SINKING OF THE CYNTHIA.

Narratives of the Captain and the Pilot.

SOME HEARTLESS SPECTATORS.

The Polynesian at Quebec—The Scene of the Collision.

A last (Wednesday) night's Montreal despatch says: Captain Taylor, who thus met his first accident in 28 years of seafaring life, has lost everything. "I called the ship's crew to the mainmast," said the captain, "but the steam and the smoke and the spray flying in all directions made it difficult to hear. Many followed me upon the mainmast, and when the vessel turned the mainmast was level with the water. I ran along the mainmast and jumped for the shore. There were a number of persons on shore who could have helped, but they did not even come down to the water's edge. I called upon them to man one of the boats and come to our help, but they either did not understand or would not. The Polynesian was damaged. I had too much to do to look after myself and my boat to pay any attention to her. The Polynesian struck her on the starboard—she was almost in line with the shore too—and crushed in our stern and tore away our sides as if we had struck an iceberg. One of the men was killed when he was coming up from below. He was a quartermaster. When the collision occurred our foretopmast went by the board."

THE PILOT'S STORY.

Celestin Brunet, pilot on the Cynthia, gave the following account: This morning about half-past 4 the Polynesian was sighted coming down the river, the Cynthia at the time being nearly opposite the asylum at Longue Pointe. The weather was perfectly clear and those on board were surprised to see the course of the Polynesian. She was crossing the course of the Cynthia, which was, according to marine law, keeping the starboard side of the river. When within fifty feet of each other the Polynesian blew her whistle to signal the other to take the opposite side of the channel. Brunet accordingly put her about and endeavored to cross in front of the Polynesian, but, seeing that it could not be done, gave orders "full speed astern." Before she had even stopped the Polynesian was down on her, striking her on the starboard bow. After the collision the Polynesian kept on her course, and as the Cynthia's forepit only was full of water the captain decided to try and run her ashore and save the cargo. The engines were accordingly started and the ship went on her way, but immediately the bow went down, causing the screw to project above water and at the same time she capsized on her side. Seeing there was no further chance of saving the vessel the officers and men took to the boats.

WOULD NOT HELP.

Some of the sailors stated that the Polynesian after striking the Cynthia steamed right ahead. They claim that had she lowered her boats immediately, she could have rescued the men who were drowned. They complain bitterly of some fifteen men who stood on the shore, heard the cries of the drowning, watched the steamer go down and never put forth an effort to save, although they had two or three boats.

THE INSPECTION.

At about half-past 11 o'clock tugs, upon which were Harbor Engineer Kennedy, Captain Shaw, Port Warden, Captain Riley, A. Boyer, M.P.P., Captain Nolan, of the Alcides, and Captain Taylor, visited the wreck and having pumped out the life boat had it taken away. The position of the vessel was ascertained by sounding and the general opinion is that she is a total loss and not worth the trouble of trying to raise. The only question will be to get the cargo out and the hull out of the way to keep it from being carried down by the ice in the channel next winter. The harbor master and assistant engineer ascertained from the captain the position of the vessel in the river when she was struck by the Polynesian. There is a story that the latter vessel sounded two whistles before she struck the Cynthia. There is a bend in the channel just there and each vessel would be likely to try to avoid just what did happen. Up to 1 o'clock no bodies had been recovered.

SCENE OF THE COLLISION.

The collision occurred a little above Longue Pointe Church. The Cynthia, had she been steered away from shore, would have run aground in shoal water, but the deep water runs in right under the banks, which is precipitous. As the channel here is a natural one and both deep and wide there is no obstruction to shipping, there being plenty of room outside the Cynthia's hull. Capt. Nelson, of the R. & O. steamer Quebec, stated that he met the Polynesian about Cape St. Michel, near Varennes, this morning, and saw something was wrong, as her bows were badly broken and the plates bent and ripped. She looked as if she had run upon rocks. She was proceeding down stream very slowly, followed at a short distance by the Buenos Ayrean. Just below Longue Pointe Church they saw the top of a mast sticking out of the water on the north side of the river, about 100 yards from shore and about midway between the church and the nunnery. At first they thought it was the mast of a yacht, but they saw a couple of ships' boats near by, apparently fast to the davits, and knew that a steamer was lying in deep water, which at that point runs close into the bank. They passed a lot of floating cargo. The channel where the accident happened is in summer 300 feet wide and 27 feet deep, but to-day an experienced pilot said it is fully 500 feet in width with 27 feet of water. The Harbor Board will hold an inquiry into the circumstances. They have the power to suspend either or both pilots, either temporarily or altogether, as they see fit. In the case of the captains they have no jurisdiction, as their certificates are granted by the Board of Trade in England. It is likely an inquiry will be held by the Admiralty Court, Quebec, and thus evidence will be transmitted to the Board of Trade. Foreign companies only are interested in the insurance on the steamer and cargo. The manifest of the Cynthia is light, the cargo consisting of coal and pig iron, shipped at Glasgow.

