The Haunted Hulk: or, the Wreck on the Spanish Main.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

The girl had run into the shelter of the trees, and as we joined her, she made a sign to ensure silence; and then, in a whisper, made known to my mate that she had heard paddles.

And sure enough, at the end of a minute, we saw a canoe, paddled by two men, come into sight, and one of its occupants stood up and began to scan the shore with his hand shading his eyes.

"Is that the man?" Bill whispered to the girl and she shivered and clung closer to him, as she nodded quickly.

I saw Bill's face grow very black and angry as he knelt under cover watching the man in the boat till he had passed on out of sight, and then we rose and made our way back towards our vessel.

For we had no leave to be away, and wished to avoid trouble if we could.—What Bill meant to do in the future I could not say: but for my part, gold or no gold, I felt as if it would take a very strong pull to get me to the side of that hulk again by night, after what I had seen.

We got back to the ship after a long hot walk, and it was still so early that no one took any notice of our having been ashore; those who did see us return setting it down that we had got up very early, and gone ashore for a stroll.

All that day we were busy getting sticks of mahogany aboard, dragging them alongside, and then slinging them up, and getting them in at a port-hole made on purpose in the bows.

Now, all the time I was at work there, thinking about what we had seen the night before, and Bill looked so quiet, that I could see he was thinking about it too; but I was not so deep on that as not to be able to notice something else, so that I was not a bit surprised when Bill said to me suddenly, "Jack Harris, just cast your weather eye ashore, by them logs, and tell me if you see any thing."

I gave a squint in the direction he meant, and then said, "No, I can't see any thing."

"Nothing?" he said, curiously.

"Only that Indian chap who's been watching us all day long, if you mean him."

Yes," he said, taking a pull at a rope," I do mean him. But don't take any notice so as to seem to be watching him. That's the Indian who's always running after my little Tezela, and she hates him."

"Ho!" I said. "Bit jealousy, then?"

"I suppose so," he said. I wouldn't go on shore at night then, Bill," I says.

"Why not?"

"Because Englishmen are jealous with their tongues, and when they are very jealous, it's with their fists."

"Well!"

"But these Indian chaps are jealous with a long knife, which they make a present to you, and shelter it in your ribs."

"I'm not afraid of him, Jack," he says, with a quiet smile; "but, as to not going ashore to-night, I must; for we must have a try and get a specimen of the lading of that old galleon. Then it may rest till we come again.

"Why, you won't go and face what we did last night, mate?" I says.

"Indeed, Jack, but I will," he said, with a curious smile on his lip as he looked round at me; "and Jack Harris isn't the mate to hang back in such a case as this, even if we do see a ghost or two."

I took another pull at the rope, and and then wetted my hands, and took another pull before I answered. For, look you, I won't deny it, I was frightned, and the idea of going and facing that party of uncanny-looking, old-world looking people scared me not a little.

"Well, Jack," says Bill, smiling, "you won't hang back, will you?"

"If you ask my advice, Bill, old mate, what I says is, don't go; but, if you do go, Jack Harris isn,t the boy to hang back and let his messmate go alone."

"I knew you'd go, Jack," he said, sliding his feet down the rope so as to get a grip at my hand; "and look here, mate, I wont be shabby over sharing. It's a fortune for both of us; only I must have certainty before I can charter a ship to come and unlade her."

"Do you think them Dons will let you touch the cargo, Bill?" I says, in a whisper.

"Do you think wind would stop us, or the figures we seen in a dream, Jack?" he says, with the same quiet smile.

"There, man, don,t be scared at shadows! I can,t explain it to you; but what we saw last night were only the shadows like of the man who used to watch over the treasure in that ship before she was cast away. Depend upon it, they were drowned at the time."

"And have walked that deck ever since!" I says with a bit of shiver.

"Nonsense, man, there's nothing to be scared about," he said. "I'm more afraid of that Indian fellow dodging us then of all the Spanish crew."

