

THE BATTLE OF YORK.

A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE EXCITING STRUGGLE.

The Tenderfoot Home-Guards Were Resilient, and the Colored Troops Fought Nobly—Pinder's Thrilling Message and the Tragedy at Cork Settlement.

The sun rose upon a cloudless sky. By seven o'clock both armies were in motion and about to plunge into the fiercest fight that York had ever seen. The opposition columns were formed in echelon, the most advanced division being posted at the mouth of Keswick under General George Colter, the second division at Gibson under General Macfarlane, the third at Fredericton under Brigadier Allen, and the left at Harvey under General Gregory. Never did an army go more gallantly into battle; never was one better armed or drilled.

The left wing of the government forces at the mouth of Keswick and extending as far north as Bartt's corner, was led by Brigadier Wilson; at Fredericton, General Blair in person commanded the Home Guards, while fighting Tom Colter with a flanking column was forcing his way up Hantown hill. General Anderson at Dumfries Front was cut off from the main body of the army by the manoeuvres of the opposition on the day before, and with a small force fought a gallant but losing fight against Major John Scott, of the Hayfoot Irregulars. It was several hours after the fight was over before Anderson knew how the day had gone.

The struggle at the mouth of Keswick was a grapple to the death. The opposition had the heavier artillery; the government army was stronger in numbers and enthusiasm. During the morning Wilson drove the enemy before him at all points, so much so that Orderly McKeown brought the news to town that they were hopelessly beaten. But in the afternoon Wilson's ammunition gave out and being exposed to a terrific fire from Colter's guns he was obliged to fall back almost to his original position. Finally the government carried the day, but it was a dearly bought victory. Giving Wilson all due praise, it was the brilliant charges of Captain Harvey Lawrence with his Burt's Corner dragoons, that turned the tide of battle. On the extreme left Corp. Pinder was at the head of the opposition advance upon Temperance Vale with Jumbo Buskirk second in command. Early in the day he telegraphed to Quartermaster Neill, "Send me another keg of nails; the last one's busted!" At this point the government sustained heavy losses; at Milville and Nortondale, however, they drove the enemy into the woods.

At Gibson, with his rear resting upon the cotton mill and his left upon the Northern and Western railway, General Macfarlane routed the government host at every point; at no time in the day was the issue uncertain: dark masses of men came piling in from the lumber-woods all day, and in face of the Nashwaak Bismark, Count Alex. von Gibson, the light infantry under Captains Barker and Miles fought against overwhelming odds. Had they not been re-enforced by Blair at noon they would have been annihilated. Further up the stream, however, the government forces under Major John Gibson and Corporal Richards captured the Stanley redoubt and swept over the defences of the foe at Nashwaak village with a cheer that gladdened the heart of their anxious leader. At Bloomfield, too, Adjutant Lynch drove McCatherin into the Miramichi and turned his own guns upon him.

But while the government army was being hard-pressed upon its wings, the Tenderfoot Home Guards at Fredericton (which had never known defeat) led by General Blair in person upon his noble charger Harry Wilkes, were driving Brigadier Allen's force along Queen street on the run. "If I am to die," said their leader as he cheered his men forward, "let me die at the hands of the people of York and not at the hands of St. John!" Brigadier Allen was full of misgivings in the morning but being assured that Private Duffy was in the ranks he ordered the engagement to begin. Nothing could withstand the onset of the Tenderfoots. Lieuts. Morrison, Edgecombe, Farrell and Tennant, Corp. Scully, Adjutant Edwards, Surgeon Coulthard, Corp. Simmons, and a host of others performed prodigies of valor. The colored troops, under Morrison, fought nobly. The Temperance Brigade, led by Pitts, was slower than usual to reach the front, but when they did come punished the foe severely. The victory for the government here was complete; at four o'clock they rushed into the court house and city hall over the prostrate forms of Neill, Winslow and Macpherson, and hung Jimmy Crockett in the tower.

It was at Cork Settlement that the most tragic incident in the day occurred. Here the Fighting Irish brigade was posted to guard the rear, and Captain O'Brien was detached from the city to dislodge them. At noon he sent the thrilling message to the city—"Have captured one man; send some cheese and crackers and another case of whiskey and I think I can take another!" But the expected succor never came; O'Brien lost all his ammunition and provision train and was chased down the hill. In the meantime the government left wing at Harvey was being hard-pressed by

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General Gregory in person. His commanding presence, at the head of his rugged Scotch followers, caused many a stout heart to wish that either boodle or night would come. The sight of Chaplain Mullen, bestowing his benediction upon the opposition as they advanced to battle, was a most impressive one; the Highlanders were fired with holy enthusiasm, and though they did not win the day they made some deadly gaps in the ranks of the enemy.

