Adventure with Pirates

IN THE CHINA SEA.

Twenty years ago, piracy was more common in China seas than now, and every vessel leaving Hong-kong with opium as a part of her cargo—a fact duly intimated to the pirates on the coast, previous to the ship's sailing, by their agents at that port—ran a very good chance of being boarded by pirates within forty-eight hours of leaving harbor. In the case of such an attack, if the chests were handed over to the pirates, or they were allowed to help themselves to them unresisted, they would generally depart peaceably, or with perhaps merely a playful attempt to set the ship on fire. But in the event of any endeavor on the part of the poor captain to defend his ship and cargo, in most cases sanguinary scenes were enacted, and whole crews massacred, and ships scuttled or burnt.

Some five-and-twenty years ago, the writer, who had previously been chief-officer of an opium-receiving ship at Hong-kong, had subsequently joined the English government service as chief warder of the convict prison on the island, and in that capacity had seen a good deal of the seamy side of the Chinese character; the comparatively lenient punishments of *Fanqui* (barbarian or European) criminal law, as in force in a British colony, attracting the scum of the Chinese population of the mainland of Kwangtung, making the island of Hong-kong a perfect Alsatia for Chinese thieves, pirates, and criminals of every description, who found the diet and treatment of an English convict prison a heavenly contrast to the drastic and Draconic remedies applied by the Chinese mandarins to the disease of criminality, the number and nature of their punishments exhausting human ingenuity for refinement and excess of torture, even for trivial offences.

Among the prisoners in the Hong-kong convict jail, there was an English able seaman named Kelly, who had been convicted of mutiny and murder of the captain on board an English ship. The captain, it appeared, from the evidence of the loyal of the crew, was a great tyrant, and bullied and half-starved his men; and this fact being considered as somewhat extenuating his crime—Kelly having not actually been the committer of the crime, but accessory before the fact, he keeping watch at the cabin door while his comrade drew a harpoon through the captain while lying asleep in his bunk—Kelly himself was respited when the rope was round his neck and he was on the scaffold, the extreme sentence of the law being carried out in the case of his guiltier comrade. Kelly's punishment was remitted, therefore, to penal servitude for life, and in this way he came under the writer's notice as one of the English convicts of Victoria Jail, Hong-kong.

This fearful experience seemed to have tamed down Kelly into a very quiet, willing, and useful prisoner, and he was accordingly well treated by the prison staff, and was placed, under an armed guard, in a small way of authority over a gang of Chinese prisoners, working on the roads, receiving the privilege of smoking tobacco, and earning a fair number of good-conduct marks towards the remission of a portion of his life-sentence. By his daily contact with Chinese, and being a quick fellow, he soon picked up the Cantonese dialect, and proved useful to the warders as an interpreter. These particulars of Kelly's history are important, as we shall meet him further on in this true narrative of events, taking an important part in its principal scene.

Having been ailing for some time, the duties of my post being very arduous, I procured three months' leave, which I proposed to spend in a trip to the north of China by sea. To the end, I was therefore looking out for a vessel to procure a passage to one of the northern treaty ports, and strolling down the Queen's Road, I came across the *shroff* or cashier of a Chinese friend of mine, a large merchant on the Praya or seafront, whom I had been able to do several kindnesses to, in the shape of chartering suitable vessels for conveyance of his goods to the north, in return being a welcome guest to his house, and receiving the present of many valuable Chinese and Japanese *curios*. Tripping gingerly along with his snow-white jacket, full pantaloons, and handsome silk-embroidered paper-soled shoes, with a palm-leaf fan in one hand, and a dandy English silk umbrella over his head, the *shroff*, who was quite a Chinese exquisite in his way, greeted me: "Ay yah, taiping (gentleman), I chin-chin you. My piecee master wantshee look see you too muchee; he wantshee one piecee number one ship six thousand piculs, go Tien-tsin side; chop-chop." (In English): "Oh, good-morning, sir. My master would much like to see you; he wants to charter a vessel of six thousand piculs" (a picul is one hundred and thirty-three pounds) "capacity to go to Tien-tsin; load immediately."

"All right, Cupid," I replied. (Cupid was a nickname given the dandy cashier by one of the English captains frequently his master's *hong* or warehouse). "We will take a chair (palanquin), and see him at once."

We engaged a bamboo chair; and I soon completed the business to Akow's (the merchant's) satisfaction, by chartering for him a Hamburg barque called the *Etienne* at a reasonable figure; and in return, he arranged with the captain to give me a free passage to Tien-tsin and back.

