The address slip pasted on the top of this paper ha te on it, if the date of the paper is later than that on t it is to remind the subscriber that he is taking the paper out paying for it. See Publisher's announcement on 4th Pa

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE.

VOL. 19. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, SEPTEMBER 14, 1893. D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR TERMS—$1 00 a Year, in Advance

NEW BUSINESS NOTICE.

The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" is published at Chatham, Miramichi, N. B, every THURSDAY morning in time for despatch by the earliest mails of that day.

It is sent to any address in Canada, or the United States (Postage prepaid by the publisher) at ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, payable invariably in advance.

Advertisements, other than yearly or by the season are inserted at *eight cents* per line nonpareil, for 1st insertion, and *three cents* per line for each continuation.

Yearly, or season advertisements, are taken at the rate of $5 00 an inch per year. The matter, if space is secured by the year, or season, may be changed under arrangement made therefor with the publisher.

The 'MIRAMICHI ADVANCE' having its large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche, New Brunswick and in Bonaventure and Gaspe, Quebec in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers superior inducements to advertisers. Address

Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N. B

MARBLE WORKS.

The Subscriber has removed his works to the premises known as Golden Ball corner, Chatham, where he is prepared to execute orders for

MONUMENTS, HEAD-STONES. TABLETS & CEMETRY WORK.

generally also, COUNTER and TABLE TOPS and other miscelaneous marble and FINE STONE work.

A good stock of marble constantly on hand.

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MIRAMICHI MARBLE, FREESTONE AND GRANITE WORKS,

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Monuments, Headstones, Tablets, Mantels & Table-tops, Garden Vases; Etc,, etc.

CUT STONE of all descriptions furnished to order.

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For Sale or To Let.

The Dwelling House and premises situate on St John Street, in the Town of Chatham, near the R. C Chapel, lately occupied by H. S. Miller, Esq.

For terms and further particulars, apply to

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Dated at Chatham, 24th March, 1891.

Robert Murray,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW, Notary Public, Insurance Agent, ETC' ETC., ETC.

CHATHAM N B

G. B. FRASER,

ATTORNEY & BARRISTER NOTARY PUBLIC

AGENT FOR THE NORTH BRITISH —AND— MERCANTILE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Warren C. Winslow.

BARRISTER —AND— ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

olicitor of Bank of Montreal.

CHATHAM N. B

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As I have now on hand a larger and better assortment of goods than ever before, comprising

Japanned, Stamped AND Plain Tinware,

would invite those about to purchase, to call and inspect before buying elsewhere, as I am now selling below former prices for cash

The Peerless Creamer,

ROCHESTER LAMP,

SUCCESS OIL STOVE,

Also a nice selection of—

PARLOR & COOKING STOVES —WITH— PATENT TELESCOPIC OVEN.

the lining of which can be taken out for cleaning, therby doing away with the removing of pipe or oven as is the trouble with other stoves.

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ATTENTION!

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES,

DRY GOODS & GROCERIES

LOWER THAN EVER —AT—

F. W. RUSSEL'S,

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ENGINE & BOILER FOR SALE.

1 25 Horse Power Portable Engine and Boiler in good order and ready for work. For information as to price and terms, apply to

GEORGE STOTHART, Chatham, N B

DRS. G. J. & H. SPROUL

SURGEON DENTISTS.

Teeth extracted without pain by the use Nitrous Oxide Gas or other Anæsthetics.

Artificial Teeth set in Gold, Rubber & Celluloid Special attention given to the preservation and regulating of the natural teeth.

Also Crown and Bridge work. All work guaranteed in every respect.

Office in Chatham, BENSON BLOCK. Telephone No. 53.

In Newcastle, opposite Square, over J. G KETHROS' Barber shop. Telephone No. 6

VOICE PRODUCTION —AND— THE ART OF MUSIC

Mrs. Porteous (Scolarship Pupil of the late Madame Sainton Dolby, London, Eng.) will receive a limited number of pupils for instruction in the above. First term commences on 1st September 1892.

TERMS ON APPLICATION

A singing class will be formed the particulars of which will be duly advertised.

Chatham, N. B. August 18th, 1892.

FOR SALE.

