The Weekly Mail.

VOL. III. NO. 107. TORONTO, FRIDAY, APRIL 17 1874. PRICE FOUR CENTS.

THE LOSS OF THE EUROPE.

PARTICULARS OF THE DISASTER.

(From the N. Y. World)

The only additional particulars of the loss of the Europe received give the report of the salvage crew, placing the leak of the vessel in the engine-room, and announcing the final loss and abandonment of the vessel as due to the choking of her leading pumps. Remembering perhaps that the blow of the Loch Earn found the Ville du Havre a mere shell amidships, conjecture at the office of the Company had placed the weak point of the Europe in the same region. As the water was eighteen feet deep on the floor of the engine-room when the crew was transferred to the Egypt, the fires were of course out, and the vessel was unmanageable, rolling like a log, and slowly bending amidships as the centre compartment filled. Like all iron steamships, the vessel was provided with water-tight bulkheads, and till the water reached the deck the compartments fore and aft would remain buoyant, and in calm weather might float the vessel, but under the present circumstances the gaping planks which began the leak probably separated till the ship parted amidships. As no lives were lost, the office of the Company on Broadway was not besieged yesterday by the tearful, despairing throng which periodically crowds the offices of a steamship after the loss of an Atlantic steamer. Inquiries were made of the agent, Mr. Mackenzie, for additional particulars, but no despatch had been received from the main office beyond a brief recital of the fact that the news of the disaster had been received, and that additional particulars would be promptly transmitted. As the passengers and crew were safely transferred, Mr. Mackenzie was of the opinion that the ship's mails and papers were also transferred, as the Greece was able to supply herself with such provisions as a ship may have needed to replenish her stores. The crew of the vessel drafted on board the Egypt numbered, completed their arrangements to run weekly steamers the ensuing season; the lies of the "Europe may so far cripple their resources as to prevent the plan being carried out. The Greece, with its reached passenger, is expected to-day or to-morrow.

Like the last vessel lost by the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique the Europe was originally a side-wheel steamer. She was an iron Clyde built steamer, and was launched in 1864. Immediately after she was placed on the line running to this port, and with the exception of the period, in which she was chartered by the Government as a transport during the late war, the steamer to a screw has been engaged in the carrying trade between this port and Havre. During the greater part of the time she was under the command of Captain Le Marie, her first officer at the time of the disaster. In the spring of last year she was out in two at a Glasgow ship-yard, lengthened, and the necessary changes made in her boilers and hull for a screw. When she left the dry-dock in last July she was measured for 4,000 tons burden, 420 feet long, and with forty-four feet breadth of beam. In point of spars and rig the Europe was left a three masted, barque-rigged vessel. Like the Ville du Havre, which this steamship resembled in so many respects, she was built with a flush hurricane deck, running from stem to stern, and broken only by the staterooms of some of the officers. The saloon was amidships and ran across the vessel. It was panelled in Italian marble, and upholstered in dark crimson velvet. All of the saloons, was the Europe, had little gem of dainty furnishing. The smoking room was located forward of the saloon. The staterooms of the officers and the engineers were under the grand saloon, the steerage was located in the forward part of the hurricane deck. The vessel carried no steerage. Its construction and appointments the ship was under the command of Captain Le Marie, communicated with the helm and the engine room by electric city, and the berths were provided with electric bells. The ship is placed at $1,250,000 (half of this sum was insured in French and English companies, the remainder in this city. It was having been assumed by the Company, such has for some time done a portion of its own underwriting. Since the construction of the Europe her first trip to this port was in September, commencing from the 10th of the month. She brought out passengers at the time the Calvini troupe, and left Sandy Hook on the 26th of that month, the first vessel of the French line to leave Havre after the loss of the Ville du Havre disaster, and brought the earliest French reports of the wreck. Like her ill-fated sister-ship, it was her sixth trip that the Europe had left port for the last time. She sailed from Havre March 27 with 400 persons on board, passengers and crew, and had a valuable cargo of French merchandise—silks, wines, sardines, —vacuum at the time, $1,250,000 insured. As usual at this season of the year, a large quantity of extra-fine goods for the spring trade formed a portion of the freight, which increased its value. The loss of the cargo falls exclusively on the owners and underwriters, the Company incurring no responsibility. The Europe carried a crew much larger than the average complement of merchant steamer, and her officers all held commissions in the French naval reserve, and had seen service in the French navy as well. Captain Le Marie was an officer second in command of the Napoleon, commodore of the line.

