

THE EXAMINER

A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, and News.

"This is true Liberty, when Freemen Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—Euripides.

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Poetry.

WHEN BANNERS ARE WAVING.

When banners are waving,
And lance-arms are pushing,
When captains are shouting,
And war-horses are rushing,
When cannon are roaring,
And hot bullets are flying,
No that would honor win,
Must not fear dying.

Though shafts fly so thick
That it seems to be snowing;
Though streamlets with blood
More than water are flowing;
Though with sabre and bullet
Our bravest are dying,
We speak of revenge, but
We never speak of flying.

Come, stand to it heroes!
The heathen are coming,
Horsemen are round the walls,
Raiding and rushing;
Maidens and matrons all
Arms! arms! are crying,
From towers the wildfire's
Flashing and flying.

The trumpet from turrets high
Loudly is braying;
The steeds for the onset
Are snorting and neighing;
As waves in the ocean,
The dark plumes are dancing;
As stars in the blue sky,
The helmets are glancing.

Their ladders are planting,
Their sabres are sweeping;
Now words from our sheaths
By the thousands are leaping;
Like the flash of the levin
Are men leaping thither,
Swing gleam, and the steel caps
Are cloven asunder.

The shouting has ceased,
And the flashing of cannon!
I looked from the turret
For a moment a moment;
As hail touched by fire,
As fall in the river,
They were smote, they were fallen,
And had melted forever.

BY AND BY.

BY MARY CUMMER ARES.

Oh! wonderful vision of long ago,
Lighting as the young warm brain,
You've lost your aura of golden glow,
You're tarnished now by the touch of pain.
Can love retain its lustre with time?
Can it kindle again for the eager eye?
Oh, beautiful dream as you live again,
Will you live again in the by and by?

They who began life's race with me,
The amber-haired, the dewy eyed,
Who made life sweeter than dream can be,
Alas! how many of them have died.
The old, old story—beside the way,
In low, cold houses, mote, they lie;
When all come forth to immortal day,
Shall we love again in the by and by?

The tangled web of our mortal life,
Will I cease sitting hand unto hand,
That error and evil mingle strife,
Despise His love, will He tell us why?
Why glorious promises stranded lie?
Why hearts are wrecked on this lower coast?
Why hearts of a God-born destiny
Reel into chaos, rayless, lost?

Many who love in silence here,
Walk as strangers far apart,
Never naming the name most dear,
The being born their twin in heart.
In G's story will it all be clear,
The after of fate, and its sorrowful "why?"
The lost, and longed for, waiting here,
Will they know and love in the by and by?

Gleanings from late Papers.

THE BRITISH MERCHANT

In our (Times) City Article of Monday last there appeared a notice of an attempt to establish an Association for the Disengagement of Fraud among British Manufacturers. It seems a strange object to propose. It sounds like a contradiction in terms—like a Society for the Conversion to Christianity of the Episcopal Bench, or a hospital to prevent the spread of "Delirium Tremens" among teetotalers; for, of these fraudulent traders who feed us upon potatoes and alum and call it bread, and persecute us with all-encompassing allegations, giving much cause for triumph to the analysts of the *Lancet*. This aim is even higher than to shame the keepers of those magic mills where the puzzled tiller of a pari-hallotment puts in three bushels of good wheat, and next day finds that it has ground up into a sack of bean flour. Difficult as it is to approach the fact even gradually, yet we must come face to face with it at last. This movement is actively promoted by and directed against those gentlemen who live in such large houses, and are surrounded by such gorgeous servants, and who have such awful accounts at their bankers', and such comfortable pews in the parish church; it is among these that the promoters of this society propose to send forth missionaries, who are to carry persuasion upon their tongues and a constable's staff in their pockets. Is it possible that these people can want to be prospected by a gang of hungry? Can it be that they who live under the protection of the self-restraint which honest principles impose upon their inferiors can require to be taught that fraud is illegal? They have schools in their mills wherein they write up "Thou shalt not steal," and "Honesty is the best policy." Should a wretched clerk make a fraudulent entry in their books or embezzle a bank-note, they crush him "upon principle," and never relent till the Central Criminal Court has branded him as an outcast for ever from pure and untainted commercial circles. It cannot be that these people can have anything wrong in their daily practice, anything black under their white waistcoats. If when Dogues and Policemen A walk the earth, the British manufacturer will not be the flesh of their bulls' eyes, who shall abide it? Well, let us see. This British manufacturer has his virtues, as we know. His home virtues we will say nothing about, let Sir Cresswell Cresswell arise to rebuke all universal eulogy. But he also must have a code of trade virtues. He must not forge a trade mark; he must not vend an article out of his warehouse which would kill or maim any one who should use it; he must not sell a wooden stick and guarantee it to be cotton; he must not sell a pair of iron cutlery and call it steel; he must not send out a pair of scissors never intended to cut, or an axe that would fly to pieces at the first stroke. If there are people who have in the same trade a better name than himself he must never outstep the fair pace of emulation; it must not enter into his mind to forge their names and destroy their credit by affixing their brand to coarse and worthless goods. These are of the very rudiments of commercial morals. They are