Horses, Harness, Waggons and cart for sale For terms etc., apply to

F. W. RUSSELL, Black Brook

GENERAL BUSINESS.

K. & R. AXES,

MADE WITH FIRTH'S BEST AXLE STEEL,

ESPECIALLY FOR US.

NONE BETTER.

100 DOZ. NOW IN STOCK.

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WHOLESALE HARDWARE, ST. JOHN N. B.

Established 1866.

Dunlap Bros. & Co., AMHERST, N. S.

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DUNLAP, COOKE & CO., AMHERST, N. S.

DUNLAP COOKE & CO. MERCHANT TAYLORS, —AND— GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS, AMHERST. N. S.

This firm carries one of the finest selections of Cloths including all the different makes suitable for fine trade. Their cutters and staff of workmen employed are the best obtainable, and the clothing from his establishment has a superior tone and finish. All inspection of the samples will convince you that the prices are right

Chatham Foundry,

CHATHAM - - - - N. B.

ESTABLISHED 1852.

Iron and Brass Castings a specialty—for Mills, Steamboats, Railways, etc. Stoves, Iron Railings, Plough and general Agricultural Castings, Babbit Metal, etc. Machinery Made and Repaired with quick despatch.

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CHATHAM, N. B.

JOSEPH M. RUDDOCK, - - - PROPRIETOR

Steam Engines and Boilers, Mill Machinery of all kinds; Steamers of any size constructed & furnished, complete.

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IRON PIPE, VALVES AND FITTINGS OF ALL KINDS.

DESIGNS, PLANS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

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COMPLETE IN ALL DEPARTMNETS.

—FULL LINES OF—

Dry Goods,

Groceries,

Provisions,

Boots and Shoes,

Hosiery,

Dress Goods,

Haberdashery,

Carpets,

Cutlery,

Hats, Caps, etc., etc.

HARDWARE.

Wholesale & Retail.

J. B. SNOWBALL, CHATHAM.

Miramichi Advance.

CHATHAM, N. B., - - SEPTEMBER 14, 1893.

THE RACES MINGLE

One of the Pleasantest Features of the Fair.

FAR-FOREIGNERS NOT STARED AT

Visitors So Taken Up With Grand Sights That They Bestow but Little Attention on Queer Looking People—Sights in Electricity Building—The World's Congress Auxiliary in Chicago.

WORLD'S FAIR, Aug. 22.—[Special.]—One of the pleasantest features of this fair is that distinguished foreigners of all sorts in race, dress and color walk around among us common folks, and are not annoyed by people crowding around or staring at them. The visitors are so satiated with grand sights that they would not turn around to look twice at anybody less than a monarch or a president. I was sitting the other afternoon at a table in the open air cafe opposite the India building when a tall, distinguished looking gentleman about as dark as a mulatto, accompanied by a still taller Englishman, walked in, sat down opposite me and called for coffee. The dark man was dressed in an elegant gray suit, American cut, but wore a very high turban in white silk. It was the Maharajah of Kapurthala.

I could but admire the fine contour of his head and face. He has an ideally Greek profile, the only defect, if such it may be called, being that his exquisitely shaped nose is a little too small. They sat long and talked with animation about the improving prospects of a large attendance at the fair, but of the many who passed not one gave more than a second glance or paused in his course. His English is peculiar. It is a little too correct, so to speak, that is he talks rather slowly, with careful enunciation as if he were reading from a very precise book. It is said that he speaks French more fluently than English, and Spanish and German only tolerably well.

As I lingered as long as possible over my supper and looked at him from time to time many whimsical thoughts rose in my mind about our early impressions of far-foreign folks, especially the Hindoos, and certain lines struggled up in memory, lines I often heard many years ago at a place I used to visit once a week. I forget the connection but there was something in the piece about "only man is vile," and how "the heathen in his blindness on India's coral strand bows down to wood and stone," in spite of the logically convincing fact that "spicy breezes blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle." How I pitied said heathen. How I wondered if I should ever see one. And looking at this intelligent and cultured gentleman, I said to myself: One thing is sure. The very ignorant in India, like their fellows in all lands, may believe all those absurd mythologies and tales, but nobody need tell me that this man, with a head like a Greek god and a form like an athlete, takes any stock in Siva and Ramsuta and Indis and Candeo and Gemesa and all that snaky business of manifold and contorted arms and legs in the building yonder.

