

# THE GLEANER:

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NEC ANANEARUM SANE TEXTUS IDEO MELIOR. QUIA EX SE FILA GIGNUNT, NEC NOSTER VILIOR QUIA EX ALIENIS LIBANUS UT APES.

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WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 2, 1853.

VOL. XII.

## The Politician.

### THE BRITISH PRESS.

From Wilmer & Smith's European Times, October 15.

#### EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

By the Chaptal, French steamer, arrived at Marseilles, we have news from Constantinople to the 3rd inst. The proclamation of war against Russia by the Sultan had been affixed to the chief mosques of the capital, but actual hostilities were to be delayed until sufficient time had elapsed to allow a messenger to reach St. Petersburg with a summons to the Emperor to evacuate the Principalities. This would occupy an interval variously computed from eleven to fifteen days, at the expiration of which period Omer Pacha would commence hostilities, without, however, as they say, meditating the passage of the Danube. It would be wholly out of our power, and would only distract our readers from the main point at issue, if we attempted to repeat all the absurd stories still put forth by interested or uninformed parties. The pacific assurances of the Czar at Olmutz; the clumsy expedition which was reprinted in the original Vienna note; the absurdity that Louis Napoleon would not fight; these and fifty other stories which have had their day are now discredited by all parties as we have discredited them throughout. We have never lost sight of the real issue involved in the quarrel, and until this is decided satisfactorily any paper peace is impossible. The Czar plainly insists upon a Protectorate, to which he has not the shadow of a title; the Porte refuses to concede any ground whatever whereupon the Czar can now or hereafter build up hopes for the eventual acquisition of a power over Ottoman subjects, or of territorial aggrandisement; and the Western Powers, as we were sure they would all along, are resolute in supporting the Sultan in his resistance with the whole weight of their united power.

Three Cabinet Councils have been held at Downing-street since our last, and not a doubt exists but that ministers are unanimous in the decided policy they have now concerted. It was even reported that six regiments in Ireland had received orders to hold themselves in readiness to embark for the Mediterranean by Cork. This is no doubt premature, but the whole naval and military strength of Great Britain and France will be put forth to check the progress of the Czar. The Island of Candia has been named as likely to be the rendezvous of the Anglo-French Army. It was at Cyprus that the combined forces of Philip II. and Richard I. were appointed to meet in the time of the Crusades. It will, indeed, be a curious spectacle, after a lapse of some centuries, to see an Anglo-French army assembled in the East, not to fight the Saracens, but to defend their co-religionists, the Turks. Up to the present moment, however, no actual steps have been taken to despatch a military force to the Levant, but all kinds of speculations are hazarded as to the points where such an army might best harass or obstruct the progress of the Russians. In the meantime the Russians are pouring an immense body of troops into the Principalities. Prince Menschikoff has been appointed to superintend the government of these Provinces, and this appointment is completely in character with all the offensive proceedings of Russia since the Spring. After a brief visit of the King of Prussia to Warsaw the Emperor of Russia has returned the visit, and remained a few days at Potsdam. He left this place on the 9th inst., and returned to St. Petersburg by the Ostbahn to Stettin and Königsburg. The public are left quite in the dark respecting what may have passed at these interviews. There can be no doubt the Czar would leave no effort untried to keep both Austria and Prussia attached to him, or at least to remain neutral in the event of hostilities with Turkey; but these powers know very well or ought to know, that their western frontiers are exposed to the aggression of France the moment they break up the compact, by which they, in fact, hold their thrones. Whenever the treaties of 1815 are destroyed, a fresh repartition of Europe will undoubtedly take place, and Austria, as well as Prussia, would both find themselves squeezed in between two mill-stones, Russia on one side, and France on the other. We think the Czar finances a great deal to be sure of this game. He knows that he must yield if France and England are united, and this ought to have been made plain and this ought to have been made plain to him months ago. A resolution of the House of Commons, declaratory of the intention of England to maintain the status quo of Europe, would have spared all the

present turmoil. We do not credit the reported negotiations said to be carried on at Constantinople, through M. Argyropoulos, the first dragoman of the Russian Embassy, and it is still less likely that the Turks would listen to any overtures from that quarter. Up to the latest dates the French and English fleets were at Besika Bay, but the general impression is that they have now entered the Dardanelles orders to that effect having been sent on the 27th ult. The army of Omer Pacha is described still to be in a high state of discipline,—ready for action,—whilst the concurrent reports make us believe that the Russians are suffering greatly from cholera and disease. The Duke de Nemours has visited both parties as an amateur. He is travelling under the name of Sambon, with an officer of great talents named Reillez. The finances at Constantinople are described as utterly exhausted; however, it should be remembered that the Turks have no national debt, but they are printing paper money as fast as they can. There cannot be the smallest doubt that the Turks are animated by the highest spirit of patriotism; the clergy have contributed vast sums to defray the current expenses, and considering our own factions at home, the less we criticise the reported divisions of parties at Constantinople, the better for our credit. At present there is not even a gleam of hope that war can be averted; people, however, cannot believe yet but that, at the last moment, some adjustment of the dispute will be brought about. We feel very sure that the Turks will not yield, and whether the Czar's pride will allow him to recede remains to be seen.

