

PARLIAMENTARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Some Notes and Comments on the Way to the Capital.

OUR WINTER ROUTE AS IT IS.

How Continuous Communication is Kept Up with the Mainland.

PARLIAMENT meets every year on Thursday; but the actual work of the Session rarely begins until the following Monday. So THE EXAMINER'S representative had plenty of time; and took the Capes route rather than the "Northern Light" in order, chiefly, that he might find out, by personal observation, what is being done towards improving our communication with the mainland during mid-winter, and be better able to judge of that which is still necessary to be done. From the widows of the car, as we passed from Charlottetown to County Line, the wide and varied landscapes, dotted with comfortable farmsteads and clumps of evergreen spruce and fir, were, even in this season of nature's rest, very pleasing; and one could not help feeling the truth, as well as the beauty, of Emerson's remark; that we are as much touched by the graces of winter scenery as by the general influences of summer.

The adventure of crossing the Straits at the Capes begins at County Line when the adventurers leave the railway, and strike across the country for the comfortable home of Mr. Muttart. The winter road is fearfully and wonderfully crooked, and rough—for it passes through fields and ever furrows scarcely yet covered with snow; but with the strong horse and steady driver furnished by the Messrs. Hughes, it is safely and not unpleasantly accomplished in about three hours. What though feet and hands are somewhat cold, the penetrating warmth of Mr. Muttart's big stove soon drives it all away, and sends the traveller to bed in good humor, to sleep the sleep of the just, and obtain the rest needed in order that he may be in "good fettle" for the arduous work of the morrow. By the way, mention of the big stove brings to mind the good old days when workmen did their work well. This stove was imported to the Island upwards of seventy years ago, by the grandfather of the present Liberal-Conservative member for Queen's County, and cost £14 sterling—a large sum, as money was valued in those days. It was purchased by Mr. Muttart's father; and will probably remain an heirloom in the Muttart family to toast the toes and cheer the spirits of cold benighted travellers yet unborn.

Enquiry here, and along the road from County Line, elicits the information that the people generally are well pleased with the work done so far on the Cape Traverse Branch Railway—though they would, of course, be better satisfied if it were completed, and the trains running. The masonry on the bridges and culverts is, it is said, superior to anything of the kind that the Island has yet seen. This is due partly to the excellence of the workmanship, and partly to the good quality of the stone obtained at the quarry opened, not long since, near County Line. Good judges say that this stone is first-class for use in the construction of churches, houses, etc.—and in passing we may observe that it is indeed a pity that a larger number of our buildings are not made of material more durable than wood. The grading of the line is well high completed; rails have been laid about a fourth of the distance; and a force of men is employed in building the pier at the Cape.

All this is well. But there is a dark side to the shield. The people are in the highest degree dissatisfied with the means by which the work of grading the line has been accomplished. It appears that Messrs. Gray & Wheaton sub-let sections of their contract to unscrupulous and irresponsible men, who got all the work they could get out of the workmen of the neighborhood whom they hired, and then ran away without paying them. This dishonest conduct is sharply criticized, and Messrs. Gray & Wheaton do not escape severe censure, while those who have been so outrageously duped and cheated receive much sympathy.

In the morning, we rise refreshed and hopeful; but our enthusiasm for "the start" cools down at once on hearing from the active and gentlemanly operator at the Cape that "it is terribly cold," and that the thermometer registered "fourteen degrees below zero at Summerside last night." After a trial and much consultation and consideration, it is finally decided that to cross in such weather is impossible. There is nothing unusual in this delay. In fact the delay sometimes extends, from one cause or the other, to four or five days.

But the following morning was fine, though the temperature was still so many degrees below zero that the frost bit savagely. At half-past nine, we bade adieu and, accompanied by horses and sleighs and their drivers, with the mails, drove out as far as possible, to where the boats were lying bottom up. The mails, baggage, etc., were distributed equally among the three boats, commanded by Muncey Irving, Irving Allan, and Newton Muttart, respectively, and we set out. There were, including the passengers, six men drawing each boat—each man with a strong leather strap, attached to a strong rope, which was fastened to the boat, over his shoulder. The sun shone brightly, and the lumps of ice broken into sizes and shapes which it would puzzle the subtlest geometrician to describe, sparkled and glistened. Our spirits were lightened by the clear, rarified air, and the prospect of a good hard crossing. We had been assured by the "oldest veterans of the Capes" that there could not by any possibility be any lolly or soft or thin ice to impede the passage; and so we pushed on merrily. Arrived at the edge of the board ice—"what's this?" was the question that was asked at once in several voices—and the answer came quickly in the expressive word "mush!" Sure enough, to our intense disappointment and disgust, there was the ice, ground up into powder and small lumps, floating upon the top of the water like newly churned butter upon the top of the buttermilk. And so it seemed as far as the eye could reach. No foot could tread upon it; no boat could be forced through it. There appeared to be but one thing to do, and that was to go back. But the Captains

