The Examiner.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."---Euripides.

VOL. XVIII. | CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, JANUARY 13, 1868. | NO. 10

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

THE Subscriber would inform the Inhabitants of P. E. Island, that, on the arrival of the Brig *ANN*, from Liverpool, G. B., he will offer,

Wholesale and Retail,

For Cash or good Joint Notes of Hand,

Nos. 1, 2 & 3 WHITE LEAD, in 56, 28, & 14 lbs.;
Black, Red, & Yellow PAINTS, in 28 & 14 lbs.;
Boiled and raw LINSEED OILS;
Chance's Smethwick GLASS;
PUTTY, Black and White, in Bladders 28 and 14 lbs.;
CUT NAILS, and CUT SPIKES;
Diamond Head DECK SPIKES;
Bars Refined and Common IRON, assorted sizes
Barrels and Kegs COAL TAR;
Barrels Black and Bright VARNISHES;
Coils HEMP and WIRE CORDAGE;
Bolts Extra and Navy Boiled CANVAS;
Bars YELLOW METAL, ⅜ to ¾;
YELLOW METAL BUTT BOLTS, 7 × ⅝;
CLINCH RINGS, Iron and Yellow Metal;
Crates and Casks GLASS, CHINA, and EARTHENWARE,—Crates assorted for country use;
A NEW MIXTURE for Bottoms of FISHING BOATS, much approved of by English fishermen.

Parties wanting any of the above articles will do well by calling and inspecting them, at the OLD STAND, formerly occupied by W. W. LORD & Co., HEAD of LORD'S WHARF, Water Street.

ARTEMAS LORD.

Oct. 29, 1866.

WEST INDIA HOUSE,

Upper Great George Street.

THE Subscriber offers for Sale, at his Store, the following, viz:

11 Hhds. Strong Demrara SPIRITS,
Hhds. Holland GIN,
Casks Port and Sherry WINE,
Casks Hennessey's Dark & Pale Brandy,
Casks Scotch Whiskey (Prime),
Casks Irish WHISKEY.
50 Doz. Edinburgh ALE, 6 Cases CHAMPAGNE,
40 " Blood's x x x PORTER,
Cases CLARET,
40 Boxes RAISINS, 3 Bbls CURRANTS,
25 ½ do RAISINS, Bags RICE,
60 Boxes FIGS, Bags PEPPER,
Chests Superior TEA,
Bbls Crushed SUGAR, Casks Washing Soda,
Hhds. and Bbls. P. R. MOLASSES, Hhds and Bbls. P. R. SUGAR,
6 Bbls. Kerosene OIL, 6 Bbls. Red ONIONS,
20 Doz. Am. BROOMS, 20 Doz. Am. BUCKETS,

—Also—

A large stock of Spices, Pickles, Fruit, &c., &c., suitable for the season.

The above articles are of the very best description, and will be sold cheap for Cash.

LEMUEL McKAY.

Charlottetown, Dec. 17, 1866.

STOVES.

FOR SALE No. 1 and No. 2 MODEL PARLOR STOVES, cheap for Cash or approved Credit.
A. McNEILL.

Reading Room Building, Oct. 28, 1867.

ERSKIN'S

BRAHEE SUGAR POWDERS,

A Tonic and Unfailing Remedy for

Rheumatism of all kinds, Neuralgia,

Lumbago, Sciatica,

As also for FACE-ACHE, TOOTH-ACHE, EAR-ACHE, COUGHS, and all affections from Colds.

☞ See Lancet, under MEDICAL PATRONAGE.

WM. R. WATSON.

City Drug Store, Victoria Building, Queen Street, Sept. 16, 1867.

A CARD.

MRS. COMBS desires to intimate to the ladies of Charlottetown that she has opened a class to teach Wax Work in Flowers, and Baskets. Groups of Flowers made to order.

E. COMBS.

Residence opposite the Catholic Cathedral.

☞ Also, part of a house to rent.

ELEANOR COOMBS

FRANCIS S. LONGWORTH,

Barrister and Attorney-at-Law,

OFFICE—PAVILLION HOTEL,
(next door to Hon. Joseph Hensley's)
Charlottetown, - - - P. E. Island.

Jan. 14, 1867.

A. McNEILL,

Auctioneer and Commission Merchant,

MASON'S THREE-STOREY BUILDING,

Dorchester Street.

Charlottetown,..........*P. E. Island.*

July 23. tf

CARVELL BROTHERS,

AUCTIONEERS,

GENERAL AGENTS,

AND

Commission Merchants,

Charlottetown, - - Prince Edward Island,

AGENTS FOR:

New York Board of Underwriters,
Boston Board of Underwriters,
Eastern Express Company,
Fairbank's Patent Standard Scales,
Gowrie Coal Mines, Cow Bay, C. B.
Fishwick's Express.

☞ CASH ADVANCES made upon CONSIGNMENTS received, or when sent to their Agents abroad.

April 30, 1866.

B. WILSON HIGGS,

General Commission Merchant

AND

AUCTIONEER,

Charlottetown, ... *P. E. Island.*

May 27, 1867 1y

THOMAS W. MAY,

Surveyor and Conveyancer,

Glenstewart - - - Southport.

