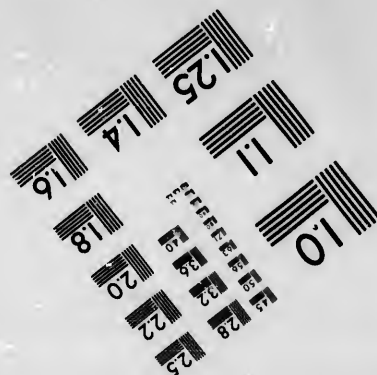
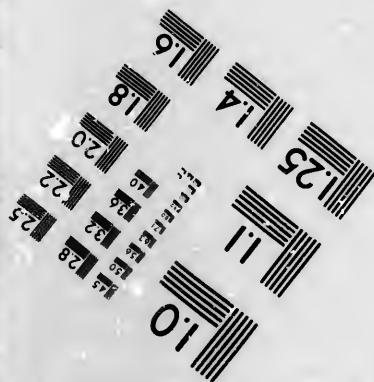
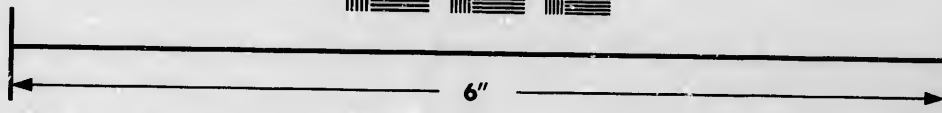
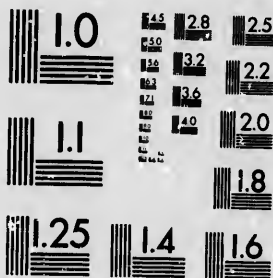


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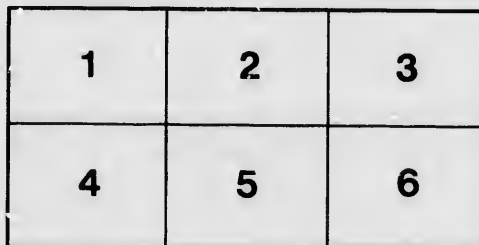
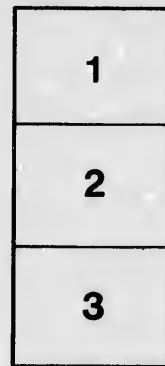
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THE
HIBERNIAN NEWS,

PUBLISHED ON BOARD OF THE

ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIP "HIBERNIAN,"

ON HER EVENTFUL VOYAGE

FROM

LIVERPOOL

TO

QUEBEC,

IN THE SPRING OF 1868.

QUEBEC:

PRINTED AT THE "MORNING CHRONICLE" OFFICE, FOOT OF MOUNTAIN HILL.

1868.



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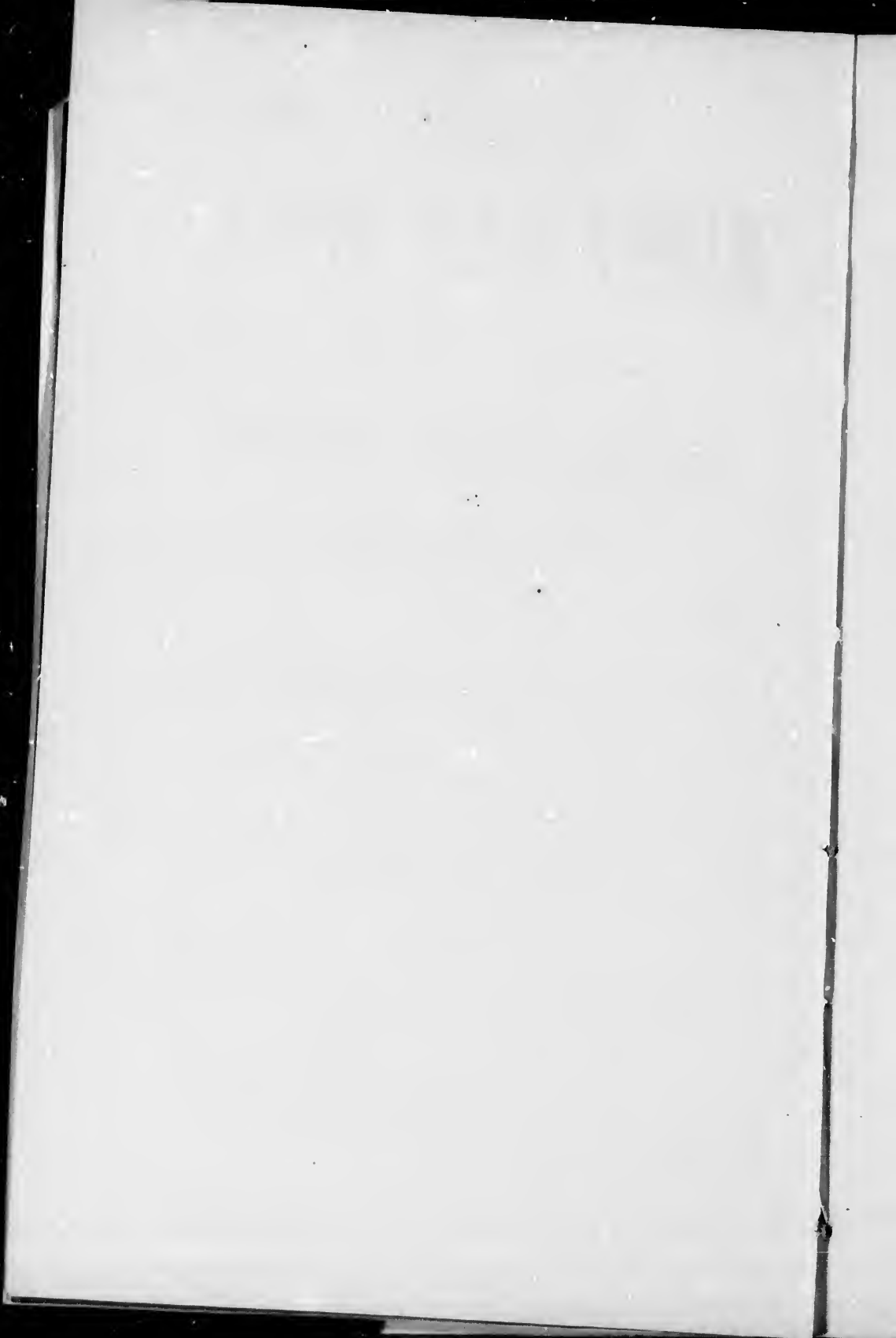
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QUEBEC:

PRINTED AT THE "MORNING CHRONICLE" OFFICE, FOOT OF MOUNTAIN HILL,

1868.



THE HIBERNIAN NEWS.

" Whilst I live I'll crow."

No. 1.

ATLANTIC, April 24th, 1868.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We beg to apologize to our numerous subscribers for our non-appearance since the 16th inst. We had the misfortune to be deeply in the debt of Father Neptune, for which he cruelly stuck us "in Limbo." We are happy to be able to inform you that, through *indefatigable exertion*, we have at last succeeded in *raising* the needful "de profundis," and have paid our debt in full, with interest, though we must confess that the payment has left our pockets empty, and, therefore, contributions, however small, will be thankfully received.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Before entering into details usually quoted under this heading, it may not be out of place to remark that the Company for whose benefit this illustrious literary work is written, is not totally deficient in it—we may even add, above par—but as for those who would scorn to appreciate our efforts, the less we say of their intelligence the better.

THE SHIP'S RUN.

	Lat. and Long. at noon.	Miles.	Total Run.
Thursday, 23rd April.....	47.04 41.05	209	1567
Friday, 24th do.	242	1809

THE WEATHER

Has been moderately fine ; the rolling motion to which few are partial, has in a great measure subsided ; and the fairer of our fellow-passengers are to be seen venturing up, even on deck. It is as cold as would at the present time of the year be reasonably expected, and the wind, though fresh, is by no means too piercing to prevent one's sitting out. Observations at 9 a.m., Barometrical pressure 30.16 inches. Temperature :—On the Companion, 48° Fahr on Deck, 40° Fahr.

LATEST BETTING—DERBY.

8 to 1 agst. Greensleeve.
 10 to 1 agst. Speculum.
 9 to 2 agst. Lady Elizabeth.
 1000 to 60 agst. Paco.

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.

12 to 2 agst. F rmosa.
 8 to 1 agst. Greensleeve.
 9 to 1 agst. Paco.
 25 to 1 agst. St. Ronan.

2s. 6d. SWEEPSTAKES.

12 to 12.30 Mr. Deeg.
 12.30 to 1 Mr. Crookenden.
 1 to 1.30 Mr. Herring.
 1.30 to 2 Mr. Good.
 2 to 2.30 Dr. Malloch.

2.30 to 3 Capt. Smith.
 3 to 3.30 Mr. Wilson.
 3.30 to 4 Mr. Tallody.
 4 to 4.30 Mr. Whittington.
 4.30 to 5 Mr. Robinson.
 5 to 5.30 Mr. O'Hara.
 5.30 to 6 Mr. King.
 6 to 6.30 Mr. Jones.
 6.30 to 7 Mr. Rhynar.
 7 to 7.30 Mr. McLeod.
 7.30 to 8 Mr. Judah.
 8 to 8.30 Mr. Grant.
 8.30 to 9 Mr. Smith.
 9 to 9.30 Mr. Whittington.
 9.30 to 10 Mr. Archer.
 10 to 10.30 Mr. Herring.
 10.30 to 11 Mr. Lingleston.
 11 to 11.30 Mr. Knight.
 11.30 to 12 Mr. Kilby.