I didn,t say any more just then; but just as we were finished for the evening, with the skipper in rare good humor because of the valuable timber sticks he had got aboard, Bill says to me.

"She's going to be in waiting for us at dark to night, under the tree, so meet me there same as last night. We'll slip off at different times. If I'm first, I'll wait till you come."

You may be sure I didn't like my job any the better for seeing that the Indian was hanging about there, evidently watching the ship to see who went ashore; and I could not help thinking it would go very hard with my mate if this fellow saw him and the little Indian maiden together.

However, I wasn,t master. Bill said we were to go, so I had nothing to do but follow him, and stick to him through thick and thin; somehow I'd come to think that I'd do a good deal for such a little girl as that chief's daughter, even if her skin was of a dusky brown; while when it happened, too, that she could put me in the way of a big fortune, it was something to be thought of—only there was the ghosts.

"Well, poor girl, she can,t help them," I said to myself, and, lighting my pipe I settled down for a quiet smoke and a think; and, without appearing to notice, I saw that my Indian friend was still hanging about on the watch.

Now, as you may perhaps know, out there in those tropic countries there,s no half light for an hour or so, but almost directly after the sun goes down the stars come out thick and bright, and its a change from day to night.

So it was then. Down went the sun, and it was night; and the last thing I seemed to see ashore, which was only twenty or thirty yards away, for we were moored by a rope, head and stern to the cocoa-nut trees, which grew close to the edge of the deep harbor— I say, the last thing I seemed to see ashore, was the swarthy figure of that Indian.

Our way to get ashore was to step down into the boat, fastened by a running line to one of the mooring ropes, and pull oneself ashore. Any one who wanted to follow or go back only having to take a pull at the line to do what he liked with the boat.

I waited my time, and then sliding gently down and into the boat, I got ashore without a sound, and stooping down got into the shadow of the trees without, as I thought being seen.

As near as I could tell, it was about the time Bill had appointed; and, after taking my bearing, I made for a big tree wondering how long he would be before he came.

It was blacker than ever beneath the trees—not so much as a star shining through; and I was going softly along with hands stretched out, so as not to run against the trees, when one of them came against a warm soft arm.

"Ah! you're there, are you, little one?" I said, and I tried to catch hold, but my hand was brushed away; there was a slight rustle, and then all was still.

"Just as you like, my dear," I says to myself. "I shouldn't have hurt my mate Bill's little sweetheart, but I won,t frighten you by running after you."

Just at that moment, I heard my name whispered. "Jack!—Jack!"

"Here away!" I whispers back. "I did,nt know you'd come, Bill."

"Hist!" he said, and then he gave the low chirrup, which was answered, and the next moment the little girl ran panting up and we started off for the hulk once more.

"Did I scare you, touching you, little one?" I said, after we'd been walking about half an hour.

The little girl gave a wondering sort of reply, and Bill asked her the question again, with a similar result.

"What do you mean, Jack?" said my mate.

"I mean did I frighten her when I touched her in the dark just before you called me," I said.

"She says you are mistaken. You did not touch her," said Bill after whispering to her again.

"I'm sorry for it, then," I said to myself, as we walked on," for if I didn,t touch her, I did something else, and most likely somebody else is following us."

We went on in silence for another bour or so, and then, coming to the spring, we sat down again for a rest, as we had done the night before, and while we sipped the drop of rum-and-water we had brought with us, I sat wondering whether we had been followed, and got in quite a nervous state, as I couldn't help feeling that some one might spring upon us at any moment, knife in hand from the darkness, and we have no chance to make a fight of it.

There was a faint rustle as of something passing through the bushes once or twice; but, as that might be some small animal, little heed was given to it; and once more we set off, walking quietly and steadily for the part of the coast where the hulk was lying.

From a word or two I heard fall, I knew that the little Indian girl was going unwillingly; but such was her devotion to poor Bill, that she would have gone through fire and water for him with hardly a word, and on they went, and I last.