Thus thinking I walked over to the India house and found that dazzling array of wood carving and lacquered work so often described and the usual gods in their usual place, and noted that the intelligent brown gentlemen in charge took as good care of the gods as of their other property and no more. And then I thought for the thousandth time of how I should like to hear an intelligent and cultured heathen tell me exactly what he thinks of the gods of his people. But that is something I shall never know, for it is a feeling which the man of one race can never explain to the man of another. Let it not be forgotten, however, that the true Hindoos are of the same general race as ourselves Though far removed from the original seat, though mingled with the people they conquered and with those who have conquered them, caste has preserved them pure. Sanskrit is but the older brother of English and the brown Aryan of Kapurthala is full cousin to the "Brahmin" of Boston.

* * *

As to all matters of race, religion and social organization last week was and this week will be literally crowded with discussions by the various congresses The Art palace is headquarters for this so called World's Congress auxiliary and for some time six congresses have met daily, the meetings ranging from ten to sixteen each day. At the peace congress David Dudley Field and others have contributed papers. The dental congress has been divided into eight sections which meet separately and then have one general meeting. In the congress on Africa speeches have been delivered by M. Delcommune, Madame French-Sheldon, Sheik Sacraif, Herr Schlichter, M Chaille-Long, Grant Bey, Yakub Pasha and a great many others, including missionaries, soldiers, explorers and men of science In short, it is amazing to learn how much is already known about Africa, and quite cheering to see how enthusiastic all these people are in their belief that the dark continent will soon be developed and Christianized.

On the first three days of last week the congress of trade journals sat. On Wednesday and Thursday the horticultural congress was in session. All the week the American Pharmaceutical association was in session in the city, and the suffrage congress ended its sessions the preceding week by organizing the American Proportional Representation league, with William Dudley Foulke, of Indiana, and Stoughton Cooley, of Chicago, as officers. For the next three weeks this sort of thing will be going on day and night and everything will be settled, the rise and fall of nations, the decay of empires, the proper political relations of the sexes, the evolution of civil government, and all the complicated conundrums of theology from the advent of Adam to the final discomfiture of the devil Chicago is in danger of becoming an intellectual center.

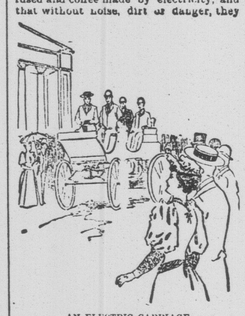
* * *

There are many things in this exposition too powerful or too technical for me The Machinery building almost sets me distracted, and both times I have been there I observed with surprise that half of the few visitors were ladies. How much they know of the machinery I could not guess, for it was evidently a good deal more than I knew. On second thought however, I can see that women would naturally admire the manifestation of power, and of a verity it is there. That is, of course, the noisiest department on the grounds, and the pounding of the tremendous engines is one with a sort of awe. In every social group I enter there is so much talk about the marvels of the Electricity building that I determined to get some understanding of it if it laid me up.

The wonderful illuminated pillars and columns, the flashing lightning and scenic theater there are said by electricians to be mere trickery of their art. What promises most for the future of man, they say, is the transmission of energy to any desired distance and its storage in a convenient form for use as a motor. All the difficulties, they declare, have been overcome save one and then that is mastered, away with all the nuisances of steam and smoke and noise, of belts and shafts and pulleys The great waterfalls of the country will supply all needed power and it will be shipped in bricks, in lots to suit purchasers I am particularly interested in their explanation of the electrical carriage which goes rolling along the avenues without team or steam, as if drawn by unseen spirits I have heard all they say about it and read the printed description and my understanding of it is about the same as that of the Chinaman who marveled at its going qualities while having "No pushee, no pullee."

