

The Union Advocate

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

W. & J. ANSLAW,

Our Country, with its United Interests.

EDITORS & PROPRIETORS,

VOL. VIII.—No. 32.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, June 9, 1875.

WHOLE No. 396.

CANADA HOUSE,
CHATHAM, N. B. NEW BRUNSWICK.
WM. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.
CONSIDERABLE outlay has been made on this house to make it a first class Hotel, and travellers will find it a desirable temporary residence both as regards location and comfort. It is situated within two minutes walk of steamboat landing. The proprietor returns thanks to the public for the encouragement given him in the past, and will endeavor by courtesy and attention to merit the same in the future.
Good Stabling on the Premises.
May 13th, 1875. 14 ly

Waverly Hotel,
NEWCASTLE, N. B. MIRMICHI, N. B.
This House has lately been refurbished, and every possible arrangement made to ensure the comfort of travellers.
LIVERY STABLES, WITH GOOD OUTFIT, ON THE PREMISES.
ALEX. STEWART,
(Late of Waverly House, St. John.) Proprietor.
Newcastle, Dec. 9, 1873. 8

BAY VIEW HOTEL,
BATHURST, N. B.
THE Subscriber having purchased the late residence of Mr. Edd, has fitted it up with all the modern improvements. It is situated, affording a magnificent view of the harbor and surrounding scenery. Permanent and transient boarders can be accommodated in first-class style and at reasonable rates.
A Livery Stable with attentive hostlers is attached to the hotel.
ANDREW G. HARRIS,
Proprietor.
October 7, 1873. 8 1/2 ly

ROYAL HOTEL,
(Formerly Stubbs)
PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,
OPPOSITE CUSTOM HOUSE,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor.
Dec. 22nd, 1873. 24 ly

M. ADAMS,
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER
AT LAW.
CONVEYANCER, &c.,
NEWCASTLE, N. B.
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT.
OFFICE,
Over Mr. Richard Davidson's Store, Casle Street, Newcastle.
May 15, 1875.

L. J. TWEEDIE,
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER
AT LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER, &c.,
CHATHAM, N. B.
OFFICE—Snowball's Building
May 12, 1874. 13

WM. A. PARK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER, &c.,
OFFICE—Over the Store of William Park, Esq.
Castle Street, - NEWCASTLE, N. B.
May 4, 1875. 5

C. B. FRASER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &c.
OFFICE—Over the Bank of Montreal.
September 1st, 1874.

DR. J. S. BENSON
can be consulted at his Residence, opposite that of F. E. Winslow, Esq., or at his office on the Square, at any hour, as usual.
Newcastle, Aug. 9, 1875.

DR. FREEMAN wishes to intimate his having engaged the Office of Dr. Benson upon his becoming vacant, and that he may be present be found at the "Waverly House," prepared to attend to professional calls.
Newcastle, April 18, 1875. 14

DR. W. P. BISHOP
HAS REMOVED
TO
OFFICES OVER THE STORE,
MR. JAS. W. DAVIDSON,
NEWCASTLE.
March 31st, 1875. 51 3m

DR. BALCOM,
(Graduate of the University of New York.)
Would inform the people of Bathurst and vicinity, that he has taken the
OFFICE LATELY OCCUPIED BY DR. DUNCAN.

DR. BALCOM,
(Graduate of the University of New York.)
Would inform the people of Bathurst and vicinity, that he has taken the
OFFICE LATELY OCCUPIED BY DR. DUNCAN.

W. & R. BRODIE,
GENERAL
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
AND
DEALERS IN
Flour, Produce and Provisions,
No. 16, ARTHUR STREET,
Next the Bank of Montreal,
17 1/2 QUEBEC.

J. & W. REID,
PAPER MAKERS & GENERAL STATIONERS,
No. 40, ST. PAUL STREET, No. 40,
QUEBEC.
MANUFACTURERS OF
Machine Made Paper Bags, Blank Books, &c.,
Dealers in all kinds of
Paper Stock and
Paper Makers' Supplies,
Room Papers,
Bookbinding Materials,
Scrap Iron & Metals,
Naval Stores.
March 12th, 1872. mar 12 '72 1/2 ly

JAS. HOSSACK & Co.,
IMPORTERS OF
STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES,
Manufacturers of
STEAM CONFECTIONERY,
FANCY BISCUIT, AND OIL PASTE BLACKING.
PROPRIETORS OF
QUEBEC COFFEE & SPICE STEAM MILLS,
22 Notre Dame St., (lower town)
QUEBEC.
March 12th, 1872. mar 12 '72 1/2 ly

WHITEHEAD & TURNER,
[Awarded First Class Prizes at the
Industrial Exhibition, 1871.]
Manufacturers of
CORN BROOMS, DUSTERS,
And all descriptions of
HAIR AND FANCY BRUSHES.
LOWEY & CO.,
QUEBEC.
March 12th, 1872. mar 12 '72 1/2 ly