Twice over when I stopped to give my load a bit of a hitch, I fancied I heard sounds behind us, and that worried me so, that at last, without saying a word to my mate, I stopped short suddenly, and slipped beside the track amongst some bushes, leaving those two to go steadily on, which they did, without noticing me, while I hoped to be able to overtake them afterwards.

I found I was right: for I had not been waiting and holding myself in readiness more than three minutes before I heard some one coming daintily along on tiptoe, evidently tracking us step by step.

As far as I could make out, there was only one, but the darkness amongst the trees was so great that I could hardly make out the shape of a man.

I was ready for him though, with my cutlass out, and giving it a swing upwards, I brought the blunt back of the blade against his head a tremendous crack.

"Now, p'r'aps you'll go your way and let us go ours," I said, as, with a cry of surprise and alarm, the Indian gave a tremendous bound, and dashed off amongst the trees.

"That'll settle him for a bit," I said to myself, as I trudged on, and after nearly losing my way, came upon Bill and the Indian girl waiting.

"What was that noise?" said Bill, eagerly.

"Only some kind of a wild cat tracking us," I said, "and I let it have my hanger."

Bill gave me a doubtful sort of look, but as I said no more, he turned and went on, and in course of time we came out once more upon the sands, where the sea gently rippled in, and rolled over all golden with phosphorescence.

There lay the hulk, though, quite black, and without a sign of the dim light we had seen the night before.

"There, Jack," Bill said, as the little maiden crouched down under the shelter of a bush; "there's a good sign. Now, my lad, axe, spade, and a little activity, and we'll soon see whether the old fellow is worth powder and shot. Bring the lanthorn."

I took a firm grip at my courage, and hauled him home, as laying down such things as I did not want, I lit the lanthorn, shut up the horn door closely, and then hanging it to my neck by a lanyard, took spade and axe in hand, followed Bill to the hulk, and climbed up after him, till we stood once more on the ragged edge of the hull, level with the deck.

"Give me the lanthorn, lad," said Bill, and I gave it to him, when, to show me a good example, he leaped boldly on to the dried and rotten wood close by the long cannon, and called on me to follow.

"There, my lad," he said, laughing; "there's nothing to be afraid of, and we are not a pair of girls to be frightened at shadows. Give me that spade."

As he said, there was nothing to be afraid of, as far as I could see, but the darkness; while the lanthorn, from where he had set it down, threw a dim, yellow glow on the place where Bill was going to dig.

The next minute, he had driven the shovel down into the sand and powdering wood, and thrown a shovelful aside; then another, and another.

"We shall soon get to something lad," he said, encouragingly, "and the people are too much afraid of this place to come and interfere with it after we've gone. What's that?"

He had started, and so did I, for at that moment the lanthorn fell over on its side, rolled away, flickered a moment, and went out.

"You must have caught it with the edge of the shovel," I said, with my mouth feeling all dry, for I didn't believe he had.

"I suppose I did," he said, in a strange voice; "but it don't matter, for there's light enough, and he went on digging away.

He was quite right, though my hair seemed to be stirred by a cold hand as I saw what I did; for, as he now fiercely drove in the spade, at every stroke there was a pale bluish light seemed to come out of the sand, and spread and spread till there was a faint glow shining up, so that I could see the shovel quite plain, and Bill's figure as he stooped.

"Only phosphorus, out of dead rotten wood and bones, Jack," he said, in a hoarse sort of voice; and he went on digging away till I heard the blade of the shovel give a sharp jar, as if it had hit upon a piece of iron.

"Now, Jack," he said, as the shovel rattled once more, and, stooping down, he thrust his hands into the hole he had made, where the light was so strong that I could see them quite plainly, and that he caught up in them a double handful of shining gold pieces, nearly as big as crowns, but mixed up with sand and bits of rotten wood.

"Gold!" I said, speaking now as hoarsely as he.

