THE HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1884.

"The Cruise of the Alice May."

THE *Century* Magazine for February contains an article with the above title, treating chiefly of P. E. Island, from the pen of Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin. It is beautifully illustrated, and, we need hardly say, is well worthy of perusal. The *Century* has, it is said, a circulation of 200,000, of which 50,000 are in England; and this being so, the article will do more for advertising this Province than has ever been done before. Mr. Benjamin is now American Minister to Persia, and is known as a clever writer and essayist. After making Charlottetown his base of operations for a voyage round the Island, he goes on to say:

"Tuesdays and Fridays are the days when Charlottetown shows the most evidence of activity and commercial prosperity. Two causes have recently produced great commercial depression on the Island. These are the failure of the Prince Edward Island Bank through the—what shall we call it?—of the directors, and the decline in shipbuilding, which, until the primeval forests had been cut down, was a great source of revenue to the Island. In summer time P. E. Island enjoys a delightful temperature; the mercury ranges for three months from sixty to seventy-six degrees, rarely varying from those figures. The air is dry and free from fogs, and and as the wind invariably comes off the sea, the Island is exceedingly healthful. The advantages for summer visitors are increased by the abundance of fresh meat and other provisions, the cheapness of living and the loveliness of the drives in every direction over a country that is gently undulating, verdurous and always in sight of the sea."

After naming the chief roads and comparing the Island to Thessally, the land of fleet steeds, the writer goes on to say that it is not wonderful that these attractions, together with snipe-shooting, etc., are beginning to attract the attention of tourists, who find comfortable accommodations at the farm houses, or at the hotels erected at such charming summer resorts as Rustico and Tracadie.

The facilities for observing the scenery of the Island, (says Mr. Benjamin) are greatly aided by a narrow guage railroad, which is sure to be used, as the Dominion agreed to keep it going when the Island entered into the Confederation.

"Charlottetown is, of course, the centre of life in P. E Island, but the social distinction there are drawn with abrupt and perhaps unnecessary emphasis. Lying as it does on an arm of the sea, which extends east and west some forty miles like a river, this city enjoys fine facilities for aquatic sports, while the drives in the neighborhood are, during the summer, very agreeable.

Money goes far here, because it is scarce, and time and provisions—the chief commodities—are cheap. The people are mostly of Scotch descent. The remnants of a tribe of Mic-macs, civilized almost out of existence, still occupy a reservation on Indian Island, in Richmond Bay, and sell baskets and beadwork at the weekly market. Decendants of the original Acadian French yet farm the lands about Rustico and Tignish. They have a convent at the latter place. By far the most numerous people on the Island are Highland Scotch. They came here originally from the Hebrides, driven from home, it is said, by the religious oppression of the Lairds. They have increased and multiplied, and, with the addition of the French, nearly half the population is Roman Catholic.

"Summerside is a new place which sprang up mushroom-like, and soon threatened, with its bustling prosperity, to overtop every other port in the Island, but its growth stopped before it could become beautified by the slow growth of verdure, and it is now almost a mere naked cluster of warehouses and uninteresting cheaply constructed dwellings. But it is situated on Bedeque Bay, a lovely estuary, into which empties the Dunk River, whose waters are the delight of the disciples of the gentle craft. Midway in the Bay lies Park Island. Some years ago a capitalist of Summerside conceived the idea of making this island a summer resort. He purchased it, and on its centre built a commodious hotel, the largest in P. E. Island. Charming walks and drives were cut through the groves, bathing houses were put up on the beach, and numerous other attractions were offered to guests. A small steamer was bought, expressly to carry them over, and it seemed as if the place ought to bring a profit to the enterprising proprietor who had such confidence in the charms of his native isle. But he sank all his fortune in this ill-starred enterprise, and his anxieties brought him to an early grave. The hotel, standing on the islet, empty and deserted, adds a tinge of dreariness to an otherwise pleasing picture.

"The Scotch have a Caledonian Club at Charlottetown, and once a year there is a great gathering of the clans, with a corresponding display of plaid. The same clan names re-appear so constantly that in order to avoid confusion, sobriquets are often attached to a person's name, as, for example, a certain Macdonald is called 'Red Angus Macdonald,' to distinguish him from 'White Angus Macdonald.'"

In another place he says:

"The point of departure was Charlottetown. Through the kindness of a friend residing there a suitable schooner was chartered, but when the day arrived for taking possession, the schooner failed to put in an appearance. Here at the very outset, we encountered one of the most common annoyances which a punctual man, and a Yankee, is forced to endure in the Maritime Provinces. Punctuality as appreciative of the value of time is scarcely understood there. Without delay we threw out scouts in every direction to report on the matter of available schooners. Long search was attended by many pleasant incidents. It gave us an opportunity to see much of this charming Island, and to enjoy the genial hospitality of its people, especially the kind folks of Charlottetown. This is a quite but attractive place of some ten thousand inhabitants. On the outskirts, especially in the neighborhood of the Governor's mansion, there is much beauty in the residences, which are surrounded by shrubbery, and situated by the water-side."