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.
W. J. WILLIAMS,
PHOTOGRAPHER AND GENERAL ARTIST,
has taken the Rooms over Russell Bros',
PREVIOUSLY OCCUPIED BY THE SILENCE.
IN EVERY STYLE OF ART.
Having had fifteen years' experience in the
business, can guarantee satisfactory work.
FOR OUTSIDE VIEWS, of Residences,
Churches, &c., accurately taken.
Newcastle, Sept. 13, 1871. 1/2

S. F. SHUTE,
Direct Importer of
Fine Watches, Rich Jewelry, Electro-
Plated Ware, Clocks, Fancy Goods, &c.
Orders Solicited, and goods sent to res-
ponsible parties on approval.
WATCH REPAIRING, in all its branches
promptly attended to.
AGENT for the "Florence" SEWING MA-
CHINE, and "Lazarus & Morris & Co's"
PATENT SPECTACLES.
Remember the Place.
S. F. SHUTE,
Queen St., Fredericton, N. B.
Dec. 22nd, 1873. 24 ly

BLAKSLEE & WHITENECT,
Importers and Dealers in every variety of
English, French and American
Paper Hangings & Window Shades,
—ALSO—
PAINTS, OILS, BRUSHES,
VARNISHES, PUTTY, GLASS, &c., &c.
The Trade Supplied.
22 GERMAIN STREET,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
July 1, 1875. 21 y

J. J. CHRISTIE,
59 King Street - - - ST. JOHN.
Importer and Dealer in all kinds of Leath-
er and Shoe Findings, Wholesale and
Retail. Also all kinds of Mens Fitted
Tops, to order.
J. J. C.
July 1, 1875. 21 y

BLACKSMITHING!
The Subscriber is now prepared to perform
every description of work in the above line.
Orders respectfully Solicited.
HORSE SHOEING ATTENDED TO WITH
THE GREATEST CARE.
STARRS—MIRAMICHI'S SHOP.
R. S. GORDON.
Newcastle, Jan. 10, 1875. 20 6m

JAMES S. NEILL,
Importer, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Hardware, Glass, Paint, Oil, Turpen-
tine and Putty
BAR IRON'S STEEL,
ALL KINDS OF AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
OPPOSITE COUNTY COURT HOUSE,
QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON, N. B.
Dec. 22nd, 1873. 24 1/2 ly

LUMBERERS, ATTENTION!
I AM SOLE AGENT FOR THE
WOODBRIDGE SAW MILL,
which with the late improvements,
stands unrivalled.
This Machine requires no expensive puffing,
as it has by its own merit become the
leading Saw Mill of Canada.
It is so geared that the Saw makes two revolu-
tions to one stroke of the piston, thus
avoiding the shaking caused by direct
motion.

T. R. JONES & Co.,
Canterbury Street - ST. JOHN, N. B.,
Importers of Every Description of
British & Foreign Dry Goods,
—AND—
MANUFACTURERS OF SLICINGS,
Homespun, Horse Blankets, Larrakins
FURNISHING GOODS,
The best assorted stock in the lower Provinces
for Country Stores, Lumberers, Mill
Owners, Railway Contractors, &c.
Wholesale. - - - Terms Liberal.
July 1, 1875. 2 1/2 ly

D. MAGEE & CO.,
Manufacturers of
HATS, CAPS & FURS,
Wholesale,
51 KING ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.
D. MAGEE. M. F. WANKS.
April 21st, 1873. 23 1/2 ly

NOTICE TO BUILDERS.
R. BLAKE
Has now in full operation, his ROTARY
STREAM SAW MILL for the manufacture of
DIMENSIONED LUMBER
OF ALL SIZES,
DOORS, SASHES, BLINDS &c.
LUMBER PLANED & MATCHED.
Arrangements will shortly be made for
the manufacture of
Shingles & Clapboards.
Orders respectfully solicited.
ALL WORK WARRANTED TO GIVE SATIS-
FACTION.
Chatham, Oct. 19, 1874. 21

BISCUITS! BISCUITS!
SPONGE, FRUIT, AND PLAIN ROUND
CAKES,
WEDDING CAKES!
MAIS & ORNAMENTED PASTRY!
BISCUITS—Wine, Soda, Bath, Abernethy
Butter, Fruit, Garibaldi, Osborne, Crack-
nels, Fancy Mixed, Ginger Nuts, &c., &c.
No. 1 Hard Bread.
All my Biscuits are of the first quality,
and as I manufacture them with the
latest improved machinery, I can sell them
cheaper than they can be imported.
Wholesale and Retail.
WILLIAM LARKIN.
December 22, 1874. 23

1875. TRUNKS. 1875.
LARGE ASSORTMENT OF TRUNKS, &c.,
FOR SPRING TRADE.
Ladies' Saratoga Trunks,
In Zinc and Leather; Gent's Extra
Bound do. do.; Solid Leather Over-
land Trunks and Valises; Canvas,
Emmelled & Comp. Packing Trunks,
and Trunks of every description
made to order; Ladies' Reticles and
Shopping Satchels; Gent's Pelt Bags;
Boy's School Satchels.
Will be sold at exceedingly low
prices, for Cash.
W. H. KNOWLES,
Trunk Factory, 40 Germain St., St. John.
CHARLES J. DAVIS,
DRUGGIST & APOTHECARY,
Fredericton, N. B.
—DIRECT IMPORTER—
WHOLESALE & RETAIL
—DEALER IN—
GENUINE DRUGS, MEDICINES,
Chemicals, Druggist's Sundries, &c.
April 20th, 1874. 21 1/2 ly