AN ICE-BERG.

Yesterday afternoon we came in sight of a large ice-berg. The air was very cold as we approached it. It varied in size according to the undulations of its surface, and imaginations of the passengers, from 80 to 800 feet. There was much discussion and a good deal of negative betting on this score, which was by no means stayed after the Captain measured it and ascertained it to be 118 feet high.

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

We are glad to learn that Captain Smith, formerly of the Glasgow Line, has been promoted to the command of the R. M. Steamer "Hibernian." We wish this energetic officer every success, and may he be long spared to command such a noble and gallant ship as the R. M. S. "Hibernian."

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

All communications to be addressed : sealed to Thomas Rudd, Saloon Steward

THE CONCERT LAST NIGHT.

As we anticipated, the Grand Saloon of the "Hibernian" was crowded last night with a gay and fashionable audience ; we may say that all the beauty, the wit, and we may add the talent of the "Hibernian" were there. The programme was indeed an attractive one, not only for the distinguished "talent" engaged, but also for the artistic dis-

play at the top. The first song "The sea is England's Glory," was given by *Mr. Leech*, in his happiest style. Throughout the evening this gentleman was frequently encored; indeed, the sympathetic way in which he rendered his "Pulling hard against the Stream," touched our very heart, and made us hope that it would touch the hearts of our subscribers and the public, to give us a helping hand pulling hard against the stream. Captain Smith's "The Sea-sick Passenger," was too much for us; it was too cruel of him to choose this subject, to remind us of our reduced circumstances. Had he read it badly, we might have forgiven him. *Mr. Doeg's* was pre-eminently the ladies' song of the evening—it touched their dear hearts—the pathos and the words made us [of sterner stuff] almost sad, from which we were, however, speedily relieved by *Mr. Crookenden's* "Bacon and Greens," and we are also indebted to that gentleman for the recovery of our lost appetite. "The Execution," was read by *Mr. Smith*, with great execution. *Mr. Taylor's* song was given with so much humor that we would not attempt to criticise it, "not for Joseph." He was loudly encored. After a short interval, Captain Smith gave us "England the Pride of the Ocean," in true naval style. We do not wish to make any invidious distinctions where all was so good; but we think that *Mr. Good's* reading, "Misadventures at Margate," was decidedly one of the features of the evening. The only fault that we had to *Dr. Malloch's* song was that it was too short. *Mr. Whittington's* "Burdell vs. Pickwick" kept the house in roars of laughter, at least that portion of it that heard him; those on the right side missed some of the best hits; we hope that when this gentleman comes before the public again, he will take his position in the centre of the hall to afford all an opportunity of hearing what was really an evening's treat of itself. We always thought that *Mr. Thos. Rudd* was an Englishman until we heard him last night sing "Old Ireland and the Army." We have known him for many years, and we thought that he had lost some of his fire and humor, but we found last night that we were mistaken. He was loudly encored. At the conclusion of the concert, a vote of thanks was unanimously accorded to *H. N. Jones, Esq.*, for his able conduct in the chair. The "National Anthem" was then sung, the audience standing.

THE HIBERNIAN NEWS.

“Whilst I live I’ll crow.”

No. 2.

ATLANTIC, April 25th, 1868.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Again we appear before you, encouraged by your approbation, and before proceeding further, the staff of the H. N. thanks you for your leniency in criticising our production. Our faults are numerous as well of omission as of commission, and we beg that you will deal by us with regard to this and future numbers of the H. N. in the same manner as with regard to No. 1. If we do succeed in pleasing, our labors will be amply rewarded, and it will be a pleasure to us to know that we have not toiled in vain. In the first number, a gentle hint was given that contributions to this paper would be thankfully received. That call has, we are sorry to say, only been responded to in some cases, but we live in the hope that a great many are in course of production, and that we shall have the pleasure of seeing and commenting upon them in one of our future numbers.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

In our issue of yesterday, we omitted to mention that on the 23rd inst., in the forenoon, we met the R. M. s. s. “Nestorian,” with which signals were exchanged. She was on the way to old England, with a stiff breeze on her port beam, and appeared to be making a very fast passage.

The Weather throughout the day was clear and cold, but towards evening a slight fog appeared, the sky became overcast, and shortly after a snow-storm prevented any but the crew from being on deck. The sea which had been smooth during the day acquired a heavy swell by nightfall, and the good ship rolled and pitched heavily throughout the night. This morning the thermometer was considerably lower than on the previous days, and the wind blowing pretty hard seemed to cut into one’s very flesh. The barometer has risen, and there is every prospect of the weather being fair till the end of the passage.

Observations at 9 a. m.:—Barometer 30.27 inches; Temperature:—Thermometer on companion, 48° Fahr.; Thermometer on deck, 34° Fahr.

The ship's run yesterday was greater than that of any preceding day, with one exception, being no less than 242 miles.

Last night, towards midnight, many of the passengers were awoke by the stopping of the engines for the purpose of sounding. It was found that we were in over 40 fathoms of water, and the bottom was not reached.

To-morrow being Sunday, there will be no issue of this paper.

Divine Service, commencing at 10:30 a. m., will be held to-morrow in the grand saloon, to which everybody is invited to attend.

We had occasion to observe that several passengers appeared to play a very good knife and fork after last night's entertainment. One gentleman called for half a dozen anchovy toasts and a few Welsh rarebits.

LAST EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT.

As announced by the bills, the Egyptian Mummy made his bow to a brilliant and literary assembly in the grand saloon of the R. M. s. s. "Hibernian." He was said just to have arrived from Thebes, and to be 3,000 years old. For his age he was in a singularly good state of preservation. According to the programme, and after some interval (during which Mr. Leech sung "I will stand by my Friend," with the usual success of this now popular favorite) the Lilliputian Lady made her *debut*. We were sorry to notice that she seemed to suffer much from a hysterical cough which marred the effect of her reading of the Legend of Cornelius Agrippa. Her voice has remarkable powers of variation, jumping suddenly from the deep voice of a man to that of a little child, as she is. Mr. Fox next favored the house with an impromptu reading on Wellington, which was received with thunders of applause. Then Mr. Good [who is really getting better each time he appears before the public] recited the "Charge of the 600" with much effect. This gentleman's recitations are all from memory, and they are always heartily appreciated. After this came a representation of a suicide. We should have liked to have given all a pleasing notice, but we consider that it is our duty to the public to set our face against representations of this nature. The only thing good that

we can say about it is the good intention to cater for our amusement, which prompted the exhibition. Such shows may please Lord Tom Noddy and his friends. We wished that we had had his Lordship's ill-luck to wake up an hour after the body was removed. We would then have had a good night's rest undisturbed by the night mare. We hope that the gentlemen connected with last evening's entertainment will again come before us, and that they will be more happy in the choice of a subject than the one on which we have just animadverted.

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.

We understand that the Jury Trial which was to have come off this day has been postponed, in consequence of the absence of an important witness. We are informed that Tuesday is the day fixed for the trial, when considerable public interest will be evinced as to the verdict.

FOUR LINES WRITTEN UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Fain would I stay, and fain would go,
Whether, or when, fain would I know;
My heart calls me, and yet I stay,
I can't remain, and cannot go away.

IS IT BETTER?

To draw a bow at a venture,
or
Venture a draw at a beau;
To court in metre,
or
Meet her in Court,
To court death
Or a pretty girl.
Metre by Milton,
or
Meet her by moonlight alone,
To draw a blank
Or a bottle of beer.

EXPERIENCES OF A FELLOW-PASSENGER.

4 a. m.—I am suddenly awoke by a swish, splash, &c. What! cleaning decks again. I really wish the sailors would devote some of their time to washing themselves which would prove of more benefit to them, and would make them a more pleasing spectacle for the passengers.—1st. Bell rung, sir! All right! What sails are up? How many knots is she going? What state of weather is it? [Deceitful steward]—Fore and aft trisails set; over eleven knots; lovely weather. On my arrival on deck shortly

after, it proves to be raining, a furious head wind, and eight knots; breakfast attended by numerous swells and great clattering. 11 a. m.—Ice-berg in sight; immense excitement; human beings on it—five Esquimaux and a bear; they send a boat for them; we are surprised to find they treat bears as we do cows, and have lived on their milk for the last six weeks. They were given quarters in the steerage, and may be seen any time between ten and four, on application to the fourth officer. This last gentleman is always in a state of excitement; he seems to be perpetually like a man who has lost his dog, looking round every corner and eternally whistling. Lunch—clattering and cold beef. The afternoon excitements consist in being wet through by a heavy sea, and in seeing a shoal of porpoises. A curious incident occurred with regard to the latter. The log line ran out with extraordinary swiftness. The second officer reported thirty knots; he was immediately knocked over by the chief officer, who thought he was chaffing him. A porpoise had hold of the line. With the combined exertions of the crew and cabin passengers, he was hauled on board. A monster truly, 10 feet from the tip of his nose to that of his tail. We had him for dinner. The head is not inferior to turtle; his ribs are like beef, and his tail similar to the most delicious apple-tart. In the evening, a most charming reading from Mr. ———, who read a piece of poetry composed by himself, “Ode to a Farmyard.” The crowing of a cock was very beautifully introduced by one of his friends; early to bed, and the following day a variation of this one.

12th, noon.—Sounding just taken, 18 fathoms, and speckled sandy bottom.

CONUNDRUM.

