

A FERULOUS VOYAGE.

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

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

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

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

"Our course continued throughout the day to the south-east, with an occasional attempt to make way to the westward. As evening closed, the ship was hove-to, and the wind freshened to the east, when a full moon shed its clear soft light over the sea, revealing the smallest object, and enabling us to get under way and move with comparative safety. Another night thus passed, and on Sunday morning found us one hundred and eighty miles to the south from our course, and attempting to double what at last seemed to be the southern cape of the icy region; and as we were encircled by the ice, a new and better course, a new but more scattered field lay before us, through which we finally threaded our way in safety, and a clear open sea once more revealed itself. Three or four hours passed, however, before our minds were again assured, or our faithful commander relaxed in the least degree his vigilance. A fear that we might again, and for the third time, fire ourselves embayed, kept suspense alive for several hours, until we were again assured, and our difficulties, and finally hid from our eyes those we had so happily passed. Fifty-four hours had thus worn on in danger and embarrassment, during which time we had sailed two hundred and twenty miles from north to south before the great barrier, and penetrated to it the westward a distance of thirty miles, to meet it again densely packed as far as could be seen. From the extreme position, cutting and narrow, could we discern any passage beyond, immediately before us were seen stretching from the extreme southern point, where we finally passed the pack. It is, therefore, within the truth to measure the extent of this enormous icy barrier at two hundred and fifty miles in length by fifty miles in breadth—stretching over more than three degrees both of latitude and of longitude. It is for others to draw from this, our experience, the valuable caution that should be brought to bear on life and property to an incalculable amount. It is for us to bear most willing and emphatic testimony to the sagacity, fidelity, and prudence of him to whom alone, under Almighty God, we owe our preservation. And it is chiefly with the object of bringing forcibly to view the great resources of mind and body demanded by the exigencies of our position, that the above facts are detailed. A course of admiration could adequately express our sense of the devotion and skill which our noble commander, Capt. Lines, maintained for fifty consecutive hours his most exhausting position and trying duty, and the courage and fortitude of the several cold and penetrating winds, watching with incessant activity and patient care the dangerous enemies that threatened at each moment to disable us, and avoiding such a perilous and hazardous position, which the presence and preparation and performance of his ample powers of mind and body."

THE QUICKEST TRIP EVER PERFORMED.

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

The *Asia*, under Capt. Jenkins, made the trip from New York to Liverpool in May, 1851, in ten days and six hours, and arrived at Liverpool in nine days and eight hours. The *Arctic* was the first performed. Capt. Comstock, in the *Colling-stead Baltic*, yet heads the list of quick trips from Liverpool to New York. The *Baltic* sailed from Liverpool Aug. 6, 1851, and arrived at New York in nine days, thirty hours and forty minutes. The *Arctic* was the last trip to New York is reported to have been made in nine days and a half! If this proves correct, the *Baltic* is beaten by an hour and forty minutes.

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



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

UPON WHOSE HEAD IS HIS BLOOD.

LOVE is a bitter cold and stormy night in January, when a young man and a young woman, with faithful violence, two young men, brothers, left the tavern in a thinly populated village, for their homes which was at some distance. One had been drinking very deeply, one much more so than the other, and he began to lag ere one-half of the distance had been accomplished. Staggered by liquor, the strong, driving took away the little remaining strength, and he sank down in the snow, calling upon his brother for help.

"Help yourself," was the early reply; I have looked you enough."
Another feeble cry for assistance.
"I've helped you some times, though; I don't do it again," was the second response. He did not think his words were to be a prophecy, and until almost broken down by the force of the wind, then, plodding on again in the darkness and storm, muttering deep curses.

The widowed mother, filled with fearful forebodings, had swatted, watched, and listened, until her heart was almost broken by the sight of accident. When lifted when she heard the well-known footsteps; but when one came in alone, the hasty inquiry for the absent one was full of fear.

"I've helped you some times, though; I don't do it again," was the reply, as he threw himself down before the fire, and in a few minutes was in the deep slumber of a winter dead.

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

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

The wretched mother knew it was useless for her to think of going herself; the dreadful storm, the intense cold, and the impenetrable darkness, all precluded the idea, and she turned to her youngest son, who, at her weak frame, pained with fear, would be powerless to render him the least assistance.