MITCHELL & CO.,
GENERAL
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
—AND—
SHIPPING AGENTS,
22 & 23.....COMMON STREET,
MONTREAL.
August 29, 1874. sep 9

SHERATON, SON & SKINNER,
—IMPORTERS OF—
Carpets, Floor Oil Cloths, Hearth Rugs and
Curtain Materials.
—MANUFACTURERS OF—
Flock, Hair and Excelsior Mattresses, Spring Beds,
PILOWS AND BOLSTERS.
82 AND 84 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
April 20th, 1875. 21 6m

MIRAMICHI FOUNDRY,
WATER STREET, - - - CHATHAM, N. B.
General Iron and Brass Founders,
MANUFACTURERS OF
STEAM ENGINES & BOILERS,
And Mill Machinery of every description.
Ship, Store and Piling Castings, &c.
Prompt attention given to all orders, and
first class work guaranteed.
H. J. MARSHALL,
MANAGER.
Chatham, Nov. 3, 1874. 4 1/2 ly

LORDLY, HOWE & Co.,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
HOUSEHOLD, SHIP & OFFICE
FURNITURE.
WAREHOUSES, - - - 52 GERMAIN ST.,
FACTORY, - - - EAST END OF UNION ST.,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
ALBERT J. LORDLY, JONAS HOWE,
D. HOWE.

NEW FALL GOODS
—AND—
Hats Trimmed and Untrimmed,
FLOWERS,
FEATHERS, LACES,
RIBBONS, VELVETS,
VELVETEENS, SILKS,
SHAWLS, FLANNELS
AND COTTONS,
Dress Goods in every style
Real Hair Goods
GENTS' FURNISHINGS ETC.,
a full Stock of the above now on hand
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
Orders promptly attended to.
J. H. MURRAY, & CO.
50 KING STREET.....ST. JOHN, N. B.
October 30, 1874. 21

J. N. WILSON,
GENERAL MERCHANT,
—AND—
HEAVY IMPORTER OF WINES & SPIRITS.
SOLE AGENT IN NEW BRUNSWICK AND
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, FOR
{The Vine Growers Company of Cognac France,}
JULES DURET, & CO.,
THE WINDSOR DISTILLERY, WALKERVILLE,
ONTARIO.
The Windsor Flour Mills, do.
Vinegrowers Brandy, Henke's Geneva, and
Messrs. Hiram Walker & Sons Alcohol and
Old Rye Whiskey, imported for the trade
into any sea port in New Brunswick, or
Prince Edward Island direct from the above
named houses.
16 NELSON ST. - - - SAINT JOHN, N. B.
V. B. BONDED WAREHOUSE, No. 4.
FREDERICTON TIE FACTORY.
C. DAVIDSON & Co.
—HAVE JUST RECEIVED THEIR—
SUMMER GOODS,
AND ARE MAKING
Ties of all Descriptions,
Newest Styles.
INSPECTION INVITED.
Patterns and Show Cards sent on application.
WHOLESALE ONLY.
M'CAUSLAND'S BUILDING,
FREDERICTON, N. B.
April 20th, 1875. 21

FIRE BRANCH.
ROBERT MARSHALL'S
FIRE AND MARINE AGENCY,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
Applications may be made to the following
Representatives.
NEWCASTLE—A. A. Davidson, M. Adams,
CHATHAM—T. F. Gillespie, W. Wilkinson,
BATHURST—Anthony Rainey,
DALHOUSIE—George Haddow,
RICHTON—H. Livingston, J. D. Phinney
Imperial Fire Insurance Com'y
OF LONDON, ESTABLISHED 1803.
Capital and Cash Assets exceed £2,000,000.
The Etina Insurance Com'y,
INCORPORATED 1819.
Cash Capital and Assets over \$6,000,000.
The Hartford Fire Insurance Com'y,
INCORPORATED 1801.
Cash Capital and Assets over \$2,500,000.
BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY,
ESTABLISHED 1833.
Capital and Assets \$600,000. Its funds are
invested in undoubted securities.
PHENIX COMPANY OF BROOKLYN.
ESTABLISHED 1853.
Cash Capital & accumulated fund \$3,000,000.
Dwelling Houses, whether built or in
course of construction, as well as Furniture,
contained therein, insured for term of one
or three years, at lowest rates. Steam Saw
Mills, Vessels on the stocks or in port,
Warehouse, Merchandise and Insurable
property of every description covered on
the lowest possible terms.