At Canterbury, Luke Lawson's men made a gallant but unavailing fight against the superior forces of the government. "I won't move a step till I have a thousand," was Lawson's message to Gregory, and the fierceness of the fight, together with the dying statement of Ozy Crockett, proved that he must have had a thousand at least. Lieut. Skiff Lawson, of the artillery, cheered on his men with the grand old battle hymn—

"Though he never died before, Blair's career
will soon be o'er,
No more his flag of victory will wave,
We are going to the tanyard, to fulfill his last request,
And plant a bunch of whiskers on his grave."

Not until the sun was sinking low in the west did the din of battle cease. So uncertain had been the ebb and flow of the tide of war, that for hours many of the outlying detachments of the opposition did not know that they were beaten. So sure was he of victory, that General Macfarlane had ordered his troops to collect all the tar-barrels they could find with which to light a huge bonfire on St. Mary's heights. But when message after message came from the field with tidings of defeat, the ovation was abandoned, the cheers of the victorious troops at Gibson were hushed, the opposition fell back in confusion on all sides, and at nightfall only the white tents and blazing camp-fires of the exultant government host were to be seen upon the field of battle. SANCHE.

LET THE WOMEN STAY HOME.

Keep Them and the Babies From the Sadness of Death.

"Don," the clever writer of "Around Town," in Toronto Saturday Night is of opinion that women should go to funerals, should follow not only their own dead, but those of friends and acquaintances to the grave. Now while I have the greatest respect for "Don's" opinion, I differ with him. Surely the place for a sorrow-stricken woman is at home where she can hide away somewhere in a darkened room, and give vent to her grief. How often one hears a man, upon whom some great sorrow has laid its merciless hand say, "If I could only stay at home it would not be so bad, but it is the going to the funeral I dread, the facing of indifferent strangers, and the constant necessity for self-control."

The idea of seeing our loved ones off on their last, long journey, as we go to the station to see some friend off for a pleasure trip, is a very beautiful one. But, oh! the difference between the two journeys; the sickening heart wrench of one; the momentary sadness of the other.

The one where our lover, or friend, our child or our brother goes forth for a brief journey, perhaps a pleasure trip of a few weeks or months, which must soon pass over, and ere they have they have fairly gone, almost before the lump which rose in our throats at the prospect of parting with them has subsided, we have begun to make plans about their return, and to look forward to it with hopeful eagerness. We are left behind, it is true, but only for a little while, and the absent one is enjoying many pleasures and perhaps laying up a store of health and vigor which will last for many months. We have only to wait patiently, and almost before we realize it we are welcoming the wanderer back again, and the absence is but a dream of the past.

In the other case how different it is! An eternal farewell as far as this world is concerned. The wanderer will never return to us; never more shall we clasp his hand or hear his voice. We may go to him, but the journey is so long and the goal so far off, that many of us faint by the way. It is all so uncertain, so vague; the one awful certainty we grasp is the sense of utter loneliness, of hopeless loss, as far as this world goes. How can we bid our dead Godspeed, and see them off with even a semblance of cheerfulness on their lonely journey? How much more natural, even though we may not mourn as one without hope, to struggle with our agony in silence and seclusion, and, if the mourner be a woman to weep bitter tears which shall help her by and by to bear her sorrow bravely. "Take the babies, too," "Don" says. Ah, no, "Don," don't! Sorrow and sadness will come to them soon enough without making them meet it half way; the sight of the dead must ever be a sad and awe-inspiring one. I can well remember my own feelings the first time I ever saw a corpse, and I was nearly 20 years old. Only a short time ago a friend of my own died, and I shall not soon forget the chill of repulsion I felt on seeing a mother bring in a baby of two years old, lift her up carefully so she might have a good view, and let her gaze down into the coffin, as though it were some free show too good to be missed. The child had never seen my friend before. It was not like taking a baby to give its sleeping mother a parting kiss, but merely the morbid desire to see all that was to be seen, and it made me shudder.

No! "Don." Keep the babies from all sorrow and sadness as long as possible. Let them only see bright and happy sights, and as long as death leaves your household untouched, don't take the children out to meet it.

Think it over again, and see if you don't agree with me. GEOFFREY.