An Artist's Suicide.

(From the Gazette.)

The case of William Bendrickson, the young artist who shot himself through the heart at the Cliff House beach late Saturday night, has excited unusual interest. At the post-mortem examination a large calibre Smith and Wesson ball was found in the heart of the deceased, and it was the opinion of the Coroner's jury assembled, and the testimony was partially taken, that he had committed to his acquaintance with the dead artist. On Saturday morning, at ten o'clock, he and Mr. Weber went to a room by appointment, we spent the day in enjoyment. Went to the Sandman on Cliff and spent dinner, and also attended to a little business—we also went to Mr Fredricks' room, and stayed there from half-past five to nine, then went to a store on Kearsey street, where he bought a revolver. I asked him what he wanted with a revolver; he said he had always wanted one, and that he would have some target practice, and he persuade him that he didn't need one, but he insisted upon buying it; we then went to several liquor saloons, and he drank, and really got three saddle horses at the Railway stables; but soon after we left we started for the Cliff House, we stopped at his house for him to change his dress, we then started, but when we got two blocks off he started back again to get something; he went into the house, brought out the little trunk and handed me a pistol, he left it in a drug store, corner of Taylor and Eddy; then we went to the Cliff House we got to the Cliff House Mr. Fredricks ordered dinner; after dinner Mr. Fredricks proposed a walk on the beach, it was a moonlight night; he had told us that he intended to kill himself that night, and he also thought he talked of committing suicide; he had been quoting Shakespeare all day, and said, "Let me die as I think fit, I am tired of matter with him, and tried to convince him that there was no between in suicide; he told us at the Cliff House that he was last night on earth; I was not convinced that he meant what he said; I thought he was in a slightly tragic; for this reason I did not try to disarm him; when we got to the beach he walked ahead down to a small point, he seemed to be in good spirits, but said that he was determined to die; I thought that he was acting, and was getting tired, I therefore proposed to go home; he stated away from me, then stopped, and with his back towards us he suddenly struck a tragic attitude, and I saw a flash and heard a report; I still thought he was acting, but yet I roused up to him and found upon opening his clothes that it was indeed a tragedy and not a farce; he told me positively that the depreciation of his pictures was the sole cause of his grief.

A Lover drops into Poetry

A recent trial in Sparta, Wis., has been the means of revealing to an astonishing public the somewhat extraordinary correspondence that had passed between two young persons of opposite sex, residing in that neighborhood. One of the letters from the young man reads thus:

"dere girl

"I take my pen in hand to let you know that i am not very well but hop this will find you well as they you Was the last time i saw you. I was out in the woods all one nite and it flaxed all nite i took cold and it left me very lame. my dere pet this is the 3 letter since i saw you And have not received know letter yet. What is the Matter. hav you forgot me or is Some one betwen your letters. I hav not forgotten you nor never shall of you. I wisht i should hav been in iowa know or some other place of things had worked Mine. i am to work on a farm frame 2 miles from dorest on the tomah road.

"good by my dere darling pet my pretiuse pet rite once more And tel me all the news. remember i think to mine of you ask you to sacrifice any happiness for me. i would lik to see you once more and if you will do see me send me A line when And where to meet you."

The Sioux chartered are withered and are [illegible] are as spotted as a leopard. [illegible] radiance and horror sunde in my breast, and my [illegible] Weary in days of rest.

