

# LOCAL MATTERS.

## Off for Tabusintac.

Nine fishermen from Chatham, went down to Tabusintac to fish on Monday last.

## Large Loss

Mr John Flett of Nelson lost no less than three horses by the Epizootic last week.

## Good Weight.

Mr. Thos. Casey of Nelson, killed a steer last week, 3 years old which weighed 800 lbs.

## Monster Operations.

Mr. Alexander Gibson this winter has 620 horses, and 1,250 men in the lumber woods.

## First Page.

The lover of Indian tales will find a feast today on our first page, under "Markheads exploit."

## Smelt Shipping.

The steamer New Brunswick sails this morning for Boston with thirty tons of fresh smelt from the North Shore.

## The Epizoo

Mr. Michael Noonan of the Back Lots lost a fine horse worth \$120 by the "ail." This is the fourth fatal case within a short time.

## Oysters.

Mr. Ferguson fished 300 lbs. of oysters this season in Bay du Vin. These are intended for Montreal and St. John markets, principally the latter.

## Errors.

It was Mm Wilson & Co., who killed the 660 lb hog as already published, not Wm. Williston. There is no such man at Escuminac as Wm. Williston.

## To correspondents.

"Farmer" need not cry out about "bad times." Is he not getting from 40 to 45 cents a bushel for his oats? What will they not bring in March?

## Stir in Town.

Looking at the establishment of Strang & Co. the past few mornings, it is easy seeing who sells and buys for cash. Some ten to twelve sled loads of smelts unload at his door each morning.

## Lobster Factory at Caraquez.

Mr. Geo. Young of Caraquez, intends putting up a lobster factory at that place this winter. There is plenty of lobster along the coast, and the prospects for a good trade are encouraging.

## A Good Nights Fishing.

Mr. Robert Jenkins and Mr. James Noble, of Bay du Vin made a good night's fishing on Wednesday night last in Lower Bay du Vin. They caught 1,400 lbs. of smelt each.

## Lumbering on Tabusintac.

Messrs Lee & Fairn have four teams and thirty men employed on the Tabusintac this winter and will get out nearly 1,000,000 feet of lumber. Those lumber chiefly for William Murray Esq., of Chatham.

## Incidarism.

In the autumn some roughs from here were shooting partridge in the McCully meadows, Black River. Before leaving they set fire to several large stacks of hay built for the winter. The atrocity has only just been found out.

## Caribou.

Mr. Daniel Wall of Bartibogue, came into town Monday, with a fine caribou head for which he asked \$12. Mr. Wall shot the animal a couple of days before, with Mr. W. Hudsons Mathews breech loader. Mr. Wall shot two other caribou also last week; using the same rifle.

## Sneak Thieves.

We have an average of 3 or 4 cases of house-breaking or shop lifting here every week now; but never a case of detection have we. On Friday night again, and for the second time this season, Mr. Monaghan's shoemakers shop was broken into, and two pairs of fine boots stolen.

## Counterfeit Notes.

There are a good many counterfeit \$1 notes in circulation. They may be detected by the following blemishes: The title is blurred; Jacques Cartier's eye is a black spot; a white streak runs from ear to chin on one side; the first i in Dickinson is not dotted; nor is the i in Harrington. Numbers have been taken in and the notes may reach here.

## Newcastle Post Office.

Our readers must not think our correspondence from Newcastle on the old post office, reflects in the slightest degree on the Postmaster. Mr. Johnston is a faithful and diligent officer; courteous and correct; and we fancy there is no one in Newcastle would rather see a new building go up rather than he.

## The Smelt Market at Boston.

Returns from the Boston Markets proclaim the cautious good. Large lots sold at 9c. per lb; the shippers getting 6 cents per lb. But we would warn shippers against "too much of a good thing." Scatter your shipments well—don't allow them to accumulate in any market, for that market you run. We see thirty tons went North Saturday; and by Saturday next 100 tons more will be ready to go in the same direction. American buyers are not so greedy; neither should the shippers be. There is hardly a fry to be had about town, plentiful though be the smelt.