As we proceed with the notes we find that the *Alice May's* cruise was not confined to Prince Edward Island, but takes in the whole Gulf, and, we have no doubt, for the notes are to be continued in the March number of the *Century*, takes the reader along Nova Scotia and perhaps to Quebec by the River St. Lawrence, and hence we leave off, as those places are but of secondary importance to the HERALD readers. Indeed, were it not for the absence of the much complained of schooner, and subsquently of the cook, the writer's stay on the Island would have been still shorter. But let us be thankful for what has been said of us, and especially of Charlottetown. The modern magazine is much better, because more widely circulated, than history for spreading abroad the fame and beauties of the tight little Island.

British Affairs.

IF the Right Honorable W. E. Gladstone had prescience four years ago of the storms coming on to rage round his administration and shatter his plans, would he have been so enthusiastic in battering poor Beaconsfield in the unmerciful fashion he did all through the Midlothian campaign? He probably would, for after all is said about the tender heart and high moral tone of the "Grand Old Man," he has a pretty tough conscience of his own. If he had not, he would have been gathered to his fathers many years ago. If he had not, he would go down on his marrowbones and make an abject apology to the angry shade of Beaconsfield, which must be always hovering near him, pointing with his ghostly right hand to Ireland and his left to Egypt. "Look you, mine ancient rival," Beaconsfield might wrathfully and truthfully exclaim, "there is Ireland not yet pacified, and there is the Soudan in a blaze. Whose fault is it, yours or mine? You ousted me with that infernal eloquence of yours, but what have you done since then but carry out my policy in your bungling Liberal fashion. Is Ireland not governed by the bayonet still, and more ruthlessly than when I and 'My Lord Duke' ruled the roast? Don't you prohibit meetings over there, and don't you encourage Orangemen just as we did? And as for Egypt, did you not lay its capital almost in ashes, and is not the rest of it in flames of war just now? Out upon you for a hypocrite, I would have never gone so far as that. Shame upon you for a lion in an asses skin; you are a dyed-in-the-wool Tory, and I am a Radical of the Radicals after all. Fool that I was not to have gathered Dilke and Chamberlain to my heart instead of the Lord Dukes who have no brains. But it seems it is necessary every man must wear a mask in this world," and after having said all this, the shade of Beaconsfield might vanish and leave the "Grand Old Man" smiling at the consciousness of his own superior sagacity. Gladstone is seventy-four, and great problems are facing him for solution; but they do not scare him, because fifty-three years of political life has thickened and toughened his conscience. As for Egypt, it gives him little trouble. It things come to the worst, a British army of fifty thousand men can subdue all Africa, let alone the Soudan. The Irish trouble is really a serious one, which, however, may be overcome by a a large Home Rule concession. It is the domestic affairs of the empire which would really appal a mind that is politically sensitive. The tide of democracy is rising steadily and rapidly. It has been retreating and advancing since 1832; it is now at the spring, and may soon burst its banks and sweep away the landmarks of centuries. But does Gladstone really care for the landmarks? He has shown his teeth at them more than once and growled, and the landmarks hate him most cordially. Gladstone must know the meaning of a large extension of the suffrage better than any other living man; better even than his Lieutenant Joseph Chamberlain. If three millions of voters be admitted to the franchise the next electorate will return a different class of men to Parliament. Parliament is at present composed of railroad magnates, shipowners, landlords, millionaires, of men, in fact, who for the most part have what is known as a large stake in the country. The reformed Parliament will be different. It will find room for revolutionists, who will look to Chamberlain as their chief and wait his order to vote the House of Lords out of existence. Revolutionists care little for the great traditions of the past; they know that neither they nor their fathers had anything to do with framing statutes; they look to the future for a realization of their theories, and those theories do not take in a monarchy. Such a man as Chamberlain was an impossibility when Gladstone first entered Parliament; but after Gladstone's time he may be censured by his party for moderation as Gladstone is now. Gladstone knows all this, and yet he persists in the suffrage extension and other vast political changes. Surely he has made history, and is destined to make more. But will Salisbury and Argyll allow themselves to be voted out of politics? That is the great question.

No one for a moment doubts the oft repeated assertion that Ireland is rather a queer place in which to live, and the latest accounts do not tend to discredit it. Parliament will meet on the fifth of February, and for a month before the meeting members make it a custom to visit their constituencies and put themselves *en rapport* with the electors. This has been done in England; but in many parts of Ireland the landlords have prevented it. Thus if an Irish member wished to address his constituents the Duke of Abercorn's sons and Lord Rossmore, and Lord Caledon and a few other folks of like calibre, have nothing to do but hire a certain number of roughs to assemble at or near the spot advertised for the meeting, when the Government kindly steps in and says there shall be no meeting. Suppose the electers of Halifax arrange for a meeting, and a few Montrealers anxious to prevent it, sent on the offscourings of the Quebec suburbs, what would the Canadian Government do? There is no need to answer, for the reason that Canada is not a queer country to live in. But this sort of thing cannot last forever even in Ireland.