said "lets wait a bit." The icy watering mass, urged by the tide and a keen North-west wind, was flowing by at the rate of two or two and a half miles an hour; if we waited it was just possible that better ice—ice upon which we could get some footing—would come to us. So we waited—long enough to reflect at length upon the advantage a "waiting house" would be. At last a section of the ice field in which the ice was in large pans and cakes came floating by. We made a bold prompt push into the "mush"; the second boat pushed the first, and the third pushed the other two till the first boat was within a few feet of one of the large cakes. Then one or two of the men ran along the bridge of boats thus formed, and, seizing the "painter," jumped upon the cake. The other men followed; there was a strong pull and a hard struggle for a few moments, and the three boats were drawn up on to the solid ice pan. There was some more lumpy ice to cross. This required hard work. Then there was more "mush"—and the fast strategic movements were repeated. Then there was a few hundred yards in which the ice was solid, and the draught heavy; then there was a patch of open water and the boats were launched and we rowed across it. Finally we reached a large field of good ice, and the men had time to relieve the monotony of the steady hard pull, by making jokes and spinning yarns as we plodded on. One of the latter was about a bold young English gentleman, who came down to Cape Tormentine for the "frolic" of crossing. Having dilated to him our satisfaction upon his prowess and bravery, he was supplied with a pair of Wellington boots, and shown how the strap was worn. Before our young gentleman reached the "running ice" he began to think he had had enough of the adventure, but was too proud to show the white feather. He had not, however, been many moments on the running ice before he was seized with alarm and begged to be allowed to get into the boat. His request was granted—for the brave men of the Capes are very obliging—and during the rest of the passage made loud protestations that if he "were once on shore again, etc.," and after one of the junctures in which the boat seems to be going to the bottom on an angle of forty-five degrees, blurted out, "Oh, if my poor mother only knew what I have to go through!" The stories and jokes were varied from time to time by such expressions as these: "Your ear is froze, sir," and "Your nose is frozen"; "Give your cheek a rub, it's looking white," etc. But we made rapid way on the good ice; and, after a sharp struggle with "mush" and lumpy ice, landed in three hours and a half, after having first pushed into the running ice. On the "board ice" of Cape Tormentine we were met by Mr. Montague Muttart, who conveyed us in one of his comfortable sleighs to the hospitable mansion of every winter traveller's old friend—Tom Allen. Here we had a change and hearty dinner; and set out, at about 3 o'clock, p. m., for Amherst. In considerably less than five hours we had, thanks to the strength and fleetness of the horses provided by Mr. Montague Muttart and his partner in the contract for carrying the mails, covered the thirty-nine long miles which separate the Cape from railway communication; and were quietly taking some supper in Lamy's Hotel.

The observations made on this trip strengthen the conviction of THE EXAMINER representative that while water boats and steam tugs may sometimes be of use, a fulfilment of the bargain to provide for the Island Province continuous communication with the Mainland will require a tunnel. In the meantime a second steamer should be provided for the Georgetown-Pictou route, and the Capes provided with all the facilities which science and experience may suggest.

The "City of Columbus."

JOHN MADDEN, OF CHARLOTTETOWN, MAKES A STATEMENT—HIS NARROW ESCAPE—RIBS BROKEN.

