

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."

Where it Fell.

The threatened disaster fell not upon the world but—upon the Brits.

Ready for Sea.

There are six vessels lying opposite the town, ready for sea, and waiting a fair wind.

Arrivals.

Nineteen vessels arrived here on Monday. The harbor now has a business like appearance.

Test.

The steam fire engine, having previously been repaired, was tested on Monday. It worked fairly well believe.

The "Richard Hutchison."

This is a fine new vessel and belongs to Mr. C. C. Watt of Newcastle. She arrived here Tuesday and will load deals for Geo. McLeod.

Oyster Poaching.

If oyster fishing closes by law the 1st June, how is it that they have been fished up to now in Lower Bay du Via near Harrington's? Who is the responsible officer?

More Bears.

Mr. Thomas Whalen of Black River, and Mrs. Dunn of the same place, had a cow each killed by bears last week. Here would be a useful field for our volunteers.

Salmon.

Schooner "Bell," Captain Joseph Williston, brought 468 salmon up from Chapman's ice house Monday. These were shipped to the States, where salmon is again up to 22 cents per lb.

The Bazaar.

The ladies of the Presbyterian Congregation have the pleasure of seeing that their Bazaar is a grand success. The Hall has been thronged this afternoon, and this evening the harvest will be.

The Collapse.

Verily but coming events do cast their shadows before. It was the coming of the defeat in Colchester and Pictou on Saturday that oppressed the poor Brits so much that they thought the end of the world was coming.

Hadn't Heard a Word.

Up to 12 o'clock on Saturday evening, some of our prominent Grit business men, hadn't heard a word from Pictou or Colchester, though they had offered quiet condolence at 9 p. m. to their doomed representative. Why bad news is getting to travel as slowly as the "Chatham Branch!"

The Newcastle Battery, etc.

Major Call commanding 6 officers, 75 men and 29 horses and 4 guns left Newcastle on Tuesday for Sussex; also 2 companies of 73 Battalion under Major McCully, 8 officers, 86 men and 4 horses left Chatham in the regular accommodation train at 10 o'clock a. m. Tuesday for the camp.

The Black River Troops.

This body moved out yesterday morning, taking the "Branch," en route for Sussex. The commissariat officer for the Black River department ought to be cashiered. The gear worn by the Black River troops was in a disgraceful state. You would think the overcoats had been riddled by musketry instead of by moths. There were smelt scales on several of them.

A Case of Gratitude!

For some reason that no "fellow can understand" Mr. James McKay, late, and so long, of the employ of Mr. B. Snowball, has been discharged. He belonged to the county, of course, and that may have been a reason for his discharge. But so far as we have heard, he was considered a first-class business man. The best proof of this may be found in the fact, that he was no sooner discharged than he was engaged by the Stewart concern to take charge of their lumber interests at Bathurst. Mr. McKay at the latest election was one of Snowball's strong men, his whipper in, and exercised as much influence, as any other employe of the provision candidate.

STAR BRIEFS

The 19th has passed, and we are all alive.

The military festival opened in Sussex today.

Grit stock is a drug in the market since Saturday evening.

There are nine square rigged vessels lying at the Canada Dock discharging ballast.

There is a schooner in New York loading anthracite coal for Mr. T. F. Gillespie our M. P. P.

Mr. Henry Wyse of Newcastle has purchased the property belonging to his father on George Street.

Hon. Mr. Caron, Minister of War will be at Sussex on the 1st of July. The Governor General, and several Ministers and other notables will be likewise there.

Archbishop Hannan arrived in Halifax from Rome, Saturday, in the "Parisian." The Catholics of Halifax turned out in large numbers, and gave His Grace a hearty reception.

ST. JOHN NOTES.

The people of St. John do not belong to the Carlyle school. They take the good of every day but seem to have neither taste nor energy enough to look for more to morrow. They lack those honorable feelings of pride and ambition which are necessary essentials for an onward march to progress. Every winter they are entertained with a series of lectures which are always pronounced admirable but in truth are nothing more than magazine articles sometimes poorly written, sometimes indifferently compiled and invariably badly delivered.