the equivalents to "Thou shalt not kill," "Thou shalt not steal," and "Thou shalt not bear false witness." Yet, Heaven help us! these are the very acts which are attributed to these very respectable persons as every-day practices. These things are cropping up in our law books and taking rank in our police cases. They are growing into a custom of manufactures." They have been solemnly presented to a court of justice for its sanction. A manufacturer has had the assurance to bring an action for the infringement of his trade mark—that mark being a 300 yards label to be affixed upon a 100 yards reel of cotton. A few days ago a rifle burst at the Kilburn Rifle-ground, upon examining the fragments it was found that there was no proof-mark upon it. This weapon had been sold without the usual test required by law as a security that it should not destroy the life of the purchaser. It happened, however, that no one was killed and so sacred are the privileges of the British manufacturer that we have not heard of any one venturing to inquire of whom the rifle was bought, or by whom it was made. It seems to be becoming a sort of commercial belief that a quiet man clad in superfine broadcloth, and transacting his business in a little dark counting-house, may laudably commit any atrocity, provided he has no individual malice against any particular son of Adam, but bounds all his motives of action by his desire of "turning a penny." He gets a Government contract for boots—as is said to have happened in one case—and just as the battalion is going upon service sends in a complete supply with the soles glued on to the upper leathers. More than one man must have died out of all who suffered; but it was in China, or Canada, or in the West Indies, or in some place too far off to reach the prudent man's conscience. He ladders over gas-pipes and sells them as gun-barrels, and of course the barrels burst; but they are then thousands of miles off, and only shatter the hands of "niggers." He sells highly-polished tools at such low prices that the emigrant invests his last shilling in a treasure of English cutlery. They are his mainstay wherewith he is content of clearing a space and building a home in the forest. When he has arrived at a far away destination a few hours' labour serves to shatter his axe, to double up his spine, and to break the teeth of his saw. He stands alone in his misery, and perhaps curses his Sheffield; but the comfortable man at Birmingham, or Bitterfield, or in London, who made or sold this treacherous trash never hears his maledictions, and, if he did, would only piously pray to Heaven to convert the poor reprobe. The thrifty housewife in some remote village, who has saved the scanty margin of her husband's earnings to clothe her children, bargains for her pieces of print and calico, her reel of cotton and her needles, and, as her necessities compel her, takes the cheapest which are all short measure, the substance of her calico rubs off in dust, her cotton-reel has just enough cotton upon it to conceal the wood, her needles are pointless and often eyeless, and her hooks and eyes are a useless jumble of white metal. Yet all these things are vouchered for by the most respectable English names. If there be a manufacturer who by honest dealing and excellence of workmanship has obtained a name, that name is sure to be found forged upon these low-priced swindles. The bronzed gas-pipes—double-barrels at 2s.—are pretty certain to bear the name of Manton or Eg, the cutlery is all branded with the name of Rodgers, the prints and calicoes are all by the most renowned firms, and the 100 yards of cotton are all boldly marked outside "300 yards." The first consequence of all this is that the consumer is robbed; the next is that the manufacturers, whose names and brands are forged, are defrauded of their well-earned reputation; but the third consequence is that the credit and commerce of England are made a byword in distant lands. We are acquiring an ill name abroad for bad cheap work, and in many of our own colonies the American work is preferred to ours, as being more honest. Yet the men who have brought this to pass are "all honorable men." They hold up their heads, and boldly avow their "system;" and, assembled in grave commercial associations, they shortly answer to all expostulations who suggest a reform, that "the subject cannot be entertained."