ROBERT MARSHALL,
GENERAL AGENT, NOTARY PUBLIC AND BROKER.
March 29, 1875. 20

W. ROBINSON,
WATER STREET, - - - NEWCASTLE.
Is now ready to fill all orders for
LIGHT & HEAVY WAGGONS
which are got up in good style. A large
variety now on hand, comprising many styles.
REPAIRING & PAINTING
Performed in the very best manner.
Special attention given to Horseshoeing
And every branch of Blacksmithing Work.
Newcastle, May 3, 1875. 5

TO BUILDERS & OTHERS.
We, the undersigned, would respectfully
notify the public, that we have lately
opened our
JOINER & UNDERTAKER SHOP
in rear of the Bank of Montreal, where we
are prepared to execute all orders in our
line promptly, in first class style and at the
most reasonable rates.
J. B. WILLIAMS,
S. J. LOGGIE.

Selected Literature.
ABOARD THE SEA-MEW.
In Twenty-two Chapters.
Everything was done as quiet as
possible, so as not to let them on
know what we were doing; but
when the time for parting was
nigh, I could see that the
mattineers meant to make their
rush.
CHAPTER VIII.
It was a rush, and no mistake; for
they had been brimning themselves up
with rum, I should think, for the last
hour or two, till they were nearly
mad; and with Van as their head devil,
more than Englishmen, though cer-
tainly half of them were from all parts
of the world. There was no time then
for thinking, and before you knew
where you were it was give and take.
We fired as they came on; but I
did not see that much harm was done,
only one chap falling; while, as they
returned it, Mr. Wallace gave a cry,
and clapped his hand to his shoulder,
dropping his cutlass, which Tommie
laid hold of, for he had just shied his
pistol, after firing it right at Van's
head, only missing him by half an
inch or so.
Van dashed right at the skipper like
a cat, and with one cut sent him down
when he turned upon me to serve me
the same; but I was too quick for him,
and as I jumped aside, his cutlass hit
the bulkhead and snapped in two. I
believe it would have gone hard
with him then, for the carver was
sharp and my old blood was up, but
in the struggle I was driven back,
and the next thing I saw was Mr.
Ward drive that skewer of his right
through one fellow's shoulder, and
then starting back, he fired three shots
from his revolver, but with what effect
I never saw, for two of the piratical
rascals were at me, and it was all I
could do to keep them at a distance.
I fetched one a chop across the back
of the hand at last, though, and sent
him off howling and cursing; and
then managing to avoid a cut, and
sending my arm out, I caught the
other right in the chest, and down he
went like a stone; when, to my sur-
prise, I found it was only the buck-
le having flown out, and good
goodness how near were.
There was no time to choose who
should be your next enemy, for two
or three were at you directly, and
there I was at last, fighting best way
I could with my fists, driven here and
there with the planks slippery with
blood, and men, some of them wound-
ed, some only stunned, lying about
for you to fall over.
I kept casting an eye at Mr. Ward,
and could see that he was fighting like
a hero; but all at once I made a jump
to get at him, for I saw Van creep up
behind, while he was defending him-
self from a big fellow with a cutlass,
and though I shouted to him, it was
of no use, for the poor young fellow
was cut down just as I turned dizzy
from being fetched down with a crack
from a marine-spike.
CHAPTER IX.
When I came to again, my head
was aching awfully, and I found my
self lying upon the deck, with old
Sam Brown dabbing my forehead
with a wet swab. Close beside me
was Bill Smith, and the sight of him
alive did me so much good that I
jumped up into a sitting position, and
gave his hand a good shake. But
there, it was for all the world like
having boiling lead poured from one
side to the other of your head, and I
was glad to lean against the bulkhead
again.
There was half-a-dozen of the crew
keeping watch over us, while Sam
whispered to me that six bodies had
been shoved out of port—three being
passengers; as to the rest on our side
Mr. Ward seemed the worst wound
but he, poor fellow, was sitting up
pale and anxious, with his handker-
chief tied round his head, and evi-
dently like me, wondering what was to
happen next.
I could not help noticing soon after
how well the women bore it all; hush-
ing and chattering to the children to
keep them quiet, and doing all they
could to keep them from noticing our
wild and wounded faces. They were
all huddled together in the big cabin,
white, with the exception of the
men on guard, the mattineers were
on deck. From the slight rolling of
the ship, it seemed they had altered
her course; but my head was too
much worried and confused for me to
notice much, and that day slipped
pass, and the night came—such a night
as I pray God, I may never again
pass; for the cabin-hatches were closed
upon us, and none of the men staid
down, but after serving round some
biscuit and water, and some rank bad
butter at the bottom of one of the
little tubs, they went on deck, though
we soon found that a couple of them
kept watch.
It was a sad night and a bitter, for
as soon as darkness came down upon
us, the poor women, who had held up
so well all day, broke down, and you
could have heard the smothered sob-
bing and wailing, till it went through
you like a knife. I believed they tried
to get up to see their husbands, but
they could not keep their feet.

