

A PERILOUS VOYAGE.

At a meeting of the passengers on board the United States' mail steamship Arago, held February 29, 1856, at the close of her fifth voyage from Havre, France, to New York, the following paper, expressive of their feelings in view of the facts therein detailed, was adopted:

"The steamship Arago left Havre on the 13th of February inst, and Cowes at about two o'clock on the following morning; weather as favourable as could be looked for in a winter passage enabled us to make a prosperous run, without any remarkable incident, until the morning of the 22d when at six o'clock, icebergs were discovered in the northern and southern horizons. The usual interest was excited, though the surprise at so unusual a sight at this season of the year was less from the fact, that the ship had encountered ice in her outward passage, and had suffered some trifling damage in the contact. Yet none were prepared in the remotest degree for the formidable and dangerous obstruction that lay in our westward path. In the course of the morning, however, fragments and detached masses of all shapes and magnitudes began to appear, and so rapidly increased in number, that only by quick operation and skilful management of the helm and the engine were dangerous encounters avoided. After running the gauntlet of these swarming enemies for several hours, a clearer sea approached before us, and we indulged for a moment the hope of having passed the danger. But very soon it was again descried directly ahead, and a nearer approach showed it to be closely packed and utterly impassable. The ship was then headed to the north, with the hope of finding the end of the pack, and doubling it; but after steaming upon this course for more than thirty miles, the most powerful glass could discover no limit to the barrier. The attempt to find a passage in that direction was therefore abandoned, and the ship returned to her former position. The weather during the day had been broken, and the afternoon looked gloomy, with occasional snow squalls, which added temporarily to our discouragement. Night closed in without the prospect of release from our embarrassing position. A moon, however, enabled us to feel our way in search of an escape, but with little success, and morning found us still in the icy neighbourhood. A south-easterly course had taken us slowly along the broken edge, which was interrupted by occasional bays and indentations.

"During the twenty-four hours thus passed we had, with every other favourable circumstance, made scarcely any westward progress, and had but little, if at all, improved our position. Ice still inclosed us on every side, and the clear water in which we were working was but one of the deep bays which had at first the appearance of an open way to the westward. After steaming for some time in that direction, we were again stopped, as upon the previous morning, by a close pack ahead. The view presented to the eye during this morning was truly magnificent; and, dissociated from the sense of peril which our position so well justified, the mind and fancy could dwell upon the scene with the intensest pleasure. A vast icy territory passed in review before us in our southerly course, which was now resumed as the only hope that seemed left of deliverance. Icebergs of various sizes and shapes, that required but little effort of the imagination to convert into architectural forms, and bring to the eye the illusion of scattered hamlets, ruined cathedrals, columns and arches. The beautiful and grotesque forms of the floating masses added new details to the scene, of which the ensemble was at once awfully grand and charmingly picturesque. But the mind was little disposed to such contemplations under the heavy anxieties that began to weigh upon it as time wore on without apparently bringing any relief. The weather during this day, though still broken and unsettled, was more favourable than in the previous day, and was watched with intense solicitude, inasmuch as it was as important to our safety as it was unusual in that locality. Its continuance was, therefore, devoutly prayed for as our chief dependence, under God. Had a fog shut down upon us, or a gale arisen, and we thus become inclosed in the ice, we should

have found little room for hope, but in the special interposition of a kind Provid

"Our course continued throughout the day to the south-east, with an occasional attempt to make way to the westward. As evening closed, the ship was hove-to, and remained quiet until ten o'clock, when a full moon shed its clear soft light over the sea, revealing the smallest object, and enabling us to get under way and move with comparative safety. Another night thus passed, and Sunday morning found us one hundred and eighty miles to the south from our course, and attempting to double what at last seemed to be the southern cape of the icy region; and as we rounded it and retook a north-westerly course, a new but more scattered field lay before us, through which we finally threaded our way in safety, and a clear open sea once more revealed itself. Three or four hours passed, however, before our minds were even assured, or our faithful commander relaxed in the least degree his vigilance. A fear that we might again, and for the third time, find ourselves embayed, kept suspense alive for several hours, until night returned without bringing new difficulties, and finally hid from our eyes those we had so happily passed. Fifty-four hours had thus worn on in danger and embarrassment, during which time we had sailed two hundred and twenty miles from north to south before the great barrier, and penetrated it to the westward a distance of thirty miles, to meet it again densely packed as far as could be seen. From the extreme point of our northing, no glass could discern a passage beyond, and immense icebergs were seen stretching from the extreme southern point, where we finally passed the pack. It is, therefore, within the truth to measure the extent of this enormous icy barrier at two hundred and fifty miles in length by fifty miles in breadth—stretching over more than three degrees both of latitude and of longitude. It is for others to draw from this, our experience, the valuable cautions that may secure the safety of life and property to an incalculable amount. It is for us to bear most willing and emphatic testimony to the sagacity, fidelity, and prudence of him to whom alone, under Almighty God, we owe our preservation. And it is chiefly with the object of bringing forcibly to view the great resources of mind and body demanded by the exigencies of our position, that the above facts are detailed. No terms of admiration could adequately express our sense of the devotion and skill which our noble commander, Capt. Lines, maintained for fifty consecutive hours his most exhausting position and trying duty in the bow of the ship, exposed to the severe cold and penetrating winds, watching with incessant activity and patient care the dangerous enemies that threatened at each moment to disable us, and avoiding them with an unerring skill that exhibited the earnest self-possession and perfect command of his ample powers of mind and body."