"GOING TO THE DEVIL."

Will nobody bring in a Bill, if not to doers of the English Divorce Act, at least to close the doors of the Divorce Court? That "pimple" about which some simple Saxon in Australia talked so indulgently not long ago, is now plainly recognised to be a hideous and incurable cancer, eating away the last fibres of moral vitality in English society. In the same page of the *Times* in which we find it stated that this or that going Judge of Assize (moral England cannot do without three circuits in the year) was "occupied all day with cases unfit for publication," there are columns filled with details of cases heard before Sir Cresswell Cresswell, which not even a wanton could read without a blush, and which even the most case-hardened man of the world must look upon with wonder and alarm. The leading journal, though inconsistent, is not unwise in its generation. It is necessary to keep up some cant of decorum, but it is necessary also to supply that foam which the public appetite demands. We are told that crowds of well-dressed females daily through the streets of the court where these relations of conjugal depravity are made; and not the *deni-monde* alone, but the region of high fashion as well as "respectable" middle-class circles supply these eager listeners. "Oh, shame! where is thy blush?" is quite a ridiculous question here. What women are not ashamed to hear, surely both men and women will be found to read. The chronicles of this "Court of Reprobates" (as the presiding judge calls it) have, no doubt, an interest for the moralist as well as for the libertine, and it is in such a light as that we can consent to examine them. It is frankly admitted by the *Times* itself, which, however, makes very light of the admission, that no class of society in England is exempt from the taint exhibited in these disgusting disclosures. The English middle class, though neither as idle as the class above, or as ignorant as the class below it, is as corrupt as either. Particularly revolting is it to note the facility with which the English woman of this class yields to temptation; still more horrible is it to perceive how frequently she is herself the tempter. The *Times* conjectures, with great complacency, that England is no worse than her neighbors, the only difference being that what she has the candour to publish on the house tops, in other countries, discreetly confided to the ear of a confessor. But, even if this were true, is not the loss of shame in a whole nation a mark of irremediable degradation? It may be, indeed, that in such a country as France, where the evil seeds of the Revolution have not yet ceased to bear the fatal fruits of irreligion and immorality, the standard of female virtue is not so high as it ought to be. We are very sure, however, that in France itself the women who frequent the confessional are not open to such an imputation. Certainly, a bad Catholic may be as great a sinner as any one else; but if the Sacrament of Penance cannot preserve from falling those who do not resort to it, we know, at any rate, that it keeps those who do from relapsing into sin. But, after all, what country in Europe, at least at this side of Turkey, do we hear of the incestuous abominations which have lately come to light in London? and horrors still more nameless, we are told, await us; for, says the London correspondent of the *Liverpool Advertiser*, "Martial, Catullus, and Juvenal, may be ransacked in vain for passages dimly suggestive of what will be laid bare in open court in this novel moral metropolis of ours."—*Nation*.

MARINE DISASTERS IN JANUARY.—There were 30 American non-going vessels and 7 foreign vessels, bound to or from United States ports, reported during last month as missing, wrecked, or otherwise lost. They comprise 8 ships, 6 barques, 10 brigs and 13 schooners, of which 16 were wrecked, 6 burnt, 4 sunk at sea, 6 abandoned, 4 missing, and one sunk by collision.

APFALLING SHIPWRECK.

EIGHT HUNDRED AND FIFTY LIVES LOST.