"Yes, lad, gold! I've just cut through the side of a rotten keg. Look!" he said, chopping with the shovel, "there's the hoops; and down below here, and on either side, are any quantity. Look!"

He drew his cutlass as he spoke, and thurst it down here and there, for it to jar and stop almost directly, as if hitting something hard, like metal.

But I hardly noticed this, though I seemed to take it in at the same glance; for, as Bill was doing this, I could see that he was working like in the middle of the black-looking Spaniard, who was just lowering down the keg as I had seen it done when the deck was perfect. Worse still, just over me—for my head was on a level with where the deck used to be—there was the Spanish Don sitting nursing his sword and twisting his pointed mustaches as he looked right full in my eyes with the mosl horrible stare I ever saw.

All round, too, sitting and standing about, were the Spanish crew, in the midst of the pale glow, which had now grown quite bright, and I could see that everyone had his eyes fixed on me in the same terrible stare as their leader.

I tried to call to my mate, but my tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth, and I could not move hand or foot, while to my horror, there was Bill still mixed up like with the great Spaniard, digging through him and passing the shovel through his back or legs at every stroke.

All at once Bill stood straight up, and I felt now that he must see all that I did; but a terrible cry from the sands made him drop the shovel and bound to the side.

"Here, quick, Jack, help!" he shouted, as he flung himself down from the ship, falling heavily on the sand, while I, in a strange heavy way, as if my legs were of lead, dragged myself after him.

I don't know how I got down from that horrible hulk, only that I half rolled, half fell, and then, gathering myself up, staggered after Bill to the tree where we had left the little Indian girl, and where it seemed to me a struggle was going on.

I heard a wild cry, and what sounded like a blow and a smothered groan. The next moment some one leaped at me, and I seemed to see a thousand stars, as I was dashed down on the sands, where, in a confused, dim way, I seemed to hear cries and shrieks, and then all was blank.

When I came to, it was to find Bill leaning over me, with his face all cut and bloody, and he was splashing water out of his cap upon my face.

I struggled to my feet to find it was broad daylight, with the sun shining full upon us.

"Where's——"

I didn't finish what I was going to say, for I had felt what had happened—that the Indian had followed us up, and, after cutting us down, carried off the girl, and Bill, my poor mate, cut me short by pointing into the woods.

"Back to the ship," he said faintly; and getting his arm under mine, after one shuddering look at the hulk, I helped him along, drooping more and more after the first mile through the woods.

Then he lay down and rested, and I found that the Indian had passed his knife right through the poor fellow's chest, leaving two ugly wounds, that I was obliged to plug to keep the life in him.

"Let's get away—farther away, Jack," he whispered, and we struggled on again, a bit at a time, till we reached the spring, where I laid him down on the leaves, and bathed his face, and made him drink out of a big leaf.

That revived him for a bit; but I could see a change in his face that told me what was coming.

"Jack," he said at last, "come back some day, and get the gold. I leave it all to you, and if you see my poor girl again, tell her I loved her very true, and she should have been my wife."

I didn't make him any promise, for no sooner had he said that than he gave a faint kind of sigh, and it was all over, leaving me crying like a great child—for Bill had been a good mate to me, and I felt left alone like in the world.

I covered the poor lad over with leaves and branches, as soon as I could pull myself together, and then trudged back to the ship, and told the skipper, saying it was a case of jealousy, for I had no mind to mention the hulk.

The skipper was in a fine way; but he sent off a party of men with me, and a hammock, and we brought poor Bill on board, where he had the regular sailor's burial from a boat rowed out into the bay.

The next day there was a fine trouble on, for the skipper threatened to burn the village if the man who killed Bill was not hung; and this roused the Indians, who came down to fight, and the ship had to be unmoored, and we set sail in haste, with not quite a full cargo, though enough to give plenty of profit to the owners.