Sometime ago the idea struck them of perpetuating the memory of the pioneers of the country through the means of a monument of some description. For quite awhile the correspondence and editorial columns of our papers had space for no other subject until it was finally decided that a Memorial Hall should be erected. Here the matter dropped and we have heard nothing of it since.

The Free Public Library was the next to be renovated. The requirements of the fair Queen of the Fundy, and the fact that there were men in St. John who would one day grace the annals of the literati, were arguments readily used by those who were anxious for the movement. Works were sent hither from different quarters of Canada and the neighboring Republic, a repository was procured; and I would say, the matter was left to rest in peace, was it not for the fact that every week or so the press informs us that they are putting a new lock on the door, white washing the ceiling, painting the shelves, marking the books, or scrubbing the floor. And the people are happy because there is a slight prospect of having books for the free use of their children ten years hence.

The literature of their newspapers is very indifferent, and still they are contented. Its "pot house politicians," elected by their popular vote, is another proof of excellent taste. And the claim they now have to a professional artist is another example of their love for the sublime. If the duty of a "child of art" consists in throwing paint with a brush on canvas I am compelled to admit that theirs has reached such a state of perfection that Minerva should decorate his brow with the diadem of success and his name should adorn the garland of art with that of Angelo, Raphael and Rubens.

MORE LAWYERS.

Mr. A. B. Walker, L. L. B., a colored gentleman who studied law in this City under the preceptorship of George G. Gilbert, Esq., was sworn in on Wednesday last, as an Attorney of the Supreme Court. Mr. Walker has established quite a local fame as a photographer and is beyond a doubt the only verbatim reporter in the Province. He has been a hard student and possesses no small amount of intellect so that he bids fair ere long to reach a high position among the members of the bar.

MAY.

St. John, June 21, 1881.

OUR CHATHAM BUSINESS HOUSES.

MR. MOSES CONNORS.

Mr. Connors and his business are well and favorably known. This establishment is one of the time-honored institutions of the Miramichi, that has seen others totter and fall, always maintaining itself. Some men people say are born under a lucky star; but the lucky star is the man himself, and not some controlling influence in the sky. Mr. Connors seems always to have prospered in his undertakings, and he now sees himself, after his battle through life, well provided for in his later years. His store has always been a credit to the trade; and now as always it boasts of a large general stock, and a staff of customers, whom nothing could induce to go elsewhere. By the way, one of the English delegates in a letter to the British press, described Mr. Connors as a Rotschild of the Miramichi.

MR. J. FOTHERINGHAM.

Everybody knows the establishment with the sign of the golden ball; and few there are about Chatham and its environs that do not know the proprietor of the establishment. Mr. Fotheringham has played in the dual role of mercantile man and local politician, and in both he has been successful to a creditable degree. While he kept a first-class boot and shoe store, he was a first-class councillor for our parish, but at the present he gives his time to his business, and Mr. Goggin holds the reins of government. Besides boot and shoes, of a wide variety, and the best quality, Mr. Fotheringham is an extensive dealer in furniture which he always sold cheap and which he now sells cheaper still—even though afflicted by the N. P. Mr. Fotheringham is a warm hearted Scotchman, generous and frank to a fault and we wish him a long continuance of his usual good luck in business.

MR. W. N. HARPER.

Mr. Harper's establishment is advertised elsewhere in the Star. He keeps and makes, and repairs watches, clocks, jewellery, and nearly everything in the jeweller and goldsmith's line. He is a first-class workman, is prompt in his attention to his business—and popular with his many customers. His stock on hand has been selected with care; and owing to a proper management the business of Mr. Harper is a paying one.

D. M. LOGGIE & CO.

This is an extensive and popular dry goods, and general establishment, and successful as it is extensive and popular. Wherever you see a Loggie doing business, you may be sure he is not going behind hand, and this is eminently true of the establishment in question. Mr. D. M.