The details of the loss of the clipper ship *Flora Temple*, Capt. Johnson, master, from Macao for Havana, have come to hand, from which it will be seen that the whole of the unhappy creatures on board, Coolie labourers, numbering 850, perished. The *Flora Temple* was a first class ship, and sailed from Macao on the 8th Oct. Her crew, including officers, were about 50 men, and four days after leaving port they encountered a heavy gale of wind from the southwest, with a high sea. Sail was reduced, and although on the morning of the 14th the gale had abated, it continued south-west, and Capt. Johnson declined making more sail, being apprehensive that a current might set the ship to the eastward, in the direction of reefs which were marked upon the chart. At 7 20 p. m. it was discovered that the ship was within a short distance of the breakers, which could be distinctly seen and heard, and which extended in a curved line from about four points on the port bow. It seemed impossible a large ship like the *Flora Temple* could escape them, and although the yards were braced round, and the ship hove aback, she struck first slightly, and then very soon afterwards several times with a tremendous crash, the breakers running very high alongside. Pieces of her timber and planking floated up on her side, and after some more very heavy bumps she remained apparently immovable, with a heavy list to port, and the water rapidly increased till it reached between the decks, where the Coolies were. It was found impossible to extricate her. While this was going on (indeed, almost immediately after the ship struck) a fear that the Coolies would rise and murder all on board seemed to have possessed the minds of the crew, and to such a height did this rise that the captain (having at the time, however, no intention of abandoning the ship) had the two quarter-boats lowered, and placed an officer and five men in each, with orders to remain close to the ship, so that refuge and assistance might be at hand. The crew appeared to have been thoroughly unarmed; their only anxiety was to get out of the ship, and but for the captain and his brother, and a few others, the boats would have left the ship absolutely unprovided with the necessities of life. These boats were lowered at 10 o'clock. At 12 o'clock the other boats were got out, and there remained the long-boat, which the panic-stricken men had declared it was impossible to get out. Only 15 of the crew remained on board, and the labour and difficulty in getting the boat out was immense. At length it was got over the side at 4 a. m., and with its crew passed safely through the breakers. Before leaving the ship the lead was hove; four fathoms were got under the bows and stern, and three fathoms amidships. Immediately through the breakers there was no bottom at 14 fathoms. At break of day the ship appeared to be almost without motion. Her masts were standing, she had a strong list to port, her back was broken, and the sea making a clear breach over her starboard-quarter. The Coolies, who had remained below all night, were now up and clustered on the upper decks. The captain, after passing round the northern extremity of the line of breakers, joined the starboard-quarter-boat, which had the smaller boats in company, the port-quarter-boat with the second mate in charge having deserted during the night, alarmed, probably, at the guns which were fired from the ship, and which to them seemed to denote the dreaded outbreak of the Coolies. The crews of the dingies were then transferred to the long-boat and quarter-boat, and at 9 a. m. sail was made to the westward. The wind rose to a severe gale from W.S.W. with a tremendous sea and heavy rain, and the boats parted company. From Saturday, the 15th, till the following Friday the gale continued without abatement, and serious apprehension was felt for the safety of the starboard-quarter-boat, which contained Mr. Marshall, the mate, nine men, and two boys, and the port-quarter-boat, which had in her the second mate, Mr. Walton, and five men. The long-boat contained 31, including Capt. Johnson, his brother, and Mr. A. P. Childs, the surgeon. Throughout the seven days while the gale lasted, this boat was hove to under a close-reefed