* * *

Many persons have said that after going through the Electricity building they bade farewell to unbelief Never again would they say of any proposed invention: It is impossible After seeing letters written and turkeys roasted chickens hatched and meat broiled, music transmitted, metals fused and coffee made by electricity, and that without noise, dirt or danger, they were like the Queen of Sheba at Jerusalem—no more spirit of doubt in them. And even the capacity for wonder seems to be paralyzed for awhile. By the common verdict the greatest wonder is Professor Elisha Gray's telautograph, or long distance writing reproducer, to use a rough translation. The sender of a letter uses an ordinary pencil to which two small cords are attached. The receiving pen is a capillary glass tube of ink. And by a complicated process which, in my present state of knowledge I shall not attempt to explain, every motion of the writer's pencil is reproduced by that ink tube. There is no laying of mistakes on the operator. If one whose early education has been neglected, complains that "munny is tite," why "munny is tite" at the other end of the line, and in precisely the same handwriting. It really does not lack much of being a miracle.



AN ELECTRIC CARRIAGE.

You can write any way you like, Greek, Sanskrit or shorthand if you know how, and all the accents and pothooks will reappear. Even these lines of mine, warranted to produce profanity in any printing office in Christendom, would reappear with all their dips, spurs, angles, variations and sinuosities. The tremulous agitation of the lover in a letter of proposal, the alleged backstroke of hesitation by a writer who is telling a lie, the delicately sounded letters of the dilettante who is more nice than earnest, all reappear with truly unscrupulous accuracy I shouldn't think of using the thing myself. It would be like anticipating the judgment day.

* * *

The women take great interest in the cooking department. And small wonder, for cooking remains the one drudgery of woman for which science seems to have given little or no relief. There are electrical ovens made of wood and lined with asbestos to prevent radiation of heat. In each is an incandescent lamp and through a door one can note the process of cooking. Wires check the passage of electricity and thus produce heat, and one can raise or lower it at will or turn the heat this way or that. Instead of turning the turkey over when one side is roasting the faster the heat is turned on the other side. It is the Ptolemaic system of the universe, by which the sun went around the earth reproduced; instead of the old spit, turning the meat before the fire, the fire goes around the meat. And to crown all, the lady who operates it insists that even now electricity is cheaper in a city than coal or wood Well, in the language of the 'amen corner, "May the Lord grant it!"

There are all sorts of curious household and kitchen appliance on the same line There is a flatiron in which a perfectly even heat can be maintained. There is a cloth cutting machine in which the cutting knife follows a line marked out for it There is an electric incubator in which is enough to make a hen ashamed of herself by the percentage of eggs from which chickens are hatched. There is an electric boot-blacker. There are devices to register the speed of a ship, a wagon, a car or a running horse. In short, everything is to go by electricity in the years to come There is to be no smoke and very little noise, the kitchen is to be as nice as a parlor and labor is to be an art, our wives are to be always cool and clean and good humored and run to meet their husbands "with rosebuds in their hair" (Irving), and the only law in the household is to be the law of love, Hallelujah!

But when a man walks out of there and looks northward and sees the great pall of smoke over Chicago, and when he gets down there in that tangle of railroad tracks and is distracted by the bang and roar, and considers that all the nice things of electricity are only to be "afterwhile," he almost feels resentment at the next generation "What has posterity ever done for us," as Sir Boyle Roche asked, "that we should do so much for them?" Truly, posterity will have a nice time at our expense, and why can we not devise some way to get part of it now? But on see and thought I will not complain of posterity At all events we shall have the responsibility of their being here and so let's do the best we can for 'em.

J. H BRADLE

Chicago's Horticultural society gave a reception and banquet to men distinguished in horticulture and kindred arts who were in attendance at the World's Fair Horticultural congress.

General News and Notes.

The Pope is about to publish a third volume of his poems.

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stifles, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Warranted by J. Pallen & Son

Fresh dissensions are reported in the ranks of the Irish Parliamentary party.

Herr Pasch, the notorious anti-Semite of Germany, has been pronounced insane.

A Wonderful flesh Producer

This is the title given to *Scotts Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil* by many thousands who have taken it. It not only gives flesh and strength by virtue of its own nutritious properties, but creates an appetite for food. *Use it and try your weight.* Scott's Emulsion is perfectly palatable. Sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and $1.00

By a collision near Aurora, Ind., between an express and a freight train, half a dozen lives were lost.

Hamilton Police Commissioners have decided that the police must enforce the law and abolish Sunday shaving in barber shops.

ITCH, on human or animals, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Warranted by J. Pallen & Sons.

In Moscow 85 students, eight professors and five women of rank have been arrested on suspicion of being implicated in a Nihilist plot against the Czar's life.

