

Oregon has been singularly exempt from crime for the past seven or eight years, considering the facilities it has afforded for its commission, the uncertainty of apprehension, and the chances of escape to criminals.

But we cannot longer expect a continuance of this exemption. The country is unaccountably receiving heavy accessions to its outlaws, and crime is undeniably rapidly augmenting. Harder times, a more settled state of things, greater certainty of apprehension and punishment of offenders, &c., are driving that class from California, and Oregon is their most easy and natural resort.

And henceforth we shall most certainly experience an alarming increase of crime, of every species. What preparation shall we make to meet it? What preparation can we make? Our country prisons, where we have any at all, are not any of them secure against outside help, and desperadoes here will be pretty certain to have friends outside of the prison walls who ought to be in. But few are secure in the absence of outside assistance, unless a constant guard is kept, a matter almost impossible.

Our State penitentiary furnishes but limited quarters, and is without the proper guard. What, then, are we to do, to counteract these invitations to crime? Unless some proportionate remedy is furnished, there will be great danger of people taking the law into their own hands, and, according to the code of Judge Lynch, inflicting punishment. Ours is a state of anarchy, and we would extend the death penalty so as to include highway robbery, being armed with a deadly weapon with intent to take life if found necessary for the accomplishment of the robbery, burglary and robbery, being so armed and intentioned, and arson in the night time, where human life is sacrificed or hazarded.

We believe these crimes, under the present circumstances, and for the present time, when proven by direct testimony, should be punishable with death. We are not an ardent admirer of the death penalty as a general rule. We used to be opposed to it in-to, in the States, where prisons were secure, and where offenders were almost certain to be apprehended. There we did not think the safety of society demanded the infliction of the death penalty in any case. But here we are differently situated. In addition to secure prisons, there, they have a well ordered and thorough police, and a system of rewards and compensations for the detection and apprehension of violators of the laws. Here we have insecure prisons, or none at all; little police system, and no rewards and compensations for time and money spent in apprehending offenders. An outlay of either, by officers, or others, is generally at the expense of such party; and with this state of things, it is easily understood that we have little vigilance, and comparatively few detections and apprehensions. Hence our condition, public safety, calls for, not only the death penalty for the higher classes of crimes, but for severer penalties for the lesser offences. We would not only extend the death penalty, but we would increase the terms of imprisonment for crimes of lower grade. We hope the legislature about to assemble will give this matter serious consideration.

Our State convicts, too, ought to be put to some productive labor, if any can be devised. Now they do nothing, and are a dead expense to the State. We know that to put them to any kind of manufacturing, will first require a considerable outlay for workshops, tools, &c. We are not prepared to say there are any branches of manufacture that can be profitably prosecuted, and that the probable remuneration would warrant the preparatory outlay. But we think the subject ought to be inquired into, and considered by the Assembly, and if any mode of putting them at some work by which they can earn all or a portion of their expense can be devised, it ought speedily to be adopted.

The report that a new shoemaker's shop is about to be established in this city is not true, we know of it. The Christian Advocate coming here, but what has that to do with the shoe shop?—Portland Times.

Hark! That shoemaking is a tender subject with "bro. Pea-rine." He never said anything about it, and it would never have been known in Oregon that his profession was that of shoemaking, if one of his fellow-craftsmen had not happened along here and "spotted him." It is an unpleasant subject for "bro. Pea-rine," and we hope you will not again mention it. There is something a little ludicrous in forsaking paounding upon a lap-stone for expounding the scriptures; at least, there is to direct connection between the two. Then the smell of leather in the pulpit is assuasive.

Also, as "bro. Pea-rine" says, "there is no more impropriety in offering to sell Indian shirts of 'venderatus' sizes than there is in offering beef." That is true, but there is, notwithstanding, a little ludicrousness in a clergyman peddling shirts to Indians. In his former character of shoemaker it would not be so bad.

Avery's Ox says Thayer stopped his paper, but said if he would publish a democratic paper he would take ten copies. The Ox construes that into an offer to buy him for forty dollars. We were surprised at the magnitude of the offer, so disproportionate to the value of the concern, and, furthermore, couldn't see what a well man wanted ten copies of the Ox for; and we asked Thayer about it. Thayer said he never intended to pay cash, or any valuable article, but that he had a rent claim against the Ox lodged in his office for collection which he intended to turn in. That explains the matter, and vindicates Thayer's judgment relative to the value of property.