mainsail, with a bucket reared out to 20 fathoms. Most of them had saved nothing but what they stood in. The boat was an open one, and they were drenched with the sea that broke over, and with the rain which fell night and day. They were covered with salt water boils, and suffered much pain. A biscuit and a half a pint of water a day was all they dared to venture on, and sleep was almost impossible. On Saturday the wind and sea abated. Fortunately the captain had saved his sextant and a chart, and as they found the boat drifted by the gale as far as 13 degrees N., it was determined to make for Tonan, the French settlement in Cochin China. On the Wednesday, 12 days after leaving the wreck, land was made to the south of Tonan. The boat was made fast to a fishing stake all night on account of the strong current which had swept her to the south the day before, and on the following evening they came in sight of the French squadron. Finding it impossible to harbour the Cape that night they put into a small fishing wharve, where they were most hospitably treated, and on the next evening, the 28th, they reached Tonan. They were received on board his Imperial Majesty's steamer *Gironde*, and Capt. Johnson at once put himself in communication with the French Admiral, M. Page, and begged him to send in search of the missing boats as well as to rescue the Coolies. With the greatest readiness the request was complied with, and the *Gironde* was despatched to the scene of the disaster, Capt. Johnson, his brother, and Mr. Childs, the surgeon, accompanying her. They came in sight of the reef on the afternoon of the 21st of November. The sea still rolled and broke as before; but no remnant could be seen of the ship till on proceeding closer in a boat her port-side from the main chain forward could be observed floating. Of the 850 Coolies no traces remained. Close to the reef, within a short distance of the wreck on the S.S. side, the boat sundred, and found no bottom at 17 fathoms. The breakers extended about half a mile in a curved line. They were very narrow, not over 150 yards in width. The unhappy Coolies had, doubtless, perished, and the *Gironde* at once shaped a course for Manila, where she arrived on the evening of the 8th of November. It is stated that it was impossible to make any attempt to save the Coolies. Capt. Johnson and his brother are very humane and courageous men, but the crew were so terrified that it was almost by exertions beyond belief on the part of the captain, his brother, and a few others, that the safety of the crew was secured. It appears, however, that they had some reason for distrusting the Coolies at this crisis. On the Monday after they left Macao all seemed comfortable and cheerful; their food was plentiful and good, and their state was well cared for by their own order and discipline among them being enforced by their own head men exclusively. An outbreak was the last thing anticipated. On the Tuesday morning, at 7 o'clock, however, three days after leaving Macao, the watch on deck being scattered about the ship, and the guard at the port gate of the barricade, which was erected between the Coolies and crew (who slept all) being away from his post, the Coolies, who had collected on deck in large numbers, suddenly fell upon the guard at the starboard gate, struck him on the head with an iron belaying-pin as he was stooping down, drew him on an iron hook, and having cut him frightfully afterwards with cruel sword-cutlery despatched him with a hatchet. They then made a rush through the barricade towards the cabin. While this was going on aft. orders of the Coolies were calling "Fire, fire," to induce the watch, who were in the fore part of the ship, to go down below. Fortunately the captain had come on the poop just in time to see the rush aft. He ran to his cabin, seized his revolver, and called the surgeon up. The captain's brother armed himself also, and half a dozen shots put them to the rout—not before one of the crew was haken to pieces and killed, and others wounded. The Coolies were armed with the cook's axes, the chain hooks, iron belaying pins, handspikes, and every weapon they could lay their hands upon, and but for the sudden panic which the unex-