We learn by telegraph that Miss M. Cunningham has been liberated from gaol, by order of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who found it impossible to withstand the hint given to him by the Earl of Clarendon. The Lady is reported to be an amateur missionary, and courted a little martyrdom.

We learn this week of important movements in Central Asia. The Persians have taken Herat, and it is said that they dream of conquering Bagdad, in the Turkish dominions, which we cannot credit. The Persian Monarchy would soon cease to exist if the present Schah indulges in his lust of aggression. We also learn that the Russian Governor of Orenburg has captured a fort which opens the passage of the river Sir Deria (the Jaxartes of the ancients) The Times says that this is the road to Khiva. We do not undervalue the importance of the rivers Sir Deria and Amou Deria (the Oxus of the ancients), but the possession of the fort near the Sea of Aral is but a small step towards Khiva, and, in point of fact, there is no road for an army across the deserts which lead to Khiva and Bokhara.

The telegraph announces the arrival of the India Mail at Trieste. The dates are not given. But we are told that the American squadron, under Commodore Perry, reached Japan on the 8th of July, and left on the 17th. It was well received, but the opening of Japan was postponed till the spring of 1854. The rebellion in China continued to progress, and Peking was expected to fall soon, and with it the Manchou dynasty. The accounts from Ava are satisfactory.

## SUNDAY'S MAIL.

### EUROPE.

From Wilmer & Smith's European Times, October 15.

#### THE FEARFUL SHIPWRECK ON BARRA HEAD.

The Glasgow Herald, of Saturday, gives a long account of the shipwreck of the Annie Jane, the most interesting portions of which we subjoin:—

It appears that by great efforts the vessel was got clear of a reef of rocks which jutted seaward, upon which the waves were breaking furiously, and where it was evident to all that, had the ship struck, not a soul would have survived to tell the tale. Having rounded the reef, the ship got opposite to Vaternish Bay, a large indentation with a sandy beach; and, according to the account of one class of the survivors, she was there run ashore to escape the reef of rocks which formed the opposite entrance to the bay; and, according to the opinion of others, she was forced in by the fury of the gale. Certain it is that, within twenty minutes after clearing the reef, and between twelve and one o'clock on the morning of the 29th ult., the ship took the ground with a fearful concussion. All the officers and crew were, of course, on deck at this fearful conjuncture; but there were also on deck a large number of male passengers, who held on by the ropes and rig-

ging, and with feelings of despair contemplated their fate, as indicated by the dull outline of the land, and the roaring of the surf on the beach. Meanwhile the great majority of the passengers, including all the women and children, were below in their berths, but the striking of the ship gave them a fearful waking. Many rushed on deck in a state of nakedness; wives clung to their husbands, and children clung to both; some mute from terror, and others uttering appalling screams, and eagerly shrieking, 'Is there hope?' In fact, the scene is described by the survivors as the most agonising which it could enter into the heart of man to conceive. The poor creatures had not long to wait for the catastrophe. After the first shock was over the passengers rushed to the boats, three of which were placed between the mizenmast and the poop, and the fourth lay on top of the cooking-house forward. The lifeboat had already been lost; but, as happens too commonly in such melancholy cases, the boats were of no earthly use, for they were all fixed down and secured, or lay bottom up. Indeed, it is extremely questionable if there was any chance of the boats living in such a storm, even had the means of lurching been at hand; and the belief is, that the passengers had rushed to them from the instinctive hope of obtaining relief thereby, or of preventing the crew making use of them for their own special preservation. While the passengers were thus clustered round the boats, and within a very few minutes after the ship had grounded, she was struck by a sea of frightful potency, which instantly carried away the dense mass of human beings into the watery waste, and boats and bulwarks went along with them. It is the opinion of our informants that at least 100 of our fellow-creatures perished by this fell swoop. The wild wail of the sufferers was heard for a moment, and then all was still—at least, as far as this unhappy group was concerned.