That was in '42, and I've never been nigh the place since; for it's always seemed to me as the Spanish Dons kept watch still over the gold; and though, as shadows, they couldn't of themselves do any harm to a living soul, yet they could work on the feelings of others, and that's how my poor mate came to his end.

Of course, I should have liked to have the fortune lying by the sea-shore; but life's better than gold, and it has always seemed to me that death was to be the share of him who went and meddled with the Haunted Hulk.

THE END.

Traveler's Column.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

St. John, Miramichi, Campbellton, &c

1877.—SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.—1877.

ON and after MONDAY, MAY 7th, until further notice TRAINS will run as follows:—

FROM ST. JOHN.

EXPRESS leaves St. John at 8.10 a. m., arriving at Weldford at 2.15 p. m., Chatham Junction at 4.20 p. m., (at Chatham about 30 minutes later) Miramichi at 4.40 p. m, Bathurst at 7.19 and Campbellton at 11.35 p m

(The above is Accommodation North of Moncton.)

NIGHT EXPRESS leaves St. John at 10 p m., and reaches Weldford at 3.15 a m ,Chatham Junction at 4.28 a. m., (Chatham about 35 minutes later), Miramichi at 4.40 a. m., Bathurst at 6.08 a. m., and Campbellton at 8.15 a. m.

FROM HALIFAX.

Express Passengers, who leave Halifax by 7.25 p. m. train, reach Weldford, Newcastle, Chatham and other points North at same time as those leaving St. John by 10 p. m. train.

FROM POINTS NORTH.

Passengers taking the Accommodation (or day train at Campbellton at 2 a. m; Bathurst at 6.1 a. m.; Miramichi at 9 a. m. (Chatham at 9.05 St. John time), Chatham Junction at 9.25 a. m., and Weldford at 11.50 a. m., reach St. John at 7.25 same evening.

Passengers taking the Express train at Campbellton at 7.45 p. m.; Bathurst at 9.51 p. m.; Miramichi at 11.19 p. m., Chatham Junction at 11.31 p. m., (leaving Chatham at 11 10 p. m.) and Weldford at 12.40 a. m., reach St. John at 6.25 next morning.

At all points in above on Northern Division (from Moncton North) Quebec time, which is 20 minutes slower than St. John time, is meant; Chatham alone being excepted, the train on the Branch Railway running on St. John time.

C. J. BRYDGES,
General Supt. of Gov't Railways

Chatham Branch Railway.

ON & AFTER MONDAY, MAY 7TH, until further notice, Trains will run on this Railway daily, (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	No. 1 EXPRESS.	No. 2 ACCOM'DATION
Chatham,	Depart, 11.00 p. m.,	9.00 a. m.
Chatham Junc'n,	Arrive 11.40 "	9.25 "
" "	Depart, 5.00 a. m.,	9.50 "
Chatham,	Arrive, 5.30 "	10.20 "

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	No. 3. ACCOMM'TION.	No. 4. EXPRESS.
Chatham,	Depart, 4.00 p. m.,	11.00 p. m.
Chatham Junc.,	Arrive, 4.40 "	11.40 "
" "	Depart, 4.50 "	5.00 a. m
Chatham,	Arrive, 5.25 "	5.30 "

Tickets are issued at Chatham Station to all Stations on the Intercolonial and freight is despatched therefrom to all points North and South.

Close connections are made with both DAY and NIGHT Trains on the Intercolonial.

The above Table is made up on St. John Time, which is 20 Minutes Faster than I. C. R. time on the Northern Division.

STEAMERS
"New Era" and "Andover."

DURING the obstruction of the Navigation of the South West River, and until further notice, the above steamers will run as follows:—

Leave Newcastle. "NEW ERA."	Leave Chatham.
8.30 a. m.	9.30 a. m.
11 "	12 noon.
2 p. m.	3.15 p. m
6 "	7.30 "

ON SATURDAY EVENINGS the "New Era" will leave Newcastle at 6.30 p. m., instead of 6; and Chatham at 8 p. m., instead of 7.30.

