A FATAL COLLISION AT SEA.

A PORTLAND VESSEL CUT IN TWO BY THE S. S. "SARDINIAN." — THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE AND ONE OF THE CREW DROWNED.

(From the Halifax Herald.)

On Friday morning, about 4 o'clock, 80 miles off Georgie's Shoals, the Portland, Me., barque "Sarah E. Frazer," 520 tons, Capt. Joseph E. Shepard, from Portland with a cargo of shooks for Matanzas, was run down by the Allen S.S. "Sardinian," Capt. Dutton, from Baltimore for Halifax, and cut in two. The Captain's wife, Georgia Shepherd, aged 24, a native of Portland, and a sailor known as 'Harry,' about 50 years of age, a native of Germany, were drowned. The rest of the crew were rescued by the "Sardinian" and landed at this port. On Saturday, Messrs. Thompson & Graham, acting for the captain and owners of the "Sarah E. Frazer," libelled the "Sardinian" in the sum of £7,000 stg. for the loss of the vessel and cargo. The agents of the steamer gave bonds, and she proceeded to Liverpool yesterday. The barque was struck on the port quarter and cut in two. There are two sides to this, as to every other story, which we give below.

THE "SARDINIAN'S" REPORT.

Capt. Dutton reports that on the morning of Friday last, about four o'clock, his vessel collided with a barque, about 80 miles off Georgie's Shoals. The barque was struck on the port quarter and cut in two. His lookout did not see the vessel nor any light until they struck, and the accident was entirely unavoidable. The steamer was stopped as soon as possible, boats lowered, and all the crew saved, except the captain's wife and one sailor, and brought to this port.

CAPTAIN SHEPARD'S REPORT.

The "Sarah E. Frazer" was a barque of 520 tons, built at Yarmouth, Maine, in 1870, and registered in Portland. She was loaded with a cargo of shooks by Messrs Phinney & Jackson, and left on Monday the 19th instant, for Matanzas. I had a crew of 13 hands,—including myself, and wife. We were towed out of Portland Harbor by a tug, leaving about noon. Shortly after the tug left us, head winds sprung up and it was after one o'clock Tuesday morning before we got out of sight of Cape Light. At 10 o'clock the wind veered to the east and we hove to under close canvass until two o'clock Wednesday morning, when the wind backed round to the northeast, with heavy sea running. I judge the vessel was close under Old Orchard Beach. At two o'clock wore ship to southward and eastward. Fair winds continued till Thursday afternoon. During Thursday night we hove to, 80 miles south of George's Shoals, with wind southeast, sails still reefed and heavy sea running. All hands were on deck. Towards morning there was heavy lightning from the northwest. About four o'clock in the morning it commenced to clear up and we furled maiatopsail. After seeing sails furled, the weather became calmer, and everything apparently all right and having had no sleep for three nights, I went to my cabin and lay down beside my wife. 'Georgia,' continued Capt. Shepherd, with an effort to suppress his emotion, was awake, and said, 'I'm glad you are come to bed Jo; you must be so tired.' She placed her arm across my breast, and I immediately fell asleep.

TEN MINUTES AFTER FALLING ASLEEP HIS SHIP IS CUT IN TWO.

The next thing that I knew was when I felt myself sinking. I didn't hear the crash; not a sound. I woke up and found myself in the water. My ship had been cut in two by a steamer, which was going right on her way. My first thought was for my wife, but I could not see her. I never saw her after falling asleep. I must have been stunned by the shock. My wife was probably struck and stunned, and sank as soon as she fell in the water. I could have saved her if I had seen her. (Captain Shepard being a stout man floated easily.) It was pitch dark, when the steamer passed I caught hold of some floating wreck, and kept myself up. After being in the water half an hour—it seemed hours—I saw a blue light on the water and a boat coming. I shouted, and they came and picked me up. I was very much exhausted, and my legs and arms were benumbed. The Captain was depressed in spirit over the loss of his wife, to whom he was fondly attached. "She was a good wife," he said, and continued, 'Oh! that fatal ten minutes! If I had only remained on deck ten minutes longer, I should have seen the steamer and saved my wife, if I could not have prevented the loss of my ship.'