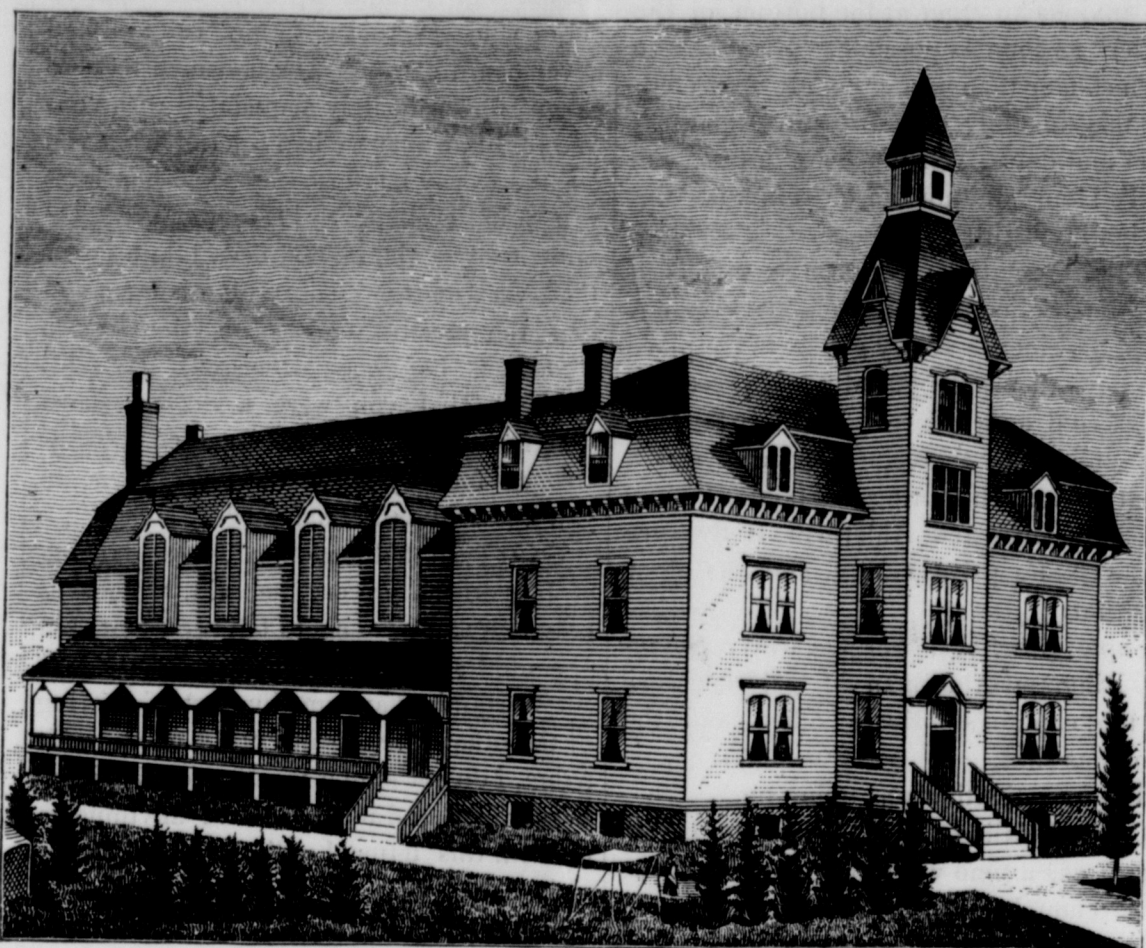
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BUCTOUCHE'S CONVENT.

SOME OF THE THINGS THAT IT AIMS TO DO.

Erected Through the Perseverance of Rev. Father Michaud—The Advantages of the Institution—Some of the Misfortunes of the Parish.

The accompanying engraving is a faithful representation of an institution which is rapidly becoming known throughout the country, for the superior advantages it offers in the way of education; the convent of Buctouche, which promises to be one of



THE CONVENT AT BUCTOUCHE.

the educational institutions in the province, although it has been in existence for little more than a year.

It was founded last year by the Rev. Father Michaud, and stands a monument of his unceasing zeal in the cause of education. Its object is the higher education of young ladies. It is conducted by the Sisters of Charity, and is provided with an efficient staff of teachers, all holding first class certificates from the provincial Board of Education. The system of education, both in French and English, is very

CHAFF FROM THE SMOKEY CITY.

St. John Jealous of Moncton—The Corkscrew and the Barrister.