Loggie has been about 8 years doing business here, and each year in that time has seen an improvement in his affairs. His stock is choice, extensive and varied, while his clerks are attentive and courteous, and keep their shop in a creditable manner. Beside the dry goods business Messrs. Loggie do an extensive outside business in the fish trade etc.

MR. JAMES DESMOND

Has lately established himself in a grocery business on Water Street, and though he has not long occupied the new stand, he has secured an encouraging share of patronage. Mr. Desmond is a general favorite personally, long and well known as a business man; as a master shipbuilder and mechanic. We wish him success in his new establishment.

MR. P. A. NOONAN.

This is a new establishment, dry goods, situated in the old Noonan store, which occupies one of the most prominent business places in town. The business has been started by Mr. P. A. Noonan, on his own account, and the stock is very large, and in great measure selected under the personal supervision of Mr. Noonan. It would be difficult to enumerate the entire stock list but the general gents furnishings, in wide variety, of different prices, but all low, ready made clothing, hats, caps, may be mentioned. Mr. Noonan has already an encouraging patronage, and the prospects are it will increase much, and will reward the young proprietor for his venture.

(To be Continued.)

A TOUR THROUGH IRELAND.

ANOTHER "BAD" LANDLORD.

Beautiful Scenery—and Lands let out for Pasture.

O'RUARKE'S CASTLE—WHENCE FLED "ERINS DEGENERATE DAUGHTER."

(From Cor. Montreal "Witness.")

I was a little disappointed that I was getting no information on any side of the question of the day, and my letters which were to be sent to Sligo not coming to hand. I was advised to go down the beautiful Lough Gill to Drumahaire to see the ruins of Brefni Castle, the place from which the fair wife of the O'Ruarke, Prince of Brefni, fled with McMurrough, which was the cause of the Saxon first gripping green Erin.

A VERY PRETTY GIRL.

electrified me by informing me that I was from America. She advised me to take a small boat and have a sail on Lough Gill, for I would always regret it if I did not see its beauty when I had the opportunity. In her excessive kindness she introduced me to a river maiden, strong and comely, who would row me about with all kindness for a small consideration. Prudently discovered what the consideration was to be, and then gave in to the arrangement. The water nymph had been away gathering sticks; she had to empty her boat and I waited a little impatiently, a little ruefully. The boat was big, clumsy and leaky, but the girl was eloquent and eager to persuade me it was a fast and comfortable boat. She produced an ancient cushion from somewhere; there was a clumsy getting on board, and she pushed off. We went sailing down among the swans, the oots and the rushes, passed little tree laden islands, hooped with a stone wall for fear they might be washed away. The sun shone pleasantly, the swans floated on majestically, or solemnly dived for our pleasure, the coots skimmed about knowing well we had not often enjoyed the pleasure of watching them. The grand woods that encompass the residence of Wynne of Hazelwood spread out over many, many acres, caught the sunlight on one side. The broad green meadows of Captain Wood Martin lying among the trees looked like visions of Eden on the other. My river maiden discovered to me a swan's nest among the reeds; told me stories of the fierceness of brooding swans, and offered to get me a swan's egg for a curiosity, nevertheless. Remarkable to her that

CAPTAIN WOOD MARTIN

kept his grounds looked up very carefully enquired what should happen if we drew ashore and landed on his taboored domain. The water maiden said one of his men would turn us out. Enquired if he was a good landlord. "Oh sure he has never a tenant at all at all on his whole place; it does he all grazing land: He takes cattle to graze. He charges £2 a year for a yearling and £5 a year for a four year old, and he has cattle of his own on it." How do you know the price? "Sure I read it on the handbills posted up." Looking at the other side of the glorious lake, at the long thicket of trees that shades the demesne that Wynne of Hazelwood keeps for his home and glory, stretching over miles of country; saw the little grey rabbits, more precious than men in my native land, that were hopping along; after their manner, quite a little procession of them, at the edge of the bush.

TO DRUMAHAIRE.