THE QUICKEST TRIP EVER PERFORMED.

—The Cunard steamer *Persia* which sailed from New York April 2, arrived at Liverpool after a passage of nine days and twelve hours, the quickest trip ever made, being six hours shorter than that of the famous passage of the ill-fated Arctic, which sailed from New York on the 7th of Feb. 1853, and arrived at Liverpool in nine days and eighteen hours.

The *Asia*, under Capt. Judkins, made the trip from New York to Liverpool in May, 1851, in ten days and six hours. These are the quickest outward trips ever performed. Capt. Comstock, in the Collins steamer *Baltic*, yet heads the list of quick trips from Liverpool to New York. The *Baltic* sailed from Liverpool Aug. 6, 1851, and arrived at New York in nine days, thirteen hours and forty minutes. The *Persia's* last trip to New York is reported to have been made in nine days and a half! If this proves correct, the *Baltic* is beaten by an hour and forty minutes.

The Emperor Napoleon has purchased an extensive piece of ground between St. Cloud and Mount Valerien, for the purpose of erecting a model farm.



(Articles under this heading are published solely on the responsibility of the Grand Division, of S. Temperance, F. E. Island)

UPON WHOSE HEAD IS HIS BLOOD.

Late one bitterly cold and stormy night in January last, when the wind was whirling the snow with frightful violence, two young men, brothers, left the tavern in a thinly populated village, for their home which was at some distance. They had been both drinking very deeply, one much more so than the other, and he began to lag ere one-half of the distance had been accomplished. Stupefied by liquor, the strong, driving blast took away the little remaining strength, and he sank down in the snow, calling upon his brother for help.

"Help yourself," was the surly reply; I have helped you enough."

Another feeble cry for assistance. "I've helped you home times enough; I shan't do it again," was the second response. He did not think his words were to be a prophecy, and himself almost senseless, staggered onward, at times almost borne down by the force of the wind. Then, plodding on again in the darkness and storm, muttering deep curses.

At last, the house was reached. The widowed mother, filled with fearful forebodings, had awaited, watched, and listened, until her heart was almost paralysed by fear. A load of anxiety was lifted when she heard the well-known footsteps; but when one came in alone, the hasty inquiry for the absent one was full of fear.

"Oh, he's out; here away; he would not come along," was the reply, as he threw himself down before the fire, and in a few minutes was in the deep sleep of inebriation.

With tears, the wretched mother went into an adjoining bedroom, where slept another of her sons, begging him to get up and go in search of the absent one.

"Mother, I can't," was the reply "I cannot leave my warm bed this dreadful night; I have done it too many times this winter already. He has brought it all on himself, and if he perishes, why he must, I can't go."

It was useless to entreat. That wretched mother knew it was useless for her to think of going herself; the dreadful storm, the intense cold, and the impenetrable darkness, all precluded the idea; and even should she go and find him, she, with her weak frame, palsied with fear, would be powerless to render him the least assistance.

Wearily, wretchedly few the hours of that dreadful night-watched to the lonely heart-broken mother. She listened, and watched, and prayed, hoping against hope, until the morning dawned. The storm had ceased, but the wind whistled a mournful dirge to her sad, aching heart.

The brothers were aroused, and gathering a neighbour or two, they went in search of the lost one. He was found about half-way home.

Dear reader, I shudder when I tell you of the horrid, sickening spectacle. Half buried in the drifts of snow, he lay, with his face upturned in the morning sun, swollen and disfigured; his eyeballs entirely protruded from their sockets; his swollen tongue lolling out on the pure snow, one hand in his pocket grasping the bottle, and his body stiff and dead.

And so, when he might have been in the glory of his manhood, he had perished—gone before his Maker in his pollution.

And upon whose head is his blood? Is it upon that of the brother, with all his faculties and senses benumbed, except the one idea, the thought for his own safety—upon him who had lost all capabilities of human reasoning in the helplessness of inebriation?

