

ed us on every direction, with nothing in view but one or two small sandbanks, and those a long distance off. By night we had constructed a rude kind of raft, on which we slept, but as the tide ebbed we grounded, and, with the exception of our heads, we were literally sleeping in the water, cold and wretched, but still, comparatively speaking, safe. We remained on the raft in this state two days and nights, the sun scorching us by day, and the wind, owing to our being wet, making us dreadfully cold at night. On Sunday, the third day, having found a small quantity of oatmeal, we determined to start for the nearest sandbank. A sixty gallon cask of beer, two six dozen cases of wine, a piece of bad pork, and the oatmeal, were the only things saved from the wreck. We turned the raft, and after a severe day's work, reached the bank about sunset, and once more put our feet upon dry land. We had only eaten once, and then but sparingly. Thus we lived for fourteen days and nights, subsisting on shark's flesh, and the wine and beer we saved. Not a drop of water was to be had. On the 20th of April we saw a vessel to the leeward of us, and endeavored to attract her attention by means of a boathook and a shirt attached: but she did not or would not see us. The next day, about one hour before sunset, another vessel hove in sight, and about the same spot the ship of the previous evening was seen. We again hoisted our signal, and walked about the bank, to show there were living creatures on it. We thought she did not see us, and after taking our allowance of oatmeal and shark's flesh we lay down for the night's rest. In a short time, however, we were alarmed by the barking of our dog, and on getting on our legs discovered, to our delight, a boat close upon the sands. She belonged to the vessel we had seen in the evening. The mate and one of the passengers went on board that night, and the rest of the survivors were taken off the next morning, when we were conveyed safely to the Mauritius." The ship and cargo were insured for 25,000.

#### HAYNAU AND THE DRAYMEN.

The following letter, which purports to be addressed by one of Barclay and Perkins's draymen to Punch, appears in that publication for the present week—

Mr Punch,—Feeling that as one of Barclay and Perkins's draymen, a firm which I always considered the brightest jewel in her Majesty's crown, and the strongest bit of her Majesty's sceptre, and the best piece of the golden ball—(all of which, God bless her! I myself see her with on the day of her coronation)—feeling that our firm is all this, and a pot to come in, in the constitution of England—for who knows how much of the sinews of the country is got out of pewter, and how much of its sense from the head atop of it—I say, feeling all this, and moreover feeling that the eyes of the world, like so many burning-glasses, is upon us—I take up my pen to write you our sentiments, as men, as Englishmen, and as Barclay and Perkins's draymen, about this little brush with the friend of Baron Rothschild, M. P., with nothing as yet to sit down upon; and after what has happened, if he goes to the poll again, I should say, with certainly not a leg to stand upon.

And first to begin with. He—Barclay and Perkins's draymen—went hear of what is called a testimonial. What we've done, we could no more help doing than if a steam-engine of 1000 horse-guard power had driven us to, and we won't be silvered or guilt a bit for it. I am emboldened to say this at once, because we've heard that we're all to have a silver tankard a-piece made in the shape of a wild beast—a Hyenau on his hind legs, with precious blood-colored stones for eyes—which we at once deny, and refuse, being content with a rewarding conscience and humble pewter.

Sir, I am chose as a humble 'dividual (you will with your 'customed liberality excuse and touch up bad spelling), to set our case before the world. Sir, we've been blamed for pelting a general butcher with grains. Permit me to ask, if there isn't worse pelting than what comes out of a brewery? What's grains to ink? And sir, there's been so much of it flung at us, that if it could only have stuck, our wives and families wouldn't have knowd us.

First, we, Barclay and Perkins's draymen, are rebels and damycrats. Sir, do you remember a certain 10th of April, when Barclay and Perkins's draymen all went and turned themselves into specials, and had the thanks of the Government, with Lord John Russell ready (only we wouldn't trouble him)—to come down on the 11th, to the brewery, and shake hands with every one of us? We wasn't rebels then—but reg'lar bricks!

Second—It was a plan brewed and bottled, to attack the red-coat butcher. I repeat, what we did, we couldn't help doing. Afore we knowd that Haynau was in the brewery, we knowd that something was wrong. Mr Punch we felt it about us, just as you feel there's thunder and lightning at hand—we felt, just as my poor old grandmother couldn't abide a cat, and was all in a fume and a fidget, with her blood simmering, if even so much as a blind kitten was shut up in a cupboard, though she didn't see it, I can't account for it, no more than I can tell why the electric fluid carries a message through the bottom of the sea, without being put out. All I knowd is, there was a kind of electric fluid went through every drayman's heart, (and he ought to be ashamed to look a honest horse in the face again, if it hadn't been so) and what we did, we couldn't help.