Why will the “Hibernian,” on this voyage, be never short of provisions? Because there will be always a Herring on board.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Angelina, is it the bank of Newfoundland “you know” on which the wild thyme grows? Certainly my dear it *grows*, for *old time blows*, and it must do one thing before it does the tother.—*Editor*.

Why is the s. s. “Hibernian” a good hunting ground? Answer.—Because there is a Fox on board.

Why is this a gallant ship? Because there is a Knight on board.

Found—In the grand saloon, yesterday afternoon, a lady's water-fall. The owner can have it by calling at our office, proving property, and paying the cost of this advertisement.

An excellent bill of fare is presented for dinner to-day, so all are expected to appear with good appetites and clean faces, to do justice to the good grub.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. F.—Certainly you may propose to your charming lady friend, although it is leap year. Your own feelings will tell you how to say the sweet words to her, but we can give you a few hints. Go down upon one knee, take her hand, kiss it, press it to your heart, call her a irresistible duck, chops and tomato sauce, and some other endearing terms, and then tell her you love her better than life, and that you wish her to share your joys and your sorrows. If you follow this, we are sure she will not refuse you.

Smoke.—You are wrong, passengers are not allowed to smoke in their state-rooms.

THE HIBERNIAN NEWS.

“ Whilst I live, I'll crow.”

No. 3.

ATLANTIC, April 27th 1868.

MONDAY MORNING.

Found.—An Æolian pitchpipe. The owner can have it on application to Mr. Thomas Rudd, Saloon Steward.

SEASONABLE GOODS.—FURS! FURS!! FURS!!!

For sale: Fur coats, caps, &c., Buffalo robes—large assortment. Come early and get the pick of the finest lot ever possessed by mortal man. Price marked in full; great reduction. Selling off at an alarming sacrifice. Raccoon coats at \$24 and up.

Wanted, an ermine cape for the judge to wear to-night at the grand trial in the case of Shanks v. Paddlepumpkins. Ladies, ransack the depths of your boxes and let justice take its course.

FIELD ICE.

Yesterday morning, shortly before breakfast, the cry was heard, "Ice ahead," and on returning on deck after an excellent breakfast, we found that the ship was surrounded by large patches of ice, but the openings were quite large enough for us to get through without coming in contact with the masses. It was one of these lovely mornings that we read of in novels, the golden sun rising majestically out of the eastern ocean, an ocean of burnished silver, studded with islands, islets and rocks of frosted silver, the whole far eclipsing any scene in the "Arabian Nights," or Eastern tale.

Land ahead, on the starboard bow, caused a rush to that side, and all the glasses were in requisition; it was made visible to the naked eye, and every one saw it quite distinctly. Immediately after receiving recognition from the officer of the watch, it vanished as if only waiting for official recognition. Those who took most credit for the first discovery, vanished as suddenly as the land from the landscape. It was a remarkable specimen of a fog mountain. Land, however, was shortly afterwards discovered on our starboard bow, which proved to be St. Pierre Miquelon, a French fishing settlement. The ice now closed in on us fast, and in such heavy masses that made the good ship "Hibernian" reel and then shiver like an aspen leaf. We have seen as heavy ice, but never remember, in all our experience, meeting with such strong, healthy, drift ice; it had evidently not left the land many days, and we presume that it must have been the Fortune Bay ice or from some of the other large bays on the south coast of Newfoundland. We discovered a schooner right ahead fast in the ice, which proved to be the "Annie," of Jersey. She had a cargo of rum and molasses from Barbadoes. Had been 49 days out, 34 of which she had been in the ice. She met the ice first in 43° North Lat., and has been in it ever since. Divine Service, which was to have been held at 11.30 a.m. was postponed till the afternoon, the Captain being unable to leave the bridge. Being still beset with ice, the Doctor read the evening's service about 9 p.m. We were completely fast in the ice, having previously broken one of our rudder chains; the engines were stopped and we were made snug for the night, our fore and main trisails being set, and our head kept to the land, bearing North East—38 fathoms of water. Before daylight this morning we were awakened by the rough grating of the ice on the ship's sides. We

could not force our way through, and had to steer to the southward, where, about seven o'clock, we got into comparatively open water, much to the joy of all on board. After breakfast, we got into ice again, but fortunately not so heavy nor so sound as what we met with yesterday. We have since had a snow-storm. As we write the ice is getting thicker, and we are stopped every five minutes. It is blowing a gale of wind right ahead, and from the smoothness of the sea, we fear that there must be still large quantities of ice ahead.

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.

We were in error in stating that the celebrated Jury trial of the case, Shanks v. Paddlepumpkins was fixed for Tuesday; the trial is to commence to-night at 8 p.m., Lord Growler presiding.

IS IT BETTER?

To love the cause,
Or cause the love;
To cross a bridge,
Or a man;
To drown a mad dog,
Or grief;
To draw your sword,
Or your dividend;
To drive care away,
Or tandem;
To win the "Ledger,"
Or post it.
To stick in the mud,
Or at nothing;
To be transported with delight,
Or with felons;
To lack lots of money,
Or have lots of money in laes;
To be a spruce,
Or pine.

To the Editor of the Hibernian News :

SIR,—Allow me to call your attention to a circumstance which has occasioned much discomfort and uneasiness to many of your readers; I am not fond of grumbling and finding fault, but I think I am right to do so now. I refer, namely, to the fact of a certain gentleman, who, having been awake last night about 4 a.m. by the shaking of the ship when ploughing through the ice, and being unable to get to sleep again himself, felt called upon on that account to wake up everybody else by knocking at doors and raising false alarms of ice-bergs, &c. Surely nobody can

object to anybody doing what he or she likes, as long as nobody else suffers by the freak; but to be aroused out of a sound sleep and brought on deck to witness Egyptian darkness and a bitterly cold wind, is more than any reasonable person can expect.

Let us hope that the gentleman referred to will be more considerate for the future, and that we shall no more have reason to call upon him through your columns to allow peaceful Christians to enjoy an undisturbed night's rest.

I am, Sir,

Yours obediently,

A SUFFERER.

Sambo—I say, *Bones*, what is the difference between a policeman and a pickpocket? *Bones*—I gub it up. *Sambo*—The pickpocket prigs the watch, and the policeman watches the prig.

Prescription for Toothache.—Take a mouthful of cold water, and sit on the fire till it boils. Most successful.—“Times.”

The office for lost and unclaimed baggage:—The sea.

Why is a lady crying like the advancing tide? Because she is making high [eye] water.

Question—What is wetter than a lady with a waterfall, a cataract in her eye, a creek in her neck, high-tied shoes and 40 springs round her? Answer—A lady with a notion [an ocean] in her head.

There is not the slightest danger from anything going wrong with the machinery. It can soon be put right as we have a number of Smiths on board.

STATE OF THE MARKETS.

Breadstuffs firm, but rising. *Peas* in the pot, nine days old. *Oats*—A large quantity consumed yesterday for oat-cake. *Wheat* has been in the ground since last autumn, and is doing well. *Rye Whiskey*—The only beverage used in Canada.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. F.—We are sorry you have been refused; but it cannot be helped. Live in hope. You will be able to love another. There are as good fish in the sea as ever was caught.

Rex.—You are right. Servants are not allowed to dine in the Saloon.

X. Y. Z.—You are allowed to drink as much as you like. All are supposed to be human beings, capable of judging between right and wrong.

THE HIBERNIAN NEWS.

“Whilst I live I’ll crow.”

No. 4.

ATLANTIC, 28th April, 1868.

THE GREAT TRIAL—SHANKS VS. PADDLEPUMPKINS—BEFORE
LORD CHIEF JUSTICE GROWLER, MR. WHITTINGTON,
R. C. R., AND A JURY.

Plaintiff—Miss Seraphina Angelina Amelia Shanks,
age 42—Lieut. Crookenden, R. A.

Witness—Titus Timbletop, [a baker’s man,]—Mr.
Archer.

Defendant—Mr. Timothy Paddlepumpkins, a grocer,
age 34—Mr. Good.

Witness—Mrs. Mary Jane Scroggins, nee Paddlepump-
kins—Dr. Malloch.

Witness—Mr. Lothario Tempkins—Lieut. King, 78th
R. B.

Counsel for Plaintiff—Sergt. Bigwig—Mr. Smith.

Counsel for Defdt.—Sergt. Blackgown—Mr. Macleod.