# A Pigeon Race

An exciting race occurred between two pigeons in St. John Friday evening. The birds were owned respectively by a Mr. O'Brien, and a Mr. Edwards. The birds were brought out by train Friday morning to Hampton, and appeared to be in good condition. O'Brien's bird seemed restive, but Edwards began to sulk, shorten himself up, and stick out his feathers when starting time had arrived, badly exasperating Mr. Edwards. Mr. O'Brien now put his bird up and began offering ten to one that "he'd be in town in 30 minutes." Just however as a friend was covering his X with a 1, a hawk swept across the sky and O'Brien quickly added "barrin' accidents." The hawk however was on the track of a chicken down in the field—seeing which, Mr. O'Brien renewed his entreaties to cover his ten. The excited tones of a man a short distance away attracted attention. It was Mr. Edwards who was "trying to get life" into his bird whose starting time was near at hand. "Am I going to lose my twenty dollars on you?" he shouted, poking the bird excitedly under the wing, "Am I?" And then in a lower key between his teeth, "If I'm this is your last fly." The time had now arrived, and turning to his trainer Edwards said, in an calm mood as he could command, "Put him up." The bird shot off, but went as crooked as a snipe. Edwards lost all control. He shouted and stamped his foot but the bird went on feather falling out of him, one leg hanging down. "Have any of you a gun?" said Mr. Edwards in a voice of the deepest woe, as he saw his pigeon lighting on a haystack a few hundred yards down in the field. He could get no gun; and then in a voice bordering on despair he turned to the trainer "Johnny go start him; do, like a good fellow." Johnny went, but the pigeon joined another one and began fooling round, describing circles in the air, far beyond the reach of his trainer \* \* \* night fall.

Thirty minutes afterwards O'Brien's pigeon went to roost home in St. John, but never a home did Edwards pigeon get that night. The morning came and no pigeon. Mr. Edwards got up, put his hands in his pockets, went away to himself and began to whistle the tune that always presages a storm in the family. He spoke to no one—eat no breakfast, but at noon went in, stood bolt upright and asked, "Is that pigeon in the house?" "No Sir." He eat his dinner, evening came, and towards midnight Mr. Edwards who sat up, saw the pigeon on his roost. There was a loud report, a bunch of feathers blew about the shed—but the next morning a big breed-turkey lay dead under the roost. The pigeon is in the hands of a member of the family—hidden from Mr. Edwards.

# STAR BRIEFS.

The market is at present full of geese and fowl of nearly every description. Mr Ritchie of Newcastle bought a 1400 lb horse last week from Mr Daniel Finn of Chatham for the woods. There was an alarm of fire on Saturday morning; and another on Sunday morning. The fires were trifles. There are nearly fifty barrels of tomcods lying on the ice opposite Chatham. Those fish are considered of no use by the fishermen just now. Mr. E. A. Strang shipped 15 boxes, or nearly 7 cwt. of smelt on Monday. Those fish were caught in his own two nets, which is the best fishing as yet on the main river this season.

In our last we mentioned a large seizure made by Overseer Wyse and that he was holding the lot awaiting proof that they had been legally caught. The proof came, and Mr. Wyse released the fish. In making the seizure, he did as any watchful and honest officer should have done; and if the fishermen suffered it was because they failed to bring their licenses with them. Mr. Wyse is supposed to treat every man coming into Chatham according to the regulations for Chatham, till proof be given him that the catching is legal under the authority in another county. It might be well for the sake of convenience that the licenses for all the counties were uniform; but circumstances may render this undesirable and inexpedient. However, all strangers coming into this market at an early date, would do well to bring a legal passport.