The Captain I found a hearty, good-tempered Hamburger, looking a thorough sailor, and proving it, and, as I afterwards found, a plucky fellow to boot in our tussle with the pirates later on. I went on board with him to see my berth and have a glass of grog with him and the mate.

"Did Akow tell you that he had six chests of opium for you to take?" I asked the skipper, when we were seated under the poop awning refreshing ourselves.

"No," said the captain, who spoke English fluently; "he did not. I shall be sorry if I have to take it. You remember only last month the attack on the *Fiery Cross* in the Lyee Moon Pass, and the poor captain shot before his wife's eyes?"

"Too well, I do, captain; and the gunboats haven't got the lorcha yet that did it, either, worse luck; but that lieutenant in the *Raccoon* is a splendid fellow, and has done a lot to thin them out. In fact, the Jews in the Queen's Road have been pretty near cleared out of watches, the *Raccoon's* men have had so much head-money to spend ashore.—But, captain," I continued, "the question is simply this: if we are attacked, is it to be fight, or give them the opium?"

"Fight! The insurance does not cover risk by pirates, and I must do my duty to my owners and charterer."

"It is always wise to know one's mind; and you seem to have a fine crew!" I replied, glancing at the men rattling down the lower rigging.

"I have," said Captain Hermann, "a first rate crew. Many of them have been with me in different ships for years. There are eighteen of them able seamen, two ordinary seamen, four stout apprentices, two mates; and a boatswain and myself make twenty-eight all told. I have that twelve-pounder carronade there, two dozen muskets and cutlasses; plenty of ammunition; grape, round-shot, and canister for the carronade; and a revolver each for myself and two officers. You see, my owners fitted our magazine for the China Sea."

"And I have a short Enfield and two hundred rounds, and a Lefaucheux revolver with same amount of ammunition; and three hundred hard Mexican dollars in my cash-box, which latter I intend to take to Tien-tsin with me, if messieurs our friends the long-tails don't get the better of us. If we can carry a good working breeze up to and through Mirs Bay, I think none of their craft are fast enough to overhaul you; but if we get becalmed, which I am Job's-comforter enough to say is very probable at this time of year, we shall very likely receive an uninvited visit of an unpleasant and somewhat exciting character. It is the stinkpots, as they are called, which are the worst feature of piratical attacks."

Stinkpots are round earthenware pots with a lid, filled with a sort of Greek-fire, which, slung with small cords or lanyards, the pirates carry at the mastheads of their craft. When longside the vessel they are attacting, they throw them on to the deck; the pots break, and a suffocating sulphurous liquid and vapour break forth, burning into the flesh if touching it, and suffocating all near it. After demoralising the crew of the vessel attacked by this contrivance, they board with spears and short swords, and endeavour to complete their work.

By this time it was five o'clock, the usual hour for the crew's supper; and the captain took the opportunity of muttering his men, and acquainting them with the fact of its being very probable that having opium on board, the ship might be attacked on her voyage, and asking them if they intended standing by him and his officers in such case. The men, through their spokesman the boatswain, said they of course would, and would like to have a brush with the pirates; but as regards those of the crew who were married, if any of them were killed, they hoped the owner would remember their wives and families. This was the only thing they had to ask.

The captain having fully satisfied them on this point, I called my *sampan* and went ashore.

Stepping from the boat on landing, I met Mr. Farquar, the governor of the prison, and my immediate superior there. "Here's a case, M——," said the governor "Kelly has escaped from the chain-gang in Wyndham Road, wrenched the musket from the sepoy guard's hands, shot him, and disabled the warder with a heavy blow from the butt, ran off, and is supposed to be in hiding somewhere on the island."

"He speaks Chinese so well, and is such a clever fellow," I replied, "that I shouldn't be at all surprised if he isn't somewhere in Taipingshan" (a low quarter of the town), "among some of his Chinese friends, old convicts, disguised as a Chinaman; if, indeed, he isn't already away in one of the Chinese passenger boats, to land somewhere among the islands and join a pirate lorcha. I expect we shall hear something more of Mr. Kelly's exploits before long. He has been a naval-reserve man, and can handle big guns, and is likely to prove useful to some Macao pirate firm."

"I wish Macao was blown out of the water," said Mr. Farquhar. "It is a den of pirates and men-stealers, and costs this government thousands yearly in dealing with the criminals it manufactures and encourages—Well! so you have got a ship," continued he, when I had mentioned my having secured a passage. "I wish you luck and recovery of your health. Keep clear of the *pilongs* [pirates] if you can, and get back safe."