Mind you, if it was to be put to us in cold

blood to plan a licking of the sort, we wouldn't do it. No; we should have time to think of the matter—time to get up contempt—but contempt, sir, though I'm no scholar, as you see, is a thing not at hand on a sudden notice. No sir, contempt, I take it, is redhot passion grown cold. Bless your heart! Mr Punch, if Haynau could only come among us once more, he'd find we'd now contempt as cold—yes, cold as the corpses made by his own bullets.

And then as for trying to kill the man cat that clawed poor naked women, we never dreamed of it. All we wanted was to disgrace him. There he was in the eyes of all of us, one bit of muddy blood—and we flung dirt at him. He had burnt houses by hundreds, with the poor souls in 'em,—and what did we do? Why, we just give him a taste of the cinder-bin. But, then, Haynau was such an old man! When he flogged the poor lady whose husband shot himself, I do presume he was no chicken. An old man! Well, if you want to make the devil uglier than he is, clap a wig of white hairs upon him—that's my thought.

And then, as for cutting off the tiger's beard—why, Mr Punch, do you know what it was tried for? Just to sell locks of it to those very fine folks who'd like to carry a remembrance of 'the brave old man,' as I've seen the monster writ down—all of 'em I'm bound, willing to pay a handsome price for the relic. For my part, I'm sorry we missed the beard. At only twenty shillings a hair, it would have made a tolerable sum for the English Hungarians—that is, if they'd have poisoned their hands with a farthing of it.

I'm sorry, too, we throw'd the tiger his hat—sorry that he got off with his rags of clothes. They'd have been worth any money to Madame Tussaud, to stand aside Rush in the Chamber of Howsomever, I understand the whole thing's to be done in a painted panorama: beginning with the droppings of the truss of straw—the hustling—the flight along Bankside—the hiding in the George public-house—with the retreat to the dust-bin—the police delivery—the taking water at the bankside—and view of bedroom at Morley's hotel, with Haynau a drinking hot brandy-and-water between the blankets. The whole to conclude with the departure of the tiger from England in a suit of clothes handsomely sent to him by Baron Rothschild, with affectionate wishes for the journey. All Barclay and Perkins's draymen have promised to sit for their pictures bigger than life.—Wouldn't it make a lovely show, framed and glazed for 1851?

As for the visitor's book, where Haynau's name was writ, there's a great fear it's quite spoiled. They tried to scratch Haynau—(which, though writ with black ink turned as red as blood), out of the page; but it sunk through and through, as if the letters had been changed into red hot iron; and though I don't know how many leaves have been torn away, and how many quarts of vinegar have been laid out, the whole book smells as one of our old porters says who was at Waterloo, like a bit of carnage three days arterwards.

And now, Mr Punch I shall lay down my bit of iron. I only wish to repeat that we want no reward for what we've done—no Hyenau mug—no silver warming pan for our wives—no corals and bells for our babies. What we did, we couldn't help doing—it was a bit of wholesome indignation that's done us good; feeling that virtue is its own reward whether in silver or in hapence.

I remain your constant reader and (for the body of us)

BARCLAY AND PERKIN'S  
DRAYMAN

P.S. Some of the gents of the press call for the treadmill for the ruffians (meaning us) that thrashed the tyger-cat. Very well. Praps, Mr Punch, General Hyenau Haynau would like to come to the brewery again just to 'dentify us?

#### INDIA.

A letter from Shahabad, dated the 16th August has the following paragraph:

"Your readers may recollect a tragic affair that occurred here some three years ago, when the cousin of the head of the Baulah concern was shot by one of the assistants. That noted place has again been the theatre of a still more tragic scene. A few days since Mr S—, accompanied by Mr G—, his assistant, and about two hundred men, went to settle with a village but too well prepared to meet them. Mr S— was in a Palkee, which they smashed; and they beat him most unmercifully; breaking one of his arms. He received a deep gash over the right temple, and many other contusions. Mr G— was knocked off his horse and similarly treated. They both passed in palkees in a most deplorable state, and I am sorry to add the latest news is, that Mr G— is dead, and Mr S—'s wound on the temple rather ugly. This is an upshot of affairs not unexpected in this quarter: from the continual stretching of the rope it has broke."