towards where Mr. Bell was lying,
and ran across, as if to see how he
was; but he hurriedly caught hold of
Miss Bell's hand, and I could see that
he spoke, while, as she drew her hand
heavily away, she gave a strange
frightened sort of look at him. Next
moment he was back at my side, just
as the cabin-hatch was flung open,
and the shuffling of feet told that the
mattineers meant to make their rush.
CHAPTER VIII.
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they had been brimning themselves up
with rum, I should think, for the last
hour or two, till they were nearly
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tainly half of them were from all parts
of the world. There was no time then
for thinking, and before you knew
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only one chap falling; while, as they
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head, only missing him by half an
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a cat, and with one cut sent him down
when he turned upon me to serve me
the same; but I was too quick for him,
and as I jumped aside, his cutlass hit
the bulkhead and snapped in two. I
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with him then, for the carver was
sharp and my old blood was up, but
in the struggle I was driven back,
and the next thing I saw was Mr.
Ward drive that skewer of his right
through one fellow's shoulder, and
then starting back, he fired three shots
from his revolver, but with what effect
I never saw, for two of the piratical
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could do to keep them at a distance.
I fetched one a chop across the back
of the hand at last, though, and sent
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then managing to avoid a cut, and
sending my arm out, I caught the
other right in the chest, and down he
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le having flown out, and good
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should be your next enemy, for two
or three were at you directly, and
there I was at last, fighting best way
I could with my fists, driven here and
there with the planks slippery with
blood, and men, some of them wound-
ed, some only stunned, lying about
for you to fall over.
I kept casting an eye at Mr. Ward,
and could see that he was fighting like
a hero; but all at once I made a jump
to get at him, for I saw Van creep up
behind, while he was defending him-
self from a big fellow with a cutlass,
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of no use, for the poor young fellow
was cut down just as I turned dizzy
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was aching awfully, and I found my
self lying upon the deck, with old
Sam Brown dabbing my forehead
with a wet swab. Close beside me
was Bill Smith, and the sight of him
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jumped up into a sitting position, and
gave his hand a good shake. But
there, it was for all the world like
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keeping watch over us, while Sam
whispered to me that six bodies had
been shoved out of port—three being
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Mr. Ward seemed the worst wound
but he, poor fellow, was sitting up
pale and anxious, with his handker-
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dently like me, wondering what was to
happen next.
I could not help noticing soon after
how well the women bore it all; hush-
ing and chattering to the children to
keep them quiet, and doing all they
could to keep them from noticing our
wild and wounded faces. They were
all huddled together in the big cabin,
white, with the exception of the
men on guard, the mattineers were
on deck. From the slight rolling of
the ship, it seemed they had altered
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as I pray God, I may never again
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so well all day, broke down, and you
could have heard the smothered sob-
bing and wailing, till it went through
you like a knife. I believed they tried
to get up to see their husbands, but
they could not keep their feet.

things; but then 'tain't in 'em, you
know, to keep up long; and then
when the children broke out too, and
wanted all sorts of things that they
couldn't have, why it was awful. We
had no lights, for they wouldn't give
us any, so we all had to set to, to try
and make the best of everything; but
we couldn't, you see, not even second
best, try how we would.
'Only a bit of a cut, sir,' I says to
Mr. Ward, who was going round and
doing what he could in the dark for
we chaps as had been knocked about.
'I shan't hurt. See to Bill Smith here.'
Tell you what it is though sir—you
won't catch me at sea again in
such a Noah's Ark as this here.'
'Hush! my man,' he says, 'and try
all you can to help.' 'In course I will,
sir,' I says; and then, hearing a growl
on my right, I says, 'That ain't Bill,
sir, that's Sam. He's all right; no-
body can't hurt him, his blessed head's
too thick.' Directly after the doctor
felt his way to Bill Smith, and tied up
his head a bit, while I was wondering
what to do for the best, listening all
the time to the women wailing, and
the little ones letting go, as if with the
full belief that they'd got the whole of
the trouble in the ship on their precious
little heads. What seemed the best
thing to do was to quiet some of them;
and if it had been daylight, a sight or
two of my phiz would have frightened
'em into peace; but how to do it now
I didn't know. 'Howsomever, here
goes for a try,' I says; and I groped
my way along as well as I could, ex-
pecting every moment to be deafened
when I turned half-mad with rage,
for some yells down the skylight:
'Stop that noise!' and at the same
moment there was a pistol fired right
into the wailing crowd; then there
was a sharp crack shrike, and directly
after a stillness that was awful.
'It was a cruel cowardly act,' I
heard one man say then close to me;
'but, Miss Bell!—And then directly
came the young lady's voice saying:
'It is almost as cowardly, sir, to speak
to me in this way, when I am so un-
protected.'
'By your leave, I says gruffly, and
I felt a little hand laid on my arm.
'Is that you Mr. Roberts?' says Miss
Bell, and I could feel her soft breath
on my cheek, as she spoke without
knowing it. 'You're without the
Mister, ma'am,' I says, 'and at your
service. What shall I do?'
What could I do? Rom question-
wasn't it? When, if she didn't put a
little toddling thing into my arms—a
bit of a two-year-old, as was just
beginning to crawl again, after the fright
of the pistol; but I turned myself into
a sort of a cradle, got rocking about,
and if the soft round little thing didn't
go off fast asleep, and breath as reg'lar
as so much clock-work!
'Well done you, Tom Roberts,' I
says, after listening to it for about
half an hour; and do you know, I did
feel a bit proud of what I'd done, being
the first time, you see, that I'd ever
tried to do such a thing; and so
through the night I sat there with my
back to the bulkhead, and with my
head all worried like, for now it was
no groaning, and now it seemed that
I was crying like a child, and then
people were telling me to be quiet,
only I wouldn't, for I had made up
my mind to kill Mr. Ward, and my
marry Miss Bell, and things were all
mixed together, and strange and
misty, and then thicker still, and at
last all was blank, and I must have
gone off to sleep, in spite of my trouble,
for when I opened my eyes, it was
broad daylight again, and then the
first thing they lit on was a little
chubby, curly-headed thing in my lap,
watching me as serious as could be,
and twisting its little hand in mine.
I hadn't eyes for anything else for
a little while, but as soon as I did take
a look round, all the troubles seemed
to come back with a jump, for most of
the party were asleep; there they all
were, first-class passengers and steerage
passengers, all huddled together, and
no distinctions now. Old Sam was
snoring away close alongside of the
skipper and Mr. Wallace, and strange
and bad they looked, poor fellows;
while up at the far end sat Miss Bell,
bending over her brother, who lay on
a locker; but whether she was asleep
or not, I couldn't tell.
But there was something else took
my attention, and that was, that
though all the other berths seemed
empty, one had some one lying in it,
and that berth I could not keep my
eyes off, for it got to be somehow
mixed up with the firing of that pistol
down the skylight and the sharp cry
I had heard; and so from thinking
about it all; I got it put together in a
shape which Mr. Ward afterwards
told me was quite right, for a little
lad of nine years old was killed by
that cowardly bullet, and it was him
as I saw lying in the berth.
By degrees, first one and then an-
other of our miserable party roused
up with a sigh, and then sat staring
about in a most hopeless way; all but
Mr. Ward, who went round to those
who had been wounded, saying a
cheering word or two, as well as see-
ing to their bandages; but it was quite
by force that he had to do the skipper's
for his wound had made him light-
headed, and he took it into his poor
cloudy brain that Mr. Ward was Van,
and wanted to make an end of him.