A Villainous Attack.

IN last Saturday's issue of Mr. Laird's paper appeared an article which his enemies must have been delighted to read, and which his friends—if he has any left—must regret he ever allowed himself to write. It appeared to us as the utterance of a man who had been driven to bay and had nothing to say in his own defence. No matter how hard, or how merciless, or how truthful, have been the HERALD's replies to Mr. Laird's assaults, they could have never done him half the harm that has the atrociously cowardly article to which we refer. Mr. Laird had for weeks and months gone on assailing the characters of our public men almost with impunity, when the HERALD replied. In replying it had, in order to be truthful, to deal rather severely with Mr. Laird's public career, and had to bring several charges against him as a public individual. The HERALD did not speak of its own knowledge or authority; it quoted Mr. Laird's religious and political friends in support of its charges. Has Mr. Laird answered to any of those charges? Has he attempted to refute them? He has not, because he found it impossible. But he has done something in the premises. Instead of defending himself he makes a savage attack upon a private citizen, one of the most esteemed in the Province, but in no way connected with the HERALD or responsible for anything that appears in its columns. Just fancy! Here is an ex-Cabinet Minister, an ex-Governor of Keewatin, an ex-Christian—an ex-everything almost—who, when his public conduct is attacked, can do nothing better than make malignant use of the paper he controls to assail the private character of a gentleman who is his superior in everything that constitutes a true man. During the controversy that has taken place the HERALD was more careful of Mr. Laird's character than he was himself. Such gentle courtesy has been repaid with ingratitude. In future let Mr. Laird—if he will persist in attacking private character—confine himself to the editor of the HERALD, who flatters himself he can handle him without assistance. Let him understand that the *tu quoque* style is not argument.

The Belfast Election.

We are not quite sure up to this who is the Grit candidate for Belfast. There has been a flourish of trumpets about Mr. Duncan McMillan; but if we are correctly informed the party leaders are in doubt as to his strength in the constituency, and may yet look for a stronger man. For ourselves, we imagine the strongest man they can find will be too weak to win. A change has taken place in the minds of the electorate of Belfast since the late member was returned. But whoever the Grit candidate may be, one thing certain is that Mr. Alexander Martin is the nominee of the Liberal-Conservatives, and that it is their intention to send him to the legislature. There is no hesitation observable in his regard. Apart from politics, Mr. Martin is an able and an honest man. He has a good record, he is a good speaker, and will make a good representative. We are among those who think that in local legislatures party lines should not be too vividly marked, and that if the Government of the day, if they have a sound policy, with ability to carry it out, they should obtain support in preference to their opponents, who have none—but the negative one of opposition. The opponents of the present Government go in for more taxation for purposes of revenue. So as not to lay ourselves open to exaggeration we quote from the Grit organ and make it speak for us. The *Patriot* of 26th January says:—

"They (the Davies Government) saw when they took the reins of power that the Province would soon be involved in debt unless some means were devised to make the revenue equal to the expenditure. A new Asylum building was urgently required, and our education system had fallen sadly behind the wants of the population and the advancement of the times. Something had to be done, and the assessment scheme was tried. It may have been in some respects unevenly levied and abruptly enforced, but that the principle underlying the measure was not unjust was clearly admitted by the present Government when they retained it in operation for three years after their accession to office."

This is a mild way of excusing a ruinous scheme; but the organ can do no better. In another part of the same article "Sullivan & Company" are charged with "being too cowardly to impose necessary taxation." To give the Grits their due the same thing cannot be said of them. They lay on taxes with consummative bravery, and if a malevolent fortune placed them in possession of the Government to-morrow, we would have taxes, and plenty of them. The surprising part of the quotation consists in the confession of the *Patriot*. Perhaps, however, we are mistaken. Perhaps the editor of the *Patriot* wanted the nomination himself, and not having received it is angry. At all events he championed the Grit candidate in rather singular fashion.

The policy of the Government is pretty well known throughout the Island, which is an advantage. It is a policy of retrenchment and economy. With the assessment levy of the Davies Government $165,000 would have been drawn from the people during the past five years had they remained in office, more than has been taken under their successors. True, the *Patriot* very properly objects that no one can tell what the Davies Government would have done. It is as likely as not the assessment would have been still further increased. Besides this reduction justly claimed by the Government they can show the sum of $23,000 paid yearly for education over the annual amount paid by the Grits when in power. What is the policy of the Opposition? Listen to it as expressed by the organ, "Stern opposition to the policy of Sullivan and Company." That and increased taxation, which is very simple, as also that it is a policy a pack of imbeciles could carry out. But how do the electors of Belfast like it?