pected shots from the revolvers produced, it was impossible to say what would have saved the crew. On inquiry it turned out that a deep-laid scheme had been planned for killing them all and taking possession of the ship, and it was this design, and the crew being constantly on the guard, that produced such apprehension and terror among them when the ship struck. It is reported that the boats were no more than sufficient to save the crew, 49 in number. The ship was 300 miles from land, and it is stated that it was impossible to raft 850 men so great a distance, much less feed them, even had the crew been justified or encouraged in trusting their lives to the Coolies' forbearance. It was felt that the only chance of saving even one of the unfortunate Coolies was their falling in with a ship, which perhaps might be induced to go to their assistance. Although the long-boat crossed the most frequented part of the China Sea, not a sail of any kind was seen. It is thought that in all probability the ship went to pieces on the night of Saturday, when the gale commenced.

THE GURNEY DIVORCE CASE IN ENGLAND.

A paragraph among the foreign news by a late arrival makes brief mention of the elopement of the wife of John Henry Gurney with her footman. Mr. Gurney is the son of Joseph Gurney, the distinguished Quaker preacher and philanthropist, well known by his extensive travels in this country, some years ago, for the purpose of visiting the meetings of the society to which he belonged. The latter was a brother of the well known banker, Samuel Gurney; his sister was the celebrated Elizabeth Fry, and his widow is a native of Pennsylvania. The family name and character are thus familiar to thousands in this country, who will be interested in hearing some particulars of the domestic desolation so hastily despatched in the foreign summary. Letters received here by the last steamer have been shown to me, which furnish me with full particulars of the case. The fugitive wife was the only child of Richard Gurney, M. P., a cousin of Joseph John, and was married to the husband she has abandoned when she was only fifteen years old. She is now twenty-eight, and has two children. Her father, at his death, left a fortune of \$50,000—one half to her children, and the income of the other half to her during her life—the principal, at her death, to go also to her children. In addition to this abundance, her husband is also very wealthy, a Member of Parliament, and maintains a splendid city establishment and several country seats. As a man, a citizen, a husband, and a father, perhaps all England does not contain a better or brighter character. He married for love, and was passionately attached to his wife, lavishing on her every attention and indulgence which an overflowing fortune and affection could suggest as likely to contribute to her happiness, without for a moment suspecting that her loyalty to him had been alienated, until he heard the blasting intelligence from her own lips. A young man whose name is Taylor, had been highly recommended to Mr. Gurney as a groom or footman, to take charge of Mrs. Gurney's horses, as she was excessively fond of equestrian exercises, and was accordingly employed in that capacity. Taylor was an educated man, of fine appearance and pleasing manners, and three or four years younger than his mistress. Thus thrown together, she conceived a passion for her servant, of which her husband did not retain the remotest idea until she openly avowed it to him, declaring that, although the latter had been as faultless as a husband, and only too indulgent, yet she had ceased to love him; that her heart was with Taylor, and that she had determined to abandon the husband for him. The tenderest remonstrance and intercession availed nothing to lessen her infatuation. Friends and relatives who were called in to plead with her made no stronger impression; and leaving her children without shielding a tear, this infatuated being abandoned as admirable a house as woman ever inhabited, and left England for the Continent, in company with her seducer. The letters referred to speak of this sad event as having produced an extraordinary sensation in England, where the Gurney family has long been universally known and loved. In this country, also, where their virtues are as highly appreciated by a very extensive circle, these particulars will be read with equal astonishment and grief.—*From a Philadelphia letter.*

UNITED STATES.

GREAT FIRE IN NEW YORK!

SEVERAL LIVES LOST!

NEW YORK, 3rd.

A fire broke out here last evening in a tenement house in Elm street, between Grand and Broome, in which twenty-five families resided. From ten to fifteen persons are supposed to have perished in the flames. A number have been carried to the City Hospital suffering from burns and from injuries occasioned by jumping from the windows to save their lives. The upper part of the building was occupied by about twenty families, and the following are about all the particulars that could be learned. Mr. Wise with his family, consisting of his wife and three children, occupied a portion of the front of the second floor. Mr. Wise escaped, and one child three years old was rescued, but one of its legs was broken. No particulars could be obtained as to what became of the rest of the family, and it is feared they were burnt to death.

Isaac White, with his wife, Amelia, and five children, occupied a portion of the second floor. Mr. and Mrs. White escaped, also two of the children, Eliza, aged 20 years, and Louis, 11 years. Gustave, aged 17 years, was absent; Ester, aged 18 years, was nearly suffocated; Pauline, aged 7 years, ditto. The two last were taken to the Hospital, but their injuries were not very serious. Francis Zorro, whose family is absent in France, also occupied a portion of the second floor. He was badly burnt about the body and hands, and was taken to the Hospital.

George Borden and two children escaped uninjured, but Mrs. Borden was badly burnt. She was found nearly dead by detective Keefe assisted by several members of the North River Engine, No. 30. The officer took her to the shoe store of George Schreyer, No. 126 Grand street, and the shoemaker humanely ordered them out, but the police man pushed him aside and put the woman on the sofa, and she was afterwards taken to the Hospital.

Mr. M'Garrett occupied a portion of the 3rd floor front, with his family, consisting of a wife and two children; they were all saved uninjured. A Jewish family, consisting of eight persons, also occupied a portion of the 3rd floor; the name could not be ascertained, and the only member of the family that could be found was a child, 2 1/2 years of age, that was conveyed to No. 15 Howard street. It is feared that the rest of the family perished.