A few days afterwards the *Etienne* was loaded and ready for sea, with six chests of Benares opium in the after-cabin; some crates of fowls and ducks, sundry potted meats, and three casks of English bottled beer; and sent on board very thoughtfully by Akow for my and the captain's benefit.

With a fine leading wind, with royal and all plain sail set, as the *Etienne* passed Green Island on her northward voyage, Captain Hermann, rubbing his hands, said gleefully to me: "It will puzzle any lorcha to catch her if she keeps this wind.—Heave the log, Mr. Schmidt" (to the chief-mate, who was standing by), "and see what she is doing."

"Nine and a half, sir," said the mate, when the glass had run out and he stopped the line. "She is in capital trim, just four inches by the stern, and a lively cargo."

"The breeze held steadily all that day, during the night, and the forepart of the next; but shortly after mid-day the wind gradually dropped, and at five p. m., we were nearly becalmed, with topmast and topgallant studding-sails and everything set that would draw, stealing along about a mile an hour only, with the dreaded Mirs Bay on our beam, distant about a mile. I had a very powerful pair of marine glasses on board with me, and I stood on the poop looking at some suspicious craft drawn up on the beach, with some dark circular objects at their mastheads, showing out clear under the bright evening skylime.

"They may be only trading craft," I said to the captain, "as they all carry guns and stinkpots for their own protection against pirates; and if what is alleged is true, when trade is dull and freights low, they turn pirates themselves on occasion, displaying a versatity and power of adaptation to circumstances peculiarly Chinese."

Whilst I had been conversing with the captain, the wind had fallen entirely, and the *Etienne* lay "like a painted ship on a painted ocean," lifting lazily to a slight swell, her sails slatting against the masts, with the slow pitching of the vessel.

"By Jove!" I exclaimed, with my glass levelled again over the poop rail, and directed to the shore, where some vessels were lying, "there is no mistake this time; we are in for it. That black patch you see between the craft and the huts up there consists of about a hundred Chinamen coming down to the beach. I can see what looks like spears and gingals in their hands, and parties of two are carrying long sweeps. They are going to sweep out to us, and we shall have all three of those vessels after us. They will attack us in their usual way—on both sides, and with one vessel in reserve. I hope one of the gunboats is not beyond the hearing of our carronade. You had better load it with a double charge of powder and a heavy wad and fire it."

This was accordingly done, and the lou report rang out over the still water.

The captain, his mates, and myself now consulted together a plan of defence, whilst the men were getting up the ammunition for the carronade and small arms, buckling on their cutlasses, and reloading the gun with grape-shot. It was decided that the carronade should be used directly the vessels came within range; and that, when nearly alongside, all hands should take to the fore, main, and mizzen tops, told off in divisions to each top—the second mate at the fore, the chief at the main, and the captain and myself in the mizzen, with the crew divided equally among the three tops.

I then got up from the after-hold the three casks of bottled beer sent on board by Akow, and started the beer from the bottles into the wash-deck tub, and smashing up the bottles, laid the broken glass in a large heap ready for a certain use described later on. The men were then ordered to put on their long sea-boots.

By this time the pirates had not been idle, and were perceived coming out to us with three lorchas, using their long sweeps or oars, and yelling so loudly we could hear them though half a mile off at least. Their next move was to let drive three shots at us from their broadside guns, evidently fired with very bad powder, as they fell very short and were badly aimed.

The crew of the *Etinne* were ranged along the port bulwarks, that to which the pirates were approaching, and instructed to divide themselves, and half to man the starboard side at word of command.

As the pirates approached, they fired again with better luck, as a twelve-pounder shot struck the mainmast about twelve feet from the deck, but only slightly wounded it, the shot diverging, passing over to leeward. When at about a hundred yards distant, we fired our carronade with grape at the foremost pirate; and the effect was to make the splinters fly from their bulwarks, and make very apparent gaps in the crowd of Chinamen who literally thronged the decks. As they approached nearer, one of her consorts pulled out from under her stern, so as to cross our bows and board us simultaneously on both sides. Being now within musket-range, the crew were ordered to commence firing, which they did with good effect, my short Enfield doing considerable execution in picking off men who were at the long tiller steering the first lorcha. The first lorcha being now close alongside, the carronade was fired slap into her bows, the broken glass was strewed over the *Etienne's* decks, and "All hands aloft!" was the order given. The deck was therefore left vacant; and the pirates perceiving we were all aloft, ran alongside without using their stinkpots, thinking they had an easy prey.