We drove completely round lovely Lough Gill, seeing it from many points of view. Sligo is not altogether a garden of Eden, for we passed a great deal of poor stony

barren land here and there on this journey. Like all hilly land, there are pretty valleys among the hills and fair, broad fields here and there, but there is much barren and almost worthless soil. Now, there is one thing that has struck me forcibly since I came to Ireland. I saw it in Down, Antrim, Derry, Donegal, wherever I have been as well as in Sligo. The poorer and more worthless the land, there the tenants' houses the thickest. The good land has been monopolized to an immense extent for lands laid out for grandeur and glory—and they are grand and gloriously beautiful. Then pride and fashion demand that the mountain commons be reserved for game, that is, rabbits. A man must have extensive wilds to shoot over, so the poor laborers are huddled into houses—awful hutches with gardens, and the poor farmers are clustered on barren soil trying to force nature to allow them to live after paying rent. Some of the mountains near Drumahaire are billows of solid stone crusted with moss. They have a strangely awful look. We left the car to climb up Doonay Rock, a little round isolated hill or rock with enough of an earth quilt to cover its rockiness, so that grass, flowers and even trees cling to its breast and wave around its head. From the clear grassy spot on the summit fringed round with trees, which one arrives at in a rather breathless state, there is a view of surpassing beauty. The lovely lake lies on our feet with all her islands sleeping on her breast. The Hazelwood forest, I may call it so, runs down into the lakes in points, sweeps back from round little bays; its masses of foliage look as if the house were a sweet secret that it guards well. Och, there is bill and dale, meadow and copse, mountain and glen, and one gets drunk with looking at and breathing in beauty. Oh beautiful Erin! and your sons and daughters starving amid all this plenty and luxury! We got to Drumahaire, stopped at a dandy iron gate beyond which the turrets of Brefni Castle were waving funeral banners of ivy, entered and found ourselves in a private domain. Here in the shadow of the old castle was the handsome modern cottage extensive and stylish, inhabited by

MR. LATOUCHE.

the agent so much dreaded, so much hated in Northern Leitrim. This is the gentleman who is accused of charging the tenants 10s 6d for potatoes which the landlord sent down down to be given to the tenants at five. If racking the tenantry is the condition on which he gets this lovely home, it is a temptation certainly. We felt as if we were in the wrong place, as, after glancing at the handsome cottage, the trim lawn fringed with shrubbery and then at the ruins, we took the lower walk hoping to get round under shelter of the trees to the ruins. A small river brawled over stones below—far below where we were walking. A detached portion of the ruins sitting on a rock overlooked both us and the river. Was it at any part of this building the naughty lady watched for her lover? A little further on we looked down some steps into gardens stretching along beside the river—gardens blazing with its flowers and sweet with blossomed fruit trees. It was so unexpected, so splendidly beautiful, it surpassed a dream of fairy-land. We passed on, saw a shadowy lady among the flowers on the lawn, knew it was the wraith of the unhappy and guilty Dearvorigill. Stole out of the farther gate—at least I did—feeling naughty and intrusive. Found ourselves in the clean little town of Drumahaire, a pretty little village straggled over a hillside among the trees. Went into a shop to enquire for the veritable

BREFNI CASTLE.

A sad and hungry looking man scenting a possible sixpence started forward as a guide. He piloted us back by the way we came into the ruins we had passed. Was determined to see visions and dream amid these historical ruins. Alas, it was a disgraceful failure! Not only was the back of the modern tyrannical cottage laid up against the tyrannical castle of history, but the ancient and the modern were dovetailed into one another trying to bewilder you, as to where ancient history and legend ended, and modern anecdote began. We looked into the great hall with its deep fireplace at the side, and upward where another stately apartment had once been, a lofty presence room over the great hall, but the week's wash of the La Touche's was flapping in the wind that moaned through the deserted halls of the O'Ruarke. Looked into a tower to find a peat stack, climbed over a load of coal to see the withdrawing room of the departed, but not forgotten great lady, or the kitchen that cooked for the men-at-arms, who waited on the lord's best. Peeped into a turret and was insolently asked what we meant by a splendid but ill-tongued peacock; admired the ivy green that lapped the bare walls and noticed that the chickens roosted there in its shelter.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for May. This ably conducted magazine presents rare attractions, both literary and artistic, in the latest issue. The opening article, entitled "Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield," is particularly interesting; it is admirably illustrated, "Recollections of Cadet Life Forty Years Ago." "The Lancashire Witches," "The South African Trader," "Among Lombard Cities," "The Islands of the Bay State" (by N. Robinson), etc., etc., possess great merit, and are profusely illustrated. "A Late Remorse," Mr. Benedict's intensely interesting serial, is continued, and there are short stories by S. Annie Frost, B. C. Cordell, Jane G. Austin and other popular writers; these, with several excellent sketches, afford pleasant reading. The poems are by W. H. Roberts, J. Cunningham, etc., and many of them have tasteful illustrations. The miscellany