I think that troubles that I take a dreme [illegible] has vanished like a shadow that make the extreme [illegible] Shadow no longer, like brook each tow [illegible] has showed an inter to mine upon my [illegible] ther so dearly, her love was my life [illegible] emphased in spirit to mine every strife [illegible] filled my soul dream with music and [illegible] scattered in the [illegible] and [illegible] A long [illegible] love was the flour that [illegible] in perfume A [illegible] Rainbow in the [illegible] from [illegible] the wave the [illegible] bridge [illegible] with the [illegible] my [illegible] perfect [illegible] A kiss [illegible]

"DING BLISTER.—I remember, says Rush, a correspondent of the Medical Surgical Journal, that when I was very young, they used to raise blisters with boiled hammers. Old Dr. Twitchell of Keene—you to his ashes—once wanted to blister some one in a farm house, far from home. He asked the wife to find him a hammer. The wife was brought, which he put in a tea kettle on the fire, and, after the water steamed and bubbled well, he lifted it out and gently laid it to his patient in a half dozen times over the seat of pain, with very positive effect. Boiled hammers were, for years, in this neighbourhood for plaistrs; whenever old lady knew that nothing was like a hammer and there was a long discussion whether it should be a claw-hammer or a ball-face, the ball face finally conquered.

"I think the yeas finally conquered. [illegible] correspondent of the St. Louis Dispatch [illegible] Modoc on their reserving the Indian territory. He reprints Capert Jonhnson's address to every Indian, Christian or civilization rapid.

CANADIAN.

Desperate Adventure.

(From the N. Y. Times)

Mr. A. B. Morris is a lawyer, and his place of residence is Watertown, N. Y. He came to this City about ten days ago, on his way to the South, and having some business to transact here, put up at the Park Hotel. On the day before yesterday he made an agreement with a friend to go to the Union Square Theatre to see the play of "Lo! Asaray," little thinking at the time, as he says, that before seeing the fiction he would be most egregiously lectured by himself. But so he was, as the result will show. Mr. Morris had agreed with his friend to meet him at the corner of Broadway and Canal street at 9 30 o'clock, from whence they were to go to the theatre together. Mr. Morris arrived at the place of meeting rather early, and while waiting for his friend amused himself by watching the passers by. Presently he was accosted by a young woman who was very neatly though poorly dressed, and of a most respectable appearance. She began by saying, "Are you ready to go with me now, Sir?" and then in apparent confusion, begged his pardon for speaking to him. She said she had taken him for a gentleman she had seen in the Dollar Store. She then went on to tell him that she was in great trouble and distress. "I have a crying mother and a sister in the last stage of consumption," she said, "and I am unable to pay the rent of our room, and the landlord threatens to put our traps out of sight if I do not pay." "Here," said Morris, "she began to cry, and great tears ran down her cheeks; there was no humbug there, for I saw them." He asked her how much she owed, and she sobbing, $2. "But I don't want for you to give me the money here, Sir," she said, "I want for you to see for yourself that I am not deceiving you. I never asked for charity before, but when the pain came I was discharged, along with several other girls, from the Dollar Store, and since then have been unable to get any work. I live only a few blocks away from here, and if you can spare the time, I would like to have you see my mother and sister, and the condition which we are in." "And I like a fool," said Mr. Morris. "Looked at my watch, and seeing that I had yet half an hour to spare, I went with her We went east from Canal street, and turned into a side street, and after a while we came to a dense and secondly row of three story, and entered a narrow hallway. There the woman opened a door in the right, and asked me to walk in and wait until she could advise her mother that some one was present to see her. The room was warm and comfortable; a bright fire burned in the grate, and the furniture and there was a lounge. In front of the fire, and nearer to it than the lounge was to the door, sat a lady. "You can sit on the bed, Sir," said the woman, "as there are no chairs. I will take off my shawl, and

The Helpful Woman.