The great majority of the women and children, as well as some of the male passengers, remained below, either paralyzed by terror or afraid that they would be washed away in the event of their coming upon deck. But their time also had come. The frightful thumping of the great ship, taken in connexion with her cargo of railway iron, must have immediately beaten the bottom out of her; and while her fabric was in this weakened and disrupted state, another dreadful sea broke on board and literally crushed that part of the deck situated between the mainmast and the mizenmast, down upon the berths below, which were occupied by terror-stricken women and sleeping children. They were killed rather than drowned, as was fully evinced by the naked, mutilated, and gashed bodies which were afterwards cast on shore. The main and mizenmasts went at the same moment.—This second branch of the catastrophe took place within a very few minutes after the passengers and part of the crew had been swept away from the deck along with the boats. The most of the remaining seamen and passengers now took refuge on the poop, which was a very high one, and each succeeding assault of the sea carried away its victim or victims. In short, within one hour after the Annie Jane struck the remaining stumps of her masts went by the board, and she broke into three pieces.

An additional number perished at this disruption; and all the survivors remained on the poop, with the exception of seven men, who had secured themselves on the topgallant fore-castle. The poop fortunately floated well, and as it was about high water, the wreck had drifted inwards by the wind and each leave of the sea, when it finally grounded about 4 o'clock, a. m. The fore-castle, with the seven men, came ashore, about the same time. The wreck had been observed from the Island almost as soon as the day broke; and in the first instance, seven or eight of the Barra men (all who were in the neighbourhood at the time) came down to render such aid as might be in their power. The remains of the mizenmast were still attached by the shrouds of the wreck of the poop; and by the help of the Islanders it was placed so as to form a sort of bridge or ladder between the poop and the shallow water; and as the tide had now fully ebb'd, all the survivors got on shore without much difficulty by seven in the morning. When mustered the survivors were found to number a total of 102, of whom one was a child, 12 were women, and 28 belonged to the crew, exclusive of the captain, who was also saved. When the poop was drifting ashore he secured himself upon its skylight. But the departed friends of the survivors were ashore before them, for the beach was literally lined by their dead bodies, as well as by innumerable fragments of the broken ship, and the light part of her

cargo. None of the survivors estimated the loss of life at less than 350, and others considered it close upon 400 souls. The latter would be the case if 500 individuals, including children, were on board as is generally believed. Almost all the cabin passengers perished, including Captain Munrow, of Quebec, and his wife. Only one child was saved. It belonged to a humble Irishman, who, with her two children, was about to join her husband in America.

She struggled hard to preserve them both, by binding one on her back, and grasping the other in her arms; but, when the ship parted, the latter was dashed into the sea, and the other remained. Soon after reaching the shore the survivors repaired to a farm-stead, or cluster of houses, which was not far from the beach, and repaired their exhausted energies by rest. The women and officers occupied the houses, and the seamen and male steerage passengers lay down in the barn, byre, and stable. There was no scarcity of provisions, for some barrels of beef and pork had been washed ashore, and the Barra people supplied potatoes. Then came the burying of the dead. Christian sepulchre was deemed impracticable, for the church yard was 10 miles distant, and there was neither carpenter to make coffins, nor proper timber to fashion them for the numerous bodies which lay above the ground. Capacious pits were dug close to the lonely shore, and the poor sufferers were deposited therein, in the state in which they were cast from the wreck—a great many, as we have said, being naked and mutilated. To this style of burial there were only two exceptions—viz., in the case of Mr. Bell, the first mate, and a French Canadian Clergyman or priest, for whose remains roughly constructed coffins were made by the surviving carpenters from pieces of the wreck. In this way 260 bodies had been interred up to Monday last, when our informants left the island; but a great many still remained unburied, and indeed every tide threw them up.

Such as were saved remained by the wreck until the tide ebbed, when they waded ashore, the water taking them nearly to the armpits. At daylight the bay was strewn with dead bodies to the number of nearly 300, greatly disfigured, many of them without limbs and heads, and nearly all naked, thereby showing how instant must have been their deaths, and the fearful strength of the waters which in so short a time made such havoc.

The emigrants were mixed English, Irish, and Scotch. A hundred house carpenters and joiners from Glasgow were of the number—fresh, able young men: all of them have perished. They unfortunately had been in that part of the ship immediately above the cargo, which gave way first, and were among the first that were carried off. Others perished in endeavouring to get out the boats.