NOTES FROM THE CAPITAL.

(*From Our Own Correspondent.*)

OTTAWA, Jan. 21.

THE debate on the address was closed on the 19th, and the address itself passed without a division. Those who were fortunate enough to occupy seats in the gallery witnessed an intellectual treat, for they heard a masterly exposition of the affairs of the country from Mr. McMasters, the rising member for Glengarry; a masterly criticism from Mr. Blake, and a masterly reply from Sir John A. Macdonald. Mr. McMasters moved the address in reply, and spoke in his now keenly appreciated, logical style, which no one can remember with more freshness than your Island Dr. Robertson, who first heard him in his great speech on the King's election case. Nor was Mr. Belleau, a whit inferior, in his speech seconding the reply, delivered in the most polished and incisive of French, without pause or break, except where they were necessary. Mr. Belleau is the member-elect for Levis, who, you will remember, was claimed as an independent by the Opposition. If Mr. Belleau is an independent, Sir John might well wish he had many more like him in the House. Mr. Blake assumed a jaunty, humorous vein, in criticising the address, which does not sit well upon him, famous as he is for his cold cynicism. But, as Sir John happly remarked, he had reason to be gay, seeing that the frost had destroyed part of the Northwest wheat crop, and the bonds of the Syndicate did not float as buoyantly as was expected, owing to the unpatriotic conduct of the Grit press, inspired by Mr. Blake and his friends. Of course Mr. Blake made the very best of his case, as he always does, whether in *nisi prius*, or parliamentary combat; but he failed to convert any Conservative member to his views, or, for that matter, any sensible voter in Canada. His speech, which lasted two hours, was elaborately prepared, unlike that of Sir John in reply, which was, of necessity, impromtu. Mr. Blake confined himself principally to the Pacific Railroad policy of the Government, which he pronounced a failure, and he reverted with ill-suppressed pride to the late decision in the case of Hodge *vs.* the Queen, which, he contended, settled the license question dispute in favor of the Provincial Government. He also exulted in the report that it was contemplated to start a soup kitchen in London, and pointed out that the prophecies of the Finance Minister were not fulfilled. Indeed, if you turn over the files of of Hansard and there read the speech of the Opposition leader delivered last year, you will find it not materially different from his tirade of last Friday, save that the latter is not quite so dismal or so permeated throughout with cynicism. Sir John's reply was overwhelming. His repartees were never better, and all delivered on the spur of the moment. Thus, when referring to the Lennox Election case, he said if there was a fresh election to-morrow, the verdict of that constituency might be reversed, and Mr. Casgrain shouted, "Well, disolve the House and let us run it over again." Sir John brought down the House with the rejoinder:

I don't want to lose my hon. friend. What could the Opposition from Lower Canada be without the hon. gentleman? Why the Rouge flag would be pale, and those unfortunate and desperate Bleus would be deprived of the correcting influences of my hon friend who now asks for reelection.

I may add that no one laughed at this sally more heartily than Mr. Casgrain himself, who by the way, expects to be a member of the next Grit Cabinet (when there will be a Grit Cabinet). Sir John's defence of the Northwest policy of the Government was very powerful. He shewed that the Grit policy—if carried out—would take a century to bring about the results achieved up to this by the policy of himself and colleagues. He pointed out that Manitoba and the Northwest were being rapidly settled by immigrants from Europe and Old Canada; towns were springing up in all directions; that the railroads had lowered its freights at the right time; that instead of deficits and soup kitchens, Canada enjoyed surpluses and prosperity, and would enjoy them in still greater fullness as the present policy was better developed, and as more experience was gained. The following is his pronouncement on the Hodge case, about which the Grits have been making such a clatter of late:

I have no hesitation in saying that it is not the end of it. I have no hesitation in saying that the Privy Council, for reasons that that are apparent, and from the absence of the gentlemen who take up questions regarding the British North American Act, avoided a decision. The decision simply is, first, that the Provincial Government can make police arrangements for the order and good government of taverns, and second, if they can do that themselves, they can hand their power over to the municipalities. That is simply the decision, and it in no way affects the decision in the Russel case since the language of the Government, of which the hon. gentlemen was a member, and sometimes not a member, sometimes a supporter and sometimes not a supporter, when he placed in 1878 in the mouth of his Excellency the Governor-General, the words, "It is very desirable that there should be uniform legislation in all the provinces respecting the traffic in spirituous liquors. Hitherto that traffic has been regulated by provincial laws, or laws existing before the confederation of the provinces. There has been lately a conflict of authority as to the jurisdiction of the local authorities." That is the announcement made in 1878 in the speech from the Throne by the hon. gentleman opposite. The same language may be applied to the McCarthy Act to-day, and we may truly say that it is expedient that there should be one general law for the traffic in liquors over the whole of the Dominion, and instead of its being regulated as heretofore by provincial laws in the different provinces. We are going to carry out what the hon. gentleman in 1878 gave his support to. The hon. gentleman says I ought to put that in the Speech. If we were going to repeal the McCarthy Act we might put that in. But the Government has no such intention. That act is the law of the land. It is expedient that there should be one general law, and though still *subjudice*, I do not think the hon. gentlemen will disagree with us when we state that it is competent for this Legislature to pass that Act, and as to the expediency of it, I only quote the language of the late Government in proof of that.