REFERENCE:

The Surveyor-General, Charlottetown.

June 10, 1867. 1y

CHARLES QUIRK,

MANUFACTURER

OF

Square Rod, Gents' Bright

AND

Natural Leaf Good Smoking

TOBACCO.

Queen Street,

Charlottetown, - - - P. E. I.

January 21, 1867. 1y

F. P. NORTON,

Commission Merchant

AND

Auctioneer.

GEORGETOWN - - P. E. ISLAND.

October 24, 1864 1y

R. REDDIN,

Attorney and Barrister-at-Law,

CONVEYANCER, &c.

Office:—Great George Street, Charlottetown.

(Near the Catholic Cathedral.)

September 3, 1866. tf

SALE OF FREEHOLD LAND,

Situated at Stanley Bridge, New London

TO be Sold by PUBLIC AUCTION, on FRIDAY, the Twenty-first day of FEBRUARY next, (1868,) at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, at the Colonial Building, in Charlottetown, under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the 3rd day of July, A. D. 1866, and made between David Bell, of Township Number Twenty-one, in Queen's County, and Jane M. Bell, his wife, of the one part, and the Honorable William Warren Lord, of Charlottetown, of the other part: All that tract, piece or parcel of Land, situate, lying and being on Township Number Twenty-one, bounded as follows, that is to say: on the South by land now in the occupation of Thomas Bigger, on the East by the shore of Stanley River, on the North by the road from Fyfe's Ferry, and on the West by land purchased by James McKay, containing Forty-eight (48) acres, a little more or less, together with all and singular the houses, buildings and erections thereon, with the appurtenances to the said piece of land belonging or appertaining.

For further particulars and conditions of sale apply at the office of the Honorable Joseph Hensley, Charlottetown, or to the subscriber.

W. W. LORD.

Ch'town, Nov. 4th, 1867. isl

King Square House.

CLOTHS! CLOTHS! CLOTHS! A first rate lot of Heavy Overcoating. An excellent choice in Fall and Winter Trowsering, together with the usual assortment of Broad Cloths, &c.

BEER & SONS.

HEAVY OVERCOATS—Well made and at reasonable prices.

BEER & SONS.

CAPS! CAPS! CAPS!—In South Sea Seal, Otter, Astrachan and other Furs. Cloth and Imitation Furs, newest styles.

BEER & SONS.

BLANKETS! BLANKETS!—A good assortment. Also Horse Blanket

BEER & SONS.

SEAL SKIN COATS!—Extra quality.

BEER & SONS.

CANADIAN MOCCASINS.—Ladies' and Gents' Felt and Rubber Overshoes.

BEER & SONS.

RUBBERS! RUBBERS!—Ladies', Gents', Boys', Children's Boots and Shoes.

BEER & SONS.

BUFFALO ROBES and Sleigh Bells.

BEER & SONS.

SKATES! SKATES! SKATES! All qualities and prices.

BEER & SONS.

IRON & STEEL—Bar Iron, all sizes. Sleigh Shoeing, Cast and Spring Steel, a large assortment.

BEER & SONS.

CASTINGS! CASTINGS! Threshing Machine and Mud Digger.

BEER & SONS.

FRUIT! FRUIT! FRUIT! Layer Raisins, Valencia Raisins, Currants, Candied Peels, Spices, etc. etc

BEER & SONS.

TEA! TEA! TEA!—120 Chests. 55 half Chests. This Fall's Importation. Money returned if quality is not approved of.

BEER & SONS.

Ch'town, Dec. 2, 1867. 6w

British Hardware Store!

Reddin's New Buildings,

Queen Street.

STONE & BOVYER beg to announce the opening of the above Commodious Premises with a *Large and Carefully Selected Stock of*

GENERAL HARDWARE,

BRUSHES, CUTLERY, IRON.
STEEL, NAILS, PARAFINE LAMPS, OIL,
etc, ect.

Every care having been taken to buy personally from the best British and American makers they trust that by combining

MODERATE PRICES

with STRICT ATTENTION, to merit a full share of Public Patronage.

Charlottetown, 25th Nov. 1867.

Insurance! Insurance!

FIRE & LIFE

Royal Insurance Company,

LIVERPOOL, G. B.

Capital, $10,000,000.

Annual Income exceeds $3,000,000, and rapidly increasing. Aggregate losses paid in Province of Nova Scotia during last 12 years, *a quarter of a million dollars.*

General Agent for Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island—HUGH HARTSHORNE, Esq, Halifax.

THE Subscriber having been authorized to accept Risks for this Office, in all parts of Prince Edward Island, respectfully intimates that he is prepared to receive proposals in both branches from parties desiring Policies.

The well-known character for promptness and liberality possessed by this Office is the best guarantee to Insurers.

Rates moderate, and every information furnished on application. The Company's blanks will be transmitted on request; and proposals may be sent, post paid, to

JOS. F. ELLIS,
General Com. Merchant
and Insurance Agent,
Pictou, N. S.

September 16, 1867.

Flour, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Gin and Rum, &c.

