

THE RELIGIOUS

INTELLIGENCER.

The Great Calamity at Lawrence, Mass.

A brief paragraph in our columns last week announced the terrible calamity at Lawrence, Mass., on the Tuesday night preceding. The facts gathered from the voluminous reports since made in the "Boston Journal" are as follows:-

The Pemberton Cotton Mills were an immense brick building, six stories high, containing 600 rooms, and the estimated value of Mills and machinery was between \$600,000 and \$700,000.

At the time of its fall nearly 700 persons were in the main building. No intimation of danger was given, until the whole immense pile of building and machinery came tumbling down upon the unsuspecting inmates, and it seems to be a wonder that the loss of life was not far greater than it is.

The terrible calamity brought the citizens to the spot immediately, who set to work to rescue those whom they could from the ruins, under which they were buried.

Bonfires were built round the place to give light to those at work. But more terrible still to relate, about 11 o'clock at night, the whole ruins burst out in one raging fire, and many who would otherwise have been rescued, now suffered a more dreadful death than their companions who had been instantly killed by the falling of the building.

The lengthy details of horrors and sufferings which are given in the "Journal," and which would fill our paper for two or three weeks, are terrible indeed. The latest accounts give the following statement of the dead, missing, &c.:

Dead,	117
Missing,	89
Injured severely,	119
slightly,	200

We select a few of the remarkable and thrilling incidents with which the details abound. It is impossible for the whole scene to be read and contemplated without feelings of horror and dread. A large portion of the dead and suffering are of course females.

Among the many painful incidents of this dreadful night, is the following, related by one of the fire engines. When the fire was beginning to rage, and before it had stilled the cries and groans of those in the ruins, he, with others, forced his way against the smoke and flame to try and rescue some of those whose voices he could hear.

Suddenly he caught a glimpse of three persons, imprisoned by a crumpled partition—two men and a woman. He even caught one of the men by the hand, and hoped to draw him out, but the crackling of the flames around him, and the warning voice of an officer, impelled him reluctantly to desist, and by a timely retreat to save his own life. Neither of the three persons appeared injured at all, and they must have literally roared alive.

As a relief to this saddening narrative may be mentioned the fortunate escape of one of the female operatives by a coolness which did her infinite credit. She was in the fifth story in a part of the building, when, having but a moment's warning of the fall of the building, she sprang to the elevator.

She clashed firmly hold of one of the hoisting ropes and slid rapidly and safely down its length, through five stories, emerging from the building just in season to escape destruction. Her name is Olive Bridges, and she hails from Calais, Me.

Through the whole night she was at the City Hall, passing like an angel of mercy among the couches of the sufferers, anticipating every want, relieving pain as far as she was able to do, so as to comfort words of consolation and comfort to the wounded and dying.

Among the sufferers in the ruins at the time the fire broke out was Maurice Palmer of Rochester, N. H., an overseer. He was much beloved by his friends, and while the digging was going on his voice was recognized. He was nearly reached when the flames broke out. He implored his friends to save him quickly or he should die.

They struggled to reach him, but the flames swept around them. He was confined and could not assist them. As the heat of the fire began to be felt, his horrible death seemed inevitable. He was able to move one hand and draw knife his knife, saying he should commit suicide rather than burn to death.

His rescuers pressed on, but his hope of aid gave out, and he drew the knife across his throat. Soon after they succeeded in removing him, and his self-inflicted wound was found not to be dangerous, but he had suffered severe internal injuries, which rendered his recovery impossible. He was taken in the City Hall, and expired shortly after from the effects of the injuries received by his fall, and his sufferings while immersed in the fallen walls.

One entire family of five persons, all employed in the mill, were providentially saved, and the poor mother, gathering her children about her, amid the darkness that surrounded her, her heart bursting with gratitude for their deliverance offered up a fervent prayer to Heaven.

At the foot of the stairs leading to the upper City Hall, sat all day yesterday a quartette of mourners, all females, awaiting the arrival of bodies from the ruins. Two had lost a daughter each, one a sister, and the fourth a cousin, Bridget Broden. All that has been discovered of the latter are the feet and shoes, which were recognized by a young man who recently put them upon them. Together they sit hour after hour, pictures of despair. Upon the arrival of a body they rise, join the eager procession that marches into the dead room, but finding no semblance of their lost ones, they return to their post at the foot of the stairs.