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WILL, on and after THURSDAY, July 12th, run as follows:—

On Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays—

Will leave John Jardine's for Chatham at 9.00 a. m.
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ON MONDAY AND FRIDAY—

Will leave Newcastle for J. Jardine's, at 6.00 a. m.

AND ON WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY—

Will leave Jardine's for Newcastle, at 6.00 p. m.

This will allow the steamer to go up to Indiantown when the tide will serve, and always leave John Jardine's at the advertised time.

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WILL LEAVE Newcastle for Redbank, at 6.00 a. m.
Redbank for Chatham, 8.00 "
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Drugs, Medicines, Perfumes, Soaps,

Hair Oils, Pomades, Cosmetiques, Brushes, Combs, etc., direct from the English Market.

Cool, Sparkling Soda Water, with Genuine Fruit Syrups, drawn from the Celebrated Alaska Fountain.

Also—A choice lot of Havana Cigars,

FOR SALE AT—

CHARLES LEE'S,
Water St., Chatham, N.B.

Medical.

DR. J. H. ARNOLD,

(Late from Berlin, Prussia.)

HAS TAKEN UP HIS PERMANENT RESIDENCE —AT— *NEWCASTLE,*

OFFICE:—OVER MR. STREET'S DRUG STORE.

Where he can be consulted at any time for all kinds of Diseases.

☞ *Special attention given to Diseases of the Eye and Ear.*

CONSULTATIONS FREE.

DENTISTRY.

DR. FREEMAN

of Newcastle, will attend to all operations in DENTISTRY, including the insertion of

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

All operations will be guaranteed, and patients be in a position to have every assurance made good.

Newcastle, Oct. 1st, '76.

DENTISTRY.

DR. M. C. CLARK,
DENTIST,

Can be found in his Office over

MR. J. NOONAN'S STORE,
CHATHAM,

where he intends to reside.

All operations performed in a neat and satisfactory manner.

Particular attention given to GOLD FILLINGS and REGULATION OF CHILDREN'S TEETH.

Law, etc.

M. ADAMS.

Barrister and Attorney-at-Law
NOTARY PUBLIC, &C.
SOLICITOR IN BANKRUPTCY,

Agent for "Scottish Amicable Life Assurance Society."

Agent for "Imperial," "Ætna," "Hartford" Fire Insurance Companies.

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

BATHURST OFFICE:—two doors from store of K. F. Burns, Esq.

L. J. TWEEDIE,

Barrister & Attorney-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER,
Solicitor in Bankruptcy, &c., &c.

OFFICE:—SNOWBALL'S BUILDING,
WATER STREET
CHATHAM.

2-52

A. H. JOHNSON,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
SOLICITOR,
NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC., ETC.
Chatham, N. B.

July 9, '77.

WM. A. PARK,

Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor,
NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &C.

OFFICE:—OVER THE STORE OF W. PARK, Esq

CASTLE STREET,
NEWCASTLE, N. N.

E. P. Williston,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.,

OFFICE—Over Mr. John Brandon's Store; Entrance side Door.

Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

1j-tu

General Business.

FISHERIES.

THE UNDERSIGNED are prepared to supply outfitting merchants for their patrons, the fishermen, with every variety of

Nets, Seines,
Pounds and Traps

Required for their Fisheries.

☞ Fishermen can apply to their merchants.

PRICES LOW

American Net & Twine Co'y,

BOSTON.

March 20 '77. 2tuly

SPRING GOODS!

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS ON HAND, A NICE —LINE OF—

SPRING GOODS,

Consisting of:—

HATS, CAPS,
READY MADE CLOTHING,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
CARDEN, TIMOTHY AND CLOVER SEEDS,

Also—A choice assortment of LIQUORS always on Hand.

☞ A quantity of CHEAP PLOUGHS on hand.

ROGER FLANAGAN.

Chatham, April 24, 1877.