COULD NOT HAVE STOPPED.

Talking with shipping men as to whether the Polynesian ought not to have stood by the Cynthia and rendered what assistance she could, they said it was utterly impossible. With the "way" on her, caused by the full speed down stream, she could not have stopped, and even if she could have stopped in a short distance she would have been unable to turn in the narrow channel so as to get back to the scene of the accident.

CAPTAINS AND PILOTS.

Captain John Taylor, of the Cynthia, is a Scotchman, about 40 years of age, and has been with the Donaldson Line nearly all his life. Captain Hugh Wylie, of the Polynesian, is a brother of Captain Wylie, who was formerly Commodore of the Allan Line. Pilot Celestin Brunet, of the Cynthia, is 46 years of age and has held his certificate since January 16th, 1878. Louis Z. Bouille, pilot of the Polynesian, is 40 years of age and has held his certificate since February 28th, 1872. Both men are spoken of as careful and sober.

THE SUNKEN STEAMER.

The Cynthia was built on the Clyde in 1880, by D. & W. Henderson, Glasgow, for her owners, the Messrs. Donaldson Bros., of the same city, and is one of a line of five steamers built for the Glasgow and Canada trade, having Montreal for their headquarters in the latter. She is classed at Lloyds as "A 1." Her registered tonnage is 1,400; gross, 2,152 tons; length, 329 feet; breadth, 36 feet, with a depth of hold of 25 feet. The well known shipping firm of Reford & Co. are her agents in Montreal.

Captain Wylie, when seen by a reporter did not wish to make an extended statement, as all would be told when the official investigation into the collision was held. He said, however, that upon meeting the Cynthia he blew his whistle twice and backed his ship. He was on the right side so much so that he could go no further. The Cynthia tried to cross his bows, and that was the cause of the collision. At the time of the accident Capt. Wylie, first officer and the pilot were on the bridge, and all who were on deck at the time on board the Polynesian stated that they did their best to avert the collision.

The passengers on board the Polynesian were in bed when the collision took place, and although they hurried on deck when the crash occurred there was very little confusion. So perfect was the discipline that as soon as the two vessels struck each member of the crew went to his alloted post without a word of command. Both officers and crew of the Allan steamer expressed great regret when they were told of the loss of life on board the Cynthia, as they believed that all of the men on the latter had been as fortunate in escaping from the sunken steamer as the men in their forecastle had been from getting crushed.

The report sent on from Montreal stated that eight men lost their lives on the Cynthia, but this number has been reduced by at least one. James Low, quartermaster of the ill-fated steamer, escaped death and got on board the Polynesian in a most miraculous manner. He states that he was relieved from the wheel shortly before 4 o'clock. He went into the forecastle and drank his coffee. He then went to his berth to get his pipe and tobacco. While he was looking for the latter the crash came and all the men in the forecastle made an effort to get up the stairs to the deck. Low did not like to lose his tobacco and kept looking for it, when the ships closed for a second time. He then crept through the gap in his own vessel into that made in the Polynesian and thus saved his life. He states that the Cynthia's crew consisted of 35 men besides four stowaways (acrobats) who were making their way to Chicago, but one of the poor fellows was drowned.

THE CHICAGO ASYLUM.

How an Insane Institution was Run by Political Heelers.