The ball at the factory buildings was represented as a splendid affair—the most so of any ever occurring in Oregon.

Below we give such further election returns as we have received up to the hour of going to press.

It will be seen that Wasco and Columbia have given small majorities against the constitution. Josephine may do the same. These will be the only counties against it. The majority for constitution in the Territory will be about 4,000. The majority for free State will probably exceed 5,000. We think no county has given a majority for slavery.

MULTNOMAH COUNTY—OFFICIAL.

Table with 4 columns: Precinct, For constitution, Against constitution, For free negroes. Includes precincts like North Portland, South Portland, etc.

YAMHILL COUNTY—OFFICIAL.

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WASCO COUNTY—OFFICIAL.

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We are further indebted for election returns to Messrs W. W. Bristow, D. T. Leach, Paul Bratton, M. W. Mitchell, J. W. Drow, J. M. Pyle, J. C. Franklin, R. H. Dearborn.

The Christian Advocate left for Portland. The editor did not confess the falsehood we caught him respecting "Citizen of Marion." In other matters he has been very prompt to refer to the Statesman. But in that we caught him in an undeniable falsehood—viz called him, and the editor of the Christian Advocate, being thus disagreeably exposed, observed, in his paper, a silence concerning that subject, reconcilable on both sides. But he did virtually admit a falsehood outside of his paper. He had great fun among his hands—accused and another of them of telling us that was the author of the articles, and threatening us with the direct evidence of falsehood. Do not that conduct count as a virtual admission!

It must be remembered that we did not commence a war with "bro. Pea-rine," and never should have commenced. He was the aggressor—went out of his way to assail and misrepresent us; as we retorted, as we are pretty apt to do. And, after having commenced the war, he cried persecution, and begged for sympathy, and would have Christians believe that he was "persecuted for righteousness sake." The editor of that paper has likewise ignorantly labored out of his paper to depict the Statesman as a party, and has attempted to resort to falsehood to do so. It is still doing that. How is his schilling palm? For a pretentious "pencil," will permit him to do so. In the future, we have pretensions; his confidence; I am choosing him; I have not one qualification of the editor. It is the universal judgment of the public that the paper for the last months Prof. Hoyt conducted it possessed more ability and interest than all the little ones and since—Prof. H. has natural ability, (whatever of that Mr. Pea-rine is favored with is of the bluish kind not at all adapted to "pen-writing") education, tact and prudence, and the Advocate, under his conduct, was pronounced a good religious paper. Furthermore, he is an honest, and sincere man.

Mr. Elijah Frost, five years a resident of the "Waldo Hills," in this county, but since 1853 a miner in California, has just returned via Yreka, and reports the death of David Waldo, son of Daniel Waldo, of his county. David Waldo went to California in the spring of 1833, and since then he had been heard from him until the death of Mr. Frost, who says that Waldo and five other miners, in 1833, were prospecting for gold on the head-waters of "Gibson's," 160 miles north-east from Sacramento, and that at about 3 o'clock in the morning, August 2d, 1833, they built a fire and were standing around it, when they were surprised by about thirty Indians in ambush, who showered their arrows upon them. They were also fired upon with rifle-balls which he thinks were in the hands of white men, by whom they were led. Mr. Frost's mine was wounded with arrows, and Waldo was shot through the arms with arrows, and almost at the same time by two balls through his breast, at right angles, killing him instantly. The combat had a short distance, and re-sounding obtain the body of Waldo, returned back fire upon the Indians, who were approaching the camp. Mr. F. thinks that the Indians were killed; at any rate they all disappeared, and he and his friends recovered Waldo's body, and buried it near by the following day.

We call the attention of the Democratic State Committee to the call of the chairman for a meeting of that body. The object is to fix upon the time for calling a State Convention, &c. It is to be hoped that the members of the committee who are unable to be present, will appoint as substitute some democrat who can be present. Of course distant members cannot be expected to attend unless they have other business to call them here about that time; but such an appointment as proxies who can be here. Or if not, can send by letter their own views as to the time of holding a State Convention, and other questions connected with the call. We trust that the convention will be held earlier than usual, so as to give our candidates time to make a thorough canvass of the State.