THE Subscriber has in Store and for Sale—

11 Hhds. Bright Porto Rico SUGAR,
25 Puns. Bright Retailing MOLASSES,
80 Puns. Demerara RUM, Pale & Colored,
150 Chests Superior Congo TEA,
25 Hhds. Holland GIN,
500 Bbls. Superior Extra FLOUR,
80 Boxes Liverpool SOAP,
140 Bundles White Cotton WARP,
Hhds. and Qtr. Casks Pale BRANDY,
Hhds. Port and Sherry WINE.

OWEN CONNOLLY.

Ch'town, 25th Feb., 1867.

Yarmouth Stoves.

THE Subscriber has JUST RECEIVED, ex Schooner 'M. E. BANKS,' direct from YARMOUTH, his USUAL SUPPLY of those

Celebrated Cook and Box Stoves,

which will be sold cheap for Cash or approved Joint Notes.

R. J. CLARKE.

Orwell, October 14, 1867. tf

The Centre of Attraction

IS STILL AT

Robert Young's.

YOUNG'S for CHEAP FURS.

YOUNG'S for GREY & WHITE COTTONS.

YOUNG'S for PRINTED COTTONS.

YOUNG'S for WARPS.

YOUNG'S for MILLINERY.

YOUNG'S for BONNETS & HATS.

YOUNG'S for SHAWLS & MANTLES.

YOUNG'S for LACES & RIBBONS.

YOUNG'S for FLOWERS & FEATHERS.

YOUNG'S for CLOUDS & HOODS.

YOUNG'S for SONTAGS & BREAKFAST SHAWLS.

YOUNG'S for WINTER CLOAKINGS.

YOUNG'S for HOOP SKIRTS.

YOUNG'S for PAPER COLLARS.

YOUNG'S for CHEAP WINCEYS.

YOUNG'S for NICE DRESS GOODS.

YOUNG'S for SEWING MACHINES.

YOUNG'S for LADIES' & CHILDREN'S BOOTS.

Queen's Square, Charlottetown, 18th November, 1867. tf

School Books!

Cheap for Cash,

AT

HARVIE'S BOOKSTORE,

QUEEN STREET.

Worcester's Dictionary,
Campbell's Geography,
Advanced Reader,
Lennie's Grammar,
Thompson's Arithmetic,
Grey's Arithmetic,
Spelling Books in variety,
The New Series of School Books,
The Irish National Series of Do.
Webster's, Johnson's and Walker's Dictionaries,
Copy Books, Slates, Pens, Pencils, &c. &c.

☞ *Remember the Cheapest School Books are to be had at*

HARVIE'S BOOKSTORE.

September 2, 1867.

NEW FALL GOODS

AT

Liverpool House,

QUEEN STREET.

THE Subscriber has JUST RECEIVED, per R. M. Ship CUBA, from LIVERPOOL, via Halifax, the first instalment of his

FALL STOCK,

CONSISTING OF

New and Fashionable Dress Materials; Ladies' Velvet Turbans and Turban Shapes, choice Flowers, Feathers, Bead and Drop Trimmings, Black Silk Velvets, Velveteens, Silk and Velvet Ribbons, the Newest Style in Shawls, Velveteen Sacques, Merinos, Covered Skirts, Skirt Trimmings, Scarfs, the new Empress Corset, Daisy Trimmings, Hat Wreaths, &c, &c.

The greater part of Fall Supply daily expected from Great Britain.

WILLIAM FULL.

Charlottetown, October 14, 1867.

IRISH WHISKEY.

20 CASES, 5 CASKS of DUNVILLE & CO.'s VERY SUPERIOR

Irish Whiskey,

For sale by

L. C. OWEN.

Ch'town, Dec. 2, 1867.

(From Telegraph, 11th July, 1866.)

"The celebrated firm of DUNVILLE & Co., Belfast—the largest holders of Whiskey in the world—are about to extend their Bonded Warehouses to more than double the size of their present very extensive Premises, in order to mature more extensively for their English, American and Colonial trade."

(From Times, 21st August, 1867)

"MONSTER WAREHOUSES.—The Bonded Warehouses recently erected by Messrs. DUNVILLE & Co., Belfast, will contain about Two millions seventy-nine thousand gallons of Whiskey." 6w

LIGHT.

WE OFFER FOR SALE, 25 CASKS "Standard" KEROSENE OIL warranted to stand a test of 110 degrees. Much of the Western Oil brought to this Market, and sold by Auction, will explode at about 80 degrees of heat, making it dangerous and unsafe for family use. The above OIL we can confidently recommend as being perfectly safe, and giving a clear, strong light.

WE ALSO HAVE IN STOCK:

75 doz. Kerosene LAMPS, of all descriptions,
450 do do CHIMNEYS, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4,
70 gross do WICKS, do do
Glass SHADES, Globe and Harp patterns,
Paper do in great variety.

Gas Shades, extra Burners, Collars, Heads, Founts, Shade Rings and Clasps, for the alteration or repair of Lamps of all kinds.