Mr. Dricks with his wife and five children occupied a portion of the third floor. As none of them were seen after the fire broke out, it is feared they were all burned.

Mr. Walks with his wife and two children, occupied a portion of the 3rd floor, back. No particulars could be learned of them, although a diligent search was made among the crowd to find if any of them were rescued.

Mr. Armstrong with his wife and child, occupied a part of the fourth floor. Nothing could be heard of them after the fire broke out.

Mr. S. broke out with his wife and two children, occupied a part of the fourth floor. Nothing could be learned of them.

Mr. Beebe, with his wife and two children and four persons whose names could not be ascertained, occupied a portion of the 4th floor. Nothing could be learned of them after the fire broke out, and it is feared some of them are burnt to death.

Mrs. North, a widow, occupied a room on the fifth floor, and she was not seen after the fire broke out.

Wm. Vopel and his wife occupied a portion of the fifth floor. Mr. Vopel, on the discovery of the fire and finding that he could not escape by the staircase, threw a clothes line out of the window and fastened the end to a window sill. He let his wife partially down, when she slipped and fell on to a shed, injuring her severely. He followed and escaped with a few slight injuries. Mrs. Vopel was taken to the hospital, and her life is despaired of.

Francis Tysmeyer, with his wife and children occupied a part of the fifth floor. He escaped by jumping out of the window, and received severe injuries. No tidings could be learned of his wife or children, and it is feared they were burnt to death.

Owing to the intense excitement that prevailed, the names of the occupants of the sixth floor could not be ascertained, and as the fire commenced near the staircase, cutting off all hope of escape, in that quarter, it is generally supposed that the occupants of this floor, about a dozen in all, were burnt to death.

William North and his family, consisting of his wife and three children, occupied part of the third floor, and all escaped uninjured.

THE ELECTION OF SPEAKER—GREAT REJOICINGS AT WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, 2nd.—(Herald correspondence.)—The city has been wild with rejoicing since the election of a Speaker participated in by all parties who have suffered more or less financially from delay in organizing. Pennington, Sherman and Hickman were serenaded at Willard's by Wither's Band, accompanied by a large company of citizens and residents of the district.

Willard's hotel was thronged with people. The sentiments uttered by the Speaker, (Mr. Pennington,) Sherman and Hickman, were bold and decided against the question of the extension of slavery.

The serenaders proceeded to the residence of H. Winter Davis, but did not find him at home. They then proceeded about 1 o'clock to the residence of Mr. Gray, and called him out of his bed. He responded in a speech congratulatory to his victory, and that a Republican Speaker had been elected and the Union not dissolved.

He declared in most unmistakable language the purpose of the R. publican party to exclude slavery from the Territories, and preserve the Republic of the Constitution and Union, and to elect a Republican President this year. All the speeches were enthusiastically applauded, and cheer after cheer was given for Pennington, Sherman, Hickman, Gray, Davis and the Union.

Senator Cameron introduced Mr. Pennington to the people—and distinguished citizens from all sections were present and listened to the speeches.

FATAL STEAMER EXPLOSION.—New York, Feb. 2.—This morning a boiler in the extensive distillery of Graham Polley, in North Fourth street, corner of First street, Williamsburgh, exploded, blowing out one end of the building, and instantly killing one of the employees of the concern. A flying fragment of the boiler was thrown into a blacksmith's shop, near at hand, killing the blacksmith.

STORM AT THE SOUTH.—The late storm was much more severe in New York than it was in this quarter. Ten inches of snow fell and the trains south and west of New York were delayed by the drifts of snow. The steamboat mail due here yesterday morning was not received until today.—*Boston Transcript*, Feb. 2.

A SAD AFFAIR.—On Thursday night, February 9th, Wm. E. Merriman, who lives near Ewer's hotel, in this town, attempted to take the life of his wife and himself. He has been for some time past subject to fits and in a partially deranged state of mind. On Thursday night he and his wife passed to the house, found Mr. Merriman in his room with a glass of some pills. Shortly after he returned to the bed, and after getting in, turned over towards his wife and drew something across her throat twice, which she at first thought was a file.