GLASGOW HOUSE.

The above Establishment is full of

NEW GOODS!
Just Opened!

—From the Best—

ENGLISH, AMERICAN AND Canadian Markets.

Prices Reasonably Low!

WILLIAM MURRAY.

Chatham, May 9th, 1877.

Miramichi Fish Market,

FRESH FISH.

Fox Island Salmon,
Bradley Bank Codfish,
Miramichi Bay Mackerel,
Escuminac Herring.

And other Fresh Fish in their Season.

—ALSO—

Salt Fish, Country Produce,

ETC., ETC., ETC.

☞ Fraser's Wharf, next to Shipping Master's Office. 6 r 11

Brokerage, etc.

MACLELLAN & CO.,

BANKERS & BROKERS,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

EVERY kind of legitimate Banking done, and all the facilities of an Incorporated Bank afforded to Depositors and Customers. Jun. 23

LUKE STEWART,

SHIP BROKER & COMMISSION MERCHANT
SAINT JOHN.
NEW BRUNSWICK.

1-52

WILLIAM J. FRASER,

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

TEAS, SUGARS MOLASSES, &C

HEAD OF TOBIN'S SOUTH WHARF,
UPPER WATER STREET,
HALIFAX N. S.

CONSIGNMENTS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

R. R. CALL,

General Agent
SHIP BROKER,
AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,
Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

2-tf

W. & R. Brodie,

GENERAL
Commission Merchants
AND
DEALERS IN
FLOUR, PRODUCE AND PROVISIONS,
No. 16, ARTHUR STREET,
Next the Bank of Montreal.
QUEBEC.

Law Notices, etc.

Administrators' Sale of VALUABLE REAL ESTATE, AT AUCTION.

TO BE SOLD BY PUBLIC AUCTION, ON

Saturday, the 4th day of August next,

on the premises, for payment of the debts of the late Luther Williston, late of the Parish of Hardwicke, in the County of Northumberland, farmer, deceased, in consequence of a deficiency of the personal estate of the deceased for that purpose, pursuant to license obtained from the Judge of Probate of said County, the following Lands and Premises:

A LOT OF LAND situate on the Easterly side of Bay du Vin River, in the Parish of Hardwicke, known as Lot Number one, containing One Hundred Acres, more or less, with A STONE HOUSE thereon, formerly occupied by the said Luther Williston as the Homestead. Also, A PIECE OF LAND adjoining thereto, and forming part of the said Homestead Property, this last piece containing 30 Acres, on said Bay du Vin River, and on which the Barns and Outbuildings of the said Homestead are situ te, or such part or parts of the said lands as may be ne essary for the payment of the said debts

PHINEAS GALLAGHER, }
LUTHER WILLISTON, } Administrators.
Chatham, June 30, 1877 3y26

NOTICE TO Bye-Road Commissioners.

THE BYE-ROAD COMMISSIONERS, for the County of Northumberland for 1877, will receive, for expenditure, the amounts allotted to them by the County Council, on application to the subscriber; and giving the necessary Bonds, which will be supplied at this office.

SAM'L THOMSON,
Secretary-Treasurer,
Co. Northumberland

Office of Secretary-Treasurer, }
Newcastle, 16th July, '77. }

Administrator's Notice.

THE UNDERSIGNED, William M. Kelly, have been duly appointed Administrator of the Goods and Chattels, Rights and Credits of John Stothart, late of Harcourt, in the County of Kent, Mail Contractor, deceased, and all persons owing the said Estate will please make immediate payment to me.

All persons having any just claims or demands against the said Estate will render the same, duly attested, to me within three months from the date hereof.

Dated 11th July, 1877.

WILLIAM M. KELLY,
Administrator.

German Consul's Notice.

