

The Morning Chronicle.

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THE MORNING CHRONICLE

(Having a larger circulation than any other Newspaper in Newfoundland)

Is issued every morning, Sundays and Holidays excepted, by the Editor, Publisher and Proprietor,

FRANCIS WINTON,

From his office, corner of Duckworth and Cathedral Streets, St. John's, Newfoundland, where all communications, advertisements, &c., should be delivered.

The subscription rate of the MORNING CHRONICLE is

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Per square of seventeen lines One Dollar for a first insertion, and one third of that amount for each continuation. Advertisements without limitation will be taken out after four weeks unless specially ordered to be continued.

THE WEEKLY CHRONICLE,

Designed chiefly for Outport circulation, will be issued very shortly. It will be more than twice the size of the MORNING CHRONICLE, and will be published to subscribers at the rate of Two Dollars Fifty Cents per annum, and a proportionate rate for a lesser period. The subscription must be paid in advance, and no notice will be taken of orders unaccompanied by the money.

THE COMMERCIAL JOURNAL

Is published every fortnight, immediately previous to the closing of the Mail per Halifax steamer. It contains a review of the condition of our markets during the preceding two weeks, a Prices' Current, (carefully revised by competent authority,) Tables of Imports and Exports, showing the receipts and shipments from the beginning of the year to date, as compared with the same time during the previous year, the Shipping intelligence of the fortnight, rates of exchange, Export prices of Fish, with other information very valuable to business men.

Subscription to the COMMERCIAL JOURNAL Two Dollars fifty cents per annum, exclusive of postage when sent abroad.

Communications having reference to either of the above Journals must be addressed to the Proprietor

FRANCIS WINTON,

CHRONICLE OFFICE

St. John's, Newfoundland.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

[Under this head will be found the Editorial matter of the Newfoundland Press for the day preceding each issue of our Paper.]

(From the Express of yesterday.)

The *Telegraph* cannot give up his old tricks. Not many years ago he came out in opposition to Mr Wyatt, then a candidate for the district of Bonavista, and even had the temerity to stake his influence on the success of the opposing candidate, who was defeated by an overwhelming majority. But notwithstanding this humiliating exposure, we have the *Telegraph* again asserting that he has been the means of "inducing" many outport gentlemen to come forward as candidates at the approaching General Election.

We by no means agree with the estimate which the *Telegraph* forms of his influence; but we do not notice his observations with the view of discussing how much or how little that may be, but to show how incompatible with the practice of responsible government, as well as with the professions of the crafty *Telegraph*, are the observations in his yesterday's issue, to which we refer.

It is essential, under responsible government, that the leading Departmental officers should be members either of the Legislative Council or of the House of Assembly, the greater number of them of the latter body. But they must also reside in St. John's, while representing outport constituencies of Protestants holding the views which the *Telegraph* professes to advocate.—That journal says—"In every district where Protestant Electors are in a majority, however small,

there they should elect Protestant members." We presume the *Telegraph* will admit that it is equally the duty of Roman Catholic Electors, where they have a majority, to elect co-religionists; and as they have an overwhelming majority in St. John's, they have, for the past thirty years, virtually done so. Will the *Telegraph* explain how the hon. the Attorney General, Colonial Secretary and Surveyor General could obtain seats in the House of Assembly, except as the representatives of outport constituencies? We do not know how far the Electors of the colony may feel inclined to follow our advice, but we have had some political experience, and have read and observed something of the practice in other countries, and we would earnestly recommend that the best men available should be returned, whether resident or non resident.

The *Telegraph* has the following, which he gives as an extract from a letter dated Burgeo, Aug. 21:—"We are very much excited here on election affairs. Mr. Prowse had a meeting here on Saturday last—no hearing." We do not hesitate to pronounce this pretended letter a fabrication, and a libel upon the respectable and orderly people of Burgeo, who would give a hearing even to the Editor of the *Telegraph*, if he had sufficient capacity to make a speech. Besides, we know that all the leading men at Burgeo are Mr. Prowse's warm friends and supporters.

(From the Newfoundland of yesterday.)

We publish below some interesting particulars of the destruction of the steamer *Glasgow* by fire at sea, on a late voyage from New York to Liverpool. We are not aware that any account of this accident in detail has yet appeared here.

FIRE AT SEA.—LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP GLASGOW.

QUARANTINE, Aug. 3, 7:20 A. M.—On the 31st July, in latitude 40.45, longitude 68.23, m, the steamer *Glasgow* was burned; passengers and crew all saved by the barque *Rosamond*, and are now on board the steamer *Erin*. The *Glasgow* sailed from New York for Liverpool on the 29th of July.