Said John Madden, one of the seamen, to a Boston Herald reporter, "When I came on deck, I heard either the captain or the mate, I don't know which, say 'we shall lose the poor ship; but don't be alarmed, we'll be saved.' Then there was a rush for the boats. They were all cut adrift, but five of them were broken up at once. The other got off with four men on board, who I think, were sailors. I made for the main rigging with the engineer and first assistant, and got on top of the after house. But the raft and all on top broke the roof of the house through. Then we shoved the raft into the water, and Mr. Phillips, the first assistant, and myself got on board. But I was afraid we'd get washed off, and left it to go back to the mast. The after house didn't stand fifteen minutes. Billy Murray, Mike Day, one passenger, and the chief engineer and the mate, all stayed on the raft. Mr. Phillips told them it was broken and that they should get off, but they stuck. Didn't see them afterward. We clung to the rigging for eight or nine hours, I guess. Every once in a while a man would get numbed and then drop off, dead. When the cutter came up I jumped over into the water, but got foul of a piece of the wreck which held me under water till I thought I was done for; but I managed to get loose and swim for the boat. Was just sinking when some one seized my hand and pulled me on board. Two of my ribs are broken now." Just as the sailor had finished his story a young man hurried up to ask about another of the crew. "Jack!" said the survivor in reply. "No, he's gone. He hung on for a long while, but finally cried out that he couldn't stand it any longer. I urged him to hold on, but it was no use. He died, I believe, right on the rigging, for he dropped like a dead man into the water."

FERBER HANSON, another of the rescued brought to Boston, was engaged in the steward's department of the ill-fated vessel. He was visibly affected as he told the following story: "I have been five trips with the boat and always with the same captain. I always considered Capt. Wright a first-class man, for he was very attentive to his duty, and the vessel was as fine a boat as ever I saw. We all of us, 'this crew, had the fullest confidence in her. She was a floating palace. When we left Boston on Thursday afternoon the weather was beautiful, not a ripple on the water, and everyone was anticipating a delightful trip. The wind began to blow about 11 o'clock at night, and gradually increased until at the time of the accident it was blowing a stiff gale. We

were off Gay Head at Devil's Bridge about 3.45 o'clock on Thursday morning, just a very little behind our usual time. I was on watch in the saloon when I felt the vessel strike. I at once called the steward and second steward, who both responded very quickly. Presently the captain came into the saloon and told everyone to be quiet. He said we should have to leave the ship, but he again asked everyone to be as composed as possible. Then the people made a great rush to get on deck, and, when I got up there, the sight was heartrending. You never saw such a sight in your life. There were eighteen women on board with the stewards, and I tried them most. Steward most of the people came into the saloon and were there supplied with life preservers. I then went on deck again, and the cries and screams were dreadful to hear, while some of the folks were praying earnestly. I went up into the social hall and along the stern side until I came to the rigging, and then I went up there and was there for 11 hours, until the cutter "Dexter" came along and took us off. A number of others sought refuge in the rigging, but during the night many fell off in consequence of being numbed by the cold, and falling into the sea, were drowned within sight of us. Attempts were made to float the lifeboats, but they keeled over as soon as they touched the water, the waves were so rough. It was impossible to do any good with them. Several of the boys got on the light raft, and that was swept away with them on it, and they were not again seen. Whether they were saved or not, we do not know. Between seven and eight o'clock in the morning we saw a collier bound east, but they took no notice of us, and we could not signal, as all the signals had been washed away with the house. In the course of the morning the steam stack gave way, and in its fall brought down a portion of the rigging, which hit another man and myself on the head, cutting both of us severely. As soon as it was day-break, signals were made us from the lighthouse, and between 9 and 10 o'clock a life boat came as near as possible, but that was not within thirty yards of us, and those who got on board had to swim from the ship to the boat. Men who could swim ordinarily could not then because they were so cold, and others who never knew how to swim made the attempt. The consequence was many had to be hooked out of the water and some were drowned. I stayed in the rigging until twelve o'clock. She came within about thirty feet on the weather side of the bow and laid to. You cannot give too much praise to the crew of that cutter for nothing they could do was left undone. The sea was running dreadfully high, and we all had to jump for it. Several went down, but were hooked up. When the cutter had rescued all but two men who were in the rigging, Commander Rhodes of the cutter, changing clothes, went on the wreck and secured the two men who were benumbed in the rigging, but, after they were brought on the cutter it was found they were dead. The only portion of the wreck out of water when we left was the bow, and the vessel lay in about twenty-five feet of water, with a rough reef all around her and a head wind blowing a gale. We were told that a man-of-war had picked up several persons. We were kindly treated on board the "Dexter," and, after being landed at New Bedford, were sent up to Boston by special train this morning.