embraces a great variety of subjects, and abounds with information, interest and entertainment. In view of the quantity and quality of the literary and artistic contents of each number of this periodical, it must be regarded as the cheapest magazine published. There are 128 pages quarto, and about 100 illustrations. The yearly subscription is \$3, and a single copy is only 25 cents, sent postpaid. Address, Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF CHATHAM.

ARRIVED—18—bk Tolni, 512, Carlsson, England, J. B. Snowball.

20—bk Sheffield, 620, Ulorch, Guy, Beven & Co.

bk Nordcap, 621, Steen, Laurvig, J. B. Snowball.

bk Concurrent, 548, Caspersen, Glasgow, Guy, Beven, & Co.

bk Uojus, 320, Hansen, Waterford, Order.

bk Baltic, 641, Wolfsburg, Liverpool, Wm. Muirhead.

bk Vigo, 505, Bierman, Waterford, J. B. Snowball.

bk Rogate, 337, Christophersen, Bordeaux, J. B. Snowball.

bk Carmel, 780, McCallum, Liverpool, J. B. Snowball.

brig Titania, 340, Shernlom, Madera, Guy, Beven & Co.

bk Erna, 445, Sorensen, Norway, A. Morrison.

CLEARED—June 20—brig KronPrinds Carl, Larsen, France, deals, J. B. Snowball.

PORT OF NEWCASTLE.

ARRIVED—June 18—bk Minnie, 508, Schuoder, London, R. A. & J. Stewart.

20—bk Gyda, 519, Sorensen, Amsterdam, R. A. & J. Stewart.

bk Canada, 524, Andersen, Norway, R. A. & J. Stewart.

brig Stakkader, 271, Hansen, Norway, R. A. & J. Stewart.

bk Ebenezer, 481, Sorensen, Plymouth, R. A. & J. Stewart.

bk Kate, 613, Wright, France, R. A. & J. Stewart.

21—bk Soffid, 384, Torgensen, London, R. A. & J. Stewart.

bk Sofala, 795, McDougall, Belfast, R. A. & J. Stewart.

bk Richard Hutchison, 667, Troop, Booth Bay, U. S., Geo. McLeod.

bk Henrich Ibsen, 513, Olsen, Boston, D. & J. Ritchie.

CLEARED—June 20—bk Mizpa, 695, Bonde, Belfast, deals, R. A. & J. Stewart.

bk Bella, 528, Christophersen, Belfast, deals, R. A. & J. Stewart.

21—bk Isabella Blythe, 633, Berner, Gloucester, deals, R. A. & J. Stewart.

brig Village Pride, 158, McMillan, Lamash, deals, D. & J. Ritchie.

brig Leona, 297, Coulan, Ayr, deals, R. A. & J. Stewart.

M. A. FINN,

Importer of

WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS, TOBACCOS AND TOBACCO-NISTS' GOODS

Wholesale and Retail

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

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:—

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.

GUNN & O'MALLEY,

PROVISION MERCHANTS,

Chatham and Newcastle.

IMPORTANT TO SHIPMASTERS.

Just received and for Sale by the undersigned in Bond or Duty Paid:—

50 bbls. Extra Plate Beef a superior article.
50 bbls. India Mess Beef.
100 bbls. Canadian P. Mess Pork. [Expressly packed for Family use.]