People soon got whispering to-
gether and wondering what was to be
done next, for they seemed to be busy
on deck, and of course we were all
very anxious to know; but when Sam
Brown got a tub on one of the tables,
and then hauled himself up, to have a
look through the skylight, he came
down again rubbing his knuckles and
wearing, for one of the watch had
given him a tap with a marine-spike;
and after that, of course no one tried
to make out.
(To be continued.)

General Intelligence.
Terrible Calamity.
Burning of a Catholic Church at Holyoke
—Sixty-six Lives Lost.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS., May 27.—The
most terrible disaster in the history of
Holyoke occurred to-night in the burn-
ing of the French Catholic church at
South Holyoke during the evening
service. The catastrophe included
the loss of sixty-six men, women and
children. The exercises had nearly
closed, a vesper service being sung,
when a candle caught in the altar,
and the wall being low it streamed
down and caught the building. The mass
of the people in the body of the
church escaped, the total audience
being 700, but on the stairway leading
from the gallery the people were
packed in a dense mass struggling for
escape. The flames rushed toward
them and many leaped to the floor
beneath and were trampled to death.
The gallery started on both sides of
the building with one entrance from
the front. The scene was fearful in
the extreme during the little while it
lasted, for the whole was over in twenty
minutes. The people were packed in
a solid mass, struggling to clear them-
selves as the flames rushed toward
them. The priest's exertions to keep order
were fruitless. The screams
of the living and the wailing of the
dying made a deafening tumult above
the orders of the pastor, who worked
most heroically and was personally
instrumental in saving many lives.
One family of four persons, including
all were killed. Many were
pulled out by the arms and feet, so
badly burned that they lived but a few
hours, the flesh peeling off on being
touched. Some were trampled to death,
and many escaped through an
entrance leading to the house back
of the altar. The priest's exertions to
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who in the first impulse rushed from their church to save their own lives, but subsequently remembered that they had left children behind to perish. A personal violence had to be used in several cases to keep the women back. All about the streets men, women and children were wandering piteously inquiring if their friends had been saved. One woman was absolutely sure that her husband had perished, and could only be quieted by the assurance from a friend that he had just been talking with him. One of the two little girls, about a dozen years old, who rushed for the entrance of the building while the fire was at its height, thinking to find their father, was so overcome by the flames that she could only be restrained by an officer, who took her in his arms. The church society was established about seven years ago, and Father Deane was the only pastor. The parish included all the French Catholics of the city, whose number is estimated at from 2000 to 2500 people. The church ground was covered by a building 100 feet by 60, two stories high, built entirely of pine, with galleries on the sides and north end, about twenty five feet in width, and was called to the ground. There were two entrances on the north end, and a vestibule whence the doors opened into the body of the church; into this vestibule the galleries opened. At the rear end was another entrance, which was also used. Immediately on the flames breaking out all in the galleries rushed to the east doors and crowded each other so that they fell upon the floor and choked the doorways, with their bodies piled all ways, seven or eight feet deep, and here most of the lives were lost. From this mass Chief Mullin rescued one young woman, and having taken care of the dead bodies from above. It was almost impossible to face the flames, and Chief Mullin and others had their clothes almost burned from them. The fire was under control about the middle of the day. In the rear of the church was the priest's residence, about thirty feet by twenty-four, which was also destroyed. The walls were broken down, and after the fire was mostly put out. Any one who has seen the first recognition of a corpse by a loving friend or relative will find it difficult to conceive of more touching scenes. Anything to excite or arouse any deeper feelings or to thrill the spectator more than the sight of people eagerly scanning the two-story corpses in that gloomy room, could not be imagined. A man said: 'Before I came in I would have given \$100 to get in; now that I have been in, I would have given \$500 not to have gone in.' A woman wanted to go in and see the sight, and yet stout men fainted at the dreadful spectacle. There were faces blackened with smoke, distorted with agony, buried to a depth in the flames, some with the flesh falling the black stamp of a broken limb sticking up. It was terrible. One may look at people who have been drowned; they look pale and blue, but there is no evidence of pain or of a violent death. Here imagination pale at the thought of the agony that each one of these poor creatures must have endured. The crowd began to gather early, and before eight o'clock two or three thousand were pushing at the gate, beseeching the officer for admittance. To let all in at once was of course impossible, and as many as the room would accommodate. These, which was painful before, was now agonizing. There were some who were so terrified that the bereaved ones found them so disfigured that they could not look on them without a shudder and often a fainting fit. As yet happily no deaths were beyond recognition, though one was only identified by means of a bracelet which she wore. Cases like this really seemed the most awful, for in some cases the long and narrow coffin was found, and the body was identified by a certainty, and required the closest examination to get it that was all that was left of the loved one. In one case an old woman wanted to go in and see the sight, and she cried out: 'He was all I had, every hand went to a pocket willing to show the sympathy which it was evident from your countenances that you had. There were four bodies there whom none came to claim, for the only one left was moaning and tossing on her death-bed. They were a father, mother and two daughters. The other daughter will soon follow them. Nor did any come to carry away Mrs. Desjardins and her daughter, for the husband and father had gone mad, and was walking on the streets crying, 'O mon Julie, O mon Julie.' The morning and noon trains brought the reporters, the artists for the illustrated papers, Bishop O'Reilly of Springfield, Father Donahue of Chicopee, Father Garraughy of Chicopee Falls and Father O'Keefe of Ware, also hundreds of people, many of whom were not so bettered than curiosity. They swarmed over the ruins and looked to the temporary morgue, but happily the show was over, all had been buried, and were waiting their turn to be buried.