At the conclusion of his speech, Sir John was cheered to the echo, and all felt, when he sat down, he had lost none of his logic or *esprit* since they had last heard him. The general impression here is that the session will be long, lively and interesting.

IT is the general opinion that all about the ill-fated *City of Columbus* has not yet come to light. The vessel was a splendid one, the night was clear and bright, the channel and its dangers were well known to all the officers, there was nothing like a gale blowing, and yet one hundred valuable lives were lost. A strict enquiry is in order. It is good to spare the feelings of the living; but surely something is also due to the unfortunate dead.

THE *Aurora*, a journal eminently qualified to judge in such matters, says: "We congratulate our friends in Prince Edward Island upon having so excellent a weekly as the Charlottetown HERALD. It is one of the most cleverly edited of our Maritime exchanges."

LOSS OF THE CITY OF COLUMBUS.

TALES OF THE SURVIVORS.

Roderick A. McDonald, of Prince Edward Island, Quartermaster of the ill-fated vessel, on being interviewed by a New York *Sun* reporter, said: "I went on duty at midnight. Captain Wright and first mate Fuller were then in the wheelhouse. Fuller was relieved at 1.45, and the second mate, Edward Harding, succeeded him. There was a heavy blow, but the sky was clear overhead, with the horizon hazy. The wind was a little on our starboard bow. After making the Tarpaulin Light on the island of Naushon, we took a south-west by west course, which always took us in midchannel. The captain went below about an hour before we struck. We were then above Tarpaulin Light to the west. About fifteen or twenty minutes before he went below, the Captain gave me the course, 'Southwest by west.' The second mate was in the pilot house at the time, and knew how we were headed. A short time before we struck he cautioned me not to go any to the leaward of that course. I steered as straight a course as possible. Mr. Hardwas at his station all the time during the absence of the captain. We could see the Gay Head Light plainly off our port bow, but we could not judge distance by it, for the land was hazy. The light appeared closer than usual to me, but with the land half obscured I could not judge. That is the course I have always steered the ship since I have been on the line in August last. A few minutes after the second mate's caution the man on the lookout ran to the pilot house and reported something to the mate. He told me afterwards that he reported the buoy off our port bow. The mate gave me the order 'Hard a port.' I obeyed, and the captain hurried up from his cabin and repeated the order. At that moment she struck, but not very hard, it seemed to me. Then the captain looked out and exclaimed: 'There is the buoy, I am outside of it.' I did not see the buoy. The captain rang to back her, and threw the wheel over to starboard. He also gave orders to hoist the jib to cant her head off to westward. There were plenty of men on duty, and the sail was set very promptly. She swung off a couple of points, and then came back again. She would not back off the reef, and then the captain tried to go over it, ringing 'Ahead, full speed.' It was no use. She swung a couple of points each way, but I could not tell whether she drifted any. I knew of the swinging of her head by the compass only. The vessel did not come off the rock at all. Then the captain told me to abandon the wheel, and we all left the pilothouse. The second mate took charge of the raising of the jib, and by the Captain's orders I went to help at the boats. I got a knife to cut away the lashing of the boats, and went to No. 2 lifeboat. Several others were there on the starbord side. The ship had just began to cant when we got the lee lashings cut. The vessel careened over, and we had to abandon the attempt to get the lifeboat free. Some were at work on the port side boats, which were plunged under the water, all but one, by the tipping of the vessel on that side. The second boat I went to on the starboard side, forward, was partly clear, and the first engineer was at work on her. With the second mate we tried to clear her and slide her down the steep deck to the water, but we couldn't free the boat without killing all hands, so I slid down a rope to the one boat that was aft on the port side. Four or five were already in that boat. I jumped for her and fell overboard. The next sea that swung her toward the vessel enabled me to catch hold of the gunwale. I sang out to a man on board to help me climb in, but he paid no attention. Then the boat suddenly filled under a heavy sea. Three of them on board jumped into the water, thinking she would sink, and they were drowned before they could reach the ship. It was a lifeboat, and did not sink when she filled, and I climbed on board. Four others remained on board, and we drifted away with the boat full of water. The others wanted to strike for the nearest shore under Gay Head Light, but I objected, knowing that we would be dashed to pieces on the rocky headland toward which the swift tide was carrying us. We paddled a little with oars, and kept her head to sea and wind. We were covered with water, and suffered fearfully as we struggled along around the headland. We tried to bale a little with a piece of board, and one man pulled off his boot and tried to bale, but we gained nothing, the sea breaking over us all the time. As we afterward found, there was a hole in the boat. We left the ship soon after 4 o'clock, and kept afloat until daylight about 7 o'clock. Then we succeeded in landing about two miles from the wreck. Chas. F. James died just before we reached the shore. The rest of us were hardly able to move. None could walk, and we crawled up the beach. I reached a house after a while, and sent help to my companions."