Thomas Nice recognized the body of his wife from a ring she wore on her finger. He had searched anxiously for her body, as she was found in the first room into the room of the dead, and examined, as he examined all. Upon a bone in the clasped skeleton of the hand he found a ring. Upon it was engraved his own name. It had been presented by his to his wife on their happy bridal day. When he found this token, his sad consolation triumphed for a moment over his burning sorrow. He waved his hands aloft and cried for joy. When he looked again upon the blackened corpse, his loss fell as it seemed with a descending weight upon his soul, and all was changed. He fell upon his attendants, venting the wildest grief. Nothing could command his attention beside, and he was borne from the room ravaging over him, which he took to have been of my life. But I succeeded in getting out. I passed by a dead girl on my way, and two other mangled bodies before I got out. When I was first knocked down, I fell beneath a large grinding stone, which was too heavy to give way to the weight above, and this saved my life. When I fell under there, I saw the wall over me all failing, and the floor giving way all around me.

Ward found his wife at the City Hall, where he had been conveyed, after being extricated, and neither were much injured.

The half of the city government building was used as a hospital for such of the wounded as were deemed necessary to convey thither. Mattresses lined the hall on three of its sides, and on these were stretched mangled bodies, and others not dangerously injured, but suffering from painful wounds.

Kind-hearted physicians ministered unceasingly to them, and some, whom years of practice

might have excused from sensitiveness to the sufferings of others, performed their offices with tearful eyes, compassionate countenances, and all the gentleness of sympathetic natures.

On one pallet lay a little girl, with a beautiful pale countenance, knit with the suffering she could not conceal, yet unmurmuring. She was watched over by a weeping friend, apparently her father, and my heart was rejoiced at the announcement by the physician that she was not dangerous, though severely wounded.

Still further, on a pallet, was a young woman groaning with pain, from several broken bones, internal injuries, and a bruised head. Half-a-dozen disconsolate friends were about her weeping, for the physician had said she must die.

Near the platform was a poor German, suffering excruciating pain. He could not talk English, and no one from the "fatherland" had found him.

On the opposite side are three girls, all young and beautiful, but with the cold hand of death already on them.

Many others were there who alone would excite the sympathy of those who saw them. A large room on one corner of the hall had been set apart as apository for the bodies of the dead, and this was completely covered with mangled corpses. Young men, and these past the meridian of life, women and young girls, lay there, a ghastly sight to behold.

An affecting scene occurred during the early part of the evening, which melted the hearts of all who witnessed it. A little boy, whose only friend on earth was his mother, and that mother employed in the mill, wandered about among the crowd, sobbing as if his little heart would break and begging the bystanders to save his mother. The prayers of the little fellow were answered; was saved, and clasping her son in her arms, his joy knew no bounds—on extreme succeeding another.

A boy at work in one of the upper rooms, hearing the crash, had the presence of mind to jump into a waste box, which, with its occupant, was buried several feet beneath the ruins. When the rescuers raised the pile of rubbish from the box, the young hero sprang from his narrow prison, and walked away as if nothing had happened.

An only brother of Mr. W. J. Rolfe, teacher in the Lawrence High School, was killed, and his mangled corpse thrown out of the ruins yesterday morning.

A mother sat by the bedside of her injured daughter at the City Hall, when the latter closed her eyes, as if falling into a quiet sleep, but which was, in reality, the sleep of death.

The fire had made considerable progress, and was approaching the spot where a man was surrounded by timber, yet had room to move about. A stream of water was directed upon him, but in vain. He and three others, in nearly the same position, were left to perish.

An incident is related of a young and beautiful girl employed in one of the upper stories of the mill, who, when the crash came, was thrown prostrate upon the floor by a piece of shafting which fell across her neck, preventing her rising. The coupling which connected the shaft prevented the latter from strangling her; and in her comparative ease, and confidence of a speedy delivery, she calmly watched the efforts made by the rescuers to extricate her. She would have been saved had the fire been stayed but for a few minutes. But the flames swept over the spot, claiming and obtaining its victim.

A little daughter of James Bannon was entangled in the ruins, beyond the hope of rescue. As the greedy flames came crackling towards her, she took her "time-bill" from her pocket, and giving it to another girl, said "You will be saved, I shall not give this to my father, and say goodbye to him for me." The story carries its own reflections.

A little girl of three years old was caught in the mud, near the machine shop. Three of these were dead, and several others partially buried.

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REBULDING.—The enterprising firm Messrs. Ritch and Wakefield, whose foundry was destroyed by fire in Carleton a few months since, are again rebuilding. The frame has been raised, enclosed and the roof shingled within a few days. They will no doubt be able to commence business early in the spring. This is the third time they have built on the same site within a few years.

The King's County Teacher's Institute will meet at the Temperance Hall, Kingston, on Friday, February 3rd, at 1 o'clock, P. M.

CANADA.—The Montreal Witness in reviewing the trade of Canada for last year makes the following interesting statement:

In respect of population, Canada has, doubtless, increased throughout the year; for though immigration has not been great, there is a very rapid, healthy and constant natural increase, which has been counteracted by no epidemic or contagious disease. The year has, indeed, been remarkably healthy one. Another point of great interest in our population statistics is that emigration from Canada is almost ceased.