The names of the gentlemen composing the Committee, are as follows: J. W. Ne-nith, Blazon, Smith, John Adair, A. E. Wait, N. H. Lane, Ansel Bush, Edward Shell, F. Chadwick, J. O. Waterman, Wm. McHughes, A. S. Watt.

Wall, of Avery's Ox, voted for free negroes. The man who will vote in violation of law, for free negroes, must be in favor of "the color of the race." This is the man who will vote for free State, and because some of the latter class likewise so voted. We suppose in voting for the introduction of free negroes he did not vote with abolitionists. Oh no! They are not in favor of free negroes or negro equality. Of course not! They are all opposed to the "Salem Clique," which being interpreted means the Democratic party, and therefore, not only "national Democrats of the Jeffersonian stamp," but they are all pro-slavery men. Perhaps our readers won't be able to understand how that is, but nevertheless, it is—If Greeley, Giddings, or Gerrit Smith lived in Oregon, they would unquestionably be opposed to the "Salem Clique," and they would all be "national Democrats," pro-slavery men, and Ox "coloreds."

C. I. Pickett has an article against the "Salem Clique" in Avery's Ox, signed "Brutus." A collection was taken up to enable Mr. Pickett to get back to California, and some "Salem platform" men contributed. Hence it was ungrateful to give a last kick at their platform. Especially as his kicks are calculated to do so much injury!!

John D. Dement, a brother of W. C. Dement, Oregon City, was a passenger on the Central America, and we believe the only Oregonian upon her. Frank A. Jones, a passenger, gives the following account of his own and Dement's rescue: "I had, previously to my being struck by the sea, gone on the hurricane deck, and taking the square cover on hatchway, tied ropes around it and carried it into the starboard wheelhouse, to be ready for use when she sunk. I had hardly got into the wheelhouse when she was struck, and I looked around, the steamer had disappeared. The sea was literally covered with human beings and floating objects. A fearful cry—almost a yell—arose in my ears, and I succeeded in getting on a piece of the hurricane deck, where I was soon joined by a companion—Mr. John D. Dement, of Oregon City. This was about eight o'clock in the evening. We remained there all night, tossed about.

The clouds had dispersed and it was starlight. On the morning of Sunday we saw a large sail and succeeded in attracting attention. At 8 o'clock we were picked up by the Norwegian bark Ellen, we having been in the water 12 hours. We were the last ones rescued. No other were in sight, and we saw none afterwards.

WHITING IN A GRAVE-YARD.—The Ox contains a long letter from Pickett giving support of the Occidental, by the people of Oregon, and the editor of that paper is writing about that it will be continued.—Yet at the same time the concern is without a dollar, can't raise even five or ten. Its advance subscriptions are exhausted and it has no earthly way of continuing except by means of contributions from, or drafts upon pro-slavery men; contributions they will never make, and drafts they will never honor. They are sick and tired of the thing—consider that it has been an injury to them, and that it would continue to be a curse, if there was anything at issue; and that it will be an especial nuisance, as the slavery question is settled.

SAVIE'S ISLAND, Nov. 3, 1857. MR. A. BUSH, Public Printer—Dear Sir: No copies of the constitution of Oregon having come to this office, I address you to request, if you can, to send us one copy, as we are quite a number of persons inquiring of me for them, and they say they think Savie's Island ought not to be neglected for she was true to the convention. From your most obedient,

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WHAT IS THE USE OF LYING SO?—The Oregonian says "the editors of the Times and Statesman dared not vote on the Slavery question." The editor of the Statesman did vote, *intra vires*, on that question, and if the editor of the Oregonian had deemed it at all important to tell the truth, he would have inquired before he published that lie. But it is entirely immaterial with him. Indeed he prefers the lie. And instead of correcting this one, he will probably tell another.

THE N. Y. NEWS, speaking of the democracy being the same everywhere, says: "Nebraska, in the far, far West, has echoed the cry of victory to the distant Cordillera, and Oregon, taking up the shout, sends back greeting to her sisters in the Atlantic. A consolidated Democracy stretching from the St. Lawrence to Cape St. Lucas, and from Key West to Vancouver, will be able to employ immortal language 'invincible' by any force the enemy may send against us."