ALSO,

A new description of LUCINE OIL BURNER, with attachment for raising and lowering the wick—the NEATEST and BEST article for a Hand Lamp to carry about the house yet introduced. With a full supply of LUCINE OIL and WICKS.

All at the Lowest CASH prices, Wholesale and Retail.

H. E. STARBIRD & CO.

Dec. 2, 1867. 5in

ALTERATION IN BUSINESS.

Notice to Debtors.

THE Subscriber hereby notifies that a complete change being about to be made in the Business carried on at Orwell, heretofore, by the late Patrick Stephens, deceased, and subsequently by the undersigned.

And this is to give notice to those parties indebted to Mary Stephens, Executrix, and to the undersigned, by Judgments, Notes of Hand, and Book Accounts, that unless they pay their respective accounts in full this Fall, they shall be sued without further notice on the closing of the Navigation.

All kinds of merchantable produce taken in payment.

R. J. CLARKE.

Orwell Cheap Store, Sept. 30, 1867. tf

HAY AND TURNIPS!

A FEW thousand bushels of TURNIPS for sale on the Subscriber's Farm. Also, a quantity of the best of HAY.

GEORGE COLES.

28th October, 1867.

THE Commissioners of the Small Debt Court for Lots 48, 49 & 50, have re appointed Mr. James H. Bourke Clerk of said Court, and the Court to be held at Mrs. McDonald's, Second Creek, Pownal, Lot 49.

December 28th, 1867.

JACK BAILEY'S STORY.

Jack Bailey was a seaman, or perhaps boy rather, who was rescued from the wreck of the *Rhone* and the *Wye*, destroyed during the late cyclone in the West Indies. His story is given in the London *Star*, by a gentleman who received it from Jack himself. He dined with the writer. He had brought his precious life-buoy with him; and with it resting against his chair, so as to be handy for reference, he told his story as follows:—

'All I know about it, sir,' began little Jack Bailey, 'is that we were steaming full head on, and that all of a sudden she went stern on to a rock just close to Salt Island, and sort of canted over, and fairly broke in two. It was only then about two o'clock, but it was dark as any night, and the wind was blowing the maddest that ever I see, and the hailstones came pelting down quite as big as a marbles. I was below just when she struck, but I ran up quick, and soon as I got on deck I was carried off my legs and dashed against the rails at the side, and held there by the wind so tight that I couldn't break away. At last I managed it, and then I found that everybody was doing the best he could to save himself. When I say that I 'found it out,' that isn't quite right; it wasn't a time to find things out. Along with the hail the splinters and spars were whirling about and knocking together about your ears, and the wind was roaring and people shouting and shrieking, and the surf banging against the rocks and throwing up a great sheet all white as snow and high as this house or higher.

'I knew a good many aboard, of course, but that wasn't a time to look after 'em. You couldn't hear your own voice even though you bawled what you thought was ever so loud. I saw a man I knew very well, an A. B. he was, holding on while he slipped one of our life-buoys over his shoulder. I didn't expect it, of course, but I asked him in a fright to let me have the buoy. I don't suppose that he even heard what I said. He took no notice.

'I scrambled away to the stern that was stuck up high on the rocks, and I looked down and thought I might jump it. It wasn't so *very* deep, and anyhow it was something to stand on, and it didn't so very much matter if I got no worse than a sprain; so I chanced it. I had no shoes on nor any cap. I made the jump, but somehow I missed. I can't tell you how or why I missed, but I fell half into the sea, and the surf came in a minute and licked me off and carried me out.

'There was plenty to lay hold of to keep you afloat—plenty on the water pitching and tossing and plenty more climbing down from the ship that was being blown to bits. I don't know exactly what it was that I got hold of; it was wood, and large enough to keep me floating anyhow. But it was all a job to keep hold of it, sir, I can tell you—the wind was snatching and whirling things in such a way. Well, I stuck to my stick, and was washed out and in, every time thinking when I was washing in that now I should be able to reach the rock again and scramble up it, and each time be swept back when it seemed that I had only to put out my hand I didn't like to put out my hand too soon; I should have lost my float very likely if I had done so.

'Perhaps it was as long as half an hour that I was washing to-and-fro—pr'aps less, sir; you can't keep a good count o' time when you're being pitched about in such a sea as that—when a bit of a distance away I caught sight of a man keeping up with a buoy. I knew who it was at once. It was the same man that I spoke to when he was putting on the buoy just before we broke up. I don't think that he saw me, but, seeing nobody else about, it was like company for me to keep sight of him, and so I did. Well, presently, all of a sudden, I saw him throw up his arms over his head, and down he slipped out of the buoy, like a bolt out of a socket. Well, you see, sir, when you ask me how I account for it, that is more than I can tell you exactly, so as to make sure, you know; but the sharks in them waters is something more thin or'nary. He was nipped off at the legs; that's how I reckon it up.

'Well, he slipped through and left the life-buoy floating empty, and as well as I was able I made up to it, and by and by got hold of it, and got it over my head and shoulders and under my arms. But though I was easier in my mind a bit then and more comfortable like, I didn't seem any better off, for the surf seemed to have more of me to get hold of, and carried me out to sea farther and farther. It carried me out quite, as I could tell because the noise of the sea breaking against the rocks grew fainter and fainter Hadn't it been for that I shouldn't have known, for it was as nigh like night as could be, and the hail was peppering down.