A Chicago despatch says: In the Insane Asylum investigations on Thursday Dr. Clevenger testified that the attendants were mainly roughs and toughs, and that Dr. Kiernan is utterly unable to prevent brutality. The witness said that in State institutions the expense was about $8 per capita per month, while in Cook county it was at least $12. Cook county had paid as high as $50 a month per capita. Most of the expense was for whiskey. With 1,500 patients in Kankakee the liquor bills amounted to $200 or $300 a year. Here with a community of never over 600 people the bills amounted to $3,000 to $4,000. The excessive cost was largely due to stealings. Rats, mice and all kinds of vermin abounded at the asylum. Dr. Kiernan tried for a month to get fine-tooth combs, but the County Board could not spare the money from the whiskey bills. The witness said Dr. Kiernan himself was incapable of cruelty. The witness had been told there was an attendant taking down everything Kiernan did to report to his political enemies.

The World Moves.

A Wooster, O., despatch says: Probably the first woman ever licensed to perform the marriage ceremony has just been granted papers conveying that authority from the Probate Court of this county. The lady is the Rev. Mrs. Ellen Runkle, the wife of a well-known farmer residing in the northwestern part of the county. She is a regularly ordained minister of the United Brethren denomination.

William Roberts, M. D., F.R.C. P., o the University of London, Eng., says: "Passive congestion of the kidneys may be present, in which the urine contains not a trace of albumen, while the symptoms of intense venous congestion, dropsy, orthopnœa and pulsating jugulars are present. The urine becomes scanty, high-colored and dense." Warner's Safe Cure has cured thousands of these symptoms, often called diseases, by putting the kidneys in a healthy condition.

In a new book upon "Americanisms" some of the less familiar are: Bibibles for drinkables, bohn for a crib or translation, balditude for a state of baldness; to deacon, or to place fine fruit on top; parquet, or the pit of a theatre from its mosaic floor; pizzaro for piazza; skulduggery, wire-pulling; trampoos, to wander aimlessly; and daisy, for anything first-rate.

A NAVAL HERO.

Honors Upon Honors Heaped Upon Captain Murrell.

HIS CREW NOT FORGOTTEN.

A last (Friday) night's London cable says: The banking account of Captain Murrell, commander of the Missouri, who on the morning of April 6th rescued 735 emigrants from the sinking Danmark in mid-Atlantic, under circumstances of great peril, and at immense personal and commercial risk, must to-day present a much more healthy appearance than it did two months ago. His heroic act has been recognized in three countries in a princely manner, and presents in gold and kind and titular honors have been lavished upon him. The city of London was yesterday afternoon enthusiastic in his honor, while banquets and testimonials await him in Colchester and Cardiff, and there is a strong probability that the freedom of London will be presented to him. His reception in London yesterday eclipsed all previous festivities in his honor. The scene inside the Mansion House was an unusually brilliant one, and when Captain Murrell entered in company with the Lord Mayor the band struck up "See the Conquering Hero Comes." At the same time the entire audience rose *en masse*, and shouted and hurrahed until the civic walls rung, and completely drowned the music. Men waved their hats and women flourished umbrellas and handkerchiefs, and it was some minutes before silence was restored. All this time Capt. Murrell stood blushing and bowing, and the Lord Mayor encouraged a prolongation of the ovation by leading it a minute later. The applause was resumed when the officers of the Missouri joined their chief on the platform.

The speeches were of a most laudatory character, and replete with references to the nobility of nature, the British pluck and the great humanity of the heroic captain, and every such reference brought the people to their feet with storms of applause. The proceedings commenced by the Lord Mayor calling upon the band to play "Hearts of Oak."

Mr. W. Connolly, Secretary of the Testimonial Committee, described Capt. Murrell's reception in America, and organizing a fund to *fete* him in England. One thousand and fifty pounds had been paid or promised, and the list was still open. Mr. Connolly said it had been decided to give each member of the crew two months' pay and each officer a gold watch and two months' pay, and the balance, which it was hoped would reach £500, to the captain himself. In spite of all the honors which are being heaped upon him, the captain remained an honest, simple hearted Englishman. He concluded his enumeration of the honors past and prospective arranged for Capt. Murrell, by announcing that when that officer returned to the United States he was to be presented to the President at Washington.