Mr. Harrington on his way up from the oyster ground observed that smelt at Bel river were quite plentiful, several tons a day being taken. They are also plenty at Bay du Vin river—where six nets took 30 tons. One fisherman with two nets has already taken what brought him \$130 right on the ice. Were this luck general, the condition of the fisherman and shippers would be worse than an present, because the markets would be glutted.

# FROM THE NORTH SIDE THE RIVER.

"Tom" from north side reports the fishery at Pokemouche so far "good, smelt large. At Black Brook, the Log-gies are making a fortune giving dry goods for large smelt." Catches at Tabusintac river also good. On Saturday Mr. Florrest from Chatham hauled five tons. Others have large catches also.

Times therefore are by no means discouraging and Providence dispenses his gifts among all the fishermen. But at Tabusintac, the people are singularly fortunate. This was the best gulleed place in the county, by the pork candidate Every man in it, was promised good work, big pay, and for unlimited years. Ask the people how the performance has chordeed with the promises. 'Tis true, he gave employment after some fashion to a few, but anything was good enough for Tabusintac! So they were thrown the crusts, and says the M. P. "a good stock of promises next time will bring them again in droves." Will it? AH WOE BETIDE THAT 202.

# Newcastle Local News.

## NECESSITY FOR IMPROVED POST OFFICE ACCOMMODATIONS AT NEWCASTLE.

It is a gross insult to the people of this town to ask them to endure this post office imposition any longer. It has lived too long a life already. This office might suit a new settlement or a straggling village with little business activity; but is altogether inadequate to the wants and trade of such a populous port and town as this. It was a mistake to establish such a den in the beginning; it is a greater blunder to continue it. There is neither room nor comforts to be found in it. Indeed it looks like a deserted log house, 8x10, put up at a time when glass and plaster were despised. The huge ribs stand out in bold and threatening relief above, suggesting the idea, that you have strayed into an excavated elephant. The walls of this waiting room are those of a camp, save one solitary window; which looks like a smoke hole, gone astray. Indeed one would believe, on first sight, that he had hit upon a lake dweller's cabin of pre-historic man, on its way to a modern museum. What excellent accommodation this affords the waiting public! Six or seven people fill it; fifteen make you gasp for breath. The latter under such circumstances is both a rare and poor article. In summer, especially, delicate men and women find themselves in a reeking black hole; and to avoid fainting are obliged to go out before they are served. Some pious denizens must have stumbled in the Calcutta Pest House in history; for two panes of the antique, cobwebbed window have come to grief. The sense of suffocation is so marked, that the noses of all are instinctively directed upwards. Evidently this accounts for the peculiarity of that organ in Newcastle.

It has been speaking of the public waiting room. Beyond all is vagueness and uncertainty. An occasional glimpse of the mysterious interior is sometimes had, through the crannies and portholes. An indescribable dinginess or rather gloom, with weird shadows of pigeon holes, and antiquated labels of places, long since buried, reveal themselves through the saddened light. Our obliging post master has a reverend appearance, surrounded with so much antiquity. He moves about solemnly, seemingly conscious of the sacrilege he is committing in disturbing the aged and dead around him. This is not over-drawn. It is an offence to the whole town and an insult to our esteemed post master to continue this camp life any longer in the middle of a large flourishing town. The people deserve better accommodation. We do not ask for it on political grounds; we present our case based on fair play, honesty, and a regard for the business interests of our growing town. Fredericton has just got a magnificent new post office. The old and condemned one would be a palatial ark alongside of our shanty St. John, too, has had its interests looked after; and now boasts one of the finest structures in the Dominion—an imposing edifice of marble and red granite. Our claims are moderate—give us one of red brick with ample room and a few accommodations in the way of proper heating apparatus, desks and shelves for the ordinary business that must be transacted in every post office, but which is impossible here on account of the bare shanty now serving duty. Let the people insist upon their rights. A petition should be started at once, and laid before Parliament at its next and early sitting.