Yesterday evening, expectation was on tiptoe awaiting the opening of the interesting case of breach of promise, mention of which has been made in one of our previous Nos. The Court was opened at 8 o’clock p.m., precisely, and a few minutes afterwards the learned judge took his seat upon the bench. The first case on the list was Shanks v. Paddlepumpkins. The Counsel for the plaintiff was Sergeant Bigwig, and that of the defendant Sergeant Blackgown. In opening the case Sergeant Bigwig dwelt upon the long engagement of 11½ years’ standing, which has existed between his client and the defendant, his client’s respectability and blasted hopes for future happiness, and finally, on the base treachery of the defendant, who, in spite of all, throws his old love over, and takes up a new one all

in the space of one calendar week. The damages were laid at £2,000, a poor return for a blighted existence, the sun of which had set forever. The first witness called was the plaintiff, Miss S. A. A. Shanks, who appeared much overcome on entering the witness box. She stated that she had known the defendant many years, and that 11½ years ago he made an open declaration of love to her, and proposed to marry her, that she received a letter from him on the 4th February last, couched in the most endearing terms, how he had found time so long since he left her the night before, and how he hoped to be soon back again to clasp his syrupy angel to his heart. She next stated how, on the 11th February following, she received another letter from the defendant, in which he informed her that he was going to marry a Miss Scroggins, and bring her with him with him back to Singlehope, to his own home, and that on having good proof of the marriage having taken place she brought the present action against him. In cross-examination her age was 42, and she lived with her mother, a laundress; the defendant came to the house frequently with groceries, &c.; was on most intimate terms, and that he often went out walking with her on Sundays and holidays. The next witness called was Timothy Tumbletop, who gave his evidence most clearly. He said he was a baker's boy, aged 21, and used to draw water for Mrs. Shanks, and was repaid by that lady with kind looks. He supposed Mrs. Shanks to be a middle-aged woman, between 25 and 50 years. He had long observed the strong intimacy between the defendant and the plaintiff; had seen him kissing her last July. In cross-examination he stated that Mrs. Shanks was 50 years of age, and courted the mother for the sake of the daughter. The prosecution here closed, and Sergeant Blackgown rose. He stated that the prosecution had completely broken down, that the plaintiff's witnesses had proved that the plaintiff's mother was only 8 years old when plaintiff was born, that they could not be believed on oath; that he hardly thought it necessary to address the Court at any length; he denied the respectability of the plaintiff, and said she was little better than a rightdown flirt; and to prove his testimony he would bring forward a young gallant, Lothario Tomkins, who would set the question beyond a doubt. The first witness called was Mr. Paddlepumpkins, who owned to "sweethearting" for 11½ years, and to the two letters already referred to. He stated that he had proposed to Miss Shanks on the 1st April, 1867, and before 12 o'clock, and did not wish to be made a fool

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of; that he never contemplated the matter seriously, but always looked upon it as a laughing matter. As soon as he found the plaintiff false to him in flirting with Tomkins, he threw her overboard. The next witness called was Mrs. Paddlepumpkins, née Scroggins, who confirmed the last witness's statement, and said that she had accepted him after hearing his declaration that he could not love her, as his whole heart and affections were centred on the perfidious Shanks; but that he could esteem her as a woman, and honor her as a wife. Lothario Tomkins was next called, and he stated that he had loved the plaintiff for three years, and that his love had been amply returned, that she had written to him and made him promise to burn the letters, which he had conscientiously done. The defence here closed, and the Lord Chief Justice Growler summed up. He said it was a curious fact that Mrs. Shanks must have been 8 years old when Miss Shanks was born, that each side had tried to blacken the other, and although Miss Shanks had been proved to be a gross woman, the defendant was beyond a doubt a grocer, and that he left it to their enlightened minds to decide between the two; that if Shanks was right, Paddlepumpkins was wrong, and vice versa; that in case of their finding for the plaintiff, they must assess the damages, and if otherwise, not. The jury then retired and returned with a verdict of manslaughter. Sergt Blackgown moved that the jury be committed for contempt of evidence. Lord Growler said he was sorry he had not the power to do so. The Court was then closed. The crier did his duty to the last with unflagging energy, and although mentioned last he was by no means the least heard. We annex the letters produced in evidence:—

LONDON, February 3, 1868.

MY PRECIOUS DUCK OF DIAMONDS,—

I just write you this letter according to the promise I made you, my pet, before I left Singlehope. Oh, my Scrumtion, you can hardly imagine how long the time has seemed since I said good-bye to you yesterday morning. I feel without you like a pig without his skin. The world seems so cold and drear. How I do long to clasp you once more to my buzzum, and give you a hug: and how much more do I long for the time when I may do so without anyone being able to say, "Now, I've caught you."

I found all well on my arrival here with the exception of Jim's Moke, which is suffering from violent rheumatics.

I shall write soon, until when, believe me, as ever my duck of a syrupy angel, yours to command, even unto the jaws of death, or any other ugly black hole.

TIMOTHY PADDLEPUMPKINS.

LONDON, February 10, 1868.

MY DEAR MISS SHANKS,—

Knowing the great interest you take in all that concerns my welfare, I write to you to tell you that I propose to lead to the Hymenial altar the lovely and accomplished Mary Jane Scroggins, of whom you may have heard me speak, on Tuesday next. Hoping to return with my bride to Singlehope, in a week or two, when I shall be happy to introduce her to you.

I remain, dear Miss Shanks,

Yours very truly,

TIMOTHY PADDLEPUMPKINS.

OFF CAPE BAY—FIELD ICE.

Another field day. We were brought up at dusk last night by very heavy field ice. We came up with the sealers about 9 p.m., and they reported large quantities of ice; they recommended us to stand to the land to the northward, where we had a chance of meeting a clear passage between the land and the ice. At daylight this morning we started again, going very slowly, nothing but ice being seen as far as the eye could reach. Immediately after breakfast immense excitement was created on board by the discovery that two men were approaching the "Hibernian" on the ice. They were on foot, and each had a boat-hook. They were at first taken for Mr. Walmsley, the indefatigable mail officer, and his assistant, coming for the mails. When they came alongside, they were received with loud cheers by the passengers. They had come from two sealers some four miles from us on the ice. They seemed to be hardy men; were clothed in canvas jackets and pants; they reported the ice very thick ahead, but that there was very little ice in the gulf. They had been out since the 4th March and had caught nothing. After remaining about an hour on board they left heavily laden with all sorts of good things, and were again heartily cheered by the passengers. As we write we are struggling through at the rate of half a mile an hour. We hope nothing will go wrong with the screw. Bright sunshine all morning.

THE HIBERNIAN NEWS.

"Whilst I live I'll crow."

No. 5.

Wednesday, 29th April, 1868.

We regret that in our yesterday's number some remarks from correspondents appeared which were considered too personal. The correspondence referred to, just came in as we were going to press and was not read by us. When we issued our first number, our resolve was to please without giving the slightest offence to any. We are quite sure that the remarks referred to were written by our correspondents in the same spirit, and that it was not their intention to touch on the character of any on board.

CONUNDRUM.

What is it that we love more than life, fear more than death, the rich man wants it, the poor man has it, the miser spends it, the spendthrift saves it, and we all carry it with us to the grave? Answer—Nothing.

FIELD ICE.

After our issue of yesterday, a number of sealing schooners were seen from the deck, and we were visited by several of the crew from each vessel. They went away so heavily laden that we began to fear that we might have too many of these visits. We got so fast in the ice that it was impossible to proceed, and almost as impossible to turn back again; it was however decided to give up the idea of forcing our way through by the northern route. This decision was forced upon us by the unpleasant fact that if we attempted to do so, we might exhaust our already diminished stock of coals. The patience and the perseverance of the Captain and his officers were at last rewarded with a certain amount of success. We say the patience, for it was very trying to that virtue to be detained perhaps half an hour at a time by a small piece of ice under the stern; but the Captain determined not to run any risk of breaking the fans of the screw. After about three hours hard work, we got the ship's bow turned back in the direction which we had come, and before dark we got into com-

peratively open water. This was, however, not of long duration, for the ice began to close in on us again, rather unpleasantly. We however pushed on to gain the port of Providence, for coals and a destination—Sydney, Cape Breton or Halifax, Nova Scotia, and on to Quebec. We have also the chance of meeting with some coal laden vessel to the southward when we might get a supply of coals, if the weather were favorable. This morning we came up with the two schooners that we had passed on Monday night. We had a beautiful moonlight night, and this morning some of the early risers enjoyed a slide on the decks, which were covered with ice. We had quite a sharp frost, and we passed several sheets of young ice. One of the passengers saw a large seal close to the ship; our presence did not appear to disturb him much. It is now 11 a. m., and our prospects are not quite so good as they were a short time ago; the mast-head man reporting “no appearance of water ahead”—some of the passengers are rather alarmed at our prolonged stay in the ice. We beg to assure them that with the skill and caution of the crew, and the strength of the good ship, our only danger is delay, and a short allowance of milk. It is a glorious morning; all the passengers on deck are accommodating themselves to circumstances; they are looking about for fresh sources of amusement—some walking along a round spar with the skill of a Blondin—others bending their bodies with the dexterity of the clown at Ashley’s, whilst another group have chalked out for themselves a game at shuffle-board, and we hear that the leading caterers for our amusement, are preparing something good for the evening’s entertainment. Yesterday, some of the passengers availed themselves of the opportunity, and had a constitutional walk on the Atlantic. One of the passengers lost his head-dress overboard, and after several attempts to recover it, finally disappeared under a mass of ice.

LOG.

	Lat.	Long.	Distance run.
Monday, 27th April.....	46.19	57.05	50 miles.
Tuesday, 28th do	46.40	58.09	46 do.

On Monday evening we had a Mock Jury Trial, a case of breach of promise. The costumes were remarkably well got up, considering the short notice. Dr. Malloch, as the defendant’s bride, and Mr. Crookenden, as the plaintiff, were well got up; they both looked really charming. Mr. Whittington, as Lord Chief Justice Growler, was the per-

fect personification of the Bench ; his acting and his get up together really made us fancy that we were in a Court of Justice. We almost think that this gentleman has made a mistake in the choice of his profession, and if not, we shall certainly hear of him again. In consequence of an unfortunate interruption, the trial was concluded rather hurriedly.

WHIST.

No. 1 has the lead, clubs trumps.

No. 1. Ace, King, Queen, one small club. Ace, Queen, and four small diamonds. One small heart. Ace and Queen of spades.

No. 2. Three small clubs. Ten, nine and three small hearts. Knave, ten, and one small diamond. King and one small spade.

