

TRUE PIRATE STORIES.

NOTABLE CASES IN COURTS OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

How the Barque Saladin Went Ashore on the Coast of Nova Scotia—A Wreck with a Mystery—Suspensions that Grew into Certainties—Trial of the Pirates.

On the morning of Tuesday, the 21st of May, 1814, some residents on the south shore of Nova Scotia, near County Harbor, nearly 150 miles east of Halifax, discovered a barque ashore behind an island in one of the numerous small bays which are to be found along this seaboard. She appeared to be in a bad plight, and word was sent to Capt. Cunningham, whose schooner, the Billow, was lying at anchor in another bay, on a voyage to Halifax. The wind had been blowing hard the previous day and night, and was still so heavy that Capt. Cunningham and some of his crew in a small boat were able to approach the wreck only with great difficulty. The barque presented a strange appearance as they drew near. Though it had gone ashore and was rolling heavily with the force of the wind and sea, the latter at times making a breach over the poop, all sail was set, even to the royals. Yet this did not appear to be for lack of hands to go aloft, for several forms were seen on deck, and one man was on the bowsprit, with a speaking trumpet, shouting for assistance.

With the heavy sea running, it was out of the question for the small boat to get close to the wreck, but the men on the barque begged Captain Cunningham to come on board, one man shouting that the crew were drunk and that there was nobody to take command. Bringing the boat as near as was safe, a line was thrown to it, a bowline made and Capt. Cunningham was pulled on board through the surf. On reaching the vessel he was more and more astonished as he looked around him and heard the story of the crew, or at least of such of them as were sober enough to give a connected narrative.

The barque was the Saladin, of Newcastle, England, a beautiful vessel of 550 tons, from Valparaiso for London, with a cargo of guano, 99 tons of copper, nearly a ton of silver bullion in bars of 150 pounds each, and \$8,500 in specie. According to the story of the men, the barque had sailed from Valparaiso on the 8th of February. The captain, Alexander McKenzie, had died on the 5th of April, and the mate had died a few days later. Subsequently the second mate and two of the crew had been lost overboard while aloft and drowned. Another of the crew had also been lost, so that only six remained out of the twelve that had sailed, and having no knowledge of navigation they had lost their way, got hundreds of miles out of their course, and did not know in what part of the world they had run ashore. They did not appear to have known there was such a place as Nova Scotia, though they had an idea of the locality of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Capt. Cunningham's first step on getting aboard was to let go the sheets and halyards and clew up the light sails, fearing lest the wind would shift to blow off shore and drive the vessel into deep water, where it would sink. In this task the crew gave him some assistance. He then proceeded to the cabin to make a further investigation, and took charge of the liquor in order to prevent the men getting any drunker than they were.

Prepared as he was for a scene of disorder, the captain was amazed at the sight the cabin presented. It had been beautifully finished in mahogany and correspondingly upholstered, the furnishings being more elegant than was usual, even in those days when vessels more frequently carried passengers than they do in this age of steamship lines. Everything was in the utmost disorder, however. Lockers had been ransacked, and chests opened and their contents thrown aside. Sextants, quadrants and other nautical instruments were lying around, and a costly chronometer had been taken apart by somebody who was evidently curious as to the mechanism. The crew had appropriated the best shore clothes of the officers, and at the time of the wreck were wearing fine linen shirts. They had, indeed, made themselves at home in the cabin, and a large quantity of bottles were strewn around, giving evidence of a protracted carousal. In the after-cabin was a chest full to the lid of silver dollars. The men said they had brought it up from the lazarette, so that it might be saved in event of the vessel being wrecked.

Captain Cunningham found the barque's papers and the log book. No entry had been made in the latter after the 14th of April, and though this date was several days after the time the captain was said to have died, the log made no mention of his death. This extraordinary circumstance naturally impressed Capt. Cunningham very much; and finding the miniature of a lady, he at first believed the captain's wife had been aboard. This idea he dismissed on finding no trace of ladies' apparel among the effects. He did, however, observe a quantity of clothing which would fit a lad of 15 or 16, and it was not of the quality ship's boys would wear. Besides, the boy apprentices were entered on the log as having run away in Valparaiso. There was much more mystery about the ship and its crew than the captain liked or could undertake toathom. He kept his own counsel, however, and after staying aboard the wreck for six hours, his own men having in the meantime come alongside, he sent a letter ashore to the nearest magistrate. On the arrival of Mr. Archibald, the captain handed him over the property, cut the sails off the yards and took away the launch. By this time the

barque had fallen over on her starboard side and was bilged in several places.

Mr. Archibald was inclined to believe the story of the men, though he considered it a suspicious circumstance that the log made no mention of the captain's death. As there appeared no positive evidence of anything wrong, however, and as the valuables had been removed to a place of safety, no attempt was made to interfere with the sailors. Capt. Cunningham then returned to the Billow and made sail for Halifax.