VALUABLE AND FRESH.—FOUR of five days after the arrival of the mail steamer we received two San Francisco dailies, of one date, from Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express. These were all the papers we received from that company for the two arrivals—the Columbia and Commodore. The express letters had not been received here a week after the arrival of the Commodore. We don't know whether or not, they yet have.

THE mail is not delivered at Eola, Polk county, more than two thirds of the time on an average. At Battleville in this county, for the last two months we are told that it has missed at least half of the time. We are out of patience upon the subject of mails. Can nothing be done?

THE grand jury, in session here last week, found an indictment against Horace Fruit, now in penitentiary, for horse stealing in Lane county. It is reported that a reward of \$1,000 is offered for him, in California, where he is charged with murder.

Kerns, accused of horse stealing, was convicted, and sentenced by Judge Williams to five years confinement in the penitentiary. Croswater took him down.

THE terrible financial crisis and business revulsion in the States is pretty generally attributed to their system of banks, or paper money.

POLK COUNTY, Nov. 18, 1857. FRIEND BUSH: You may rest assured that there will be a strenuous effort made to effect a separate organization under the name of pro-slavery, when in fact, the ostensible object is to break up or defeat the democratic party. Col. Ford, on the day of election, told a gentleman of this county that they should organize and run Avery's Ox against you for public printer. Ford's, and the other wing of black republicans will have a good time in doing this. In all respects, except in opposition to the democratic party? I should like to know. I hear it often said by the pro-slavery democrats that they will never join the party, which it is manifest is trying to undermine and destroy the democratic organization. I remain, in much haste, yours truly.

THE BREMEN BARK Laura, from Bremen, arrived at N. Y., Oct. 5, having on board three men who were picked up on the 21st of September from the wreck of the steamship Central America by the brig Mary of Greenock from Cardenas and bound for Greenstown. Names of those rescued are J. Ties, Second Engineer, G. W. Dawson, passenger, and Alexander Grant, fireman.

MR. JOHN TICE, Second Engineer of the Central America, says that he left the ship on a plank just as she went down, but he had no life preserver. The last object he saw as the ship was sinking was Capt. Herndon. Mr. Tice floated swiftly away from those who were struggling in the water around him, and was seventy-two hours drifting on the plank. On the morning of the fourth day he drifted by a boat which was half full of water.

HE succeeded in getting into the boat and bailing the water out. On the fifth day the boat came in sight of the hurricane deck of the Central America, on which were Alexander Grant and G. W. Dawson. Grant swam to the boat, and after reaching it both pulled for the hurricane deck and took in Dawson. After the steamer sank a number of men took refuge in the hurricane deck, the names of whom were George Buddington, Third Engineer, John Baud and Patrick Card, coal passers, Evans, a fireman, and six passengers, names unknown, all of whom died of hunger and exposure. There were twelve on this piece of the wreck—Messrs. Tice, Grant and Dawson were eight days without water or provisions, the sea making a breach over them the most of the time. The second day after the steamer sank they saw a number of passengers clinging to portions of the wreck, but were unable to render them any assistance.

MR. TICE, in relating the story of his escape, said that a short time before the steamer sank he knew she could stay above water but a short time longer. He got a good sized plank with which to support himself in the water in the expected emergency. Some time before the steamer went down the passengers and crew generally floated themselves with life preservers, and whatever they could lay their hands on, awaiting the moment when the steamer should sink. As he saw the steamer on the moment of going down, he made a plunge into his plank as far as he could draw from the steamer, to avoid being drawn under with her.

HIS jumping did but little good, for the section of the vessel carried him a good distance under water, a distance which seemed to him unathomable, with such tremendous and irresistible force was he drawn under-water. He came up safe with his plank in his possession, and he floated for three days. At the end of this time he saw one of the life-boats belonging to the steamer, when, leaving his plank he swam for the boat and reached it. He found it badly stove and full of water. He managed to plug up the leaks and bail it with his hands. Afterwards he fell in with Grant on the hurricane deck and took him into his boat with him. A day or two after picking up Dawson. On the ninth day after the steamer was taken down they were seen by the brig Mary, and they could scarcely make a hand or speak; their flesh was wasted, and their skeleton forms were frightful to each other. They were covered over with small boils, which were fast breaking out into painful sores. They had not a morsel of food, and were by one, and had lost all hope of being saved themselves. They had to be lifted on board the brig by the seamen; and it was several days before they could walk, their feet were so much swollen; and food was given them very sparingly until they were partially restored.