No. 3. Three small clubs. Quart Major and one small heart. Two small diamonds. Knave, ten, and one small spade.

No. 4. Knave, ten, and one small club. King, and one small diamond. Six small spades. Two small hearts.

Nos. 1 and 3, if played properly, should win the 13 tricks, all the hands exposed.

What sort of heaving has the least disagreeable sensation when we are sea-sick? Answer—Heaving in sight of land.

IS IT BETTER?

To have a brush with the enemy,
Or with a handle ;
To measure the bar,
Or *bar* the measure ;
To see thro' a man,
Or an opera glass ;
To wash your hand off a scamp,
Or a wash-board ;
To crack a joke,
Or a skull ;
To be driven to bay,
Or to sea ;
To wait for the waggon,
Or hire a calecho ;
To stay a ship,
Or an execution ;
To go in the eye of the law,
Or of the wind.

Why shall we never be short of poultry? Because of the number of ice fowls [fowls.]

THE HIBERNIAN NEWS.

“Whilst I live I'll crow.”

No. 6.

ATLANTIC, April 30th, 1868.

FIELD ICE.—(CONCLUDED.)

We issue our journal to-day under circumstances, and with feelings, very different to those of yesterday. As we wrote yesterday, our hand shook with the violent collisions with the ice, and the look-out man had just reported no signs of open water, and going half a mile an hour. As we write now we are bowling along at over 11 knots, a fine light breeze, smooth sea and all square-sails set, and just passing Cape North. About 2 p.m., yesterday, the ice was not so closely packed, though no water was to be seen, and we were going from 2 to 4 knots, averaging 3 knots an hour all afternoon. In the evening, just before dark, Capt. Smith climbed up to the forecrosstrees, and after remaining there for some time, came on deck with the welcome intelligence that open water was visible on the port beam and bow, and that he fancied he saw it on the starboard bow, but was not quite certain. This good news was immediately confirmed by what we never thought that we could welcome. We mean the first gentle undulation and gradually increasing heavy ocean swell, which was a sure proof that we were soon to be once more free, once more to our destination bound, with our valuable living freight on board. As we steamed along with a gradually increasing expanse of water, a gradually decreasing and less formidable appearance of our enemy, the ice, our hopes rose, and when at last open water was reached the news came down and flew about the saloon like wild fire, and it was only out of respect to Mr. Whittington, who was at the moment reading the “Discreet Princess,” that there was not a general rush on deck. There was no cheer, but the faces of all spoke unspeakable relief at our happy deliverance from our—we might almost say—danger. We ourselves did not think the danger great, other than to the screw, which by no means (the loss of the screw) involves the loss of the ship, though the difference amounts to the extra rate of insurance on sailing ships over steamers, and perhaps a little more, as these steamers cannot be so well handled under canvas as a sailing ship.

Those, however, who have had much more experience in the ice than ourselves thought our danger great, and on that account we ought to be thankful for our deliverance. Captain Smith ought to derive much self-satisfaction from the fact that he was right in supposing open water on the Cape Breton side, more especially as we believed in the North West passage, not that *we* were wrong, but that *he* was right. We ran about half an hour in the open water, and again got into loose ice, which, more or less, we met with all night. About 11.45 p.m. the mast head man sung out a light on port bow, which proved to be the Scatari Island light, and we shortly afterwards sighted another light on the starboard bow—Flint Island light. It was a charming night, hard frost, and when we turned in at one in the morning, her head was steering for Flint Island light. Towards evening several seals were discovered on the ice close to the ship and they did not disturb themselves for us. We will soon be up with St. Paul's Island, which has been in sight for some time. The shores of Cape Breton, along which we have been running all morning, are bold and irregular, and in some places have the appearance of trap, or basalt. The snow is still to be seen in patches along the ridges which terminate at Cape North.

About 500 seals were seen this morning at about six o'clock.

We are glad to learn that a subscription is on foot to give Captain Smith a testimonial from the passengers, expressing their appreciation of his skill and untiring perseverance in the difficult situation in which his duty placed him. As a rule, we are opposed to testimonials as they are got up on occasions when there is nothing particular to call for them. On this occasion, however, the case is different. We have not seen Captain Smith in the saloon since Saturday last, but always on the bridge or the mast head, and in handling his ship in the ice, he did it with the skill of a Franklin or a McClintock. As *our* subscription, we intend to present Captain Smith with a copy of the "Hibernian News," which will be a testimonial of itself.

A correspondent writes to know if Whittington brought his cat on board with him? No but three charming little pussies.

When is a ship like a vegetable? Answer—When she is leaky.

When is a ship in love? Answer—When she is tender on a man-of-war.

Which of the passengers is always wrong. One who is always a (H)erring.

LAST NIGHT'S DOINGS.

At the usual hour, after the sun had given way to the crescent moon, and the passengers had enjoyed a few puffs of the noxious weed, our old "Growler" commenced one of his readings. The piece selected was "The Discreet Princess." In one of our former numbers we recorded his reading of the trial "Bardell vs. Pickwick," in which he rivalled the author himself, and last night we were only the more confirmed in our high appreciation of his talent. The modulation of his voice in reading the above-mentioned piece should have been heard to be understood, the gruff voice of the King contrasted strangely with the humble voice of the ministers, and still more with the shrill ones of the Princesses. Had we not known that only one person was speaking, we should have fancied there were three or four. On hearing him nobody could fail to see how well the author's meaning was thoroughly understood, every hit being carefully given, nor is it to be wondered at that many of the spectators were frequently convulsed with suppressed laughter, so full of witticisms is this admirable extravaganza. After about half an hour, as Mr. Whittington was getting tired, Mr. Leech gave us one of his popular songs, full of melody and feeling. We will not comment on this gentleman's voice, which is at present in a ripe state for training, and should not be allowed to run to waste for want of cultivation. Mr. Crookenden took up the thread of the piece where Mr. Whittington had dropped it, and read on for about a quarter of an hour, when Mr. Leech gave us his second song, the chorus being taken up by the assembled company. Mr. Smith then favored us with the end of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," beginning at the point where Enoch returns home and looks at the happiness of his old love through the window, but will not discover himself lest he should make her miserable for ever. The poem, beautiful in itself, was, if possible, made more attractive by Mr. Smith's excellent reading of it, and we can but regret that he did not begin the poem at the first line. Miss Whittington [Topsy,] closed the evening with one of her famous songs, "The Captain with his whiskers took a sly glance at me," it was received with loud applause.

ACROSTIC—A WISH TO A DEAR FRIEND.

May to thee each Hour new pleasures bring,
 In thy heart no sorrow thrust its sting ;
 Never blessings on thee cease to pour,
 Never be thou cast on barren shore ;
 In love's soft and gentle arms be grasp'd,
 Ever may you to my heart be clasp'd.

ACROSTIC—TO KATE.

Kneeling at thy feet, sweet one,
 Accept this hand of mine,
 To guide thee o'er the sea of life—
 Enjoy a bliss divin^e.

“Let not the dust of forgetfulness gather o'er the mirror
 of thy mem'ry.”

Why is one of our passengers used by the Doctor ?
 Because he is a Leech.

It was by *flukes* that we got out of the ice.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Wanted, by a young man a lady for a wife. The young man is good looking ; has plenty of money ; of good disposition, and very kind. The young lady must be able to play and sing, sew buttons on a shirt, darn stockings, and cook a joint of meat. Beauty not an object. No Irish need apply. Apply at our office.

Wanted, a feather from the crest of a wave.

The knife that bell-ringers peel bells with : A quill from the wings of the wind.

We have to thank the Clerk of the Weather for his kindness during the last few days.

Latest—The Dutch have taken Holland.

The H. N. is published every morning on the after starboard table of the Grand Saloon. Subscriptions in advance.

THE HIBERNIAN NEWS.

"Whilst I live I'll crow."

No. 7.

GULF ST. LAWRENCE, 1st May, 1868.

Unfortunately, one of our principal contributors is laid up, so our readers will be kind enough to be a little less exacting just for this once, and we hope that after our friend has recovered he will apply himself with renewed energies to supply your minds with its proper amount and quality of food through these columns. We are afraid that you will not feel replete after taking what we now present you with, but we hope that it will suffice to keep you sufficiently near the mark to enable you to exist till our next number appears.

THE WEATHER, &c.

Yesterday, a finer day could scarcely have been expected. In the morning, a bright and warm sunshine with a light breeze, soon brought out all the passengers on deck. The last piece of ice had disappeared before we entered the gulf, and the breeze freshening, we went along the greater part of the afternoon at no less than 12 knots. Towards half-past four, as we were in the middle of dinner, the Bird Rocks, well known to mariners on account of the numerous disasters they have witnessed, came in sight, and everybody unanimously rose from his or her seat to look at them. There they stood bold and grand, the principal one no less than 120 feet high, with abrupt cliffs on all sides, and covered with sea birds of all kinds, principally ganets. These birds make their nests in the fissures of the rock, and thousands are to be seen constantly flying about it. The summit is covered with guano, the accumulation of centuries, but the dangerous nature of the place prevents its being utilised. Towards night the wind chopped round, and this morning a snow-storm came on, with a heavy head sea.

THE CONCERT.