It will be time enough to put the steamer on runners when the firemen turn out some frosty night to a fire. St Andrews Bay was duly celebrated by our Scotch townsmen. Our esteemed friend Mr Birkie wound up the entertainment by singing "We are na fou"—chorus by the company. The public landing opposite the old cow pasture, is in a most dangerous state when the tide is in. The Commissioner and his sub, Cassidy, see it daily but are too busy to have the place properly bridged: Half a thousand of deal would make it passable.

When the policeman is not clock-making he is on the hunt for hand sleds and little girls. He does not mind boys coasting as it is fine exercise. A very useful man to have about town at the rate of \$400 a year.

December 2, 1880.

## A Great Paper.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to one of the greatest newspapers of the age—one that secures the best writers in this country and Europe, regardless of expense; has the best and fullest book reviews of any paper in the country; has able articles on financial subjects; has departments devoted to Fine Arts, Biblical Research (something that cannot be found in any other newspaper in the United States,) Farm and Garden, Insurance, Weekly Market Reports, Prices Current, Dry Goods Quotations, etc.—in fact, a newspaper fully suited to the requirements of every family, containing a fund of information which cannot be had in any other, and having a wide circulation all over the country and in Europe. We refer to THE INDEPENDENT of New York. "The largest, the ablest, the best." See advertisement in another column, and send for specimen copy.

Personal. Mr C.E. Smith of Fredericton was in town on Friday. The Surveyor General drove down from Newcastle to Bartibogue, Saturday looking after some bridge matters in that locality. John Young, Esq., one of Gloucesters most energetic men, was in town yesterday getting large supplies for his men, and doing other business.

Hon Senator Muirhead and Mr Jabez Snowball, M. P., left here on Monday night for Ottawa. The latter will only spend a few days in Ottawa after the opening of the House, and then will go to England. Of course Northumberland will have to represent itself in the Commons for the winter, while Jabez Snowball goes to England to arrange his business with his employers—but it is doubtful indeed if the County will lose anything by his absence.

# Notes from the Capital.

Conductor Frank McPeake, is rapidly coming around.

George Perks' meters killed nobody that I have heard of.

One of Mr. Hunt's thermometers has fallen 25° below zero.

Election gossip is the exciting topic. It is a pity Mr. Fenety would not come out.

A wag here has hoaxed an ex military man, telling him Fredericton is again to be the garrison town.

Mr. A. G. Blair I regret to write you, has been lying ill at his house for some days. I am glad to say he is recovering somewhat.

The present City Council holds its last meeting this evening. May such a mass of communism never again rule in our City Hall.

The Methodist congregation open a lecture course here about the holidays. It is a matter for regret that we are to have no lectures this winter.

Last winter, admiring the extent of a certain gentleman's provincial knowledge you called him "The Encyclopedia New Brunswickensis." The old Reporter comes out with the saying as an original one, and vulgarly writes it, "Encyclopaedia New Brunswicka."

On Friday last the Barrister Society met here and passed resolutions of condolence on the death of S.R. Thompson. The Attorney General made a feeling speech; and the Provincial secretary also paid an eloquent tribute to the deceased. His Worship the Mayor expressed his admiration of the deceased as a lawyer and as a gentleman. Brief resolutions of condolence were passed.

Judge Stevens of St. Stephen, and two accomplices, David Main and one "Judge" Downs arrived here two or three days ago, crossed the river and interviewed Mr. Gibson on the St. Croix cotton factory. I will say for Mr. Main, to the great satisfaction of those who knew him, that while here he conducted himself in a manner that would be creditable to any citizen of St. Stephen.

The St. Andrews Society had a supper at the Barker House a few evenings ago; and a supper good enough for Bruce it was. The Attorney General sat at the head; round and about him sat men of all nations, Mr. Fenety, Prof. Rivet, Julius Inches, the Mayor, Hon. Robert Young, etc. There were the usual toasts heartily drank; and speeches by the proposer and complimented. It is my chief purpose now to give an extract or two from the Capitals report. You know how a green newspaper man feels the first time he is asked anywhere by virtue of his position as a press man.