The Billow arrived at the latter port on the following Saturday, the 25th of May, and the captain's story of the mysterious wreck created a great deal of excitement. Hon. Michael Tobin, Lloyd's agent, at once applied to Sir Charles Adam, vice-admiral, for a vessel to go to the wreck to endeavor to save the cargo. Her Majesty's schooner Fair Rosamond was thereupon despatched on Sunday, having Mr. Tobin, Capt. Cunningham, and Henry Boggs, deputy marshal, on board. In view of the peculiar circumstances, it was decided that the crew of the wrecked barque should be taken into custody, pending an investigation.

On the arrival of the schooner at Country Harbor, it was found that the crew had deserted the Saladin and disappeared. They were easily traced, however, and were arrested about twenty miles from the scene of the wreck, taken to Halifax and lodged in prison.

The discoveries made at the wreck tended to still further increase the suspicions of foul play. The name on the stern had been painted over, and white paint had been used to change the appearance of the bronze figure-head. It was learned, too, that there had been a passenger, the master of a vessel which had been seized and confiscated at Valparaiso for smuggling, but there was nothing to show what had become of him.

The prisoners gave their names as Jones, Hazelton, Anderson, Johnston, Carr and Galloway. The four first named had shipped at Valparaiso, some of the former crew having deserted. Carr and Galloway had shipped at Newcastle for the full voyage. The former, a middle aged man, was cook, while Galloway, a youth of 19, was steward. As the men were merely held on suspicion and not charged with any specific offence, they were doubtless questioned pretty closely while in custody, and finally, a few days after being in jail, Carr and Galloway sent for Mr. Tobin and made a confession to him, in presence of the sheriff and jailor, and subsequently to the attorney-general, Hon. James W. Johnston.

The story they told exceeded in its horrors anything that had been anticipated, for it was a tale of piracy and wholesale murder on the high seas. Captain McKenzie, his officers, three of the crew and two passengers, one of them a mere boy, had been either slaughtered on the deck or bound and thrown overboard. Carr and Galloway urged that they had been forced to assist in the murders against their will, in order to save their own lives. Soon after this, Jones, Hazelton and Anderson also made confessions, corroborating the story of Carr and Galloway and giving further particulars.

On these disclosures being made, a session of the Admiralty court was at once convened, and the prisoners arraigned on the charges of piracy and murder. In the meantime, the prisoners were removed from the county jail, and placed in the new penitentiary, to prevent any possibility of their escape. The court was composed of Vice-Admiral Adam, the chief justice, Sir Brenton Halliburton, and Judges Bliss, Hill and Halliburton. The trial began on Thursday, July 18, 1814. The prosecution was conducted by the attorney-general, and the prisoners were defended by Messrs. J. B. Uniacke, W. Young and L. O'Connell. The jury was composed of Joseph Whytall, foreman, Stephen H. Harrington, Charles Naylor, George Bolton, John Nugent, Henry T. Wright, Andrew Downs, John Uhlman, J. G. Ross, John H. Symonds, James Barret and Wm. H. Goreham.

Jones, Hazelton, Anderson and Johnston were arraigned on the charge of piracy. Johnston (alias Trevasniks) at first pleaded not guilty, but afterwards withdrew the plea and acknowledged himself guilty, handing in a written statement and confession. These acknowledgements, of course, greatly simplified the proceedings, the evidence taken apart from them relating only to what had transpired at County Harbor. On the following morning the four were arraigned for murder and also pleaded guilty.

Carr and Galloway were then put on their trial for the murder of the passenger, Fielding, and acquitted. They were then tried for the murder of Fielding's son and also acquitted. In order to understand the reason for this distinction, the full story of the Saladin must be told, as gathered from the various statements and confessions of the sailors. The story is one which, in the atrocities which are revealed, would seem to belong to the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries, rather than to fifty years ago, a time within the memory of very many now living. The length of this story will not permit of its publication this week, and it will be given in the next issue of PROGRESS, together with some further particulars of the trial and execution of the guilty men.

HALIFAX BANKERS' GAETIES.

How it Was That the Public Know So Little of Their Dinner.

HALIFAX, Aug. 2.—The bankers' dinner, and the bankers' regatta, are things of the past. The regatta was a great success and attracted thousands of spectators to the North West Arm. The Union bank crew established its claim to the bank championship. The protest entered by Colonel Worsley against the winning boat was humorous. His son was a member of the bank of Montreal crew. The young man was too sensible to think or talk of a protest, but the father, with paternal solicitude, protested for him. He noticed a boat alongside the leader for a short distance on the home stretch and concluded it was a pace-making crew. Colonel Worsley saw the narrow margin at the finish between the Union and Montreal crews and he solemnly handed in his protest on behalf of Worsley junior. Of course it was not entertained, as the "pacing" boat was there by accident, and anyhow the Unions knew nothing about it. Some people are always on the look-out for suspicious circumstances; always thinking some one is conspiring against them or theirs. Possibly this ludicrous incident may prove a lesson to them.

