of action were far apart, published an article in a Dublin paper. This article stated that the Duke had evicted over 123 families, numbering over 1,000 souls, not for nonpayment of rent, but to create the lordly loneliness about Baronscourt. His Grace did not like tenantry so near his residence. Those tenants who submitted quietly got five year's rent—not as a right, but as a favor given out of his goodness of heart. They tell here that these evictions involved accidentally the priest of the parish and an old woman over ninety, who lay on her death bed. He had called upon the priest personally and offered ground for a parochial house; he forgot his purpose and the priest continued to live in lodgings from which he was evicted along with the farmer with whom he lodged. Of the evicted families 87 were Catholics and 36 Protestants. If they had been allowed to sell their tenant right they might have got farms elsewhere. Of those cleared off seventeen who were Protestants and six who were Catholics got farms elsewhere from His Grace. Some sank into day laborers, some vanished, where no one knows. People here say that the reason why there are Fenians in America and people inclined to Fenianism at home is owing to these large evictions—clearances that make farmers into day laborers at the will of the lord of the land. The people feel more bitterly about these things when they consider injustice is perpetrated with a semblance of generosity. Nothing—no lapse of time nor change of place or circumstances—ever causes anyone to forget an eviction. Now they say that the Duke of Abercorn holds this immense tract of country on the condition of rooting the people in the soil by long leases, not on the condition of evicting them out; therefore, he has forfeited his claims to the lands over and over again. This article, published in a Dublin paper, was taken no public notice of for a time, but when

sharply contested elections came round, the Duke and four others, sons and relations, were rejected at the polls because of the feeling stirred up by these revelations. Such is the popular report of the popular Duke of Abercorn.

The road from Omagh to ENNISKILLEN showed some, I would say a good deal, of waste, unproductive land. Land tufted with rushes, and bare and barren looking—still the fields tilled were scrupulously tilled. The houses were the worst I had yet seen on the line of rail, as bad as in the mountains of Donegal, worse than any I saw in Innishowen. I wonder why the fields are so trim and the homes in many cases so horrible. No many, I may say not any fine houses on this stretch of country. Arrived at Enniskillen on the market day. The number of asses on the market is something marvellous. Asses in small carts driven by old women in match caps. Asses with panniers, the harness entirely made of straw, asses with burdens on their back laid over a sort of pillow of straw. I thought asses flourished at Cairo and Dover, but certainly Enniskillen has its own share of them. The faces of the people are changed, the tongues are changed. The people do not seem of the same race as that peopled the mountains of Donegal. A little while after my arrival, taking a walk, I wandered into an old graveyard round an old church which opened off the main street. Underneath this church is the vault or place of burial of the Cole family, lords of Enniskillen—a dreary place, closed in by a gloomy iron gate. A very ancient man was digging a grave in this old graveyard, sacred, I could see by the inscriptions, to the memory of many of the stout-hearted men planted in Enniskillen, who held the land they had settled on against all odds in a brave, stout-hearted manner. None of the dust of the ancient race has mouldered here side by side with their conquerors.

There was a dragoonist flavor about the dust; a military flourish about the tombstones. "A," of His Majesty's regiment; B., officer of such a battalion of His Majesty's so-and-so regiment, C., D., and all the rest of the alphabet, once grand officers in His Majesty's service, now dust here as the royal majesties they served are dust elsewhere. Went over to the ancient grave digger, who was shovelling out in a weakly manner a decayed coffin, skull, ribs, bones, fat earth—so fat and greasy-looking, so alive with horrible worms. He was so very old and infirm that, after a shoveful or two, he leaned against the graveside and peched like a horse with the heaves. "How much did he get for digging a grave?" "Sometimes a shilling, sometimes one and six, or two shillings, according as the people were poor or better off."

Enniskillen, April 28th, 1881.
A New "Power."
Mr. Martin Sullivan of Chatham has a contrivance by which he can utilize dogs to excellent advantage. He is now concealing razors etc., by means of a new constructed machine, set in motion by his dog. The animal is placed on the side of a diagonal wheel, seven feet in diameter. Connected with this wheel is a cog-wheel, pinion, shaft and pulley. A belt then connects with another pulley attached to a large wheel laden with metal plate. Two lighter belts are attached to smaller pulleys increasing the speed to 1,900 revolutions per minute. We wish Mr. Sullivan would construct a one hundred dog power mill, for doubtless he could be accommodated with sufficient canines on waterstreet Chatham.

ESTABLISHED 1790.
A. CHIPMAN SMITH
SUCCESSOR TO W. O. SMITH,
DRUGGIST & APOTHECARY,
No. 1 CITY MARKET BUILDING, CHARLOTTE STREET,
ST. JOHN, - - - N. B.
Keeps constantly on hand—Fine Drugs and Chemicals, Materia Medica, Druggists' Sundries, Dye Stuffs, Perfumery, Soaps, Brushes, Combs, etc., etc.
Special attention and personal supervision given to the compounding of physicians' prescriptions and putting up of ships' medicines
Physicians practising in the country will find it to their advantage to send to me for their goods, as they may rely on getting only the purest drugs.
Wholesale agent for J.C. Ayer & Co. Lowell Mass., Manufacturer of the following goods Originally prepared Soda, by W.O. Smith—Smith's Anti-Bilious Mixture—Smith's stringent Cordial—Smith's Ready Relief—Ess. Jamaica Ginger. Frother's Balsam of Horehound—Chemical Hair Tonic—Smethian Ant-Bilious Pills—Inglis Liniment, &c.
St. John, N. B.—Dec—15 '77.

EAST END FACTORY.
THE SUBSCRIBER
Having Established a Factory and Planning Mill in the East End of the Town, he is now prepared to furnish to the public,
At St. John Prices
DOORS, WINDOWS, MOULDINGS, BRACKETS, STAIR RAILS, BIRCH AND WALNUT, BANNISTERS OF ALL SIZES, NOWEL POSTS, etc., etc.
Attention given to Planning and Butting
CLAPBOARDS, SURFACE PLANING etc., etc.
Orders solicited—Satisfaction Guaranteed.
GEORGE CASSELY,
Chatham, April 16, 1881. 1yr.

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NEWCASTLE, - - - N.
September 17, 1880.—1y

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August 30th, 1880

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