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An Old Poem.

JANUARY 28th, 1880.

To the Editor of the Examiner.

SIR,—An early and valued friend of mine in England, a gent'eman whose talents and position alike entitle him to be termed a leading public character, has recently taken occasion to declare his opinion that many clergymen who are admirably fitted to discharge ordinary parochial duties, are by no means qualified to compose even one sermon, much less two sermons, per week, likely to advance or promote the great cause in which they are engaged. I agree with my friend in opinion. The practical remedy for the deficiency which he notices would be, either that the Church, as a body, should establish an Order of men to compose sermons for good readers to deliver, or, that the existing homilies of the church should receive a large numerical addition, and that an homily, instead of a sermon, should form the concluding part of the church service. An opinion, upon any important subject, frequently involves collateral or corollary opinions upon things in general. Novelty, to be beneficial, must be good in itself. Old truths are preferable to new errors. In the present day of sensational novels and startling novelties in polemics, politics and political economy, it might be well that the public attention be drawn to some of those choice bits of wisdom left by our ancestors; which, although they may not flare and sparkle like modern gas jets, have the more permanent brilliancy of fixed stars. With this, I beg to enclose an extract from a very beautiful translation of a very old poem, supposed, on good grounds, to be older than Hesiod. If you approve of this specimen sufficiently to print it, I purpose afterwards to submit to you a few remarks upon one especial part of it, the song of Orpheus in the Cave of Chiron the Centaur, descriptive of the creation of the world, and to point out what appears to me to be the wonderful harmony of the key notes of ancient Tradition, with the Bible in the first place, and with modern scientific discovery in the second place. The fall of man poisoned human happiness at its very source; and, a like diabolical agency, poisoned human knowledge by infusing opinions and absurd traditions into its leading facts, not only four thousand years ago, but at a much more recent period of the world's history. Modern science, instead of brewing new political and social venom, would do well to extract and annihilate the poisonous ingredients which Satan (the ancients named him Saturn) threw into the cup of knowledge, and thereby made the tree which produced the fruit from which it was made—one of evil and not of good. I am greatly afraid that the present are indeed the "perilous times" which were predicted to come in "the last days."

I remain, Sir,
Your obed't servant,
VICH DHOMNUIL NAN ORD.

Extracts from "Specimens of the Classic Poets."—Translated by Elton.

VISIT OF THE ARGONAUTS TO THE CAVE OF CHIRON THE CENTAUR.