The Union Advocate. Established 1867. NEWCASTLE, MIRAMICHI, N. B. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, 1875. LESSONS OF THE FIRE.

The late conflagration in Newcastle furnishes food for thought for our people, and we earnestly desire that it shall receive more than a passing consideration. If it is true that there is a tide in the affairs of men, which, when taken at the flood, will lead on to fortune, so it is also true that there is a tide in the affairs of our town, which, when taken at the flood, will lead on to protection. We believe that the tide has run out to its greatest limit, and that the ebb will soon set in, and it behooves every one to give the matter serious attention. The lessons taught by the fire are useful ones. We cannot blind our eyes to the fact that should a fierce conflagration spring up we are in a measure powerless to cope with it. 'Tis true, we have a good hand engine, and an old one to fall back upon in case of an emergency, but what manner of use would they be on the rising ground, where the only water supply is to be found in wells, in many places from forty to sixty feet below the surface, and hard to be got at. The town is rapidly growing in that direction, and efforts should at once be made to procure a full and efficient water supply in keeping with our requirements. This water supply is also needed for the lower portion of the town. True, tanks are placed in various positions for general purposes, but with a great fire raging, such as might have occurred on Thursday had the wind been high, the supply would be altogether inadequate to the demand. If our geographical position were such that a good water supply could only be obtained by going five or six miles into the interior, (which is the case with many towns and cities) there might be at least a slow reason for the apathy exhibited by property holders generally. But when nature has placed almost within our grasp a never-failing stream of excellent water, it does not say much for either our enterprise or our ideas of economy, that up to the present we have looked upon the matter with absolute indifference, and declined to take advantage of a privilege which would be highly prized, and speedily secured in almost any other place in the universe. We believe that the time has arrived for a change. When arrangements were being made some