In May last we published the depositions of ensign F. Roome, of the 10th Native Infantry, and Ensign John Carnegie, of the 28th Native Infantry, who were murderously attacked at Penn, by some frantic natives. We hear that the charge against these men has now been finally disposed of before the judge at Tanna. Twelve natives were found guilty, and the sentence of the court was imprisonment for one year and a fine of 100 rupees, failing the payment of which the men were to be imprisoned for another twelve months. The trial lasted several days, about 100 witnesses having been examined. A Mahomedan law officer, and Dadaboy, the Court Moonsif of Bheandy, sat with the judges as

assessors. It is only fair to Messrs Boome and Carnegie to say that it was proved on the trial that they behaved with great judgment after the attack was made, and that their assailants received not the slightest provocation to commit the assault, and further that the truth of every word of their depositions was satisfactorily proved by the evidence.

#### United States News.

**Execution.**—Two men named M' Cafrey and Foote, suffered the punishment of death at New Haven yesterday, in pursuance of their respective sentences, for the crime of murder. Their crimes were distinct, but the same penalty, at the same time, and upon the same scaffold. M' Cafrey was found guilty of the murder of an aged man named Smith and his wife. They lived a retired life, and the small sum of money which they were supposed to have in their humble cabin, proved a sufficient temptation for the commission of the crime. Foote was convicted of murdering a young girl, his adopted sister, under aggravating circumstances.—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

**Clipper Ships.**—Our shipping merchants are giving increased attention to the construction of long, sharp, clipper vessels, calculated rather for speed than for the carriage of heavy freights. At no former period, we believe, were there so many vessels of this character building at our various ship yards as at the present time. The reciprocal navigation treaty with Great Britain has given a new impetus to this department of naval architecture, and it is not unlikely that American vessels will ultimately engross a considerable proportion of the traffic of the English possessions in the east.—Attention is also being given to the construction of steam propellers for the Liverpool trade; and we hear it suggested that a few years may witness a very great change in the character of the vessels employed in that trade.—*N. Y. Jour. Com.*

It is expected that the steamship Arcti, of Collins' line, will raise steam on Saturday, to go on her trial trip next week.

A reporter from the London Times is in Cincinnati, for the purpose of reporting the proceedings of the Ohio Agricultural Fair.

Father Mathew arrived at St Louis on the 21st ult., and became the guest of Archbishop Hendrick. The disciples he has made through the States exceeds 250,000, including upwards of 14,000 in New Orleans during the past month.

**Exciting Steamship Race.**—We learn from the Journal of Commerce, that the harbor and offing of New York on Wednesday was the scene of a race between Steamships of an exciting character. The contestants were the Asia of the Liverpool Cunard line, which was just leaving that port; the new steamship Franklin of the Havre line; and the new steamship Pacific, soon to leave for California. As the Asia passed down the harbor, the Franklin was seen lying too, near Governor's Island, and simultaneously the Pacific passed near the Battery, and was soon following, at a moderate rate in the Asia's wake. The Franklin soon took a position about mid-way between the other two vessels, making pretty rapid progress. Opportunity had been afforded to the Asia to make a considerable advance, and orders were now given to the Pacific to 'let her go.' Two guns were fired from the Franklin, as the race fairly commenced. At once the power of the Pacific's engines were taxed to their utmost, and every timber trembled under the power that urged her forward.

At thirty-two minutes past 12 o'clock, the Pacific passed the Franklin—each vessel rapidly hoisting and lowering its flag several times in succession, as a mark of courtesy. About five minutes afterwards, the Pacific was even with the Asia, and the contest was thenceforth solely with the Asia and Franklin, and was maintained with vigor, until the two vessels separated, the latter being a short distance in the rear, and apparently gaining little, if at all, upon her adversary. The Pacific is of American build, and is believed to be the fastest, certainly one of the fastest, steamships ever built.

**The Massachusetts Whig Convention.**—*Fugitive Slave Excitement.*—Boston, Tuesday, October 1.—At the Whig Convention at Worcester to-day, Jenny Lind received one vote for Lieut. Governor. The Speakers in the afternoon denounced the Fugitive Slave bill in no measured terms. Judge Barton said that he held it in execration, and that no law that did away with those two great bulwarks Liberty, the trial by Jury and the habeas corpus act, could be sustained here. There is great excitement both here and at Worcester, relative to the reclamation of Fugitive Slaves. At Worcester two Slave owners are prowling about with a view of catching some fugitives there. The citizens generally express a determination not to permit any to be taken away. A large number of Fugitive Slaves in this city met last evening at Rev. Mr Snowden's Church, and appointed a Committee to concert measures to prevent their recapture. There are now about 300 Fugitive Slaves in this city, many of whom are in business and have families.