Then with a whistling breeze did Juno fill the sail,
And Argo, self-impelled, shot swift before the gale.
The Kings with nerve and heart the oar unwearied plied;
Ploughed by the keel, foamed white th' immeasurable tide;
But when from ocean's streams the sacred dawn appeared,
And morning's pleasant light both gods and mortals cheered,
Then, from the shore, the rocks and windy summits high
Of wood-topped Pelion reared their beacon 'midst the sky.
The helm with both his hands the pilot, Tiphys held;
The vessel cut the waves, with quiet course impelled;
Then swift they neared the shore; the wooden ladder cast,
And forth the heroes leaped, relieved from labors past.
Then to the circling throng the horseman, Peleus cried,
"Mark, friends, yon shadowing crag, midway the mountain side!
"There Chiron dwells, most just of all the Centaur race
"That haunt high Pelion's top; a cave his dwelling-place.
"He there awards the right, or heals the body's pains;
"And chaunts, to neighboring tribes, oracular, his strains;
"To Phœbus' chorded harp the laws in wisdom sings,
"Or Hermes' hollow lute, of shell sonorous, strings;
"And, therefore, Thetis came, with silver feet, to trace
"High Pelion's waving woods, my babe in her embrace;
"And here to Chiron's hands the new-born infant brought,
"To cherish with a Father's eye, and rear with prudent thought.
"Indulge my longing, friends! With me the cavern tread,
"To mark how fares my boy, how gifted and how bred!
He trod the beaten path; we followed where he led.
We entered straight a grot, of gloomy twilight shade;
There, on a lowly couch, the Centaur hugh was laid;
At length unmeasured stretched, his rapid legs were thrown,
And shod with horny hoofs, reclined upon the stone.
The boy Achilles stood, erect, beside the sire,
And smote with pliant hand the spirit-soothing lyre;
But when the Centaur saw the noble Kings appear,
He rose with courteous act, and kissed, and brought them dainty cheer.
The wine in bearers served; the branchy couches spread,
With scattered leaves, and placed each guest upon his bed.
In dishes rude, the flesh of boars and stags bestowed,
While draughts of luscious wine in equal measures flowed.
But now, when food and drink had satisfied the heart,
With loud applauding hands they urged my minstrel art;
That I, in contest matched against the centaur sire,
Should to some wide-famed strain attune the vocal lyre.
But I, averse, forbore in contest to engage,
And blushed that youth should vie with more experienced age,
Till Chiron joined the wish, himself prepared to sing,
And forced me to contend, reluctant, on the string.
Achilles stretched his hand, and gave the beauteous shell,
Which Chiron took, and sang the Centaur combat fell:
How them the Lapithœ for daring outrage slew;
How, mad with strength of wine, 'gainst Hercules they flew,
And him, on Pholoe's Mount, to stubborn conflict drew.
I next the lute received, of echo sweet and shrill,
And bade my breathing lips their honored song distil.
In dark and mystic hymn I sang of Chaos old,
How the disparted elements in round alternate rolled.
Heaven flowed through boundless space, and earth her teeming train
Fed from her ample breast, and deep in whirlpools heaved the main.
I sang of elder love, who, self sufficing, wrought
Creations differing forms, with many counselled thought.
Of baneful Saturn next; and how the Heaven above
Fell with its regal sway to thunder-launching Jove.
I sang the younger Gods, whence rose their various birth,
How spread their separate powers through sea, and air, and earth.
Of Brimus and of Bacchus last, and giants' mystic fame,
And whence man's weaker race arose, of many-nationed name.

The rising generation would laugh at the absurd fable which Orpheus proceeds to relate, of all the animals and trees trooping round the Cave of Chiron, to hear the preceding song; so we will let *that* pass and merely mention, to the credit of Chiron, that he was so far from envying the applause due to Orpheus, that he himself joined in it; looking at the animals and trees. Who can say whether this fable be not a perversion of the fact that the great Creator of "every beast of the field and every fowl of the air, brought them unto Adam?" See Genesis, chapter 2nd, verse 19.)

"Amazed the Centaur saw; his clapping hands he beat,"
"And stamped in ecstacy the ground, with hoofed and horny feet."
"Then Tiphys treads the cave, and bids the Minyan train"
"To hurry swift on board; and thus I ceased my strain."
"The argonauts leaped up in haste, and snatched their arms again;"
"Then Peleus to his breast his boy embracing rears,"
"Kissing his head and beauteous eyes, and smiling thro' his tears."
"Achilles so was soothed; and as I left the cave,"
"A leopard's spotted skin, in pledge, the Centaur gave."
"Forth from the den we sprang, down from the mountain high,"
"The aged Centaur spread his raised hands towards the sky,"
"And called on all the Gods a safe return to give,"
"That, famed in ages yet unborn, the youthful Kings might live."
"Descending to the shore, we climbed the barque again,"
"Each pressed his former bench, and lashed with oar the main,"
"Huge Pelion's mountain swift receded from our view,"
"And o'er vast ocean's green expanse the foam white-chafing flew."

"Si quid novisti rectius istis,"
"Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum!"

"Est quoddam prodire tenus."

V. D. N. O.

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