in bringing about the much required reform. Parties who feel disposed to enroll their names in a fire company, are willing to do so on one condition, that some badge shall be provided by the town, by which members may be distinguished from private individuals. The request is a reasonable one. In some places a cap and tippet are provided for the men, which gives them an appearance of uniformity, and in other and larger places wheel suits are provided. The town cannot well afford to do the latter, but we do think that at least a cap or cap and tippet could be furnished at a small annual cost to the ratepayer. We venture the assertion that if property holders will only give sufficient interest in this matter, a company will speedily be formed. The firewards are brave young men, and we believe will take a pleasure in raising the fire department to a proper state of efficiency, but they are almost powerless to act without the voice of the people. They have vainly endeavored to form a company from the cause, but it is stated, and are actually hampered by the inefficient performance of the important duties by the fire department. The amount of the property tax amounts to \$100,000 in the event of a fire. It is not, but in our opinion, for the town to have a right to look for, and have a right to expect, gratuitous services from the people. Perhaps they will think better of the action and refund the money. In any case, our people must see that Mr. Call does not sustain any loss by the transaction. The Relief was not delayed, for the Andrew took down the engine and hands to Chatham after the fire was over, for which her owners deserve the thanks of the community. Messrs. Brown, Brooks & Ryan kindly sent down their steam tug, Sultan, to give assistance, and about 2 p.m. commenced to play on the ruins, although at great disadvantage, having to play through about 1200 feet of hose. These gentlemen also deserve the thanks of the people of Newcastle. Thanks are due to Hon. W. Muirhead, who furnished a saw in place to tow up the engine, and also to Mr. Snowball, who sent horses from his mill work to haul the engine to the wharf. Also to the persons who so generously came up from Chatham to render assistance, and who worked so well in keeping down the fire among the ruins. A correspondent kindly furnishes the following: CAMPBELL, June 8, 1875. GENTLEMEN.—Noticing that you invite correspondence from the different localities in which your paper circulates, I take this opportunity of this invitation to send you a short account of the opening of the Restigouche R. C. Railway Bridge, for railway purposes. Yesterday, by kind invitation of Messrs. J. J. Macdonald & Co., Contractors for the building & c. of this section of the R. C. R., a goodly number of people, representing the towns of Dalhousie and Campbell, proceeded by rail to the site of the most impressive scene we have ever seen called upon to witness. The bereaved clergyman calmly arose from his seat, left his pew, holding by the hand two of his little ones, and standing by the coffin, lifted his children one by one to kiss the lips of their departed mother, which they did without hesitation. As they did so, a convulsive sob burst from those present, the pent up feelings of many being relieved by tears. That scene will never be erased from our memory. The remains were then secured in the coffin, and conveyed to their resting place in the Wesleyan burying ground, followed by a large number of persons. Mrs. Waterhouse was a native of England, a daughter of Mr. Fitzwater, who resided near London. She was in her 35th year, and leaves five children, the eldest of whom is 12 years, the youngest 14 months.

There was considerable talk on the streets about the philanthropy of the owners. The Advance reporter no doubt heard some of the remarks, and the last issue of that paper refers in complimentary terms to the "praiseworthy" action of the firm. Of course the reporter was not aware that a bill was to be rendered to Messrs. Muirhead and Snowball the next day, in which the sum of \$25 was charged for towing the scow to Newcastle. These gentlemen expressed their willingness to pay the bill, but Mr. Call, who was in Chatham at the time, would not consent to it, as he considered that he had a right to pay it, and now holds the receipt of the firm for the amount. We only speak of this matter, to put it fairly before the public, as it has raised considerable discussion. It is something so unusual to charge for services rendered in cases where property is endangered by fire, that some persons do not believe the report. However, we must say, that the firm had a perfect right to charge for services rendered by their tug, but to the best of our knowledge it never has been done before on the Miramichi. It is just, but in our opinion, not politic, for in the event of a fire on their own premises, they would look for, and have a right to expect, gratuitous services from the people. Perhaps they will think better of the action and refund the money. In any case, our people must see that Mr. Call does not sustain any loss by the transaction. The Relief was not delayed, for the Andrew took down the engine and hands to Chatham after the fire was over, for which her owners deserve the thanks of the community. Messrs. Brown, Brooks & Ryan kindly sent down their steam tug, Sultan, to give assistance, and about 2 p.m. commenced to play on the ruins, although at great disadvantage, having to play through about 1200 feet of hose. These gentlemen also deserve the thanks of the people of Newcastle. Thanks are due to Hon. W. Muirhead, who furnished a saw in place to tow up the engine, and also to Mr. Snowball, who sent horses from his mill work to haul the engine to the wharf. Also to the persons who so generously came up from Chatham to render assistance, and who worked so well in keeping down the fire among the ruins. A correspondent kindly furnishes the following: CAMPBELL, June 8, 1875. GENTLEMEN.—Noticing that you invite correspondence from the different localities in which your paper circulates, I take this opportunity of this invitation to send you a short account of the opening of the Restigouche R. C. Railway Bridge, for railway purposes. Yesterday, by kind invitation of Messrs. J. J. Macdonald & Co., Contractors for the building & c. of this section of the R. C. R., a goodly number of people, representing the towns of Dalhousie and Campbell, proceeded by rail to the site of the most impressive scene we have ever seen called upon to witness. The bereaved clergyman calmly arose from his seat, left his pew, holding by the hand two of his little ones, and standing by the coffin, lifted his children one by one to kiss the lips of their departed mother, which they did without hesitation. As they did so, a convulsive sob burst from those present, the pent up feelings of many being relieved by tears. That scene will never be erased from our memory. The remains were then secured in the coffin, and conveyed to their resting place in the Wesleyan burying ground, followed by a large number of persons. Mrs. Waterhouse was a native of England, a daughter of Mr. Fitzwater, who resided near London. She was in her 35th year, and leaves five children, the eldest of whom is 12 years, the youngest 14 months.

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