#### DISCOVERY OF THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE.

The despatches of Captain Inglesfield, who quitted this country last May, on his second Polar Expedition, have been established in the London papers. From these and from the information communicated by Capt. Cresswell, an officer attached to Captain McClure's ship, the Investigator, but who has returned in the Phoenix, we learn the gratifying tidings that the northwest passage has been virtually accomplished, the interval of 170 miles, which alone separated the two expeditions, being crossed on foot by the hardy explorers. It was confidently expected, however, that this winter the whole distance would be accomplished by water. There are still no traces of Franklin, and we regret to learn that the brave Frenchman, Lieutenant Bellot, had been drowned. The following passages from the despatches will be read with interest:—

#### MEETING OF COMMANDER M'CLURE FROM THE EAST AND LIEUTENANT PIM FROM THE WEST.

The first meeting of Lieut. Bodford Pim with the party from the Investigator is thus described in a private letter from Captain Kellett, C. B., dated 'Her Majesty's ship Resolute, Melville Island, April 19th, 1853':—

'This is really a red-letter day in our voyage, and shall be kept as a holiday by our heirs and successors for ever. At nine o'clock of this day our look-out man made the signal for a party coming in from the westward; all went out to meet them and assist them in. A second party was then seen. Dr. Domville was the first person I met. I cannot attempt to describe my feelings when he told me that Captain McClure was among the next party. I was not long in reaching him, and giving him many hearty shakes—no purer were ever given by two men in this world. McClure looks well, but is very hungry. His description of Pim's making the Harbour of Mercy would have

been a fine subject for the pen of Captain Marryatt, where he alive.

McClure and his first Lieutenant were walking on the floe. Seeing a person coming very fast towards them they supposed he was chased by a bear, or had seen a bear. Walked towards him; on getting on wards a hundred yards, they could see from his proportions that he was not one of them. Pim began to screech and throw up his hands (his face was as black as my hat); this brought the captain and lieutenant to a stand, as they could not hear sufficiently to make out his language.

'At length Pim reached the party, quite beside himself, and stammered out, on McClure's asking him, "Who are you, and where do you come from?"—Lieutenant Pim, Herald, Captain Kellett.'—This was the more inexplicable to McClure as I was the last person he shook hands with in Behring's Straits. He at length found that his solitary stranger was a true Englishman—an angel of light; he said: "He soon was seen from the ship; they had only one hatchway open, and the crew were fairly jammed there in their endeavour to get up. The sick jumped out of their hammocks, and the crew forgot their dependence; in fact, all was changed on board the Investigator.

'McClure had thirty men and three officers fully prepared to leave for the depot at Point/Spencer. What a disappointment it would have been to go there and find the miserable yacht Mary, with four or five casks of provisions, instead of a fine large depot.

'Another party of seven men were to have gone by McKenzie, with a request to the Admiralty to send out a ship to meet at Point Leopard, in 1854. The thirty men are on their way over to me now. I shall, if possible, send them on to Beechy Island, with about ten men of my own crew, to be taken home the first opportunity.

'May 2.—Investigator's second party, of Lieuts. Cresswell and Wynniatt, Mr. Piers, and Mr. Meertsching arrived, bringing two men on their sledge. They made an extraordinary passage across for men in their state. The greater part of them are affected with scurvy, but are rapidly improving.'

#### DEATH OF M. BELLOT.

The following is an extract from Capt. Inglesfield's official report:—

'While thus employed (20th August), I received, by an official letter from Captain Pullen, a copy of which I enclose, market 'L.L.' a report of the melancholy intelligence of the death of M. Bellot, who had been sent by Captain Pullen on his return during my absence to acquaint me of the same, and to carry on the original despatches to Sir Edward Belcher. This unfortunate occurrence took place on the night of the gale, when M. Bellot, with two men, were driven off from the shore on a floe; and shortly after, while reconnoitering from the top of the hammock, he was blown off by a violent gust of wind into a deep crack in the ice, and perished by drowning. The two men were saved by a comparative miracle, and after diving about for thirty hours without food, were enabled to land and rejoin their fellow-travellers, who gave them provisions, and then all returned to the ship, bringing back in safety the despatches; but three of them fit subjects only for invaliding.'

#### PROGRESS IN THE PRESENT YEAR.

The following despatch from Captain McClure gives a description of the intended progress of the expedition during the present year:—

'Her Majesty's Discovery-ship Investigator, Bay of Mercy, Baring's Island, April 10, 1853.

'Sir,—In the event of our not getting to England this year, I think it necessary to acquaint you, for the information of the lords commissioners of the admiralty, what our operations will be to effect that object in 1854, that their lordships may be enabled to take such co-operative measures for our relief as may appear expedient.

'Should the ice break up in this bay, sufficiently early to permit of our getting through the Straits this season, and finding the water open to the eastward of Leopold Island, it would be my object to push forward without stopping to take on board any provisions from Port Leopold; but if, on the contrary, the ice should be thick towards Lancaster Sound, I would, if possible, proceed to Port Leopold, and complete a twelvemonth's provisions, and then risk wintering in the pack, or getting through, in preference to remaining at the above port. If, however, we are detained in this bay until next year it will then be requisite to leave towards the end of April, and make for Port Leopold where I am aware that there is a good boat, a house, and ample supplies, and when the navigable seasons open, proceed to Pond's Bay, coasting along the south shore of Barrow's Straits.