She immediately sprang from the bed, found that two slight wounds had been inflicted upon her neck, left the room, locking her husband in, and alarmed her neighbors, who upon repairing to the house, found Mr. Merriman in his room with a glass of some pills. Shortly after he returned to the bed, and after getting in, turned over towards his wife and drew something across her throat twice, which she at first thought was a file.

Dr. A. C. Deane was immediately sent for, who found him in a very low state, almost pulseless, and his wound was sewed up and dressed. The instrument with which he inflicted the wound upon himself and wife was a dull jack-knife. Mr. Merriman and his wife are very worthy persons, about 63 years of age, and have always lived very happily together. They have the sympathy of the community in their afflictions. Mr. Merriman died on Sunday from the effects of his wounds.—*Greenfield Gazette*.

A CONTINUOUS RAILROAD FROM MAINE TO LOUISIANA.—A dispatch from Chattanooga says that the gap in the Mississippi Railroad was finished on Saturday, and the connection through to New Orleans is now complete. This time between New Orleans and Philadelphia by this route will be only 48 hours. By the completion of this link, there is now a continuous route from Bangor, Maine, to New Orleans, except a short ferris at Hudson River, the Susquehanna, the Potomac, and James Rivers. This vast chain of railways is composed of 18 independent roads, costing in the aggregate for 2344 miles of road, \$1,393,074, or nearly one-tenth of the whole railway system of the United States, of which 1906 miles are used in this continuous line.

A CAT FOR VENGEANCE.—A "Broken-hearted Father" writes in the following energetic strain to the *London Times*:—(By the late news from Bombay, I perceive that the blood-thirsty miscreant Khan Bahadur Khan has, with others, been taken prisoner in Oude. It was he who assumed regal authority on the breaking out of the mutiny at Bareilly in 1857. It was he who ordered the two judges of that city (Robertson and Rake) to be hanged. It was he who directed and presided at the murders of Doctors H. Y. and Hansford; of Carl Bach, head of the Independent College; and at those of many other of our unfortunate fellow-countrymen who fell into the monster's power. This wretch, previously to the mutiny, was a native judge in the pay of the British Government. Is he to escape with anything short of capital punishment? Is he, I would ask, to be an object of spurious civility? Shall it be said that any of them has died unrevenged whose vengeance is attainable?—When I tell you, sir, that I am the father of a gallant youth as ever drew a sword, and that my darling boy is brutally butchered by order of the bloody Ruffian, you will, I know, make allowance for the warmth of a bereaved parent's feelings, and will, I hope, give publicity to the expressions of those feelings in the columns of a journal that fits its way to the highest and most influential quarters. My cry is for justice—my cry is for ample, unmitigated vengeance on the head of the cold-blooded murderer of our dear fellow-countrymen and country-women.

A DEK RAGGED FOR SAFETY.—It is stated that when the twelve hundred clerks employed in the Bank of England leave the building in the evening a detachment of troops march in to guard it during the night, although burglars could not penetrate the solid vaults in six weeks.

PERFECTLY COOL.—A roughish friend of ours prints the following which we do not remember to have seen in print:—A certain man, whom we will call M., was noted for possessing great courage and presence of mind, and the cross-eyed wife in the neighborhood.

More than one attempt had been made to frighten M., without success; but one dark, stormy evening, one of his brother chaps resolved to see if there was any more in him, fixed himself up in the most ghastly style possible, and stationed himself in a lonely piece of woods through which M. had to pass on his way home.

The pretended ghost had scarcely settled himself in his position when M. went in sight, and came whistling along unconcerned as usual. Suddenly the ghastly figure confronted him, and in a sepulchral voice, commanded him to stop.

M.—"I do so, and after regarding his companion for a moment, said, with the utmost coolness:

"I can't stop, friend; if you are a man, I must request you to get out of the way, and let me pass; but if you are a devil, come along and take supper with me.—I married your sister."