Now the scheme of the broken bottles proved its utility. The Chinamen jumped from their vessel's bulwarks on to the *Etienne's*, and in their fury and excitement, clean on to the broken glass with their bare feet, to stagger about with howls of anguish. The man in command of the lorcha had been driving his men by voice and hand—the latter with a spear in it—to board us, as they seemed to hold back, after so many of them had gone down under our musket-fire; and he now headed a party who were evidently bent upon coming up the rigging and overpowering our party in the mizzen-top by numbers, the same stratagem evidently taking place at the fore and main. As the pirates came crowding up the ratlines, they were picked off by revolver and musket, and fell like over-ripe fruit from a tree; but, to my dismay, we were now attacked by another crowd coming up the starboard rigging from the second lorcha. They seemed simply insensible to fear, and as one after another was shot down, two or more would take his place.

In spite of all our efforts to prevent them, the leader with two more got into the mizzen-top, and a hand-to-hand fight—cutlass versus China sword—took place. With my revolver in my left and cutlass in the right hand, I parried a cut at my head from the pirate leader, when, suddenly starting back, so that the grasp of his left hand on the rigging seemed almost gone, and he was in danger of falling backward, he exclaimed in good English: "Good heavens, is it you, Mr. M——?"

At a flash I recognized him; it was Kelly in Chinese dress.

"I will save your life, sir, if I can," he said gaspingly, being apparently wounded in the throat; "but the men must have the opium."

"Never! Stand back! Shin down the backstay, or, as true as death, I'll shoot you, Kelly!" I cried.

Calling in Chinese to his men, he sprang on to the topmast backstay, and slid like lightning to the deck, and disappeared down the cabin skylight, evidently to search for the opium.

"I wish one of the gunboats would come up!" I said hurriedly to the Captain, as we were loading and firing our revolvers. "This won't last long."

I had hardly said this, when the sound of a heavy piece of ordnance fired at a distance came booming over the water; and shortly after, the peculiar sound which a high-pressure steamer makes when under steam was faintly heard, and round the point of land astern, steaming at full speed, came Her Majesty's gunboat *Raccoon*, with her men at quarters, and her sixty-eight pounder trained and manned. The pirates on this scrambled back into their craft, cast off the lashings, and pulled vigorously for the shore. As the *Raccoon* came under our stern in chase of them, she fired her long gun at one of the lorchas, smashing her stern into smithereens; and her commander hailed us: "Many of you killed or hurt?"

"No!" I hailed back; "none seriously."

"Will come back to you by-and-by," replied he, and steamed on after the lorchas.

The *Raccoon* succeeded in capturing the whole of the remaining crews of the three lorchas, and sending a party ashore, burnt their huts. One lorcha was set fire to, the other two being towed to Hong-kong and condemned in the Vice-Admiralty Court. Kelly's wound proved fatal to him, when he was on his trial for the several crimes of murder, prison-breaking, and piracy, he having been taken back to Hong-kong in the *Raccoon*. The captain received a handsome gold chronometer watch and chain from the owners of the opium on board the *Etienne*, and a substantial present from the underwriters.

Some three months afterwards, the writer returned to his duties at Hong-kong, with his health re-established, and a vivid recollection of his "Adventure in the China Sea."

AMUSING METAPHORS.

An Englishman once asked a son of Erin if the roads in Ireland were good. Pat replied: "Yes; they are so fine that I wonder you do not import some of them into England. Let me see—there's the road to love, strewed with roses; to matrimony, through nettles; to honour, through the camp; to prison, through the law; and to the undertaker's, through physic." "Have you any road to preferment?" asked the Englishman. "Yes, faith, we have; but that is the dirtiest road in the kingdom."

The answer of Apollonius to Vespasian is not without humour and instruction. Vespasian asked him: "What caused Nero's overthrow?" He answered: "Nero could touch and tune the harp well; but in government, sometimes he used to wind the pins too high, sometimes to let them down too low." And certain it is that nothing destroys authority so much as the unequal and untimely interchange of power pressed too far and relaxed too much.

George Stephenson was once asked by a scientific lady what he considered the most powerful force in nature. "Oh," said he in a gallant spirit, "I will soon answer that question: it is the eye of the woman for the man who loves her; for if a woman look with affection on a young man, and he should go to the uttermost ends of the earth, the recollection of that look will bring him back. There is no other force in nature that could do that."