I AM instructed by the Department for Foreign Affairs of the German Empire to attend to any duties required of the Consul at Saint John, pending the appointment of a successor to the late A. C. O. Trentowsky, Esq., and hereby give notice to any person requiring information, or having any business at the Consulate, to communicate with me, direct, or apply through Mr Robert Thomson Jr., of the firm of Wm. Thomson & Co., whom I have, for the present, appointed my agent there.

ALEX MORRISON,
Imperial German Consul, Chatham,

CONSUL'S OFFICE,
Chatham, 6th July, 1877.

Sheriff's Sale.

TO be sold at Public Auction, on FRIDAY, the Fifth day of October 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 Oliver Foster in and to all that piece or parcel of Land situate, lying and being on the south side of the Miramichi River, at Black Brook, in the Parish of Chatham, and bounded as follows, viz—southerly by the Queen's Highway; northerly by the said Miramichi River; easterly by lands at present owned by Andrew and Robert Loggie, and westerly by land owned by Guy, Stewart & Co.; and fronting on the said Highway 60 feet, more or less, and being the land and premises lately occupied by the said Oliver Foster,—with all the buildings and appurtenances thereunto belonging—

The same having been seized by me under and by virtue of Executions issued out of the Supreme Court in Northumberland County against the said Oliver Foster.

JOHN SHIRREFF,
Sheriff of North'd

Sheriff's Office, Newcastle,
24th March, 1877.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TO be sold at Public Sale, on FRIDAY, the 3rd day of August 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 John Devereaux and Catherine Devereaux, his wife, and John Lane, in and to all that Lot or Tract of Land situate lying and being on the South side of the River Miramichi, in the Parish of Chatham, known as Lot No. 41, bounded on the upper or westerly side by lands owned by the late William Hay, on the lower or easterly side by Lot Number 40, formerly occupied by John Stewart, deceased, which lot 41 extends in front 60 rods, and contains in the whole 200 acres, more or less.

Also, the Right, Title and Interest of the said John Devereaux and Catherine, his wife, in and to all that Piece or Parcel of Land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Chatham, known as part of Lot Number 35, and bounded as follows: commencing on the Westerly side of the road or street leading from Water Street to the Wellington Road, called Henderson Street, at the South-Easterly angle of the piece of land owned by Caleb McCully, being 54 feet Southerly from the corner of Water Street; thence Southerly along the West side of Henderson street, aforesaid, one hundred feet; thence Westerly on a line at right angles with the last mentioned line 90 feet; thence Northerly on line parallel with the Westerly side of Henderson Street aforesaid, 98 feet, or to the Southwest angle of the piece of land formerly owned by James A. Pierce; thence Easterly along the rear lines of the said James A. Pierce and Caleb McCully's lands 90 feet, or to the Westerly side of Henderson Street aforesaid, being the place of beginning; being the same land that was conveyed to the said John Devereaux by Robert McCalmont and others by Deed, dated the 6th August, A. D., 1856.

Also, all the individual Right, Title and Interest of the said John Devereaux in and to the said last mentioned land aforesaid, and being the land and premises on which the said John Devereaux at present resides.

The same having been seized by me under and by virtue of several Executions issued out of the Supreme Court, and out of the County Court of Northumberland, against the said John Devereaux and Catherine Devereaux, his wife, and John Lane, and against John Devereaux and Catherine Devereaux, his wife, and against John Devereaux individually.

JOHN SHIRREFF,
Sheriff of Northumbl'd.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Newcastle, }
20th January, 1877. }

Gospel Hymns, No. 2.

BY IRA D. SANKEY AND P. P. BLISS.

Paper, with music—30c. do. without music—6c. for sale at the Miramichi Bookstore.

Chatham, July 17, 77.

Manufr's., Builder, etc.

Saws! Saws!!

MR. THOMAS B. PEACE, a Practical SAW MAKER, has opened a SAW MANUFACTORY in Chatham, and is now prepared to execute all kinds of work in that line of business. Satisfaction guaranteed.

THOS. B. PEACE,

March 25—tf WATER ST.,

THRESHING MACHINES W