While Wilson Sage and wife, of Clinton Township, Ky, were attending a Labor Day demonstration on Monday, their four children ate some "rough-on-rats." When the parents returned home they found all the children dead on the floor.

The Governor-General's palace near Victoria is now being repaired and painted in the Intercolonial shops at Moncton, and will be in readiness to convey Lord Aberdeen from Rimouski to Ottawa.

STEAMBOAT FATALITY ON THE MIRAMICHI

Instant Death of Miss May Agnes Morrison of Newcastle!

Miss Jane Landry of Newcastle goes to death through a Cabin Window!

Fireman Wm. Cooper scalded and cut.

Miss Driscoll of Nelson has an Arm Broken!

A Scene of Panic!

The Inquest!

The mystery of the terrible fatality of last Tuesday evening on the Miramichi, some two miles below Newcastle, is still not cleared up. The principal facts are known—that the steamer, Rustler, ran into the Kerr mill wharf with such force as to cause a 16 inch square wharf timber some sixteen feet long to penetrate her cabin and hull as far as the boiler (where it broke a steam pipe off the boiler) and to dislodge it from the structure and carry it away sticking into the hull; that one poor girl was mangled to instant death and another, in her frenzied fright, climbed out of a cabin window and was drowned, and that two other persons were maimed—but no one has satisfactorily accounted for the ill-fated steamer being so far out of her course, on a night when all land-marks could be seen without difficulty, and through which unaccounted-for deviation the catastrophe occured.

[*From the* ADVANCE *of 7th.*]

THE INQUEST.

Coroner, Dr. Francis J. Desmond, of Newcastle, began an inquest on the remains of Miss Morrison yesterday. [6th.]

The jury are:
E. Lee Street, Foreman,
W. A. Hickson,
Donald Morrison,
Alex. Stewart,
Geo. Stothart,
John Clark,
J. H. Phinney.

The coroner and jury proceeded in the forenoon to the house of Mr. Morrison, where the body lay and examined it. It was crushed at the abdomen.

They next visited Kerr's mill wharf, where the fatality occured, and examined the surroundings.

At three o'clock the enquiry was continued at Dr. Desmond's office.

[*From* ADVANCE *second edition of 7th.*]

TESTIMONY AT THE INQUEST.

Testimony of H. H. Johnston.

H. H. Johnson, druggist, Newcastle, was the first witness called and sworn.

He was examined by Sam'l Thomson, E-q., Q. C., Crown Attorney, and said;

I know the steamer Rustler. I was at the picnic at Bartibog; boarded the steamer at Bartibog to come to Newcastle; boarded her at about 6.30. There were a large number of persons on board; did not form an estimate of the number on board. There appeared to be a good crowd. I was on the top deck of steamer until it arrived at Chatham. Quite a large number were on top deck. I was not below until in Chatham. The boat stopped at Black Brook, Chatham and Douglastown. Mr. John Russell was commander. From what I have seen of him on the boat I would judge that he was commander. The first place we called at was Black Brook. We had stopped opposite Bartibog and put some passengers on board the St. Nicholas and we discharged some passengers at Black Brook, and stayed about five minutes or more. Russell was steering. The next place called at was Chatham; stayed in Chatham about five minutes, The wheel-house was on the top deck. I went below at Chatham and assisted some passengers ashore; then went to top deck and stayed there until close to Douglastown. The boat called at Douglastown and landed passengers there. I have no idea of the number landed and no idea of the number landed from the time we left Bartibog. We stayed in Douglastown long enough to land passengers. I did not know what time it was. We then passed on to Newcastle.

After the boat left Douglastown I was up at the bow on the lower deck About forty people were on boat at the outside. About 8.30, Newcastle time, the night was dark. I was standing in the bow leaning over the rail on the port side. I was in that position perhaps ten minutes after leaving Douglastown. I changed then and turned and looked towards Newcastle. I stood that way for about half a minute and saw the wharf looming up on the right, known as the Kerr Mill wharf. Where I was standing at the bow was no more than fifteen feet at the outside from the wharf. I turned around and looked up towards the steering place; did not see anybody, and turned to sing out to Captain, John Russell.