Equally ready with a similitude was the negro who, when giving evidence in court, was asked about the honesty of a neighbour. "I know nothing against him," was the reply; "but if I was a chicken, I would roost high when he was hanging around."

A thoughtful writer describes one-eyed travellers, who see a great deal of some particular class of objects and are blind to all others, and adds: "The Irish jaunting car, in which the passengers sit back to back, is a sort of type of what befalls many tourists in Ireland. Each sees a great deal, and reports faithfully what he has seen on one side of the road, and the other on the other. One will have seen all that is *green*, and the other, all that is *orange*."

"A cunning knave can form no notion of a nobler nature," says the same writer. "He is like the goats on Robinson Crusoe's island, which saw clearly everything *below* them, but very imperfectly what was above them; so that Robinson could never get at them from the valleys; but when he came upon them from the hilltop, he took them quite by surprise."

Ridicule, says a German critic, is like a blow with the fist; wit, like the prick of a needle; irony, like the sting of a thorn; and humour, the plaster which heals all these wounds. All of these qualities may be found in some metaphors.

Man is said to be an animal that has a mania for getting up societies and making himself president If the presidency has been already claimed, he contents himself with the position of treasurer. In the cynical old bachelor's opinion, ideas are like beards—men only get them when they are grown up, and women never have any. It was probably another old bachelor who said: "Nature shudders when she sees a woman throw a stone; but when a woman attempts to split wood, nature covers her head and retires to a dark and mouldering cave in temporary despair." A spinster says old bachelors are frozen-out old gardeners in the flower-bed of love.

To say that a coquette is a rosebush from which each young beau plucks a leaf, and the thorns are left for the husband, is not very complimentary. Compliments are the coin that people pay a man to his face; sarcasm, what they pay him out with behind his back.

A farmer said: "One thing I don't like about city folks—they be either so stuck up that yer can't reach 'em with a haystack pole, or so blamed friendly that they forget to pay their board."

A rural poet said of his lady-love: "She is graceful as a water-lily, while her breath is like an armful of clover." An American poet wrote a eulogy of Washington, whose glorious life should compose a volume as Alps immortal, spotless as its snows. The stars should be its type, its press the age, the earth its binding, and the sky its page. Truly, some American poets go in for marvels of metaphor.

The Chinese call overdoing a thing, a hunch-back making a bow. When a man values himself overmuch, they compare him to a rat falling into a scale and weighing itself.

A fanatical Sabbatarian writes: "The Sunday newspaper is a crayfish in the dikes of misrule, a crayfish that undermines the banks, behind which the racecourse, the theatres, the saloon, the gambling dens, &c., are roaring for exit." Another newspaper described a fire by saying that the red flames danced in the heavens, and flung their fiery arms about like a black funeral pall, until Sam Jones got on the roof and doused them out with a pail of water.

Gordon Cumming likened an African jungle to a forest of fishhooks relieved by an occasional patch of penknives.

"You look," said an Irishman to a pale haggard smoker, "as if you had got out of your grave to light your cigar, and couldn't find your way back again."

A Russian Revolutionary Conspiracy

For some time there have been rumours of a revolutionary conspiracy widespread among the aristocracy of Russia, having for its object the removal of Czar Alexander III. and the crowning in his stead of the eldest son of Alexander II. by his morganatic wife, the Princess Dolgorouki. Failing in that, the efforts would be centred on putting the young Dolgorouki in succession to the Czar instead of the present Czarevitch, the last named prince being both an invalid and an imbecile. Young Dolgorouki is a lad of splendid character and attainments, who would at once give Russia a liberal constitutional government. In the eyes of the people there is little or no blemish on his parentage. The Dolgorouki family is one of the oldest and noblest in Russia, its members having been great princes before the Romanoffs were heard of. The present Czar is a Holstein-Gottorp, far more German than Russian.

HOME AND GENERAL NEWS.

Lieut.-Governor Dewdney has re- to Regina after a short visit to Wi-

The first steamship of the Canadian fic line has left Hong Kong for Columbia.

Owing to grave charges alleged the Montreal city police patrol, the has been disbanded.

Fire the other morning in St. Roch suburb of Quebec city, destroyed pro to the value of $70,000.

Ten thousand Belgian coal miners strike, and as a disturbance is feared troops are ready for an emergency.