Is it on the head of him, whose love, and kindness, and patience had so often been exhausted—who had so often, and night after night had deprived himself of the creature comforts which we so much prize—left the comfortable fire and warm bed, followed and sought out the lost one, safely guiding him home, repeatedly saving him from a miserable death; and now, when he saw that all his efforts were thrown away, and his patience entirely worn out, is his brother's blood upon his head?

Is it upon that of the poor heart-broken mother, who weeps and moans, and wrings her hands in the anguish and disgrace of the bereavement?

Or, is it upon him who earns his respectability and livelihood by dealing out the liquid poison—upon him who, on that dreadful night, rendered him helpless by his fiery draughts, and then permitted him to go out in the driving storm? Or, is it upon those who make it, and fill the land with this direful curse?

I say, Nay! upon none of these.

It is upon those to whom it is given to make the laws that govern the land. It is upon them, for it is their business, their duty to make laws that shall banish this death-bastening, this murdering curse from our shores. Let them look to it, for fearful indeed may be their reckoning with the blood of thousands upon their souls!

THE FRUITS OF LIQUOR SELLING!

We copy the following lists of the doings of the Traffic in London, for a few weeks, from the *Alliance*, published in that City, devoted to Temperance and Prohibition:—

- 64 Serious Accidents or Cases of Striking Bodily Peril.
- 113 Robberies of or by drunken persons.
- 226 Brawls or violent Assaults.
- 73 Cases of Cruelty to Wives or Children.
- 160 Premature Deaths.
- 57 Actual or attempted Suicides.
- 47 Murders or Manslaughters.

The enemies of Prohibition will look upon the above occurrences as small matters compared to the great and important interests of Rum-sellers. They may gather their trophies till the land is deluged in blood, and they are compelled to wade in it ankle deep to prosecute their business—till the wails of the dying, and the sobs and groans of the mutilated and bereaved fill the air and rise above the howling blast; they must be permitted to continue on in their work. The lives of women and children, deaths by suicidal hands, the stiffened bodies lying in gutters, under stone walls or in open fields—the bloody knives of murderers and assassins, prison gates and bars, the gallows and souls reeking in human gore hurried into eternity, are nothing to them, nothing! when weighed in the scale of Rum-seller's rights!—the right to make money thereby!

"These are THE STOUTS they claim—they love them well,—Hired Engineers upon the road to Hell!"

We ask our readers what other business produces the like results? And is it not right and just, to exterminate a traffic fraught with such direful consequences.

HORRIBLE TRAGEDY—FOUR CHILDREN KILLED BY THEIR MOTHER.

(From the *Syracuse Journal*.)

A most heart-rending occurrence took place yesterday (Saturday), on the Onondaga Lake Shore Road, six miles east of the village of Bridgeport, in Madison County. A woman by the name of Ward, the wife of Mathew Ward—who is represented to us as being a drunken, worthless fellow, murdered four of her children in cold blood.

It appears that the husband had neglected his family and treated them in a most cruel manner. The wife and mother had threatened that if he did not reform his ways and help her to take proper care of the children, she would murder them and take her own life. He heeded not her threat, but persisted in his brutality.

Yesterday morning he left his home to go fishing on the lake, and during his absence she executed her threat, taking an axe, and with it cutting the throats of four or five children, the youngest of whom was only two months old. The oldest of the children, aged about eight years, escaped only by running away, she vainly pursuing him, with the axe in hand, for some distance.

She then returned to the house where she had perpetrated these shocking acts, and seizing her husband's razor, attempted to commit suicide by cutting her throat. She did not cut deep enough, however, to render the wound fatal, and when discovered was literally covered with blood, and suffering the most intense agony.

A CAPITAL TOAST.—At a Temperance Convention held in New York, the following laughable toast was given and drunk in a glass of cold water. It rather beats the famous "House that Jack built":

"Here is health to the memory of the man—I know not his name, but no matter for that—who chopped down the trees, who cleared the land, who ploughed the ground, who raised the corn, that fed the geese, that bore the quill that made the pen, that wrote the pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors."

SCOTT'S SENSIBILITY.

Sir Walter Scott could never eat the flesh of any creature he had known while alive. "I had once," said he, a noble yoke of oxen, which, with the usual agricultural gratitude, we killed for the table: they say it was the finest beef in the four counties; but I never could taste Gog and Magog whom I used to admire in the plough.—Moreover, when I was an officer of yeomanry, and used to dress my own charger, I formed an acquaintance with a flock of white turkeys, by throwing them a handful of oats now and then when I came from the stable. I saw their numbers diminish with real pain, and never attempted to eat any of them without being sick; and yet I have as much of the rugged and tough, about me as is necessary to carry me through all sorts of duty without much sentimental compunction."

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