The restless, ambitious, discontented spirit which threatened a few years ago to depopulate some parts of Canada, and which more or less affected all, has been succeeded by a healthy contentment, based upon an intelligent appreciation of the advantages presented by Canada, caused in part by a number of those who left for the West comprising back disappointed.

RICHARD DEAN BOYLE, ESQ.'s "Casteratic Pills" are in no previous year so extensively and ably carried on as in 1859. The enterprise and intelligence of the farming population, especially in Western Canada, is rapidly increasing and extending, as well as the area of cultivation. Farms were widely entered a year ago that wheat was sowing to be a staple crop of Western Canada, as it has in Eastern Canada and some of the States; but last harvest has dispelled those fears, as there was, perhaps, never a finer crop of wheat gathered in Canada. This has restored in a great measure, the value of farming-land, which, under the influence of two years of bad crops, had become almost nominal.

FROZEN TO DEATH.—An unfortunate woman named Mary Sheppard, was frozen to death at Toronto on Wednesday night. She was returning from a dance in good spirits, but becoming tired sat down on a door step and perished.

SAMUEL R. HOUSE, M. D., of the Siamese Mission,

EATON AND SUPERFINE STATE FLOUR.—Just received—100 lbs. S'fine State

FLOUR; 300 do. Ext'd do. For sale by TURNBULL & CO.

INTELLIGENCER.

Weekly Receipts for the Religious Intelligencer.

PLEASE READ.—Persons paying money for the Religious Intelligencer, will please see that it is credited. The number of the paper to which each man's money pays immediately follows the amount received.

NEW BRUNSWICK.—William Cleveland 7s 6d 364;

David Phillips 7s 6d 364; R. A. Hay 7s 6d 364;

B. Sulis 7s 6d 364; Samuel C. Jewitt 7s 6d 366;

Jonathan P. Taylor 7s 6d 366; J. D. Lewin 7s 6d 345; Mrs. Hunt 7s 6d 367; John Frazer 7s 6d 364; John Gibbs 7s 6d 364; John McAlpine 7s 6d 365; William Whitaker 7s 6d 347; James Bird 7s 6d 365; Barnard Gidney 7s 6d 366; James Vanwert 7s 6d 366; Moses Kinney 7s 6d 366; Chas Wade 2s 6d 331; John Burpee 5s 349; Miss C. Manson 7s 6d 367; Robert Holder 7s 6d 304; Captain John Davis 7s 6d 372; Wm. Lewis 7s 6d 363; Wm. Galley 5s 350; Chas Savage 2s 6d 331; John Gillis 7s 6d 331; Stephen H. Shaw 7s 6d 364; Mrs. P. McAlpine 7s 6d 364; Henry Sincos 7s 6d 367; John Blair 7s 6d 368; James McAlpine 7s 6d 364; Alfred Taylor 7s 6d 364; T. Cochran, Esq. 7s 6d 364; G. Cochran 7s 6d 364; John Taylor 7s 6d 364; Charles Taylor 7s 6d 364; George Taylor 7s 6d 364; A. Dobson 5s 350; Wm. Sils 7s 6d 364; James Starkey 7s 6d 364; Newcomb 7s 6d 368; Henry S. Cox 7s 6d 366; Wm. Wickwire 7s 6d 366.

COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, and similar Complaints are cured by the TINCTURE CURE, & the Hacking Cough in Consumption, Bronchitis, whooping Cough, Asthma, Catarrh, RELIEVED by BROWN'S BROMCHIAL TROCHIC, or COUGH LOZENGES.

A simple and elegant combination of several medicaments.

Mr. DR. F. B. BROWN, Boston.

Have proved extremely efficacious for Hoarseness.

Rev. HENRY WALD BEECHER.

"I recommend their use to Public Speakers."

Rev. E. H. Chapin, New York.

"Effectual in removing Hoarseness and Irritation of the Throat, so common in Clerical and Ecclesiastic Ministers."

Prof. M. STACY JOHNSTON, LaGrange, Ohio.

Teacher of Medicine, Southern Female College.

"Two or three times I have been attacked by Bronchitis so as to make fear that should be compelled to resort to ministerial labor, through disease or infirmities, that I might be compelled to leave it. To protect myself I now wear a small cap and coat when in the open air."

Rev. E. B. ACKMAN, A. Montreal.

"Wesleyan Minister.

Sold by all Druggists in 25 cents per box."

CRAMP and PAIN KILLER.

The world is astonished at the wonderful cures performed by the CURE OF CRAMP and PAIN KILLER, prepared by Prof. W. H. PARKER, New York. This preparation has been known for long in all cases of Cramp in the Limbs, and so forth, when all other Remedies fail. It is a powerful and safe remedy for all Cramps and Convulsions.

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