'Now, sir, I wasn't so much afraid as you might think. I think I got a sort of used to the pitching about, and got it into my head that after being kept up so long it wasn't likely that I should sink, and that it was only a matter of keeping up my spirits as well as my body was being kept up, and then by-and-by I might be all right. I believe that it was lucky that I was drifted out a bit, because it put me out of the way of the bits of the wreck that closer in shore were smashing and grinding about. The wind took the lighter bits of timber and drove them against the heavy bits, and it would have been awkward to have got between the two. It made great splinters fly up as big as plates and dishes.'

'I didn't much lose my pluck till the wind went down and it began to grow towards night. I did feel dull then, thinking about all manner of things; and I tried to swim towards what I thought must be the shore. I tried, and I tried, but it was precious hard work, with that great buoy on me, till at last I left off trying without knowing it, *and fell asleep.*

'Fell asleep, sir. I had my arms through the cords of the buoy, and with my hands grasping the underneath part of it I dropped off just as though I was in my hammock. It was quite dark when I lost myself, so of course I can't say about what time it was. I lost myself quite, didn't dream, or anything. I woke up again, feeling a rasping against my leg, and there and then the thought of sharks came into my head, and I roused up pretty quick.

'But it wasn't a shark. I had drifted to the shore, and was stranded on a sand bank. I wasn't hurt a bit, and not even bruised to speak of, but I was very cold and empty feeling, and my teeth all of a chatter. As far as I may reckon, keeping account of the hours afterwards, it was about ohe o'clock in the morning when I found myself stranded, and now it wasn't so dark but that I could make out the shore. Between the shore and the sand bank was about three quarters of a mile of water, and knowing that it was no use staying where I was, I went in, with my life-buoy still on, and swum it.

'I was awful thirsty when I got to the shore, which was Beef Island. I didn't know it then; I found it out afterwards. It is a very wild sort of place, covered all towards the sea with a thorny sort of grass that pricks like pins. I didn't have any shoes on, so that I couldn't walk about very fast; besides, I didn't know where I was walking to.

'I limped about for something like an hour and a half, till it seemed to grow a little lighter, and presently I spied two men looking about 'em, and limping too, and I pretty quick made up to 'em. They were men of the *Rhone* both. Brewer, the yeoman, and Fred Pearse, engineer's servant. They had been on the island about a couple of hours, they told me. Pearse had somehow got a finger smashed. Brewer had no shoes on, and Fred Pearse had one boot on. They had both got to the shore on one plank. We were very glad to meet, and thought that now there would be a chance to meet some more of our fellows.

'We made the best way we could over the prickles till daybreak, when we came on a black and two boys. They had seen something of the wrecks, and were going down to the beach to see what they could pick up. They had nothing to give us, nor could they tell us where we could get a drink of water. The black told us that he had passed and spoke to two other white men on the road, and that they were not far ahead. We hurried after them and overtook them. They were both able seamen of the *Rhone*, John Palmer and Samuel M'Cane. Neither had shoes, and M'Cane's clothes had been washed off of him all but his smock. They had both made for the shore by means of life buoys. They grumbled about the life buoys, and said that after a few hours' soaking in the water they became soddened and like to weigh them down rather than bear them up. But they were better than nothing, I should think. It would have been happy for some of the poor fellows if there had been a few more of 'em on board. Seven warn't many for such a number as their crew. *Four out of the seven were the means of saving men's lives.*

'Now there was five of us, and we walked along until we saw a smoke, and presently came on another black who had made a fire in the bush. He told us what he was doing, but I forget. It was something that required a heat, and his boat had been smashed up in the hurricane, and he had been cast ashore, and didn't know what to be at any more than we did. He knew whereabouts the governor's house was, though, and we persuaded him to take a message there, while we minded his fire. We should have gone ourselves only that the way was all across the prickles, and our feet were in a bad state with the walking we had already done It was two miles to the governor's house.

'It wasn't far down to the beach from where we were, so while the black was gone up to the house we went down there, on the chance of picking up something to eat. We were lucky. Some of the ship's wrecked had pine apples and oranges amongst their cargoes, and a goodish many of these was strewed about. They were none the better for being soaked in the sea; but we were not very particular, and made a grand breakfast off 'em. Likewise we found two hammock cloths, which we wrung out and spread to dry in the sun to make a sort of thing to keep the sun from scorching. It wouldn't have felt so hot yet awhile, only we had been so long soaking in the salt water that our flesh was tender. If ever you have to try it, sir, you'll find out what a difference it makes.

'Well, by the time we got back to the place where the black's fire was, we met the governor the black had been to fetch, with a big jug of coffee and some bread. The coffee wasn't cold, but we made it hotter on the fire, and very much we enjoyed it, though not so much caring for the bread, because of the pine apples and oranges we had been eating. Well, just in the midst of it up comes, sir, more of our crew, all of a batch. There was Mr. Holdeman, the captain of the hold, and Mr. Moody, the bo'son's mate, and Henry Buckle, a fireman; and John Jones and Thomas Ingram, coal trimmers; and Hansford, a seaman. They had had a hard time of it, as they told us as we sat round the fire together.