THE TERRIBLE TALE BY THE PURSER. The purser of the "City of Columbus," Wm. Spalding, has been partially deaf since the accident, and he is suffering with frozen limbs. Appended is his statement: "I was in my berth when the accident happened and awoke at the first shock. The steamer seemed to strike several times afterward. On my way from my berth I met Mr. Fuller, the first officer. My room was on the first deck. Fuller was at the port midship boat. We had seven metallic boats and a life raft. All the cabin passengers were on the upper deck, while the steerage passengers were below. I said to Fuller: 'Where are we and what has happened?' He replied, 'We are on the Devil's Fence, meaning, I suppose, the Devil's Bridge.' I could plainly see the rocky coast and Gay Head light. The night was clear as could be. I asked Fuller if he thought she would sink very deep, and his reply was that she would surely go down. I determined to arouse the passengers at once and made every effort to do so. I heard Fuller tell two passengers to go to the social hall. He visited the main Staterooms and those on the port side. I rapped on each door. Before I reached the last stateroom the steamer heeled over. I told the passengers, many of whom were in a very excited condition, to save themselves, as the steamer would undoubtedly go down. As she heeled I rushed through the cabin to the staircase on the port side, and I assure you I had hard work to get through in season, as she began to settle very rapidly on her keel. On the weather side of the deck there were three or four passengers. We stayed there a few moments. There was a terrible scene of confusion on the deck. Men and women, some with children in their arms, clambered up to the deck, clinging frantically to every available projection that offered assistance. They crowded upon each other so fast that they could not be counted as they rushed upon deck, only to be met by some monstrous wave and swept off into the sea. Groans, yells and curses contended with the fury of the gale; women shrieked and men shouted themselves hoarse. Men and women clutched each other regardlessly, shouting all the while and struggling with each other in frenzied attempts to secure every coign of vantage. But this soul-rending sight could not last long. Sea after sea swept over the ship, carrying off everything not made of iron. It had been blowing moderately when I retired, but now it was a hurricane. Still the moon shone brilliantly, and the land was plainly visible. I saw Chief Steward Pittman on deck and told him to take to the rigging. I saw at this time eight or ten men hanging to the starboard rigging. I and the chief steward made our way to the rigging, going up on the inside, and we both reach the masthead. A passenger also accompanied me, but I cannot recall his name. As soon as the steamer struck she sank aft. She did not shift her position, but apparently slid off the rock. At this point of the interview Mr. A. S. Bridge inquired of the purser if he had seen any of his friends, and he replied, 'I saw your niece, Mrs. Atkinson. She went crazy soon after the vessel struck. Many who were present at this interview were

moved to tears, especially when it became known that the lady's father and mother—Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Belyea of Woodstock, N. B.; her son, William Atkinson, aged eight years, and her nephew, C. Merrill, aged eight years—were also drowned.

THE CAPTAIN REPORTED CRAZY. A despatch to the Merchants' Exchange, Boston, on the 19th inst., states that Capt. Wright, of the ill-fated steamer, has become raving crazy. [The statement of the passenger Fairbanks, regarding the strapping of the wheel is, we learn, without foundation.]

DIED. At Charlottetown, on the 22nd inst., Albert, son of James and Prudence Phillips, aged six months and two weeks.

Scholarship Examination.

AN examination for the "Daniel Hodgson Scholarship," for King's College, Windsor, will be held in Charlottetown, in June next. Candidates must be natives of and residents in P. E. Island, under 20 years of age, and not already matriculated members of any University. The subjects of examination will be as follows: Homer Iliad I, or Xenophon Anab II; Cicero pro lege, Manilla, and Horace Odes I; Latin Composition; The ordinary Rules of Arithmetic; Vulgar and Decimal Fractions; The four Elementary Rules in Algebra; Euclid I and II. In English—Orthography, Writing from Dictation, the Grammatical Structure of the Language, Outline of History of England, and General Geography. The Scholarship is of the annual value of \$125, and will be tenable for three years. For further particulars apply to GEORGE W. HODGSON, Hon'y Sec'y, Trustees. Jan. 25, 1884.—wly dly oaw lm pat sj.

AUCTION SALE,

ON FRIDAY, January 25th, at 2 o'clock, in front of Auction Room, Stevensons' Building, Queen Street, near the Market,— 1 Office Desk, 1 Fine Old English Sideboard (Mahogany), 1 Office Table, 1 Counter Show Case (12 feet long), 1 Seat Office Shelves, 1 Set Glass Doors and Frames for Show Cases, 1 Hall Stove, 1 Parlor Stove, 2 Sets Fans, and sundry other articles. A. McNEILL, Auctioneer. Jan. 24, 1884.—wly dly oaw lm pat sj.

"COMMON SENSE."