By the burning of the Royal Hotel Boissevan, Man., Duncan G. McBean prominent grain merchant of Winnipeg burned to death.

Intelligence has been received in Ot that the Batoche half-breeds have ref loan of seed grain and will not culti their land this year.

Mr. William O'Brien has been ele without opposition member for the N east division of Cork, made vacant by resignation of Mr. Edmund Leamy.

The miners at the Reserve mine, Sydney, C. B., are out on strike for crease of three cents per ton, and fears felt of a general strike at Cape Breton mi

The inquest on the body of an in found in a girl's trunk in the Albion H in Toronto, resulted in a verdict of murder against Fanny Smith, who is u arrest.

In the new convention between the P and Great Britain it is agreed that period of the British occupation of E shall be not less than two and not more five years.

Mr. McNeil has given notice of a bill amend the Civil Service Act, so that pro tion shall not depend upon passing an amination, but upon technical adaptabi for the service.

O. Rochette's tannery W. J. Brown's ber yard, and several buildings on St. D inique street, Quebec, were destroyed fire on Saturday; loss $125,000. Very li insurance.

David Lussier and Jos. Lambert, two riers of provisions to the lumber camp Messrs. Hall, were drowned in the Ri Chaudiere a day or two ago by the up ting of a canoe.

It is rumoured that Mr. McShane shortly resign from the Quebec Cabinet, that Mr. Hall, the Conservative member Montreal West, will be asked to take vacant portfolio.

A company with a capital of five mill dollars has been organized in Kingston New York capitalists for the developme of the iron mines along the Kingston Pembroke railway.

The United States consul at Kingston forwarded a letter to Washington pointi out the injurious effect of the Inter-St Commerce bill upon the trade of the Unit States with the Dominion.

The English mint is hard at work on new coinage to be issued on June 22. very fine profile of anelderly queen, mode ed by Mr. Bœhm, will be used, with va ing crowns for the several coins.

Patrick Glynn, a C. P. R. yardsman, run over by a freight train while shunti cars at the Queen's wharf, Toronto, both of his legs were cut off. He was tak to the hospital, were he died.

Speaking editorially of the project commercial union between Canada and United States, the New York *Sun* says th nothing short of a political union under United States constitution is the manifes destiny of Canada and the only means which perfect free trade can be secured.

Between fifty thousand and sixty thou sand men are out of work at Chicago, result of the building trades trouble. Th combined funds of all the unions involve will not support the members for the fir week and trouble is feared. The Anarchist are ready to take advantage of the situation

Michael Doyle, an oiler at the waterwork pump house, Ottawa, was caught in th machinery and had his left leg so crushe that it had to be amputated at the thig He remained in the grip of the cog whee for an hour and a half before the murderou machinery could be raised sufficiently to re lease him.

The strike of Pictou, N. S., coal miner which began at the beginning of the ye and has been mutually disastrous, has final ly ended in a compromise, the men agreein to accept a reduction of six cents per ton wide working places and thirteen cents narrow ones. Work in all mines will resumed to-day.

The old toll bridge spanning the Riv Avon between Windsor and Falmouth, N S., was burned on Sunday night. This wa the last toll bridge in the province. It wa 820 feet long and was built in 1836. Th local Government made it free last year an were preparing to rebuild it. The fire believed to be incendiary.

The sealing schooner "Favorite" arrive at New Westminster, B. C., on Saturday and reports that the hull of the steame "Stephen" was washed ashore at Clazuquo Sound; also the bodies, canoes, spears, washed up below Cape Flattery, suppose to be of the schooner "Active," long though wrecked. All on board perished.

A child named Herny Sims, eight year old, was drowned at the foot of the cana locks, Ottawa, Friday afternoon, having i company with two others fallen in whil playing on the edge of the water. Care taker Allston, of the Rowing club's boa house, which is near by, saved the two, bu did not hear that there was a third until too late.

A great swindling scheme, consisting in the pledging of sugar chiefly of the Corden as refinery, an imaginary concern, has been carried on at Havana for some time past. The swindle was conducted in Havana by the storekeeper and it is stated that he fraudulently obtained from different parties including a bank, from $350,000 to $500,000.

At a conference of citizens in Montreal to discuss the question of protection from floods, a resolution urging the city to grant at once the $178,000 for the construction of a temporary dyke was adopted, and an influential deputation was appointed to proceed to Ottawa to lay before the Government other resolutions adopted by the meeting for the better protection of the city.