As she turned to her youngest son, she thought of that dreadful night-watched to the lonely heart-beat, which she listened, and watched, and prayed, hoping to see him, and to hear the sound of his feet. The storm had ceased, but the wind whistled a mournful dirge to her sad, aching heart.

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

Dear reader, I shudder when I tell you of the horror which might have been in the glory of his manhood, he had perished—gone before his Maker in his pollution.

It is not those that are in his blood!

It is upon that of the brother, with all his faculties and senses benumbed, except the one idea, the thought for his own safety—upon him who, without being able to reason, reasoning in the helplessness of inebriation;

It is on the head of him, whose love, and kindness, and sympathy, and noble character, who had so often, and night after night had deprived himself of the creature comforts which were so much prized—left the comfortable fire and the warm bed, and sought out the storm, and safely guided him home, repeatedly saving him from a miserable death, and now, when he saw his brother lying dead on the pure snow, and his patience entirely worn out, is his brother's blood upon his head?

It is upon that of the poor heart-broken mother, who weeps and moans, and wrings her hands in the anguish and disgrace of the bereavement!

Or, it is upon him who earns his responsibility and who, without being able to reason, reasoning upon him, on that dreadful night, rendered him helpless by his fiery draughts, and then permitted him to go out in the storm!

It is upon that of the man, who, in the land with this fearful curse.
I say, Nay! upon none of these.
It is upon those that are in his blood! It is upon them, for it is their business, their duty to make laws that will be a blessing to the people, and a warning curbing our shores. Let them look to it, for fearful indeed may be their reckoning with the blood of thousands upon their souls!

THE FRUITS OF LIQUOR SELLING!

We ally the following lists of the doings of the Traffic London, for the year 1855, in the *Alliance*, published at this City, devoted to Temperance and Prohibition:—

- 64 Serious Accidents or Cases of Striking Bodily Peril.
- 115 Deaths, a series of or by drunken persons.
- 226 Brawls or violent Assaults.
- 75 Cases or Cruelty to Wives or Children.
- Dead Remains of 1000 Persons.
- 72 Accidents or attempted Suicides.
- 47 Murders or Manslaughters.

The enemies of Prohibition will look upon the above occurrences as small matters compared to the great injury wrought by the sale of spirits. They may gather their tropics till the land is drenched in blood, and they are compelled to waste their strength to promote the sale of spirits, the walls of the dyking, and the sobs and groans of the mutilated and bereaved fill the air and rise above the howling blast; it may be permitted to continue on in the work. The lives of women and children, dying by suicidal hands, the sufficed bodies, lying in gutters, under stone walls or in open fields—the bloody marks of murder and assassins, prison gates and bars, the gallows and souls reeking in human gore hurried into eternity, are nothing to them, nothing! when they find means to make their country's rights—the right to make money thereby!

"These are the STOUTS they claim—they love them well—"
Hired men from the road to Hell!"

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

HORRIBLE TRAGEDY—FOUR CHILDREN KILLED BY THEIR MOTHER.

(From the *Syracuse Journal*.)
A most heart-rending occurrence took place yesterday (Saturday), on the Onida Lake Shore Road, six miles east of the village of Bridgeport, in Madison County. A woman by the name of Ward, wife of Mathew Ward—who is represented to be as being a drunkard, worthless fellow, and a man of a very cruel and unfeeling disposition. It appears that the husband had neglected his family and treated them in a most cruel manner. The wife and mother had threatened that if he did not mend his ways, she would take the lives of the children, she would murder them and take her own life. He heeded not her threat, and she was determined to carry it out.

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

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

A CAPITAL TOST—AT A TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

—At a Temperance Convention held in New York, the following laughable toast was given and drunk in a glass of cold water. It rather beats the measure "House that Jack built":
"Here is health to the memory of the man—I know not his name, but no matter for that— who chopped down the trees on the hillside, the land, who ploughed the ground, who raised the corn, that fed the goose, that bore the quill that made the pen, that wrote the *pledge of total abstinence*!"

SCOTT'S SENSIBILITY.

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