There is a sentiment, religious in its essence breathed through the Captains report for he was there himself, actually, amongst these great men, and spoke amongst them. The lowly herd who browse about the base of Olympus, know nothing of the glories of those who reach the summit. The Capital writer tells us that the Attorney General said the Princess has endeared herself to our people "by the generous interest manifested by her in the arts and sciences." No doubt Mr. Frazer ended with the "arts," but the Captain has reason to believe she is mixed up in the "sciences" as well. The "Board of Trade" brought Zeblin Everett to his feet. He announced he would be out for the mayorality, and canvassed those at the table. He was not a Scotchman but he had married a Scotchman's daughter—and wore a Tara O'Shanter. He did not know how becoming a frilled night cap would be to him or he would have worn it. He had visited the historic lands of Wallace and Bruce, and Scott and Burns;—and he had been the "welcome guest of Scotland's baronial halls." That is, he stayed with some of the noblemen over in Scotland when he went to buy his coal scuttles. I wonder if it was with the Duke of Argyll he put up? But like a great man "Zeblin is, after leaving the society of the big men in the words of the Capital he "drank buttermilk at the hospitable thatched cottages." I will guarantee Zeblin kept up the honor of his country too at the operation! Bye-and-bye when he is Lieutenant Governor, some of the friends whom he stayed with in the "baronial halls" will likely come to see himself—and his Tam O'Shanter. He also saw Burn's relations. The Burns' must have been enraptured with him.

John Clark, of Hillsboro, says the News, was killed by a stone falling on him from a plaster quarry, Friday. He had a wife and family.

Kent shipped 672,812 lbs. of lobsters this season. Henry O'Leary Esq., was the largest shipper, sending out 295,392 lbs.—so says the Telegraph.

The nine months' Customs receipts of 1880, exceed those for the corresponding nine months of 1879, by \$2,205,563. The N. P. is ruining the Dominion!

The Sentinel, issued from the edge of the blueberry plains of Woodstock, by old man Watt's, and a boy, announces that the Dominion Parliament will open January 7th. Brother Watts also discusses the eastern question.

A wretch named Thibreau is being tried now at Annapolis for the murder and arson of a woman who was proved to have been *acciente*. It is to be hoped the wretch will get the benefit of the halter.

John Costigan one of the foremost, truest, and most able of our Canadian public men, has just now turned his attention toward promoting immigration to the North West from Ireland. When we get the information we shall lay the details of Mr. Costigan's scheme before our readers.

We have received a circular from the Mayor of Victoria, British Columbia, containing a set of ominous resolutions recently passed by the Board of Trade. It asks us to use our influence to secure for British Columbia, Justice or Release from the Dominion. We think our isolated sister should be patient; the Government is doing all any Government may do for British Columbia—if Railway connexion with us be the boon she is seeking. We fear even the decision of British Columbia could not hasten the work of the railroad.

The St. John Sun speaking editorially of school matters and school rooms says in the Victoria School all needed "will be done to make every room in the building comfortable and healthy." The word "healthy" is misused, and is frequently so used by writers not having had a literary training. *Wholesome* is the word that should have been used here. We say a healthful exercise; a wholesome room; wholesome food; wholesome instruction. *Wholesome* is applied to objects; healthful to acts, and "healthy" to states. Mr. Hanny's connexion should have infused literary blood into the paper referred to.

# ELECTRIC SPARKS.

Mr. Carlyle is 85. American Counsel will be sent to defend Parnell.

They have raised \$100,000 in the States for Grant already.

The Orangemen of Ulster are organizing an anti-Land League.

The Turks and Kurds are wrangling still—and the Turks are having the best of it.

It is said Candahar will soon be evacuated. It is time it were,—or better invested.