Everybody regretted the absence of Clinch and Cameron in the open double scull race. The explanation of their absence, correct as it happens to be, is ridiculousness itself. They had their boat sent to the train at St. John too late to get it on board, and here in Halifax poor "Jack" Lithgow, of the Savings Bank, went up to the station prepared to take delivery of it, or assist in having it sent to the Arm. When he reached North street there was no boat but an aching void within himself.

The regatta was perfectly managed and went off without a hitch.

The banker's dinner is also said to have been a success. That is only known, however, from hearsay. No one but the company of bankers and their privileged guests know anything about it. Five banks, with their head offices in this city, had the chief part in the management of the dinner. These institutions pay large dividends; have immense capital and reserve funds, and are very wealthy. The visiting bankers, and possibly some of the home men who had charge of the dinner, would have liked so brilliant a "function" to have had a corresponding measure of newspaper publicity. But with all their wealth the bankers inaugurated a new policy, a "two-penny-tin-pot" policy, as some one described it, and they found that with all their resources, after a company of 150 had been selected, there were no means in sight which would warrant an invitation to representatives of the press to share in the hospitality of the bankers. Perhaps it is not strange that the newspapers should have been ignored but seeing that they were, it is remarkable that a toast to "the press" should here been included on the programme. The "two-penny-tin-pot" policy was to secure one of the bank directors, who is also a newspaper proprietor, to step into the gap and respond for the fourth estate. That citizen had to be at the dinner anyhow, and utilizing him as a responder to the press toast, the management saw their way clear to save the expense of tickets to three newspaper offices (\$15). The plan succeeded, but no one knows much about the dinner. It undoubtedly took place.

Probably local newspaper men were pleased that they were not on the list. In Halifax, it is said, the reporters make a night for it to see who shall not go to endure the tediousness of those dinners. They were this time saved the trouble of sacrificing one of the staff to report the affair. It is also just as likely that the readers of the morning papers were glad the press was not represented, because they were not called upon to waste time reading long-winded reports of the affair.

An Impressionist.
Flipbutt (the famous young art critic).
'U!o! What's this pencil sketch I've just found on this easel?
'Our Artist—Oh, its by Flumpkin, the impressionist fellow all you young chaps are so enthusiastic about, you know. Clever, ain't it?
Flipbutt—Clever! Why, it's divine! Such freshness, such naivete! Such a splendid scorn of mere conventional technique! Such a—
'Our Artist—U!lo, old man! A thousand pardons! That's the wrong thing you've got hold of! That's just a scribble by this little scamp of a grandson of mine. His first attempt! Not very promising, I fear; but he's only four!

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St. John, N. B., 3rd July, 1894.
IRA CORNWALL, Esq., Agent "YOST" TYPEWRITING MACHINE, Saint John, N. B.
Dear Sir: I beg to say that I have been using the old style "YOST" which I purchased from you in August, 1891, constantly ever since that time. During a portion of that time the machine was required to do heavy work in connection with the revision of the electoral lists of the Saint John districts, under the Dominion Franchise Acts, and for the rest of the time has been used for the ordinary work of a law office. Up to the present moment the machine has not cost me one cent for repairs, and seems to be still in perfectly good condition. The writers who have worked on my "YOST" have been unflinching in their approval. My own personal use of it leads me to regard it with the highest favor. The valuable features of the "YOST" are lightness, strength, durability, simplicity, quick and direct action of the type-bar, perfect alignment and absolute economy. I have not examined the later editions of the "YOST" but although I am informed they have many improvements on the old style machine, I am at a loss to understand how they can be very much better for ordinary practical purposes. Yours very truly, E. T. C. ROWLES, Barrister.



St. John, N. B., June 28th, 1894.
IRA CORNWALL, Esq., City.
Dear Sir: I have been using a "YOST" writing machine in our office daily for about four years, and it has given us every satisfaction. Yours truly, MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.
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Dear Sir: I beg to say that I have used the "YOST" typewriter for over 26 months, and the longer I use it the more I am convinced that it is superior to all other machines. I consider the pad a great improvement over the ribbon on account of its cleanliness, and the great saving of expense. I find the pointer a great convenience for locating position. The type-guide I consider invaluable, as it overcomes the greatest weakness in other typewriters, viz., imperfect alignment. I would recommend any intending purchasers to investigate the "YOST" before buying a typewriter. E. K. SPINNEY, Hardware Merchant, 6 Central Insurance Agency, &c., &c.

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An Overpowerin' Healthy Man.
"No," said Farmer Cornstassel's wife, "fame ain't fur everybody. There's Josiah. He done his best, but he never will get famous." "What was his ambition?" "Ter get his pincer in the paper. He set up nights tryin' to think of some ailment ter take patent medicine fur; but he was so overpowerin' healthy that there wasn't a single thing fur 'im ter git cured of."
A gentleman enters a telegraph office: "I beg pardon, but as I was coming along this afternoon, I saw myriads of flies settled on your wires. Can you suggest any explanation?" "About what time was it, sir?" "About four o'clock."
"Ah that accounts for it; that's the time I send quotations for sugar and honey."

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