MONCTON, Oct. 29.—It is beginning to be an open secret that St. John is getting jealous of Moncton, and well it may; we have a class of mud in our city that can't be matched in the whole dom—, but let me not digress. The tendency to brag about the railway town is so deeply implanted in the breast of every Monctonian, that if any of us ever reach heaven I am sure we will want to insist on having a plush-covered reserved seat, and parlor car foot stool, because we came from Moncton.

But the last evidence of St. John's jealousy is really too galling to be tamely endured. A St. John man was talking to the writer a few days ago about the odd sights one saw in strolling about a lively city like St. John.

"Why, do you know," he said, leaning comfortably back in his chair, and cleaning his nails with the pocket corkscrew he wore attached to his watch chain. "I met a man walking along King street the other day eating a banana, skin and all, and relishing it too; he bit right through the whole shop at once as you bite a stick of cream candy. I thought it a little strange, so I asked who he was, and when I found he was a Moncton man I was not surprised, they have a way of swallowing everything whole up there, you know," and there was a crash of glass, and the St. John man's little white soul sailed downward to the region of perpetual summer, while the Moncton journalist wiped his brow, and began another article on dogs.

We are awfully rapid folks in the railway hub, too, we never loaf, "If it were done at all, 'twere well it were done quickly." I have mislaid my pocket Shakespeare just now, but the quotation is sufficiently correct for all practical purposes.

There is a gentleman in town known as the "Lewisville Express." He is celebrated for always being in a hurry; his ordinary gait would leave the professional pedestrians of the old world bruised and bleeding on the track. So well are his peculiarities known that the following good story has reached the writer's ears, the truth of which is vouched for. On one occasion recently, Mr. W. H. Newman, of the express company, driving over from Lewisville to Moncton behind his fast horse overtook Mr. G. and pulling up invited him to "jump in and let me drive you over."

Grasping his umbrella still more firmly by its middle ribs, and never for an instant slackening his pace, the faster express shouted gratefully over his shoulder, "Thanks! Thanks! Thanks! but I'm in a hurry this morning."

And Mr. Newman's fast horse laid back his ears, sat down by the wayside, and shed tears of mortification. G. C. S.

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thorough. The convent is beautifully situated on the shores of the bay amid extensive grounds. It is provided with all modern improvements and contains a choice library. The tuition of both vocal and instrumental music is a special feature of the curriculum, and the institution altogether offers unusual advantages at most moderate rates. Most people will remember the extraordinary fatalities which have overwhelmed this parish in the last few years, and the indomitable courage and untiring energy with which all reverses have been met by the priest in

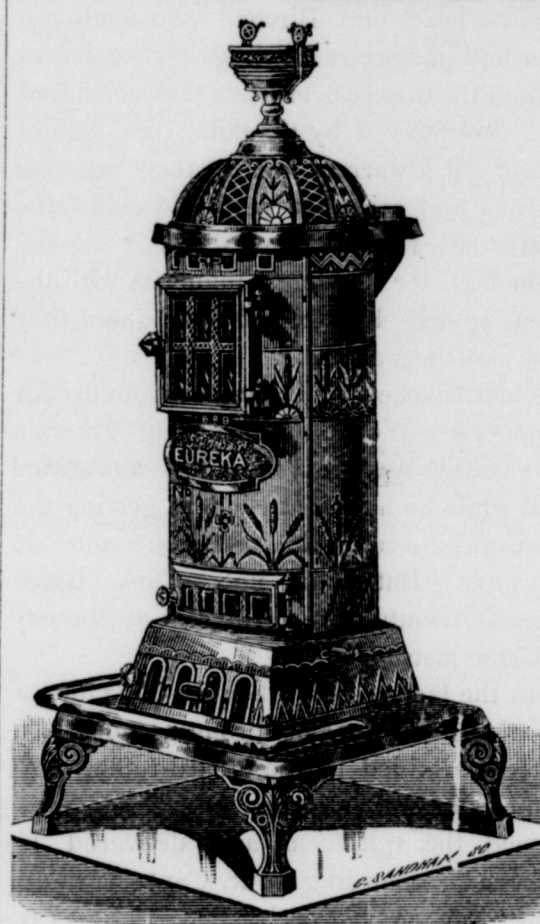
W. J. FRASER,

GOOD NEWS makes the heart glad, so does everything else that is good. The word good is part and parcel of our business, somehow we can't get along without it. What we have to say about it is this: Good goods, good styles, good reasonable prices are mottos that live in the clothing business. The Cape Overcoats, in our stock for Boys, Youths, and Men, are as good as ever were made. Perhaps you will call and see them, hope you will.

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