J. H. FLETCHER, ESQ., WILL LECTURE ON THE ABOVE SUBJECT, UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE Catholic Literary Union St. Patrick's Hall, Tuesday, 29th Instant. Doors open at 7.30. Lecture at 8 o'clock, P. M. Admission 10 cts. Reserved Seats 15 cts. Tickets for sale at Frazer & Readin's Drug Store and Apothecaries Hall. THOMAS CURRAN, Secretary. Ch'town, Jan. 23.—6in.

LECTURE

BY REV. J. BURWASH, A. M., Second Methodist Church, ON THE EVENING OF Monday, January 28th. Subject:—"PURE WATER." In connection with this Lecture some experiments will be performed, showing the character of the water in some of the city wells; also, from Spring Park and Winter River. Admission 10 cents. Lecture to commence at 8 o'clock. Ch'town, Jan. 22, 84.—

NOTICE

IS HEREBY GIVEN that the ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders of THE EXAMINER PUBLISHING COMPANY will be held at the office of THE EXAMINER newspaper, on WEDNESDAY, the 30th of January, inst., at the hour of eight o'clock, in the evening. N. A. MITCHELL, Secretary. Ch'town, Jan. 17, 1884.—wkly.

TO THE TRADE!

ON Consignment and for sale very low, at my Auction Room, Queen Street. TEA—50 Half Chests Prime. APPLES—150 barrels No. 1 Choice. HERRING—50 barrels No. 1. CODFISH—15 Quintals. GREY COTTONS—7 bales all prices. WRAPPING PAPER, Paper Bags, etc., very cheap. TERMS CASH. A. McNEILL, Auctioneer. Ch'town, Jan. 14, 1884.—tf wkly 2i.

YOUNG MAN GROW A MOUNTAIN!

J. MURRAY McNEILL gives written guarantee with each r-cipe. TEN WEEKS TIME. Price \$1. Communications confidential. Box 264, London, Ontario. [2] 1w.

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WE SHALL CLEAR OUT

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Every Department,

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GEO. DAVIES & CO.

Ch'town, Jan. 21, 1884.

Our Store Closes Every Evening at Six o'clock (Saturday Excepted): 1884. For the Winter Months. 1884.

W. & A. BROWN & CO. are selling the following lines of Dry Goods, at very low prices, to clear before stock-taking 1st April:

Jackets, Dolmans and Ulsters, Promenade Scarfs, Wool Jackets and Ulsters, Mantle and Ulster Cloths, Overcoatings, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds, Colored and White Shirts.

Also a special line of Dress Goods, of excellent value, and suitable for the season, reduced to twenty-two cents.

A large stock of Carpets, Oilcloths, Hearth Rugs, Mats, White and Grey Cottons, Sheetings, Pillow Cottons and Linens, Fancy Shirtings, etc., bought very low, and now opened, ready for the early Spring Trade.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

W. & A. BROWN & CO. Ch'town, Jan. 5, 1884.—dy wkly

THE CHARLOTTETOWN

FLOUR, FEED AND PROVISION, STORE,

South Side Queen Square, near Queen Street,

HAVE to announce that they have on hand the following goods, which they are prepared to sell at reasonable prices and in quantities to suit purchasers: Flour (Superior Extra, Strong Bakers' and Patent) OATMEAL, CORNMEAL, BRAN, SHORTS, OATS,

CRUSHED FEED, either Oats and Barley or Oats, Barley and Corn. APPLES, which will be sold by the barrel or by the pound, at rates very little over barrel prices. Ch'town, Dec. 18, 1883.

GRAND SALE OF DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING.

JOHN MACPHEE & CO. will, during the HOLIDAY SEASON, give special bargains in Dress Goods, Knit Wool Goods, Mantles, Shawls, Flannels, Hosiery, Gloves, & CLOTHING. CLOTHING.

Men's Overcoats, \$3.90, \$5.00, \$6.50, \$7.50, up. Men's Ulsters, \$4.95, \$6.25, \$7.00, up. Men's Reefers, \$2.95, \$3, \$3.50, \$5, \$4.50, \$5.50 up. Fur Caps, Kid Mits and Gloves, Cardigan Jackets, Worsted Tweeds, Under-clothing, Buffalo Robes, Horse Rugs, Small Wares, etc.

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Cash Buyers can depend on getting REAL BARGAINS in every Department.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. JOHN MACPHEE & CO.

Ch'town, Dec. 12, 1883.—2aw wkly pres pat.