NEW YORK, Aug. 3.—The following are the particulars of the loss of the steamer *Glasgow*:

The British steamer *Glasgow* left New York at 4 o'clock on the morning of Sunday, July 30, for Liverpool, with a freight of cotton, cheese, &c., and some 250 persons, including the seamen on board. Everything went well until about 10 o'clock, a. m., of the 31st, when the cry was sounded of a man overboard. A boat was launched and efforts made to save him but they were unavailing. He had come on board in a state of delirium tremens, and had been put in a straight jacket by the surgeon. Thus confined he rolled himself overboard. The excitement caused by this event had scarcely subsided when about 1 o'clock, p. m., the alarm of fire was sounded. All hands rushed on deck, and, as the fire was in the fore part of the vessel, all the second-class passengers fled amid the wildest excitement. Orders were given by the Captain and officers that no persons should get into the boats without permission, and that the first man who attempted to force his way into a boat before all the women and children should have been taken off would be shot. The order was cheerfully acquiesced in by all the gentlemen in the first cabin. A vessel was soon discovered at a distance of eight miles, and the *Glasgow* was at once put under full head of steam towards her, firing minute guns, and displaying signal flags saying, "I am on fire." The Captain changed her course and made for the *Glasgow*. In the meantime he ordered the boats to be lowered, so as to prevent confusion when the time came to occupy them. Capt. Manning then ordered the ladders to be lowered, and commenced transferring the passengers to the boats. The ladies and children were all first transferred, and then in regular order the males were transferred. The friendly barque proved to be the *Rosamond*, Captain F. S. Wallis, of and for New York. He received the passengers and crew with the utmost kindness, and bid them welcome to all he had on board. His officers and crew were also very kind. After all the passengers had been transferred the removal of baggage took place, and then the *Glasgow's* officers and men left the steamer—Captain Manning remaining by her until 10 o'clock p. m., when the ship's

hull was wrapped in flames. The steamer *Erin* came in sight on the morning of the 22nd inst at daybreak, and it was deemed prudent to transfer the *Glasgow's* passengers to her, which was done—the Captain of the *Erin* receiving them in the most hospitable manner.

The origin of the fire is variously reported, one having it that a bale of cotton took fire from a lighted match thrown upon it by a steerage passenger after lighting his pipe.

On reaching the deck of the *Erin* some of the passengers of the ill-fated *Wm. Nelson* were met with, who were exceedingly anxious to render assistance to the unfortunates.

At a meeting of the *Glasgow's* passengers resolutions of thanks to Almighty God, to Capt. Manning and his officers and to Capt. Wallis and his officers were adopted.

The following is the report of the steamer *Erin*, which vessel brought the passengers and crew of the *Glasgow* to this city:—

August 1st, 9:30 p. m.—Saw a light on the port bow supposed to be a vessel on fire, name unknown, in tow of a brigantine. At 10:50 p. m. stopped the engine and sent a boat to ascertain if there were any persons on board. Found passengers and crew had left in the ship's boats and that she was in tow of the brig *Martha Washington* of Searsport, from Boston for New York. On the 2nd inst., at 4 a. m., stopped to pick up a boat with officers and men, who reported that they belonged to the steamer *Glasgow*, then on fire, and all their passengers and crew were there on board the barque *Rosamond*, then in sight; proceeded to the barque and took off all the passengers and crew belonging to the *Glasgow*, about 250 in all, and brought them to this port. The *Glasgow's* cargo consisted of 76 boxes, 1 tierce bacon and hams, 1 bri. bladders, 2,406 boxes cheese, 208 bales hops, 755 bales cotton, 9 rolls leather and 3,686 bushels corn.

PRESENTATION CONVENT.—RECEPTION.—On Tuesday morning last took place at the Presentation Convent of this town one of those beautiful solemnities with which most of us have become familiar—that of the Reception of a Nun. The young lady received on this occasion was Miss Leamy, (in religion Sister Mary John Baptist Joseph), niece of the Fathers O'Donnell of this place. She received the white veil of the Order of the Presentation from the hands of the Right Rev. Dr. Mullock, assisted by the Very Rev. Dean Cleary, the Rev. Messrs. J. O'Donnell, J. Vereker, M. Walsh, J. Conway, J. Maher, &c., &c. At the usual time of the ceremony His Lordship addressed the postulant in an impressive and eloquent exhortation on the duties and rewards of the cloistered life she had chosen.

The Reception over, a party of guests numbering two hundred were entertained at breakfast by the Bishop and Nuns. Amongst those present were His Excellency the Governor and Miss Musgrave, and several Military and Naval Officers. The College band was in attendance, and played some appropriate airs during the Breakfast.