Yesterday evening we were much pleased to observe that another musical entertainment, with readings, was announced. Mr. Leech was the prime mover, as on the

occasion of the first concert, and, as before, he bore the brunt of the performance. He sung us three songs with his usual success, and the trouble he took with them deserves every possible praise. Mr. Whittington was, however, the favorite for the evening; his two readings were received with vociferous cheers and loud applause. The "Jumping Frog" was the cleverer of the two, and was well appreciated by the audience, as on more than one occasion the laughter that had been suppressed with difficulty fairly burst out in loud guffaw. Mr. Whittington's excellent imitation of the American twang was in itself irresistible, and Mark Twain's humor "impayable." A marked feature in the entertainment was Mr. Good's recitation of Lord Marmion's death at Flodden. He gave it with all the feeling and energy that could possibly be thrown into it, and we can but wonder at that gentleman's extraordinary memory in being able to retain such a long piece and recite it without the slightest hesitation. It appears that he has not even looked at it for more than two years. His kindness in favoring us with such an excellent poem, in such superior style, was well appreciated as was shewn by the applause. Mr. Smith read portions of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," and the way he gave it was in every way all that could be desired. Mr. Doeg favored us with "Kathleen Mavourneen," and exceedingly well he sang it, notwithstanding a bad sore throat and headache. His kindness in coming forward deserves much credit. Mr. Crookenden is no singer for he has not the least voice, but contributed his mite. He gave us the old, well-known song of Lord Lovel, and followed it up with another equally well known "King Arthur's Sons," the whole company at that gentleman's request joining in the chorus. Owing to an oversight we have omitted Dr. Malloch, who sang with much energy "The Arab's farewell to his favorite steed." He should have been mentioned earlier, and we beg he will not be offended at being mentioned last.

A hint to the gentleman who yesterday, in the smoking room, gave us the old adage, "Never count your chickens before your eggs are hatched;" he should have said more politely, "Never calculate on the probable increase in your juvenile poultry until the process of incubation is fully accomplished."—T. P.

Yesterday, a general meeting of the saloon passengers was held shortly after lunch, to settle matters concerning the presentation of a testimonial to Capt. Smith, for his able conduct in rescuing the ship from the ice. Mr. Judah was

voted in the chair, and Mr. Whittington Secretary and Treasurer. It was decided that everybody should subscribe according to his means, and that Captain Smith should be asked what he would prefer. The meeting was adjourned until 7.30 p.m., when Mr. Rhynas, seconded by Mr. Crookenden, proposed that the money subscribed should be used to buy a bill of exchange on London to facilitate the transmission of payment for the presentation piece; also, that Mr. Kilby should be charged with the purchase of a tankard or other piece of plate to bear the following inscription: "Presented to Lieut. W. H. Smith, R.N.R., by the Saloon passengers of the s. s. "Hibernian," after an eventful voyage from Liverpool to Quebec, to mark their appreciation of the more than ordinary duties which he carried out in rescuing the ship from the ice on the 26th, 27th, 28th and 29th of April, 1868."

The following is the list of subscribers :

MISS KIMBER,	MR. JONES,
MISS SMITH,	MR. KILBY,
MR. RHYNAS,	LIEUT. GRANT,
MR. JUDAH,	LIEUT. KING,
LIEUT. and MRS. WHITTINGTON,	LIEUT. CROOKENDEN,
MR. and MRS. HERRING,	MR. KNIGHT,
MR. and MRS. MACLEOD,	MR. WILSON,
MRS. HENRY,	MR. ARCHER,
MR. LEECH,	MR. ROBINSON,
MR. FOX,	MR. SMITH,
MR. MORAN,	REV. MR. SMITH,
MR. TOLLIDAY,	REV. MR. LANDERS,
MR. CARCAUD,	MR. JOCKS,
MR. GOOD,	MR. O'HARA,
MR. DOEG,	MR. SEAGAR.

MEDICAL.

We are happy to be informed by Dr. Malloch that the health of the passengers has been very good, with the exception of a few cases, the doctor has had very little to do. From these cases we choose a few examples to let our readers have an idea of what has been going on. One man tramped upon his nose, cutting off a large piece, and wounding the nasal artery, from which 57 quarts of blood flowed. One man fell into a tub of boiling water, and all his skin came off. We wonder if he felt like Mr. Paddle-pumpkins when he said "he felt like a pig without his skin," when away from Miss Shanks. There have been three fractures of the leg, five of the arm, and one of the skull. We are happy to inform our readers that these cases are in a fair way of recovery.

Medical men are requested never to cut the tongues of tongue-tied female children. Female children always have too much tongue. It is a blessing sent by Providence, so do not interfere with it.

MEDICAL CONUNDRUM.

Why are bad Surgeons like cats? Because they both mew-till-late [mutilate.]

If you were my first, and I were the whole,
My second might go where he pleased;
I would be bless'd, and you'd be caress'd,
And the rest of our lives would be ease.
Answer—Bride-groom.

Why is a lady like a hinge? Because she is something to a door [adore.]

Why does a duck put its head under water? For divers reasons.

What was Adam's religious belief? Answer—Evangelical. He changed his mind when he began to raise Cain.

We hear a rumor that the passengers intend presenting the Editors of this paper with a tin cup, a leather medal, and a piece of broken plate for their perseverance in carrying on this paper.

Why does a duck come up again after diving? Answer—For sun-dry [sundry] reasons.

Is it better to *rain* in the morning, *rein* in a runaway, or *reign* in peace. To look at a girl with a wry face, or coming thro' the rye.

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## THE HIBERNIAN NEWS.

“ Whilst I live I'll crow.”

No. 8. RIVER ST. LAWRENCE, 2nd May, 1868.

We almost wished yesterday that we were in the ice again, as, along with all the other delicate creatures on board, we suffered considerable inconvenience in consequence of the rude behaviour of the “Hibernian.” We suppose, however, that it was her way of shewing her delight at getting once more free. We hope that she will not again favor us with another of her playful displays. If she does, we promise her some remarks on her form.

We shall issue an Extra this evening, giving the concluding incidents of this eventful voyage.

We beg to intimate to our subscribers that we hold ourselves responsible neither for the metre, nor the grammar of our numerous correspondents.

In our yesterday's issue we gave a glowing, or rather a poetical account of the Bird Rocks, and we would now only add that it is a disgrace that there is no light on the Rocks. It is true that the soundings indicate the approach to these dangerous reefs, but in the fall of the year, when the frost is severe, and the sailors half frozen, the soundings are not always correctly taken; that is, presuming the Captain in his hurry to get away from the ice-bound coast waits to take soundings at all. We mean to use the whole of our influence with the Government to get them to put a light on the Rock, and a bell buoy on the outer edge of the reef; and we call upon our subscribers to aid us in this good work. We would also draw the attention of our readers to another great national want. We mean the want of a coast telegraph—a continuation of the line from Metis, along the shore of the St. Lawrence to Gaspé. We, ourselves, have felt some slight inconvenience from this want. We have not the space to point out the immense amount of property, and, to a certain extent, perhaps, of life, that would be saved by the construction of such a line, besides the advantage to the district through which the line would pass. Would not business men prefer to come down to Gaspé or the neighborhood [to River du Loup] if they had only the means of communicating with their houses in Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, &c.? Whilst on the neglect of those in high places, the sight of Rimouski wharf reminds us of another disgrace to the Government of this country. We do not allude to the extravagant sum that this and the other Government wharves in the St. Lawrence cost the country; that is an affair of the past. What we complain of is, that after all this vast sum has been expended, they are now practically useless for one of the principal objects for which they were built, viz: as breakwaters or harbors of refuge for schooners and small boats, and all because there is no light at the end of them; vessels have been lost by trying to make these wharves during the night. We speak feelingly on this subject. The building of these wharves is like building a large steamer at great cost, fitting her out with all the requisites of her voyage, and then rendering her unfit for sea, by declining to go to the expense of the regulation side-lights.

Yesterday morning we came in sight of—ran along the

Bold head-lands of the Gaspé shore,  
Food for the wildest Poet's lore,  
Where the fierce Eagle courts his love,  
The sea below, the pine above.

In fact we consider the scenery from Cape Rosier to Quebec the grandest, the most magnificent scenery in the world. There is but one word for the River St. Lawrence itself—*grand*.

Considerable excitement began to manifest itself amongst the passengers as to the time the pilot would come on board, also as to which foot he set first on deck. He ultimately came on deck right foot first, at 8:12 a. m., which put some fellows all right and other fellows all wrong. We were sorry to learn the news confirmed of Mr. McGee's death. We were in hopes that Canada would have been spared the disgrace of assassination. Of course there was quite a rush for the newspapers brought on board by the pilot, and we were all delighted to learn that no ships had been up before us. We are glad to learn of the successful termination of the Abyssinian expedition.

We omitted to mention in our yesterday's issue, that a man fell from the fore-crosstrees whilst handing down the fore-top gallant yard; his hands got frozen, and was unable to retain his hold. In falling, however, he fortunately caught hold of one of the back-stays, and saved himself by sliding down on deck.

Glorious day—beautiful clear weather.

Copy of a letter, in verse, received by the Editor on the 1st May, 1868, written by a young lady, to a friend :

ON BOARD THE "HIBERNIAN."

I, according to promise, my dearest friend,  
In account of a passage I send,  
Now that our voyage has come to an end  
On board the "Hibernian."

Of course, my dear, I need not dwell  
On the horrid effects of the Atlantic swell,  
Which I thought would prove my dying knell,  
On board the "Hibernian."

I vowed a vow, amidst my pain,  
Not even a husband to obtain,  
Would evermore I set foot again  
On board the "Hibernian."

But I quite forgot what I suffered then,  
And I think you will not be astonished when  
I tell you I found such nice young men  
On board the "Hibernian."