Captain Wright confirms the statement of Quartermaster McDonald, but adds that just before he went to his stateroom he directed the mate as soon as the ship should reach Tarpaulin Light, a few miles further on, to change the course to 'west-south-west.' But it appears that the second officer did not change the course after captain had entered his stateroom; hence the wreck.

Henry, Collins Second Assistant Engineer, Prince Edward Island, stated that he was asleep in his stateroom when he was awakened by the shock of the vessel striking on the rock. "I hastily dressed," he said, "and hurriedly ran on deck. A terrible sight was then revealed. Passengers from the main salon were crowding on deck and being washed overboard as fast as they came on the staircase. I went to the engine room and saw no one there. I then returned to the deck, and, seeing that the sea was breaking clean over the ship, I made for the mizzen rigging, where I watched everything and waited for a chance to escape. I saw passengers drop out of the rigging, frozen stiff, and washed away. I saw none of the other officers except Purser Spaulding, who was in the maintop. I heard no orders given. I hung in the port rigging until the lifeboat put of from Gay Head, and when she came within 30 yards of the wreck, I leaped into the sea and swam to her. The passengers clinging to the rigging were frozen to death. The shrieks of the men in the rigging were awful. I suffered myself as few mortals ever suffered and lived. I am a strong man, but I will never want to die again as eagerly as I did the night. I don't think the vessel has moved from the place where she was when she struck. She did a good deal of grinding on the rocks, and filled with water very rapidly after she struck—within 30 minutes. I think when I came on deck I saw the buoy off our port bow. I was not over three minutes in reaching the deck after the vessel struck."

John Madden, seaman, Prince Edward Island, makes the following statement:—"When I came on deck I heard either the captain or the mate, I don't know which, say, 'We shall loose 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 through the roof of the house. 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 did not stand fifteen minutes. Bill 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. I 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 swam 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."

William C. Spaulding, Purser (Boston,) said he was saved by the first boat that put off from the shore. Mr. Spaulding's room was on the hurricane deck, and he had turned in at 10 o'clock. He was awakened by the first shock. Hurrying out, he met the first officer, Edward Fuller, at the port midship boat. Mr. Spaulding said to Fuller, 'What does this mean?' He replied: 'The *Columbus* is lost; we are on Devil's Bridge.' The purser then ran to the saloon, and meeting the second steward, shouted to him: 'Get the passengers together, and knock in the stateroom doors if they don't come out. He went through the starboard side of the main cabin, knocking on all the doors of the staterooms, and I went through the port side doing the same. Before I had roused all the passengers on the port side the ship began to keel over. Then I shouted to everybody to save themselves as best they could, and rushed on deck on the weather side; the port side was already under water. The purser has no doubt that some were drowned in their staterooms on the port side. When he reached the deck the vessel began to settle and then to right a little. The steward told him that their only salvation was in the rigging. 'I saw the life raft,' Mr. Spaulding continued, 'on the hurricane house, with half a dozen standing on it, waiting for the sea to wash it off. I believed the best chance for life was on the raft, and I slid down a rope to go to it, but the raft got away before I could get there. Hanging to the rope, I was dashed about by the waves, and was finally washed into the port rigging. There I remained until 9.30, when the first lifeboat came off from the shore. Her coxwin told us the only way he could save us was by jumping. Thomas Buttler jumped first; then Collins, the second engineer; then the sailors Kennedy and O'Brien; a passenger next, and John Hines (fireman,) and myself last. We had to swim about eighty feet to the boat, but were successfully taken aboard, and all reached the shore alive. It is not true, as previously telegraphed, that one of this load died on the passage." In another interview, Purser Spaulding says: "It is impossible to tell how we suffered, while perched in the rigging of that ship, surrounded on all sides by death. The air was piercingly cold, and the wind blew a hurricane, so that it was with difficulty we could keep our hold. I shall never forget the bravery of Engineer Collins (Prince Edward Island) during that awful night. Once or twice some poor fellow, completely worn out, was on the point of letting go his hold, but was urged to keep up a litte while longer. 'Keep up your courage boys; help will come soon; don't give up while there is life left.' said Collins, when the men began to grow despondent. 'I am afraid there is no chance for us,' said a passenger, whose frozen fingers toes and ears, gave him great pain. Collins saw that something must be done to keep alive a spark of hope, and there in the rigging, with almost certain death staring him in the face, the brave fellow whistled a jig. A score of men looked sadly, almost reproachfully, upon him. 'There's a chance for you to warm your blood up, boys,' called out Collins. Collins' heroism and fortitude were undoubtedly the means of keeping several men from releasing their hold.