Fact needs no aid from the ingenuity of fiction to show that capacity to endure with grace and helpfulness the ordeal of sudden adversity is an effect of natural disposition and character rather than of social grade and training. The heroic trait that relies to a peculiar dignity of person and manner, by luxurious education and living, is indeed the rarest possible spur to native fertility of inherent practical resources and indomitable bravery of action under severe worldly reverses; and as the fine pride of a well-bred young man makes him far the better volunteer soldier of an abrupt war time than the hardiest brave of the mob, so a tenderly reared young woman of fashion may easily show herself more capable of endurance and benedicent effort when gauntlet poverty assails than she who has never known what it was to be rich and idle. When some years ago the death of a supposedly wealthy citizen of Washington revealed that his estate was hopelessly insolvent, and the widow and the fatherless were thereby plunged into the bitterest distress that can supplement the anguish of mortal bereavement, one of the daughters, a delicate girl, scarcely sixteen years old, proved herself a shining illustration of the strength that gathers in dainty beauty from the sunshine its force and daring to meet the storm. With her mourning step-mother prematurely an invalid, and her sister and brother, as helpless, this true woman—a woman in the best sense—at once revealing her identity, she swooned and did not recover consciousness till the following morning. Mr. Hask was at once sent for, and, taking a carriage, went after his wife and with the assurance of friends carried her about a quarter of a mile to the carriage. After reaching the city, Dr. M. C. West was summoned, who found Mrs. Hask in a most deplorable condition physically. Her four years afterward in the little fellow crept his saddle-bow, and galloped away with him to Vienna. In the Musée des Souverains at the Louvre they used to show the little skeleton suit of white cloth which the child's grandfather, Napoleon, had made him wear, in a hall of the palace of the Kaiserwitz you may see the portrait, in the uniform of German military officer, but with his mother's fair hair clustering over his temples, with his father's blue-gray eyes following you from the canvas. Since the fate, likewise, to lead two lives. He who was bodied baptized with water from the river Jordan; whose sponsors had been emperors and kings, whose regal title had arrogated dominions over half Christendom, he who, with whose palace in Paris was to cover the entire Troocadero, was deprived of his inheritance and even of his very name. His mother coolly deserted him to marry a one-eyed chamberlain; and he grew up a stunted boy, who fell into a state of weary languor from Europe, "the Napoleon of Napoleons" he had be, as with his weak hands he tried so raise the Eagle of France. The Eagle in the vault of the Capucains at Vienna! In two generations, what political strife was force and fraud, he was years completely forgotten. Only, from the Palazzo Madama at Rome there broke forth the cry of an old, old, woman. It was the voice of Letizia, the desparing wail of the Mother of Kings, of Napoleon the Great, of Napoleon the Great. "I have no more hope," she whispered, sinking slowly down by the side of the coffin, when the Papal Chamberlain messenger from Vienna came to tell her that her grandchild was dead.

Prince Louis Napoleon in his generation has been luckier than his cousin. At least, he has escaped the awful doom of being Bonapartist. His Imperial Father knew England well. He unerristed our habits, our ways, and our feelings, and on their side Englishmen, so the very commonest of the people, have generally, at least understood the Third Napoleon. But for the most miserable of international habits and prejudices, we should have had him in our midst as well as did the nephew. There is a gruff old Saxon tale that, one dark night in the year 1811 a prodigious crowd was gathered under the windows of the Tuileries The Consort of Napoleon the Great, Emperor and King, was in travail. At the birth the guns of the Invalides were to be fired, a hundred and one for a girl, a hundred and one for a boy. The night wore on, and at length the cannon began to give tongue. With almost breathless expectancy the multitude listened for and counted each succeeding reverberation. The century was reached; a spasmodic sigh seemed to sweep over the crowd; there was a pause that seemed ages long; but the hundred and first gun roared from beyond the Seine, and a louder shout of "Vive l'Empereur!" rose from a hundred thousand throats. The multitude knows that a man-child had been born to inherit the thrones of France and Italy. So he too, spoken of by Jerrold from his wife's chamber into the room where the prelates, and the marshals, and the dignitaries of his Empire were assembled, and holding aloft a poor little mite of a thing wrapped up in a mantle of purple, cried, in exulting tone, "It is a King of Rome." The future was Caesar's, so Frenchmen thought, and were never tired of repeating. But this future, in truth, was an Austrian dragoon why four years afterwards this little fellow crept his saddle-bow, and galloped away with him to Vienna. In the Musée des Souverains at the Louvre they used to show the little skeleton suit of white cloth which the child's grandfather, Napoleon, made him wear. In