Before I could speak the boat struck the wharf. I did not have time to say anything. There was no person within ten feet of me, there were no more than one or two on the top deck. It was too dark on top deck to see the captain. It was about 45 feet from where I stood to the steering place. I could not say how far I could see the wharf, but when it loomed up I knew what it was.

I heard the crash of the boat striking the wharf and heard steam escaping. After that I had my hands filled in keeping women quiet. The crash and the steam escaping was almost in the same instant. Next thing I assisted to put out the fire in the furnace. After that I went around quieting the women, they were very much excited some wanted to jump overboard; others fainted and some wanted to be saved. I saw the captain when helping to put the fire out for first time after the crash. I did not recollect the captain saying anything to me. I next went into the cabin where the break up had been. I saw some men there trying to remove the body of this girl from under the timber. As far as I could see with the lantern, the timber was about 18 inches square; it extended across the cabin, broke through the partition between the cabin and engine house; also broke off the escape valve from the boiler. I could not tell in what way the timber was when it was struck.

The deceased was lying under the timber alongside the stanchion. The lady was on her back when I saw her, I did not know the girl or who she was; did not hear her name mentioned. Her father, Charles Morrison, Capt. Russell and Larry McDonald were in the cabin. They were trying to remove the beam, while Mr. Morrison and myself lifted the girl from under it. When we lifted her out the first thing I did was to feel her pulse. There was no pulse flutter and no sign of life. She did not speak and was unconscious. I remained there until the girl was removed to the end of the boat. The body was motionless, and I judged that the girl was dead before we got to her. I came back with the light and carried the girl's body to the bow of the boat. After that I heard there was another girl—Miss Landry—missing. I had seen her during the day and I searched where the other girl was found, and also over the boiler, but could not find her.

After that, a row-boat came alongside and took some passengers on board. I then mingled around among the passengers, keeping people quiet. After the collision the boat drifted away from the wharf. The St. Nicholas came in sight. We hailed her and she took the passengers and landed them at Call's wharf. I came up on the St. Nicholas. The hole where the timber came through was about four feet square. There was a bench along the side about 1½ feet from the cabin floor. One end of the timber was resting on the boiler and had carried the seat with it. The length of the timber inside of the boat was 12 ft., and 6 ft. projecting outside of the boat.

The deceased's dress was all torn on the breast, and when lifting her out I could feel the flesh of her back.

The timber was still sticking in the hole when I left the boat. It was a dark and calm night and was a good deal darker at 8.30 than at 9.30. I remarked to Capt. after the excitement was over that it was a sad accident and he said there was somebody standing on the steering chains and he could not get the boat to answer to the wheel. This accident happened on Tuesday, 5th Sept 1893

Examined by Mr. M. Adams in the interests of Mr. Morrison, father of deceased.

I keep a store in Newcastle and generally have bills etc. in store.

[Mr. Adams exhibits time table of the Rustler with Mr. Russell's name thereon.]

Witness said he had one of these in his store and identified the Capt., who was present. Mr. M. Russell, manager of the Rustler, was not on board. About 30 got off at Black Brook; did not notice how many got off at Chatham; about 15 got off at Douglastown at outside; Mr. John Russell was in the wheel house before we got to Douglastown. Have a very good idea of the course of the river. Could not tell why Mr. Russell went into Kerr's mill wharf. When the steamer arrived at Black Brook, Chatham and Douglastown, passengers were landed. Did not know whether or not passengers were to be landed at Kerr mill wharf.

Mr. Adams:—Didn't Mr. Russell try to make a panic by saying the boat was leaking while you and Mr. Lawlor were trying to pacify the passengers?

I do not know.

In the course of the red light the boat would be in the middle of the river. [Plat shown.] The plan shown of the river is a fairly good one. Should judge there were about forty passengers on board after leaving Douglastown. Did not say anything when the collision happened. Had no knowledge that Mr. Russell was at the wheel after leaving Douglastown. It was a surprise to me to see Kerr mill wharf.

Juror Hickson asked if the boat was at full speed.

Ans.—It was going at the ordinary rate of speed. Do not know that the speed was checked.

Juror Morrison asked if the witness could see the captain at the wheel?

Ans.—I could not see him on account of the smoke-stack.

Adjourned until 7 p. m.