With Captain Smith I begin my tale :  
Such whiskers, such forehead, so broad and so pale,  
He's the nicest Captain that ever did sail  
On board the "Hibernian."

Then, with moist eyes as bright as the sun,  
Mr. O'Hara, though bashful, is full of fun ;  
He maintains the "Nova Scotian "  
Will beat the "Hibernian."

There is Captain Crookenden, of the Artillery,  
Such a darling creature, so full of glee  
Then, dear, he has been so polite to me  
On board the "Hibernian."

Then, dearest Fan, but do not start,  
But since from England I did depart,  
I blush to own I have lost my heart  
On board the "Hibernian."

'Tis Doctor Malloch, but, dearest Fan,  
I wish you could see him, for indeed I can,  
For my pen can't describe the medical man  
On board the "Hibernian."

Of a great many more I fain would write,  
But the Captain says Point Levi's in sight ;  
So I finish this letter, and bid you good night,  
On board the "Hibernian."

P.C.

A girl said to her lover that she would consent to marry him if he would give to her what he never had, what he never could have, and yet what he could give to her. What did she ask him for ? A husband.

Why ?  
A hypocrite's eye  
Can better desery  
Than you can, or I,  
On how many toes  
A pussy-cat goes.

Because  
A hypocrite neat  
Can best count her feet,  
And so, I suppose,  
Can best count her toes.

Lines by a young man who has been jilted :

Woman, though fair she seem,  
Will take your heart and tantalize it,  
And were it made of Portland stone,  
She'd manage to macadamize it.

#### IS IT BETTER ?

To weather silly thoughts,  
Or the Seilly Islands ;  
To drop a shilling,  
Or astern ;  
To plant a battery,  
Or a shrubbery ;  
To make for Land's End, the start,  
Or a Deal, further on ;

To have lots of pistol shot,  
 Or lots of shot in pistoles ;  
 To poke fan,  
 Or the fire ;  
 To fan a flame,  
 Or a flirt ;  
 To rail against a drunken man,  
 Or put a drunken man against a rail ;  
 To stand and deliver your purse,  
 Or your speech ;  
 To be rated by your wife,  
 Or the Corporation.

LOG OF THE S. S. "HIBERNIAN," FROM LIVERPOOL TOWARDS  
 QUEBEC.

| Day.       | Date.                                                                  | Lat.          | Long. | Distance.<br>Miles. | Total Distance.<br>Miles. |
|------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------|-------|---------------------|---------------------------|
| Friday,    | April 17.....                                                          | At Moville    | ..... | 190                 | ..... 190                 |
| Saturday,  | " 18.....                                                              | 54.51...13.02 | ..... | 223                 | ..... 413                 |
| Sunday,    | " 19.....                                                              | 53 36...20.25 | ..... | 270                 | ..... 683                 |
| Monday,    | " 20.....                                                              | 52.17...25.45 | ..... | 212                 | ..... 895                 |
| Tuesday,   | " 21.....                                                              | 50.50...31.36 | ..... | 236                 | ..... 1131                |
| Wednesday, | " 22.....                                                              | 48.53...36.38 | ..... | 227                 | ..... 1358                |
| Thursday,  | " 23.....                                                              | 47.04...41.05 | ..... | 209                 | ..... 1567                |
| Friday,    | " 24.....                                                              | 45.22...46.20 | ..... | 242                 | ..... 1809                |
| Saturday,  | " 25.....                                                              | 44 50...50.56 | ..... | 193                 | ..... 2007                |
| Sunday,    | " 26.....                                                              | 46.20...55 53 | ..... | 227                 | ..... 2234                |
| Monday,    | " 27.....                                                              | 46.19...57.05 | ..... | 50                  | ..... 2284                |
| Tuesday,   | " 28.....                                                              | 46.40...58.09 | ..... | 49                  | ..... 2333                |
| Wednesday, | " 29.....                                                              | 46 12...58 09 | ..... | 23                  | ..... 2361                |
| Thursday,  | " 30.....                                                              | 47 07...60.24 | ..... | 108                 | ..... 2469                |
| Friday,    | May 1 .....                                                            | 49.00...64.15 | ..... | 192                 | ..... 2661                |
| Saturday,  | " 2 arrived at Father Point at 8 a.m., arrived at Quebec at 11.50 p.m. |               |       |                     |                           |

*To the Editor of the Hibernian News:—*

DEAR SIR,—As I predicted, the stiff gale of wind from the N. W. which commenced about 10:30 p. m the previous day, blew in heavy fitful gusts during the morning, causing a short chop of a sea, and as we steamed head on to it, the ship pitched heavily, striking the crest of the waves, and lashing the spray completely over her, which froze as it fell upon the deck. At daylight the fore-castle was one mass of ice, and the seamen were employed with hammers, chisels and crowbars, in disengaging it from the anchors and davits, which, from the quantity of ice accumulated on them, were increased to double their size.

At 8 a.m., the sea was so heavy, we were obliged to swing the quarter boats on board and land them upon the deck to prevent their being washed away. After this, we steered in for the bold and picturesque land of Gaspe, in order to get into smooth water. We did not fail in our anticipation, for our speed increased rapidly up to 11 a.m.,

when we passed the Light-house on Cape Rosier, about two miles distant—the Light-house keeper heisting his flag and saluting us with a gun, which we returned.

The water gradually became smoother as we steamed along the coast, passing in succession Gt. Fox, Gt. Pond, Gt. Valley, and Magdelene Rivers, all well known by little bays or indentations of the land, and the number of Canadian fishermen's white painted huts which line the shores, and the projecting headlands, steep and rugged, and clothed with a dense growth of spruce and pine trees.

In stormy weather, with the wind from the North, which blows directly upon this coast, the sight is extremely grand, and the roaring and foaming of the waves, as they dash with fury against the almost perpendicular cliffs, rising in clouds of spray as far as the brushwood which lines the shore, accounting for the stunted appearance of the trees near the edge of the water.

At the entrance of all these bays are many rocks which act as shelter to the vessels at anchor; and as they peep up above the surface of the water, they seem to defy the approach of an enemy.

Shortly after, on Friday, most of the passengers came on deck to view the magnificent sunset, and as the horizon was clear, it was seen to perfection sinking in the west, first, its lower edge touching it, then being half eclipsed, and finally only a small crescent being visible, which soon vanished from our gaze, the sky was left with a golden hue. One gentleman, more courageous than the rest, and being astronomically inclined, ran up the rigging to see if the big orb was still elevated above the horizon. I am not aware whether he succeeded in his laudable and interesting anticipations, but one of the seamen was observed to climb up after him, with a small cord in his hand, with which this gentleman's nether extremities were made fast securely to the rigging, and he came under the term of being chalked and had to stump up before being released.

Early this morning we passed Cap Chatte which is the entrance to the river St. Lawrence, and the moonlight scene that was afterwards presented, was beyond description, and was so grand that it must have been seen to be appreciated. We saw the St. Ann Mountains, a range of hills running parallel to the coast line, but many miles inland, and

TOWARDS

Total Distance.

Miles.

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rising to an altitude of nearly four thousand feet above the sea level, and I believe they are the highest mountains in British North America.

This magnificent range, forming vast peaks, appear, towering to the sky, many of them still covered with snow, were seen here in bold contrast to the much less elevated hills which run also along the coast, and when seen with the blue vault of Heaven, dotted with innumerable stars for a back ground, is most enchanting.

At this time the Aurora Borealis was very brilliant, making a complete arc in the Northern sky, darting its streams to the zenith and down to the horizon.

I also observed many bright meteors : one deserves special mention. It started from the bright star Vega in the constellation Lyra, and sped with great velocity in a westerly direction, passing the star Alphacca in the constellation Corona Borealis, and going a few degrees beyond it, leaving a track behind not unlike a comet in miniature, the body exploding, threw up bright pieces of colored fire, like a rocket.

The moon, [two days past its first quarter,] after having been our glorious companion the whole of the night, set shortly after three o'clock, and sunk in a slight haze which increased its size by refraction to fully one half its diameter and became distorted as it touched the horizon.

At 8 o'clock, a.m., we arrived off Father Point and took a pilot on board, and sent telegrams ashore, and now ended the greater portion of the responsibility of a most eventful voyage. By the news we received from the papers the pilot brought on board, I am sorry to inform you that the suspense we were in as to the fact of the assassination of the Hon. T. D. McGee, is now no longer doubtful, as it appears he was shot in the back of the neck, the ball passing completely through, making its exit at his mouth. The unfortunate gentleman died instantly. I believe his distressed widow is to receive a pension from the Government.

I am also sorry to record that an attempt has been made upon the life of the Duke of Edinburgh, who commands H. M. S. "Galatea." It is supposed to have been done by a Fenian, who is captured, and now in prison. The Duke

was shot in the back, and the ball was not extracted for two days, but by the latest telegram he was progressing favorably.

A piece of most welcome news is the victory of Gen. Sir Chas. Napier and his British and Indian troops over the monster, King Theodore, at Magdala.

The King first made a stand, but had to fall back before the advancing troops opposed to him, and when the fortress was captured the tyrannical monarch was found dead, having been shot through the head.

Apologising for occupying so much of your valuable space,

I beg to remain your ob't serv't,  
[Signed,] W. H. SMITH.

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## THE HIBERNIAN NEWS

### EXTRA.

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"Whilst I live I'll crow."

RIVER ST. LAWRENCE,

Saturday, Evening, 2nd May, 1868.