'I can't say how all of them except Moody escaped from the wreck, but somehow they all got to a hammock bin that was washing about. A hammock bin, sir, is nothing more than a box like an egg chest, only taut made, and bigger. All five, Mr. Holdeman, and Buckle, and Jones, and Ingram, and Hansford, got into the bin, but they could make nothing of it, it tossed and spun about so. Every moment they thought it would capsize, and they were seven miles from shore, and not all swimmers Somehow or other, too, a hole got stove in the side of the bin, and it isn't unlikely that they would have perished if it hadn't been for the bo'son's mate, Mr. Moody.

'I don't quite know the rights of it, whether the bo'son's mate had kept up with the bin, holding on to a spar, or whether he happened to come up with it. Anyway, he did come up with it, and seeing how likely they were to be capsized he poked one end of the spar he was floating on in at the hole stove in the side of their bin, and holding it on to it with one arm, swam with the other, and so brought them nigh to land.

'But he couldn't bring them all the way so. When they got within half a mile of the shore the bin came against a little bit of a bank and went all to pieces. Then the "bo'son's mate towed them ashore one at a time till four were landed, and it was now dark. There was another somewhere, but they could't tell where. This was Ingram. Some thought he was spilt out of the bin before she struck, and some he was still on the bank half a mile out. So they halloed and kept it up for some time, but nobody answered, and they thought to be sure that Ingram was lost. But he wasn't. He was out on the bank all the time, and he couldn't swim. He heard them holloa, but he wouldn't answer, knowing that if he did the bo'son's mate would come after him, and not wishing that, because he knew what a lot Moody had done already, and how knocked up he must be. Come daylight they heard him holloa, and then they went and took him off the bank, where he had sat all night.

'We were all right after that. Shortly the Tortola mail-boat came and took us off Beef Island, and we were put aboard the *Tyne*.

'This is the lifebuoy I went to sleep in. I must have laid my head on it, for here, you see sir, is the dent and the stamp of my hair made on the painted canvas when it was soaked in the sea. I havn't got any clothes only what I've got on. I don't know what the kit that I lost on the *Rhone* was worth. Not £2 I should think. But that is nothing so that my life is saved. I've been two trips before in the Company's boats, and I've got a brother in the *Conway*. Shall I go to sea again? I hope so, sir. It's no use unless you follow it up, if you make a calling of it.'

Gleanings from late English Papers.

THE EXPLOSION AT CLERKENWELL.

A PORTION OF THE HOUSE OF DETENTION BLOWN UP.

At twenty minutes to four o'clock on Friday afternoon, an explosion took place in the neighborhood of the House of Detention, creating in the immediate vicinity the most intense excitement, and a fearful destruction to life and limb to the inhabitants. It is impossible to say at the present time of writing what has been the cause of the fearful casualty, but it is alleged to have been brought about by conspiracy, with a view of liberating certain of the the prisoners in the House of Detention. It would appear from a reliable source of information that for several days past the prison authorities had their attention drawn to several men who were looked upon as suspicious persons, loitering about the locality of the prison, but did not for a moment suspect that such a step as the present would be resorted to to liberate the prisoners. The explosion, as already stated, took place at exactly twenty minutes to four o'clock, and the concussion was so terrific that there is not a whole pane of glass in any house for at least a radius of a quarter of a mile. The explosion took place on the northern side of the prison, immediately under the northern wall, levelling at least forty feet to the ground, and blowing in the upper part of several of the houses facing. The moment the report,, which was distinctly heard for miles round, took place, hundreds of women, inhabitants of the neighbouring houses, rushed about in a half-frantic state, followed by their young children, screaming and calling for help, while men, pale with alarm, left their work and intermingled with the dreadful scene of confusion that prevailed. Hundreds of persons were rushing about from one quarter to another, but for a time no one knew or could ascertain the actual seat of the explosion. Now there was a tremendous shouting and screaming, now a rush, but the prevailing cries in this pell-mell hubbub were, "What is it, where is it?" After a lapse of some minutes, however, the still increasing multitude made for the narrow street, running by the side of the northern wall of the prison, here to find a most heart-rending scene. The street on the one side is lined by a row of four-storied houses, inhabited by very poor people, and on the other ran the sombre lofty prison wall. About midway in the street the explosion would seem to have taken place, and that, too, from the outside of the wall. At least 40 feet of the wall is blown into the prison-yard. The three houses directly facing the gap in the wall were fearfully shaken. The fronts, from the first floor windows to the roofs, were blown into ruins, and the inhabitants of the rooms frightfully mutilated. It would be a matter of impossibility to describe the awful scene that prevailed in the street. Mothers, fathers, and children were being rescued by stout-hearted fellows who rushed to their assistance, fearless of falling *debris*, and conveyed, in most instances literally covered with blood, through the excited multitude, to the nearest doctor's in the neighborhood. The poor persons, who were to all appearance dead, were literally blown out of one of the houses into the street. They were dreadfully cut, and seemed blackened with the explosive matter, whatever it was. It is supposed to have been gunpowder, as several small explosions succeeded the first.