The whole of the above lately overhauled and inspected.]

—ALSO—

100 TUBS CHOICE BUTTER.

Prices moderate and quality guaranteed.

ALSO—A complete stock of Rope, Canvas, Oakum, Pitch, Tar, and other Chandlery Goods.

GUNN & O'MALLEY.

Chatham, N. B., May 25, 1881. tf

TEA! TEA! TEA!

Receiving today Half Chests Best Congou Tea. To be sold low by Martie E. A. STRANG.

CO-PARTNERSHIP

NOTICE.

The undersigned would respectfully inform the residents of Chatham and vicinity, that they have entered into a Co-Partnership under the name of Merf sereau & Thomson, for the purpose of carrying on a Picture Framing and Photographic business.

J. Y. MERSEREAU,

E. H. THOMSON.

Chatham, N. B., APRIL 28, 1881

PHOTOGRAPHIC

In reference to the above we would say that we have bought out the Photographic business lately conducted by Mr. J. P. Stevens in the Studio on Duke street nearly opposite the Canada House where we are prepared to take

Photographs and Tintypes at the lowest rates.

PICTURE FRAMING.

We keep constantly on hand a large supply of Picture Frames & Mouldings, and are prepared to make up any style of Frames to order, at prices that defy competition.

Don't forget the 'place, nearly opposite the Canada House, Duke street. MERSEREAU & THOMSON. PHOTOGRAPHERS.

SEWING MACHINES.

I respectfully inform my friends and patrons, that I have by no means given up handling the celebrated

WANZER SEWING MACHINES and may be found at the Studio above named where all orders shall receive prompt attention. Repairing attended to as usual. J. Y. MERSEREAU. Chatham, April 30, '81 3m

FLOUR! FLOUR!!

Receiving today 125 barrels choice "White Star." 125 barrels choice "Welcome." 125 barrels Cornmeal.

To be sold low by Martie E. A. STRANG

John W. Nicholson,

WHOLESALE IMPORTER AND COMMISSION MERCHANT.

Offers for sale the following goods in bond or duty paid:—

Martell brandy in Hh's and Quarter asks—Pale and Dark Martell brandy in cases—Pale and Dark Martell brandy in cases, XXX—Pale and Dark Martell brandy in cases, X—in pints, 2 doz each

Hennessey Brandy in cases X. John De Kuper & Son's finest quality Gin in Hhds and Quarter Casks John De Kuper & Son's Gin in Green Cases

Wise's Finest Cork Malt Scotch Whiskey in Quarter Casks. Old Dublin [b] whiskey—12 years old—in cases Highland Malt Scotch Whiskey in Qrt Casks

Finest blended Glenlivet Whiskey in Cases Port wine, various grades Port Wine, Hunt's celebrated AVA and AVAV

Sherry, various grades Sherry, Richard Davis' celebrated Wines Champagne, in baskets Goodham & Wort's finest quality Pure Spirits, in bbls

Rye Whiskey, in bbls Bourbon Whiskey, in bbls bass' India Pale Ale, in hhd's and bottles Guinness' Stout, in hhd's and bottles. And sundry other goods.

VICTORIA WHARF,

SMYTHE ST. ST JOHN, N. B.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

To be sold at Public Auction, on SATURDAY the 10th day of September next, in front of the Registry Office, Newcastle, between the hours of 12 noon and 5 o'clock p. m.

All the Right Title and Interest of William E. Hay, in and to all that piece or parcel of land situate lying and being in the parish of Chatham and County of Northumberland, commencing on the easterly side of the old Napan Road, at the distance of 138 feet 6 inches, and to all that piece or parcel of land situate lying and being in the parish of Chatham and County of Northumberland, commencing on the easterly side of the old Napan Road, at the distance of 138 feet 6 inches, and to all that piece or parcel of land conveyed to Rose Anna Hay, wife of the said William E. Hay by John McGuire by deed, dated the 28th August A. D. 1875, and being the land