A FEARFUL NIGHT ON THE WAVES. MR. GEORGE was one of the hundreds of the Central America's passengers, who had supplied themselves with life-preservers, pieces of plank, &c., and were endeavoring to get down to leap overboard in anticipation of her fate. When she went down stern foremost, after giving three minutes of agony to the quiver, and which were to every quaking heart the throbs that instantly preceded her dissolution, he was dragged with the rest on board of her some twenty or twenty-five feet below the surface. He heard no shriek, nothing but the seething rush and hiss of water that closed above her as she hurried to the speed of an arrow, to her ocean bed. Night had closed in before the vessel sank, and he was snaked in by the darkness of the night, and he was in a depth that in its seeming was unathomable, and into a darkness that he had never dreamed of. Compared with it the blackest night, without moon or star, was but a mere nothing. He was rather stunned than stifled, and his sensation on coming to the surface were almost as painful, from their reaction, as those which he endured at the greatest depth to which he sank. It was when he had drifted far from the companionship of any of his fellows in misfortune, that Mr. George began to realize his situation. The night was quite dark. The swell of the sea was great, and successively the poor flippers, holding on to their planks with the energy of despair, were driven on the brink of a precipice and buried in a deep valley of water. For two or three hours the water was not unduly high, and it was not until about one o'clock on the morning of Sunday, when they had been nearly five hours in the water, that a fresh gully wind arose and their limbs began to be blown about. The night was falling with the swell of the waves, and the light of lanque Eilon were first discerned by the survivors in the water, and they hoped that once saved they would be rescued. It may well be believed, to a perfect certainty. Let Mr. George speak for all. He says: "I never felt so thankful as I do now for my escape. I was never before. I do not know whether I cried or not, but I know I was astonished to hear my own laughter ringing in my ears. I do not know why I laughed. The words, 'God be praised for my deliverance,' kept passing in and out of me—through me, rather, as if I had been the pipe of an organ. It did not come to me by my own volition, but somehow made me remember it. When the lights approached nearer, a score of men sprang up around me, crying, 'Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!' and then I began to shout too. And I had never any doubt that I should be saved till I saw the lights pass, about half a mile from where I was, and recede in the distance. Then I began to give myself up for lost indeed. But I slowly drifted toward her again till I could make out her hull and one of her masts, and presently I could close to her and she was within my grasp. When I got on deck I could not stand. I did not know until then how exhausted I was."

A TORRENTIAL DRY.—MR. PAYNE, of California, to whom Capt. Herndon left his watch to be handed by him to his wife, in case of his death, has just executed that painful duty, and the watch is now in Mrs. Herndon's possession, the last sad relic of her heroic husband, and all she has now to connect her and him in his last perishing moments.

SOME men would have sent themselves in the boat to their wives, but the gallant Herndon, though in the midst of peril and death, forgot not to send this touching relic to his wife, while at the same time he devoted himself to duty and death.—N. Y. Express.

MR. JOHN B. GOUGH, the well known temperance lecturer, is to lecture at the 39d of March last, and which is published in the English Weekly Record, says: "The cause in this country is in a depressed state; the Maine law is a dead letter everywhere—more liquor sold than in other States it is about as bad."

MR. C. E. PICKETT says, that no one "but an ardent ass, subject slave, consummate knave, pliant tool, or selfish, unscrupulous politician can subscribe to the democratic party," "belong to what party" he "may." Rather complimentary, that.