After we had read the newspapers that the pilot brought on board with him, we all turned out on deck to admire the grand scenery of this noble river. The wind was about S. W., and towards the afternoon the wind fell altogether. There was still a good deal of snow on the hills, but on the lowlands of the South Shore, the winter covering of the fields had almost disappeared. We had a glorious sunset just as we passed Murray Bay, a favorite resort in the summer. The water is much saltier here than at River-du-Loup or Cacouna, on the South Shore, though the latter is 80 miles nearer the sea. Cacouna, which we passed about two p.m., is the fashionable resort in the summer, which may be accounted for by the additional facilities for travellers, the Eastern terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway being at River-du-Loup, five miles from Cacouna, and has the telegraph as well; neither of these advantages have they on the North Shore. Opposite Cacouna, on the North Shore, is the far-famed River Saguenay, at the entrance to

which the rocks rise on either side to an immense height, and sink to, in some places, we believe, unfathomable depths; above and below, on the right side, and the left, there is a perpendicular wall of massive rock, and as we sail up this dark river, our fancy asks us, are not these the gates and this the entrance to another world?

We steamed slowly up the Traverse against a current which must have been running six knots an hour in some places. The channel here is extremely narrow, though the river is very wide. This is the most dangerous part of the river, and many a good ship has been lost between the Pillars and the light-ship. As we passed the Pillars light-house we saluted with one gun, which was answered by Capt. Vaughan, the light-house keeper. The contour of the range of hills from the back of Bay St. Paul, stretching away beyond Murray Bay, is very peculiar, has the appearance of a number of camel's backs, and it would not be a mis-nomer to call them the Dromedary Range. After tea the passengers enjoyed a moonlight walk on deck, and were shortly summoned to attend another grand concert in the Saloon. Now there may be too much of a good thing; concerts three nights in succession! We confess to have a weakness for whist, say every other evening on board ship, at least when we are well, and we felt that this last concert deprived us of our game—we said nothing of the previous one. However, both the singing and readings were creditable, and had we space we would particularize—the loss of our rubber notwithstanding.

As the concert was going to commence the "Hibernian" touched the ground, and kept scraping along the bottom of the St. Lawrence for some distance. At one time she heeled over very perceptibly. We went on deck and saw Crane Island light well on our port bow; she touched once or twice again. The pilot declared that she was in the channel, and the lead kept going gave 5 fathoms, less  $\frac{1}{4}$ ; her helm was put starboard, and Crane Island light brought on our starboard bow. We shortly passed about 20 yards to to the Southward of the buoy;—a white buoy we think—one of the pilots say that the buoy has not been put down in the proper place. It seems rather singular to us, and is a matter of some importance to the navigation of the St. Lawrence, that a vessel drawing  $18\frac{1}{2}$  feet should touch the ground when the least water the lead proved was  $4\frac{3}{4}$  fathoms; and if we were in the channel all the time, as the pilot says there must have been some shifting of banks since last fall,

which, from the appearance of the river, we consider by no means improbable. It was about dead low water when we grounded, but a neap tide. It is possible that ice with stone attached to it may have sunk in this part of the channel; this might explain how a vessel drawing  $18\frac{1}{2}$  feet touched in  $4\frac{3}{4}$  fathoms. We would, however, urge upon those whose business it is, to send down at once and sound the channel again, and remove the buoy if it is not in its proper place. We may mention that the pilot of the "Hibernian" is one of the oldest in the Company's employ, and has never got a ship aground before; we would, therefore, again urge the immediate examination of the channel, as the spring tides will be on shortly, and vessels coming up, drawing much more than  $18\frac{1}{2}$  feet water. We fortunately got off all right and steamed swiftly on, passing in succession St. Thomas, on our left, Grosse Isle, Madame Island, on our right, and in the background, towering up to the skies, Cape Tourment. We soon passed St. John's, on the Island of Orleans, and Point St. Lawrence, and then—

See Montmorenci! see, before!  
*There*, where she takes her fatal leap  
 O'er precipice abrupt and steep,  
 And *there* she falls to rise no more.  
 Yes! Now, alas, she only ho'ps to feed,  
 With hundreds more the mighty river's greed;  
 Her spirit doth in clouds of mist arise.  
 From mother earth unto her native skies.  
 Her phantom, by the pale moon-light,  
 Is visible to fancied sight;  
 And whilst the sun holds on his way,  
 The rainbows form in the spray.

The Falls of Montmorenci, one of the most picturesque on this continent, well worth a visit, if any of our passengers going west could spare the time. When we rounded Point Levi, and came within sight of old Stadacona again, bang went a gun from the starboard, then another from the port. The rockets now fly into the air; these are immediately answered from the shore, and we are in the port of Quebec before Sunday morning. We soon get alongside the wharf, which is crowded with people, and we receive three cheers, the customary tribute to the first arrival in the St. Lawrence. The "Hibernian" has won that honor for 1868, not without a struggle. Our voyage thus happily ended, has been no ordinary one, men walking to us ten miles on ice on the Atlantic, when we were 40 miles from shore! After dinner to-day, the address from the passengers to Captain Smith was read by Mr. Whittington, and

replied to by the Captain. We append the address and the reply. We are sure that Captain Smith will treasure this address, and the piece of plate with which it is accompanied (next to the copy of the "Hibernian News" with which we mean to present him) as one of his pleasantest remembrances in the exercise of his profession, always excepting his self-satisfaction that he has ever done his duty well.

As we are about to depart this life, we desire to thank our numerous correspondents for their communications. We should have preferred if *all* these had been original productions, but we can say that as for originality, they will compare favorably with the matter in the newspapers of the present day. We have only now to thank our subscribers for their liberal support. We took up the pen to do our quota in relieving the *ennui* of an Atlantic voyage, and we lay it down again with the satisfaction that we have not toiled in vain; and we hope that amongst the many pleasant remembrances of our fellow-passengers of this long and eventful voyage, one will be the reading of the pages of "THE HIBERNIAN NEWS."

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## ROYAL MAIL S. S. "HIBERNIAN."

MAY, 1868.

DEAR SIR,—

Your saloon passengers, desirous to appreciate your excellent management of the good ship "Hibernian" during the present voyage from Liverpool, and more particularly your unwearied attention while jammed in by heavy ice off the coast of Newfoundland, have had a meeting, at which their acknowledgements of your service and ability in having successfully extricated the ship from her difficulties and of having carried her into safety, have been marked by the following resolutions, which, we need hardly say, were unanimously carried :—

### I.

That a testimonial be presented to Lieut. W. H. Smith, R. N. R., commanding the royal mail s. s. "Hibernian."

## II.

Moved by Mr. RHYNAS, seconded by Lieut. CROOKENDEN, R. A.,

That the Treasurer be requested to purchase a bill of exchange on London, to the amount of the subscriptions in his hands, and to hand the same to R. H. Kilby, Esq., to be applied to the purchase in Sheffield of a silver tankard or other piece of plate, to be presented to Lieut. W. H. Smith, R. N. R.

## III.

Moved by H. N. JONES, Esq., seconded by Lieut. WHITTINGTON, Royal Canadian Rifles,

That the following inscription be engraved on the piece of plate, viz. :—"Presented to Lieut. W. H. Smith, R. N. R., by the saloon passengers of the royal mail s. s. "Hibernian," after an eventful voyage from Liverpool to Quebec, to mark their appreciation of the more than ordinary duties which he carried out in rescuing the ship from the ice on the 26th, 27th, 28th and 29th April, 1868."

We beg to offer these to you accompanied by a present, which latter, we hope, will not be the less acceptable from its trifling value, and which may be regarded as an exponent of our kindly feeling.

We are, Dear Sir,

With sincere wishes for you, yours,

H. N. Jones, A. F. A. Knight, Geo. T. Whittington, R.C.R.,  
Alfd. Hope Doeg, C. E. Croker King, Lt. 78th Highlanders,  
C. F. Smith, Robert Archer, W. Grant, Rifle Brigade, C.  
W. Wilson, J. O'Hara, H. H. Crookenden, A. Carcaud, W.  
Holladay, Thomas Jocks, Henry Judah, Wm. Herring, John  
Good, jr., Rev. J. A. Smits, Donald R. MacLeod, C. E.  
Leech, Rev. H. B. Landers, John Rhynas, John Walter Fox,  
S. M. Robinson, R. H. Kilby, Edward Seager, C. G. Moran,  
and all the Lady passengers. To which Captain Smith re-  
plied as follows.—

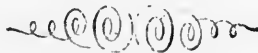
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I can scarcely express to you what a great degree of pleasure it affords me to respond to the address so numerously signed, which you have been kind enough to present me with, and to thank you sincerely for the very handsome and substantial testimonial which you have been pleased to give me.

To the Commander of a ship, the termination of a voyage, with safety, is a source of much happiness. But to find that all the passengers, when leaving the ship, express a kindly feeling towards him, and that they have appreciated his endeavors to fill, with good faith and honesty, the responsible position he is placed in, it is much more gratifying. It is doubly so to me on this particular occasion, as I have only recently received my promotion to the mail service, after having commanded the Company's steamer "St. George" for nearly four years.

When I look at the memento of your friendship and regard in days to come, it will revive many feelings of hardship and bitter anxieties; but it will be mingled with the knowledge that during this eventful period I received the sympathy and support of you all.

Sailors are proverbial for being out of their latitude in making speeches, and I presume this is the only time they will acknowledge it. I, therefore, again offer you the sincere and heartfelt thanks of a sailor.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "J. J. Jones" or similar, with a decorative flourish at the end.

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