Testimony of J. R. Lawlor.

J. R. Lawlor, of Newcastle, was called and sworn on the opening of the enquiry at 7.30 p. m. He testified as follows:—

Boarded the Rustler at Bartibog between 6 and 7 p. m. and after transferring some passengers to the St. Nicholas proceeded up-river. Have no personal knowledge that John Russell acted as captain between Bartibog and Chatham. There were about 200 persons on board before we transferred some to the St. Nicholas. We transferred about 20. On the way up I was aft on the port side. I didn't observe how the boat was being run. I saw no one but Russell in charge at any time. We landed 40 or 50 passengers at Black Brook. At Chatham heard Russell giving the orders to cast off. We called at Douglastown. Can't say how many got off there, as I was talking to a number of lady friends. It was 8 or 8.15 when we left Douglastown for Newcastle. It was not a cloudy night, as some stars were visible. It is a long mile from Douglastown to the Kerr Mill wharf. We went at the same speed as on the rest of the way up. I was in the stern on the port side with two or three young ladies, and Joseph McGuigan, and facing the shore when a crash occured. My first action was to give all my attention to the ladies I had been talking to. After getting them pacified I told them they must remain just where they were until I returned to them. I also induced some others who had got on the steamer's rail to come down and remain quet. Some ladies asked where May Morrison was and I said I didn't know. I next started with a lantern for the bow of the boat and met Capt. John Russell about the middle of the boat. He was crying at the top of his voice about fire and water. I caught hold of him by the coat lappel and said, D—— your ——, do you want to set the women crazy? He said, "All right Roge." We went forward and the engineer, Larry McDonald, and, I think, the fireman were there. There was a bucket of water that had been got and something was said as to who would go down and put the fire in the boiler out. There was hesitation among them and I said, Give me the bucket and I'll put the d—d fire out. As I was going down, Russell said he would go, and he did so.

Someone then said "Let's go in here and see what's going on"—meaning the starboard cabin—and we went in.

When we got in I saw Charles Morrison standing over near the rear of the cabin, and he said, "My God, Roge, is Mary dead?" The body of deceased was lying under a large timber and I stooped over and on examining it said, "Yes, Charley, she is." I then said, For God's sake don't let the women know that anybody is killed. I then stooped down assisting Charles Morrison and others to get the body of deceased from under the timber and after we had done so I told them to put out the lights in the cabin and go to the women and not to let them know deceased was dead.

The timber that rested on or over the body was about sixteen inches square. My idea is that it was one of the front timbers of the wharf which had passed in through the cabin, grazed the stanchions and passed through the next partition and on to the top of the boiler. In its passage it had carried away the whole of the seat along the side of the cabin and torn a hole all along some two feet above the floor. I don't know, of my own knowledge, who were in the cabin at the time of the accident.

[A plan of the river from the Murray light to Douglastown wharf shown.] I took a spyglass to-day and looked from the Murray or red light to the Douglastown wharf. The steamer, in my estimation, in making a direct course, from Douglastown wharf to the light, would give the Kerr mill wharf quite a wide berth in passing. The course of a steamer on a night like last night, with passengers on board, should, I think, be in the middle of the river.

To juror Morrison; I speak of the public wharf, Douglastown, when I say "Douglastown" wharf. I did not see the Kerr wharf when we came up to it. I could not say the speed was slackened then. We met the str. Nelson between Douglastown wharf and where the collision occured—say off the hospital or lime-kiln property. That steamer was south of us quite a distance. She was not, in my opinion, near enough to the Rustler to interfere with her. I could not state the distance on the water. She was fully three lengths from us and affording good room to pass. Where these steamers passed would not be more than half way from Douglastown wharf to the Kerr mill wharf.

The whole weight of the timber I took of was not lying on deceased when I was helping to get her out. When I put my hands under her to lift her she seemed to be all broken about and above the hips and down to the knees. It was flood tide at the time. I did not notice Kerr's mill wharf until after the excitement and work were over. I could then see the mill and wharf. The Rustler was then, perhaps, half way across the river at anchor. It was about nine o'clock. I did not observe any change in the appearance of the night about that time, or after the collision The location of the wharf is in parish of Newcastle, County of Northumberland.

[*Continued on 2nd Page*]

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