After a speech from the Lord Mayor, in which he paid a high tribute to the captain, the officers and crew of the Missouri, he presented Capt. Murrell with a silver salver, and each officer with a gold medal and a cheque for two months' salary.

When Capt. Murrell rose to respond the whole audience rose at the same time, and cheered vociferously for saveral minutes. He said that it was with a very high sense of gratitude that he and his crew were present, and he thanked the meeting for the cordial reception that had been accorded them. The gratitude of the people they were the means of saving was sufficient for him and his crew without any further recompense. He spoke of the responsibility he felt when throwing over the cargo, but said he concluded that merchandise was nothing when compared to human life, a sentiment that was loudly cheered.

The Danish Minister, M. de Fulbe, expressed the gratitude of his countrymen, from the palace to the cottage, from the king to the peasant, to Captain Murrell and his brave crew.

Gen. New, the American Consul, added words of welcome, and the Lord Mayor explained that the American Minister would have been present, but until he was presented to the Queen he had no official status.

Gen. New said the appreciation of true heroism was common to the people of all climes, and especially to the people of Old England, America, and perhaps in no less degree of the people of Denmark. Captain Murrell's action would stand out conspicuous as a great effort of true seamanship and gallantry. Gen. New then gave the popular commander cheques for $2,500, and Capt. Murrell, having broken the fastening of the sealed letter, the Lord Mayor read a letter from the Chancellor of the German Empire highly eulogizing Capt. Murrell, after which the proceedings terminated.

THE SAMOAN DISPUTE.

Protocol Drafted Dealing With the Questions at Issue.

A Berlin cable says: Sir Edward Malet, Mr. Kasson and Herr Holstein, as a Committee of Revision, completed to-day a draft of a protocol concerning Samoan questions. It contains clauses relating to the municipal government of Apia, the coaling ports held by the Powers, the Land Commission and the autonomy of the Samoan Government, the text of which has already been cabled to Washington and approved by Mr. Blaine. The remaining clauses, defining the tariff of Samoa, the Constitution of the native Government, and the limitation of the German claims for indemnity from the natives, have been framed in consonance with instructions from Mr. Blaine, who is in daily cable contact with the Commission. Nothing, therefore, ought, in the opinion of the delegates, to prevent the winding up of the Conference on Tuesday, when the business is expected to be limited to the exchange of signature agreements.

He Would Not Refuse.

"Let us not waste our time," yelled the temperance lecturer, "let us not waste our time in dealing with the small saloons and grogshops. Let us go to the fountain-head. Let us go to the brewery, my friends."

"All right," chimed in an old soaker from a back seat. "I'm with you."—*America.*

Lady Stanley has proposed that a non-sectarian children's hospital be established in Ottawa.

OVER AN EMBANKMENT.

Forty-five Passengers Hurt in a Railway Accident

ON THE ST. LOUIS & SAN FRANCISCO.

A last (Friday) night's St. Louis despatch says: The west-bound train on the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad, which left St. Louis last night at 8.15, was wrecked three miles from Sullivan, Mo. Not a passenger escaped unhurt, and 45 are known to have been seriously injured, though no deaths are reported. The train was running at a high rate of speed when suddenly, without warning, the track gave way and the locomotive, baggage car and five coaches went over the embankment. The trainmen and those who were only slightly injured at once set to work to prevent the additional horror of fire, in which they succeeded. They then turned their attention to the more unfortunate injured and in a short time 45 passengers, all badly hurt, had been released from the debris. A temporary hospital was improvised at Sullivan, and the most seriously injured were taken there, while others were brought to St. Louis on the relief train, which was hurried to the scene of disaster. It was 11.25 when the accident occurred. The train was travelling at high speed, and most of the passengers had already gone to sleep, while the few remaining awake were about to do so. There is a curve in the road three miles west of Sullivan, and when that point was reached a sudden jolt and jar was felt all over the train, and people in the rear cars could hear the forward coaches rattling over the ties and the crushing noises of cars being demolished. A creek is crossed by the road at that point and there is a steep embankment thirty feet high. Most of the passengers thought the train was going through a bridge, and a feeling of horror chilled their blood. In an instant all the coaches except the two sleeping cars had been thrown from the rails. People were thrown about in the cars in all directions, and some of them were thrown through the windows and down the embankment.