Several of the fire brigade came up immediately, and succeeded in getting off the ruins 20 bodies. Inspector Potter and the police of the G division were on the spot, and put the unfortunate creatures in cabs and hurried them to the Gray's-inn Hospital. Three persons have been apprehended by Police-constable Ranger and other constables, on charge of complicity in the outrage. Inspector Potter tells us that "it is a Fenian outrage and an attempt to blow up the House of Detention with a view to rescue Colonel Richard Burke." He says a barrel of gunpowder was placed against the wall of the House of Detention in Corporation-row, which runs from north to south. The scene of the explosion was of the most fearful description, the maimed and wounded being carried out, mothers carrying, children bleeding, covered with dirt and blood. The chemists' shops in the neighborhood were filled with the sufferers from this direful event, including persons of all classes, even policemen who were on their beats in the neighborhood. It need scarcely be said that the concussion which took place brought forth the inhabitants, many of them partially undressed, and the shops in which the wounded were being attended to were completely besieged by anxious friends wishing to know the fate of their relatives. The cry was raised of another expected explosion, which awed the energies of the firemen and others, engaged in the extrication of the supposed dead, but, notwithstanding, with right good will, they pursued their work. The police came in shoals, and owing to the large number of persons present, great difficulty was experienced in reaching the scene of devastation and sudden death. Many persons, it is said, were trampled down, and were in danger of being killed, but the immediate bystanders raised the fallen, and they were immedtately conveyed away from the spot of danger. Telegrams were sent to the various fire-engine establishment, and most speedily engines arrived from the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, and others from the Salvage Corps. Mr. Superintendent Gurnon, of the G division of police, was soon on the spot, and marshalled and placed his men in such positions, by the aid of his inspectors, that further injury to the accumulated persons should not occur.

At the time of the explosion the concussion was so great that many persons who were drinking in the neighboring public-houses had their glasses and other drinking vessels thrown from their hands. Many of the people thus engaged were cast to the ground, and sustained serious injuries.

It is believed that this is a Fenian outrage, as Colonel Richard Burke is a prisoner in the House of Detention, and exercised in the yard on Friday afternoon.

The *Globe* says:—The cause of the explosion is now ascertained beyond a doubt. It adds another to the catalogue of atrocities committed by the Fenians. Before the catastrophe attention had been excited by the suspicious appearance of several roughs, the types of the class which represent the dreaded Eenianism, loitering on the outskirts of the prison. The detectives who have been engaged to watch the precincts of the prison since Burke's incarceration, and who for some hours on Friday watched the movements of the suspicious parties, did not fail to acquaint the officers in charge of Burke and the prison authorities of the occurrence. Soen after three o'clock one of the police officers went to the prison with a witness to identify Burke, and on his attention being drawn to the suspicious aspect of affairs, though no dangers were at that time apprehended, he at once despatched an officer for a body of constables to resist any possible attempt to rescue the Fenian Burke, as that was at once presumed to be the object in view. Before, however, the staff of constables had arrived, the explosion took place. It is aaid that three persons were seen to pass up the lane carrying a barrel, the appearance, of which, however, created no suspicion as to its contents. The men were seen to place the barrel down apparently for rest against the newly-built piece of wall where an entrance had lately been used for the purpose of enlarging the prison. One of the men went away, leaving the other in possession of the barrel. No one seems to have seen what took place for a few moments, when the very violent shock was felt. A great portion of the north wall was blown up, and a block of poor dwellings counting from a dozen to fifteen houses instantly became a heap of ruins. Fortunately the prison was uninjured, except the glass, which was mostly shattered, and thus the attempt to provide a means of escape for Burke proved futile. All the houses and buildings in the vicinity were shaken to their foundations. Scarcely a pane of glass, of whatever thickness, remains entire.

It is stated that the men of the fire-brigade have succeeded in dragging twenty three bodies out of the ruins; the number of dead and wounded, however, cannot yet be ascertained, but several individuals who were near the spot immediately after the explosion took place, state that nearly forty bodies were strewn about the ruins, in many of which life appeared to be extinct.

None of the prisoners have escaped from the House of detention. Upwards of sixty innocent people—men, women and children of all ages, were injured more or less severely by this modern Gunpowder plot, of whom one was killed on the spot, and three have since died, Thirty-six of the sufferers were removed to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where two died in the course of the evening, and six to the Royal Free Hospital in Gray's-inn-road. Three and four of the wounded were members of the same family, some were mere infants, and the husband of a woman who has since died of injuries she sustained lies in St. Bartholomew's shockingly bruised and prostrated. Others are missing. The explosion, which sounded like a discharge of artillery, occurred at a quarter to 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when there is still daylight even in these short days, and was heard for miles round. In the immediate neighborhood it produced the greatest consternation, for it blew down houses and shattered the windows of others in all directions. The wall surrounding the prison is about 25ft. high and 2ft. 3in. thick at the bottom, and about 14in. thick at the top.