Thomas Butler, fireman (Prince Edward Island,) says he was in his bunk asleep when he was awakened by the crash, which broke one of the plates in the forward hold, and that within five minutes the water began to come into the fireroom. Upon jumping up, he was told that the steamer was sinking, so he hastily snatched his clothing and rushed out. After donning his clothes he went first to the lifeboat, and then to the rail, but not liking the chances on either, he got into the rigging on the weather side, and took a position on the cross-trees, where he remained for seven hours. When the boat came up, and they were told to jump into the icy water and swim fifty or eighty yards to her, he took off his coat and undercoat, and, bidding those on the rigging good-by, took the plunge and was the first to leave the steamer and live. When those in the rigging saw him pulled into the boat all right, they had not so much hesitation in following.

In addition to the Islanders mentioned in the foregoing, John White, deck hand, was also saved. The names of Richard W. Sullivan, John McKenna and Michael Smith, of this Island, appear in the list of the lost. Sullivan's body was found and conveyed to Boston on the 21st inst. It was placed in the vault underneath the church of the Redemptorist Fathers until the opening of navigation, when it will be brought home for interment.

BOSTON, Jan. 22.—Chief Officer Nickerson of the steamer *Glaucus* of the Metropolitan line said that he had been instructed not to talk about the wreck of the *Columbus*. They sighted the masts of the steamer on Friday morning at eight o'clock, but could not see any one in the rigging. If he had they would have been obliged to stop, although it would have been impossible to save any lives, because there was a such a sea running. They thought it was an old wreck of a collier, because they knew it had been clear, and they could not conceive of a steamer going on to Devil's Bridge in clear weather. The second officer had sailed with Capt. S. E. Wright, and said he was one of the most careful of captains.

The New License Act.

To the Editor of the Herald:

DEAR SIR,—Prince County has been stumped by the Scott Act party pretty thoroughly and is now again being gone over by the party seeking to introduce the New License Law. During the first stampede the Scott Act advocates had what was known to be the Scott Act meetings, and at these meetings several of the advocates undertook to misrepresent the new Act; hence the second round of meetings called by the new Act admirers. The meetings in all cases have been most orderly and fairly attended, at which both measures have been severally criticised by the speakers, according to taste. The advocates of the new License Law argued (and I may here say many believe) that the Scott Act is not, by any means, a temperance act, but otherwise, in its effects. They also plead that the new law is a later and better considered conclusion of Canada's best temperance men regarding the sale or traffic in liquor, and that it is the cool, calm and deliberate wish of such men as Professor Foster, Sir Leonard Tilley, and others who formed part of the select committee appointed last session from both branches of the legislature at Ottawa, and that the new Act is, in all its phases, more stringent from a temperance point of view, than the Scott Act is or has been. The discussion is becoming very warm, and is, from present appearance, likely to result in the overthrow of the Scott Act in Prince County. The Scott Act advocates are now pleading that the new License Law is not constitutional, and urge that as a reason why it should not be adopted, which objection was fairly met by a telegram from Sir John A. McDonald on last Wednesday to George Muttart, Esq., of Summerside, in which Sir John says: "The License Act, 1883, is constitutional, and is being put in force." Sir John also said so very clearly in his place in Parliament in Ottawa on the 18th inst., which leaves no doubt on the peoples minds as to the legality of the Act. This being the case, less opposition is expected during the next few days from the zealous admirers of the mischievious Scott Act, now about to be put in the scale, where it has always been heretofore found wanting.

Now, Mr. Editor, your subscribers in this section would like very much to know your opinion in the next issue of the HERALD as to which the Scott Act or new License Law is best suited to control the sale of liquor in this County. Your opinion in such cases is looked upon as authoritative.

Yours, &c.,
JUSTICE.

Prince County, Jan. 28, 1884.

[We refer our correspondent to the HERALD of January the 9th, in which an editorial on this subject appeared. There is no doubt on the constitutional question.—ED. HERALD.]

Letter from Myles O'Regan.

Mr. Editor:

I don't know what to do with that aristocratic cousin of mine from Ireland. He takes everything for granted, and has not the least hesitation in thinking the world was made for landlords. He firmly believes that the government—some government—owes him a living, and that banks should honor his cheques whether he has money deposited in them or not. In fact, he believes everything is told him, especially if it redounds in his praise, or to his advantage, and entertaining the high opinion of himself that he does is not a bit surprised that the government has granted to him and his heirs forever that beautiful valley I described in my last letter. As I have already mentioned, he demanded that the soil be broken up at once and sewn with timothy, as spring wheat he found would not thrive there until after it was manured.