The train proper was made up of a mail car, an express car, baggage car, a smoker, a ladies' coach, a reclining chair car and two Pullman sleepers. Back of these sleepers were hitched five empty coaches, which had been picked up at a way station. The front truck of the first sleeper jumped the track, but the rest of the car remained and the rear sleeper and empty coaches behind it never left the track. Fortunately, there was no fire in the cars and the jolt extinguished the lights immediately. The explanation given of the accident by the trainmen was that the spikes and fishplates had been removed from the rails at the curve, just leaving the rail loose on the ties. The forward portion of the locomotive passed the place all right, but the tender jumped the track and was thrown part of the way down the embankment. Who removed the spikes and plates is not known, but the supposition is that it was the work of train robbers. The railroad officials claim it is a clear case of train wrecking. On the train was a large body of physicians returning from Springfield, where the National Convention is being held, and they rendered valuable assistance in caring for the injured.

"I AM NOT DEAD!"

Exclaimed a Young Lady an Hour Before the Time Set for Her Burial.

A Boston despatch says: "I am not dead!" That was the murmured exclamation which came to-day from the lips of Miss Kate Patten, the pretty young daughter of Enos Patten, of No. 14 Oak Grove terrace, yesterday afternoon. Sure enough, Miss Patten was not dead, though if she hadn't said so herself just then an undertaker would have been at work on her in the course of an hour. She had been sick since Thursday. The family physician said her disease was diphtheria, and a colleague whom he had called in agreed with him. Both had pronounced life extinct and were turning to leave the room when they were startled by the voice from the bed. They returned, and the fair sufferer was made as comfortable as possible and the physicians took their leave for the night. A few hours later they were again summoned to her bedside and she was again pronounced dead. This time there could be no mistake. The heart was silent, the jaw had fallen and there could be no rallying. But contrary, however, to the expectations of the doctors, and without any assistance from them (for they considered it entirely useless), Miss Patten an hour later completely revived and emerged from her trance-like sleep as before, only in a more pronounced manner. She became talkative and showed every desire to tarry in this world a while longer. Miss Patten had charge before her illness of the restaurant in the Park Square Railroad station, and if no unfavorable symptons appear she will probably be back to work before many days.

Killed on the Railway Track.

A Montreal despatch says: Shortly after 10 yesterday morning a Canadian Pacific Railway ballast train was coming into Montreal, and when near the new lacrosse grounds at Green avenue, Cote St. Antoine, three of the men jumped off while the train was still travelling in order to save themselves a long walk back from the city. Two of them alighted without injury, but the third, a young Frenchman named Joseph Fournier, 22 years of age, alighted on a heap of ballast gravel by the side of the second line of metals, and rolled over and over into the middle of the other track. At that moment an inward passenger train came along and ran over the poor fellow before he could escape. The train passed over his thighs, which were severed almost at the hip joints, and the bottom part of his stomach was completely torn away. Notwithstanding his terrible injuries, he lived to be taken to the General Hospital, but expired almost immediately upon admission in great agony. The unfortunate man was a native of Quebec, and bore a good character. He had only started work on Saturday last.

Dr. Wm. H. Thompson, of the University of the City of New York, says: "The symptoms of diseased kidneys will first appear in the extremely different organs of the body." Treat the kidneys and not the effects of kidney disease, by using Warner's Safe Cure.

THE CHICAGO MYSTERY.

Dr. Cronin's Body Found Last Evening in a Sewer.

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN CHICAGO.