The following is an accurate account of what took place before and after the explosion:—It is now clear that the explosion did not take its rise in the house in Bowling-green-lane which was totally destroyed by it, and which had previously been a place of meeting for certain well-known Fenian leaders. In all probability that house was selected as a convenient place from which the yard in which Burke and Casey were in the habit of taking exercise could be over-looked, and from which, most likely, signals could be made to them as they walked to and fro. But there dose not seem the slightest reason to suppose that gunpowder was stored in it, and the police may therefore be exonerated from the blame of carelessness in allowing a gunpowder plot to be matured under their eyes. The house in question suffered more severely than those on either side, simply because it happened to be directly opposite the point at which the explosion took place. The sole seat of the explosion was evidently the barrel of powder, which, as stated, was placed against the wall of the prison immediately before the occurrence in question. This barrel is said to have been a thirty-six gallon beer cask; of course it is not matter of any wonder thet, that being the case, it should have excited no suspicion as it was wheeled up the street, accompanied by two men and a woman. In spite of the warning they had received, the acute detectives who were lounging about in the neighborhood of the prison may be excused for seeing no harm and imagining no mischief in a barrel of the national beverage. They naturally enough saw no harm in it, and therefore allowed it to pass on until the truck reached the north-east angle of the wall of the House of Detention. Arrived at that point, the men were seen to have carefully taken the cask from the truck, to have deposited it against a portion of the wall which they carefully selected, and then, accompanied by the woman, to have made off. The police knowing the woman, who had frequently called on Casey since his confinement in the House of Detention, appear to have suspected, from this singular behaviour, that some mischief was on foot. Unfortunately, although for this we cast no blame upon them, they jumped at the idea that the best thing, under the circumstances, was to arrest the fugitives. Thinking no harm of the innocent-looking barrel, as it stood leaning against the wall, they rushed after the three persons, whom they soon overtook, and who are now in custody. It is not improbable that the flight of these persons was intended to draw off attention. At any rate it had that effect, for while the police were after them a man came out of the house in which the Fenians had assembled, crossed to the barrel, inserted in it something like a long strip of paper, set fire to the latter, and then made off as fast as he could go. The explosion immediately followed, and in the confusion which took place the man who fired the fuse easily made good his escape. More than one person, however, seems to have had a good view of his features, and there is therefore every reason to hope that he may yet be arrested, identified and brought to justice.

Burke and Casey, the men who it is supposed this outrage was projected to liberate, were examined on the 14th, and were again remanded. Burke's counsel, Dr. Kinealey, withdrew from the defence. He apologized for this step, but justified it on the ground that the persons who engaged him sympathised with an outrage which shocked every sense of humanity.

TERRIFIC EXPLOSION AT NEWCASTLE.

The town and district of Newcastle-on-Tyne were in a state of the wildest excitement on Tuesday afternoon, in consequence of a terrific explosion which occured on the Town-moor.—Inspector Amos and Sub-Inspector Wallace, of the Newcastle police, received information that a quantity of nitro-glycerine was stored in a cellar in White Swan-yard, in the Cloth-market, immediately behind the Branch Bank of England. They examined the place and found that it was contained in nine square canisters, in baskets packed in straw, and they immediately sought the owner of it, in order to have it removed to a place of safety. They found him at his place of buisness, and represented the matter to him. He said he would have it sent back to the person who consigned it to him, and, in company with the officers, he tried the railway company, but they refused to carry it. An application was then made to Mr. Nesham, who has a gunpowder store, to have it put into a magazine, but he also refused to take it. The case was then represented to the magistrates, who, upon consultation, gave instructions to have it destroyed. The Sheriff of Newcastle (Mr. John Mawson) was a practical chemist, and the police applied to him as to the best method of dealing with this deadly liquid; he, after consulting with other chemists, advised that it should be buried in some of the creeps or crevices of some old pit workings in the neighbourhood; but, while these discussions had been going on, from some unexplained reason, the nitro-glycerine had been removed from the Swanyard to Mr. Spark's office in the Town-hall, just over the Council Chamber. Between 2 and 3 in the afternoon a cart was brought and the canisters were put into it and taken to the Town-room. The Sheriff and Mr. Bryson, the town surveyor, with Sub-Inspector Wallace and a policeman named Donald Bain, accompanied the cart to the Town-room. They found a crevice or creep near the Cholera Hospital, into which the liquid from the nine canisters was poured; but after this was completed it was found that a quantity of crystallized matter was adhering to the bottoms of three of the canisters. The sheriff then instructed Wallace to put some earth over the liquid that had been poured into the crevice, and ordered the other men to bury the three crystallized canisters in the earth at some distance off. While Wallace was shovelling the earth into the crevice he was startled by a frightful explosion in the direction where the men had gone, and, running to the scene, he found that a sad catastrophe had occurred. The three canisters had exploded. Donald Bain, the policeman, was nearly blown to pieces, and died; Shotton and Appelby, two carters, were also killed; Mr. Bryson was dreadfully mangled about the face and apparently dying, and the Sheriff was shockingly hurt. A boy named Samuel Wadley was also found lying in a hole.