**Affairs in Pittsburg.**—Pittsburg, Sept. 18.—The excitement increases among our colored population in relation to the fugitive slave law. Nearly all the waiters in the hotel have fled to Canada. Sunday thirty fled; and up to this time the number that has left will

not fall short of 30. They went in large bodies, armed with tools and bowie knives, determined to die, rather than be captured.

A most violent hail storm visited us last evening. It was one of the severest storms ever known in the West. It commenced about half past six o'clock in the afternoon, the stones descending as large as hickory nuts. Towards 3 o'clock the storm increased, accompanied by vivid lightning and heavy crashes of thunder. The hail stones at this time varied in size from nine to fourteen inches, and weighed upward of one pound. Several persons were more or less injured.

**Pittsburg Oct. 3.**—It is thought that the Mayor of this city has become insane. On Tuesday night he ordered a portion of the City Councillors to be arrested and sent to jail. They were immediately discharged by the Judge on habeas corpus. The next day Mayor Irker threatened to hang the Judge. The Councillors were again committed to jail and again discharged on habeas corpus. Last night the Council met and took the regulation of the City Night Watch from his hand; Mr Barker threatened to imprison them all, and all the Judges. The greatest excitement prevails in the city to-day.—*New York Tribune.*

**There is Liberty?**—A gentleman, to all appearances, whose skin is not as dark as the "white" free men, called upon a legal friend of ours, yesterday, and stated that a short time since he fled from the slavery of South Carolina to the free hills of Massachusetts, where he was told he would enjoy liberty and find protection; but recent events caused him to fear for his liberty; he learned that persons claiming him as their property were in search of him: he wanted to know of our friend what he should do to retain and enjoy the liberty he loved so well. "Flee from Massachusetts, nor stop until your feet are upon the monarchical ground of Queen Victoria, where you can enjoy freedom was the reply, for Massachusetts furnishes no legal safety for you."—*Boston Bee.*

**Fugitive Slaves.**—Although we had a suspicion that there were a good many of the poor hunted fugitives from southern bondage in this city, the number actually found to have taken refuge here here is very astonishing. We were told by an intelligent, well-informed colored man yesterday, that one hundred and fifty have been driven hence to Canada, by the passage of the infamous Fugitive Slave Bill, by Congress—driven to seek refuge under a monarchy, from the bloodhounds of American slavery—set on by our Republican Government. Forty of these poor people, haunted away from their places of service, encamped near the city on Tuesday night, and left for Victoria's dominions next day.

Some of them are almost entirely white, so much so as to be hardly recognised as African descent. Men of stout arms and determined hearts are among them, and they are armed and resolved to be free at all hazards, an attempt to arrest them would be no child's play. We also learn that a slave mother, with her four children have just gone safely through—from Virginia direct.

The free coloured people are making very active and successful efforts in raising funds to aid their brethren in getting through to Canada. They tell us nobody refuses aid—no matter what his politics are—every one seems willing to help the fugitives.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

**Fugitive Slaves.**—Bedford, Penn., Tuesday, Oct. 1.—Ten Virginia runaway slaves lost their way on the ridge of the Alleghenies, eight miles east of this; they were discovered last Sunday and attacked by Pennsylvania men. One slave was mortally wounded and another dangerously so; both were captured next morning. Six of the number entered a mountain hut, occupied by a man and his wife, their clothes ragged from contact with trees. The wife supplied the outcasts plentifully, while the husband procured assistance, captured them, and received \$250 reward for the betrayal. Two yet remain hid. The Pennsylvania men are on the alert, eager for reward. They all subsisted on corn and apples.

#### Colonial News.

##### Canada.

It is painful to witness the outrages that are continually perpetrated in this neighborhood. On Saturday night the 3rd ult., a young man by the name of Curry was sent to Caledonia for a doctor, and returning home was waylaid by some fiend or other, and fired upon, but providentially the cap only broke, but the villain was so near that the report of the cap started the horse; and he had a very narrow escape, from being thrown off. The only course that can be assigned for this outrage is that Curry was summoned to give evidence at Caledonia against those who committed the murder on the 12th of July last. About eight o'clock on the evening of the 6th ult., the wagon belonging to Mr Wm. Smith, butcher, (formerly of the Ben Block Tavern,) while returning home, about six miles from Caledonia was surrounded by seven ruffians, three of whom seized the horses, the rest got into the wagon, seized the driver (who was Mr Smith's brother) got him down got upon him and were determined to murder him, from the expression made use of, (threatening to cut off his bloody head!) but fortunately one of the rascals discovered their mistake and cried out, 'Oh, let him go—it is not old Ben Block; cut off his hair and let him go;' they persisted in cutting off his