A last (Wednesday) night's Chicago despatch says: The dead body of Dr. P. H. Cronin, the Irish American who strangely disappeared from his home in Chicago two weeks ago, was found this evening some distance north of the city in a sewer on Evanston avenue. A bloody towel was wrapped about the head. The rest of the body was stark naked. A Catholic emblem which the doctor wore next his skin, suspended at his neck, was untouched. On the dead man's head were a dozen deep cuts, which had severed the scalp and indented the skull. It is the opinion of the police that Cronin was murdered by some man who could not bring himself to disturb a Catholic trinket. Laborers in the employ of the Lakeview suburban Government have been cleaning the ditches along Evanston avenue during the week. To-day as they neared a catch basin they noticed a strong smell of putrifying flesh, and pried off the top of the basin and uncovered the body. It had apparently been hastily pitched into the basin, for the head was underneath and the feet and legs were up in the opening. The place where the corpse was discovered is about three hundred yards from the station of the Chicago & Evanston branch of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad. It is but two or three blocks from the lake and nearly a mile north of where the blood-stained trunk was found the day after Cronin's disappearance. It seems remarkable that it was not sooner discovered, for the Lakeview police started to search all the catchbasins in the suburb the week after the trunk was found. Old Maxwell, of Lakeview, who was one of the searching committee, said the searchers worked five or six days, but stopped a few blocks from the basin in which the body was found. The body was taken to the morgue and Cronin's friends were notified, and before midnight at least forty of them had identified the body. Among these were Dr. Brandt, President of the Cook County Hospital staff, and Cronin's dentist. Dr. Brandt's examination showed over the left temple a cut over four inches long through the scalp, and into the skull over the left pinnacle bone a cut one and a half inches long, which also marked the skull; also a cut one and a half inches long over the frontal bone and at the junction of the left parietal a cut three inches long. A great hubbub was caused in the suburb over the finding of the corpse. The police had hard work to keep back the crowd who tried to enter the morgue to see the remains. The tumult continued far into the night. Woodruff, or Black, the prisoner, who confessed to having helped carry off a trunk containing a corpse from a barn the night of Cronin's disappearance, manifested no discomposure when told that the body of Cronin was found. He talked freely, but would not go outside the story he originally told.

A DEACON'S ELOPEMENT.

The Old Fellow Skips Out With a Pretty Young Lady Bookkeeper and Comes to Canada.

A Hartford, Conn., despatch says: Canada has afforded refuge for another enterprising citizen of the great Republic. This time it is a highly respectable citizen of advanced age, a deacon of the Congregational Church, and his pretty but unscrupulous lady bookkeeper. Winter and Spring have gone off together, to the scandal of the entire good State of Connecticut. Deacon Asher P. Smith resided in Lebanon, and did the largest general produce business in the State, his daily receipts of flour averaging from four to five carloads. He is the father of a large family, and is also a grandfather, being 70 years of age. He is a brother of the noted Roswell P. Smith, of the *Century* Magazine Company, New York, a millionaire. Deacon Smith two years ago took into his employ, as assistant cashier, Miss Josephine King, a pretty brunette, aged 21 years. She proved herself such an excellent hand at figures that she was made confidential bookkeeper. Their relations soon began to attract attention. Miss King's people were most respectable, but she seemed determined to completely captivate her aged employer, and succeeded. They were finally discovered in a rather embarrassing situation, which led to the pair taking flight to avoid ridicule. Mr. Smith called in all the payments he could, mortgaged everything, and, after borrowing a large sum, started a few days since for Montreal, in the vicinity of which he and his paramour are now located. He took away with him a large sum of money, the extent of which has not yet been discovered. His son has assumed charge of the deserted business and promises all the victimized creditors full settlement, with interest, inside a year. Deacon Smith's action has nearly broken his old wife's heart.

Killed His Child.

A Windsor despatch says: A great deal of excitement is caused in the township of Maidstone by the trial of William Johnson, colored, for the murder of May, his 2-year-old step-daughter. On Wednesday Coroner Langlois opened the investigation by calling Hester Johnson, the wife of the prisoner. She testified that her husband treated her with great cruelty, frequently beat her into insensibility, and took a fiendish delight in dragging her about by the hair of her head. On a recent occasion he took the child by the neck and pounded her head against a fence. The child never recovered consciousness. James Lee, jun., saw the prisoner ill-treat the child by striking her head repeatedly against the fence. Dr. Coventry, who performed a post-mortem, testified that the child's death was caused by blows on the head. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty, and Johnson was brought here and lodged in jail, to stand his trial at the Fall Assizes.

Barnum's Gift to a Church.

Your uncle, Phineas T. Barnum, in times long gone by, may have advertised his elephants, giants and fat women a little too strong, but we must forgive and forget, says an exchange. He has just given a Bridgeport church $11,000 in cold cash, lifted it out of debt and himself high up in the admiration of his people.