"Myles, dear boy," he said, while going east on a surveying tour of the valley, "I think I shall raise stock for the home market on a few thousand acres, and sell the rest in lots of ten acres to the Mennonites, whom I shall bring out here."

"Why not bring out the Irish, Theodore?"

"The Irish! Why confound the beggars, they would not pay any rent."

He was right there.

I was sorely puzzled to escape from the difficulty my thoughtless exaggeration had got me into. What should I do with Theodore? He brought no money worth speaking of with him, and he would die before he would work. If I kept and boarded him until spring he would see his land, trees and all, floating down to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and then the murder would out, and the dear Theodore would be a little disappointed. He is so full of his new acquisition that I despaired of inducing him to return home with the promise that I would act as his agent, and remit him the rents of his estate every six months. No, he would stay until he had seen the ground broken up.

"But Myles," he said suddenly, "where shall I hang out. I must have a house, you know, and a dozen servants, the same as in the old country. By jove, whose place is that? What a fine old mansion. One like it would just suit me."

And truly it was a noble mansion he pointed out. It was a brick pile of modern architecture, composed of two wings, and beautifully situated near, and overlooking the river.

A brilliant idea struck me, "Perhaps," said I, "you would like to call on the proprietor. His name is Dr. Blanchard, a great friend of mine, and I am sure he would feel delighted at a visit from you. He entertains a profound admiration for the British aristocracy."

"Say you so? In that case he must be naturally good, and I shall honor his house with a visit. Has he any daughters?"

"I should think so, a great many, and some of them of vast pretensions. Why one of them is a widow of one of the Orleans Princes, and owns a diamond mine in Brazil. At least she says so, and I have no reason to doubt her word."

"By jove, come along Myles, old fellow, you must introduce me to the widow." Who knows——

By this time we had arrived at Dr. Blanchard's. I rang the bell and sent in my card.

"MR. MYLES O'REGAN,
Summerside Journal."

It is true I have not accepted the position offered me on that esteemed paper yet, but as I have no doubt I shall, I thought it was no harm to gain admission to Dr. Blanchard's establishment through its agency.

We were ushered into the Doctor's private parlor, and were hardly seated when a stalwart man placed himself behind Theodore's chair. Because, as he remarked afterwards, he saw a wild look in his eye. Theodore took this attention as due to his rank, and said nothing; and in a few moments after the Doctor appeared.

"Good afternoon, Mr. O'Regan. What can I do for you?"

"This," said I significantly, "is my cousin Mr. O'Regan, just out from the old country. Theodore allow me to introduce Dr. Blanchard to you.

The doctor closed one eye and with the other critically examined my poor cousin.

"By jove, Doctor," said Theodore, "this is a doosed fine place you have here—aw. I would like to purchase it, you know, for I now own all the valley for miles east and west, and this place would just suit me. I should call it O'Regan Castle."

"You would, eh; and pray Mr. O'Regan what valley have you purchased?"

"Why, there right at the foot of your house It is covered with snow, but wait till spring and it will bloom with clover. Eh, Myles?"

The doctor put his hand to his forehead, and I nodded in acquiescence.

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Poor Theodore! I cannot describe the scene that followed. Suffice it to say that he is as well as possible under the circumstances, and does not swear half as much as might have been expected. He is in illustrious company, too. The cell on his right is occupied by the Duke of Westminster, that on his left by Prince Victor Napoleon.

Mr. Editor, the Summerside *Journal* denies that I have been offered a position on its staff. This is what it says:

"Judging from Miles O'Regan's last effort to be funny, we would say that he must be an individual who has very little regard for the truth, when he would make the reckless statement that he had been offered a position on the *Journal* staff. We think 'Miles' must have been dreaming lately."

Now, I ask of the public, in all candor, if the above is fair? I say nothing of the fine sarcasm reflecting on my capacity for dreaming; I even overlook the doubts as to my veracity, but I certainly shall not submit to have my name tampered with, even by so respectable a citizen as the editor-in-chief of the Summerside *Journal*. I was so particular about my name as the best North Pole Macdonald that ever lived. The revolutions of time and Oliver Cromwell deprived my branch of the O'Regan family of their ancestral estates; but no power on earth could take away our illustrious names. And there has always been a Myles at the head of the family. Observe, Myles with a y, and not "Miles," as the Summerside man meanly calls me. He will next take O away and call me Miles Regan, but I warn him not to do that. Even as it is, I shall at once instruct my lawyers to enter a civil action against that journal and claim $10,000 damages. The change in a name very often changes the current of history. I shall not even have my name accented on the last syllable. My name is My