THE CABLE.

Among the Blue Noses Awaiting the arrival of the Big Eastern.—Odds and Ends about the people, the politics and peculiarities of Newfoundland.—Life at the Hotel de Cable with the Cable Engineers and Operators.

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE NEW YORK HERALD)

HEART'S CONTENT, July 14, 1865.

Our party, consisting of four besides myself, left St. John's in a long open wagon, which is dignified with the appellation of the "St. John's and Portugal Cove stage coach." The weather afforded no occasion for complaint. The sky was clear, the temperature cool and bracing, our fellow travellers sociable, and everything favorable to the full enjoyment of the journey.

HOMES OF THE REAL CODFISH ARISTOCRACY.

Along the road our driver pointed out the residences of the real original codfish aristocracy. Many of the rich merchants of St. John's, men who have accumulated large fortunes out of the profits of the fisheries and other pursuits, have pitched their "palatial mansions" in this region, and now enjoy in comfort and contentment their well

earned savings. Beyond this there was very little worthy of notice along the road except the Twenty Mile pond, from which the city is supplied with an inexhaustible quantity of fresh water. The road is nicely shaded with a dwarfish species of cedar and spruce, and one sees more traces of verdure than immediately about the capital.

THE PRINCE'S MOUNT.

A short distance from Portugal Cove our driver drew attention to a high rocky peak, covered with moss and stunted vegetation and surmounted by a flag-staff. "That is the Prince's Mount," said he. "When the Prince of Wales was here they put up that pole and wanted him to go up there, but he couldn't see it. They call it ever since the Prince's Mount."

PORTUGAL COVE.

A few minutes after we brought up at Portugal Cove, a poor, straggling, little hole, with a few houses built on the side and top of a high piece of land on the shore of Conception bay. The odoriferous generations of cod, drying on some dozen stages, did not tend to lighten the miserable appearance of the place. Fortunately our delay was not very long. The steamer, a sort of elongated tub with a stovepipe in it, was just coming into her dock, and we had only time to devour a few sandwiches, swallow some liquid refreshment and jump on board, before she was ready to start on her return trip, with about a dozen passengers.

CONCEPTION BAY

is a magnificent sheet of water, fringed by a bold, rocky coast, presenting to the view the most striking and remarkable conformations. Immense masses of rock, looking in the distance like vast castles, rise fifty and one hundred feet from the level of the sea. Huge caverns, chiselled out of the rocks by the hand of the Master workman, are to be seen at many points along the shore, sometimes with the angry waves dashing against them with impetuous fury, and at other times far above the reach of old Father Neptune, traversed by winding and perilous passages, and cleft into fantastic chambers, such as one often reads of as being the favorite haunts of pirates and smugglers.

THE PASSAGE ACROSS CONCEPTION BAY TO

CARBONEAR,

or Carboniere, as some spell it, took about three hours, which is the time ordinarily occupied. But when storms or fogs prevail it is no unusual thing for a whole day to be spent in the effort to reach the entrance to the harbor.

CARBONEAR.

is remarkable for nothing in particular that we could notice during our few minutes' stay there. Two one-horse vehicles had been ordered for us, and were in readiness when we arrived; so we started immediately for our destination. Such a ride, such a road and such a country! The most dreary, bleak and barren spectacle I ever saw before was nothing in comparison with this.

THE HEART'S CONTENT ROAD.

Wide plains filled with marshes and rock, or ranges of hills covered with a thin layer of moss and half strangled cedar and spruce that seemed to be struggling with the demon of barrenness for their very existence, formed the most cheering part of the spectacle. Scarcely a house or hut was to be seen. As we passed along men were busily engaged fixing up the new telegraph poles and wires to connect Heart's Content with Harbor Grace and St. John's.

"How is it possible," exclaimed one of our party, "that people can live in such an abandoned and cursed place as this?"

"Ow, wow, sir," answered the driver, "this is nothing to what it is in winter time. If you saw it then what would you say? I have saw it so cold here that you couldn't walk five minutes without getting 'fros' burned.' The men do be often 'fros' burned here sir. You see those poles? (He pointed to some half rotten poles stuck in the ground at intervals along the road.) Them is for to tell the way when the snow is on the ground. If it wasn't for them we would be lost during the winter travelling out here."

MORE OF THE FAIRIES.

"Is it true, Quinn," said I to the driver, "that the fairies inhabit about here?"

"Errah wisha, sir, what wud they be doing here? Sure they'd be 'fros' burned here, the little craythurs, so they would."

"Yes, but that is not answering the question, Quinn. If there are any fairies here I would like very much to see them."

"Be gorra, sir, you oughtn't to spake 'tis