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A FEARFUL NIGHT ON THE WAVES. MR. GEORGE was one of the hundreds of the Central America's passengers, who had supplied themselves with life-preservers, pieces of plank, &c., and were endeavoring to get down to leap overboard in anticipation of her fate. When she went down stern foremost, after giving three minutes of agony to the quiver, and which were to every quaking heart the throbs that instantly preceded her dissolution, he was dragged with the rest on board of her some twenty or twenty-five feet below the surface. He heard no shriek, nothing but the seething rush and hiss of water that closed above her as she hurried to the speed of an arrow, to her ocean bed. Night had closed in before the vessel sank, and he was snaked in by the darkness of the night, and he was in a depth that in its seeming was unathomable, and into a darkness that he had never dreamed of. Compared with it the blackest night, without moon or star, was but a mere nothing. He was rather stunned than stifled, and his sensation on coming to the surface were almost as painful, from their reaction, as those which he endured at the greatest depth to which he sank. It was when he had drifted far from the companionship of any of his fellows in misfortune, that Mr. George began to realize his situation. The night was quite dark. The swell of the sea was great, and successively the poor flippers, holding on to their planks with the energy of despair, were driven on the brink of a precipice and buried in a deep valley of water. For two or three hours the water was not unduly high, and it was not until about one o'clock on the morning of Sunday, when they had been nearly five hours in the water, that a fresh gully wind arose and their limbs began to be blown about. The night was falling with the swell of the waves, and the light of lanque Eilon were first discerned by the survivors in the water, and they hoped that once saved they would be rescued. It may well be believed, to a perfect certainty. Let Mr. George speak for all. He says: "I never felt so thankful as I do now for my escape. I was never before. I do not know whether I cried or not, but I know I was astonished to hear my own laughter ringing in my ears. I do not know why I laughed. The words, 'God be praised for my deliverance,' kept passing in and out of me—through me, rather, as if I had been the pipe of an organ. It did not come to me by my own volition, but somehow made me remember it. When the lights approached nearer, a score of men sprang up around me, crying, 'Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!' and then I began to shout too. And I had never any doubt that I should be saved till I saw the lights pass, about half a mile from where I was, and recede in the distance. Then I began to give myself up for lost indeed. But I slowly drifted toward her again till I could make out her hull and one of her masts, and presently I could close to her and she was within my grasp. When I got on deck I could not stand. I did not know until then how exhausted I was."

A TORRENTIAL DRY.—MR. PAYNE, of California, to whom Capt. Herndon left his watch to be handed by him to his wife, in case of his death, has just executed that painful duty, and the watch is now in Mrs. Herndon's possession, the last sad relic of her heroic husband, and all she has now to connect her and him in his last perishing moments.

SOME men would have sent themselves in the boat to their wives, but the gallant Herndon, though in the midst of peril and death, forgot not to send this touching relic to his wife, while at the same time he devoted himself to duty and death.—N. Y. Express.

MR. JOHN B. GOUGH, the well known temperance lecturer, is to lecture at the 39d of March last, and which is published in the English Weekly Record, says: "The cause in this country is in a depressed state; the Maine law is a dead letter everywhere—more liquor sold than in other States it is about as bad."

MR. C. E. PICKETT says, that no one "but an ardent ass, subject slave, consummate knave, pliant tool, or selfish, unscrupulous politician can subscribe to the democratic party," "belong to what party" he "may." Rather complimentary, that.

THE BREMEN BARK Laura, from Bremen, arrived at N. Y., Oct. 5, having on board three men who were picked up on the 21st of September from the wreck of the steamship Central America by the brig Mary of Greenock from Cardenas and bound for Greenstown. Names of those rescued are J. Ties, Second Engineer, G. W. Dawson, passenger, and Alexander Grant, fireman.

MR. JOHN TICE, Second Engineer of the Central America, says that he left the ship on a plank just as she went down, but he had no life preserver. The last object he saw as the ship was sinking was Capt. Herndon. Mr. Tice floated swiftly away from those who were struggling in the water around him, and was seventy-two hours drifting on the plank. On the morning of the fourth day he drifted by a boat which was half full of water.

HE succeeded in getting into the boat and bailing the water out. On the fifth day the boat came in sight of the hurricane deck of the Central America, on which were Alexander Grant and G. W. Dawson. Grant swam to the boat, and after reaching it both pulled for the hurricane deck and took in Dawson. After the steamer sank a number of men took refuge in the hurricane deck, the names of whom were George Buddington, Third Engineer, John Baud and Patrick Card, coal passers, Evans, a fireman, and six passengers, names unknown, all of whom died of hunger and exposure. There were twelve on this piece of the wreck—Messrs. Tice, Grant and Dawson were eight days without water or provisions, the sea making a breach over them the most of the time. The second day after the steamer sank they saw a number of passengers clinging to portions of the wreck, but were unable to render them any assistance.

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