A Guy F. Sweet, once of Halifax, at Boston Friday took prussic acid, and died immediately. He was doubtless "crazed with care or crossed in hopeless love."

The London Spectator has put on its wisdom cap and declared that "the inevitable of the present agitation will be "The recapture of Ireland by military force."

The Princess Louise visited the Queen Friday, the first time since taking her unpermitted visit to England. The Queen being a good sensible woman, thinks home with her husband in Ottawa, is much the better place for the Princess.

The Supreme Court has refused to postpone Parnells trial till after a meeting of Parliament, The Chief Justice (May) inveighed against the doings of the Land League. England for many a century has never seen herself so pure that her judges have not exhibited a little partisanship. Lord Chief Justice James took different and rational grounds; and talking like a sensible man threw out a hint of a basis that might be proposed: as a fixed tenure, a fair rent to be calculated on a scale of from 20 to 25 per cent. above the famous valuation of Sir Richard Griffith, with the provision that landlords who are not satisfied may call upon the Government to take their property off their hands at a twenty-five years' purchase.



# TENDERS.

Tenders addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Hay Island Lights," will be received at Ottawa, up to the 31st December next, for the erection of Two Range Light Buildings on Hay Island, at the mouth of the Miramichi River, County of Northumberland, N.B. Plans and specifications can be seen, and forms of Tender procured by intending contractors, at this department, here, at the office of the Inspector of Lights, Newcastle, and at the office of the Collector of Customs, Chatham. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

WM. SMITH, Dy. Min. of Marine and Fisheries. Department of Marine, &c., Ottawa, Nov 22, 1880—4661td

Wedding, Visiting and Business Cards, Shipping Tags, &c., Printed Neatly, Cheaply and Promptly at this Office.

# Chatham Markets

Table with market prices for various goods like Flour, Corn Meal, Oat Meal, Beef, Pork, etc.

# J. B. RUSSELL,

Direct Importer of CHOICE WINES, BRANDIES, WHISKIES, CORDIALS, &c., &c., &c.

# GROCERIES!

Opposite Masonic Hall, NEWCASTLE, N. B. Newcastle—Nov 24—1f

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The Independent seeks the patronage of the public on three grounds, as follows: 1st It is the largest weekly religious newspaper published in the world.

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3d It gives its readers a wider range of topics and more and fuller departments than they can find elsewhere in any journal.

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There is no question of prominence in religion, politics, science, education, finance, or any other department of human knowledge which the Independent does not discuss. It has regular departments devoted to Biblical Research, Missions, Religious Intelligence, Book Reviews and Literary News, the Sunday-school, Education, Science, Sanitary questions, Fine Arts, the Movements of ministers, Personalties, News of the week, Financial and Commercial matters, including weekly prices current, Market Reports, Cattle Market, Dry Goods quotations, Flowers and Farming, and Insurance. In its religious department it gives news and statistics of all denominations of Christians, everywhere. In fullness, accuracy, and comprehensiveness this department is unequalled. Several pages of stories and poems adapted to Old and Young are given every week, with a column of Puzzles.

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The united circulation of the MONTREAL Witness publications is by far larger than that of any other publishing house in Canada. They are as follows:—DAILY WITNESS, 13,500; WEEKLY WITNESS, 28,500; MONTHLY WITNESS, 31,000; ADVERTISER, 300—in all 101,000. Now estimating the population of Canada at 4,500,000 and one soul to a family, there are 900,000 families in the Dominion, from which it will be seen that one of these WITNESS publications—if no two were taken in the same family—would be sent to one of every nine families in the Dominion, among all races and religions, and besides leave a good fraction over to cover the foreign circulation. The publishers of the WITNESS are not satisfied with this wonderful success, and are endeavoring to increase their proportion of subscribers, by some certainly very attractive inducements, which can be explained to those interested by every subscriber of the MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS or NORTHERN MESSENGER.