

The News and Herald.

VOL. I--NO. 171

WINNSBORO, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 25, 1877.

\$3.00 A Year
In Advance.

HASKELL ON HAMPTON.

AN AUTHENTICATIVE REPLY TO "A TILDEN DEMOCRAT."

Slanders and Misrepresentations Exposed and Denounced.

A recent and conclusive letter from Col. A. C. Haskell, chairman of the State Democratic executive committee, in reply to "A Tilden Democrat," is published by the Augusta Chronicle and Sentinel. No one could answer the charges made by "A Tilden Democrat" more authoritatively than Col. Haskell, for he was necessarily cognizant of every detail of the campaign, what was done and only proposed to be done. The letter is too long to reproduce entire, but we give some of the strongest of its many strong points. Unless "A Tilden Democrat" is ready to acknowledge the error of his way, it is to be hoped he will hereafter hold his peace. Col. Haskell says:

There have been scurrilous articles written against Gen. Hampton in a few of the extreme Radical sheets, but no enemy in the North has published so base a slander as that contained in the article in your columns. The piece could not have been published in this State; it is a matter of regret that it has appeared in any Southern State or Democratic paper.

The grounds upon which the writer bases his insidious comments are either entirely without foundation or are pervasions of facts which occurred. And it is to declare the truth with regard to the assertions made in the article that I now address you. Defense of Gen. Hampton and Governor Tilden, or the other gentlemen, would be out of place, and, still more, unnecessary. I shall speak not of the facts, and of them, only what I can say authoritatively, and of my personal knowledge.

The policy adopted by the State in the August Convention was not the work of a few individuals or leaders, but was with more unanimity than has ever been seen—the utterance of the will and fixed determination which sprang from the mass of the people.

The policy having been settled, there was but one difference of opinion as to the nomination of candidates. Whether it should be Hampton, the man the people wanted, but who had a conspicuous record, which it was feared might injure the national party, or should it be a man against whom this objection did not lie, and who would command the respect of the people of the State. This question was calmly and freely discussed. I speak as a member of the Convention, where I heard the debate. Gen. Hampton was also a member; he was at my house as a guest. I was constantly with him, and his views were expressed to me fully and freely. He entered into the canvass at great personal sacrifice, and would have been much gratified could he have conscientiously declined to enter upon the duties which the people demanded of him. He so stated to the convention, and urged the nomination of the candidate who could effect most good for the cause, and in every event promised his personal aid. The views of the National Democratic party were not introduced upon the convention, but were invited, and were regarded as of great weight. It was understood that the National Executive Committee regarded the nomination of Hampton as dangerous. This opinion met with earnest support from some of our best and ablest men, and certainly gave no offense to Gen. Hampton. The final decision was that in the depressed condition of our people we could not afford to take any but the one man upon whom all hearts would unite, and for whose election men, women and children would strive. The Convention felt assured that by prudent policy the fears entertained by the Northern Democrats would be disappointed. Hampton was thus nominated by the unanimous vote of the Convention, and the balance of the State ticket was filled by men of either opinion, all divisions having ceased the moment the question debated had been settled. I cannot speak positively as to the statement "it was generally recognized that the candidacy of Hampton would be distasteful to Governor Tilden, because the latter feared it would work mischief to the National Democracy." It certainly was stated that such was the view of some of the committee and working members, but my impression is that it was said Mr. Tilden's own view was in favor of Gen. Hampton's nomination.

General Hampton was not "covered" by his friends, but asking the Convention to weigh the party expediency of his candidacy, he accepted their judgment and consented to the position to which the unanimous vote elected him.

I did, as chairman of the State Committee, write to Mr. Hewitt; gave him the opinion that we could carry the State, and applied for assistance—provided that he concurred in our opinion, and would regard this to be a true disposition of means for the benefit of the national party. His reply was entirely satisfactory. He deemed it

better that his assistance should be rendered elsewhere. We accepted the answer and went on upon our own resources. In fact we pardoned persons much nearer home, who favored, as Mr. Hewitt did, that our hopes transcended our prospects. His answer was not a rebuff. We made no appeal for charity, but submitted our demand solely upon its merits. The reply did not irritate Gen. Hampton, who was, by day and by night, canvassing the State with an energy and a persistence that has never been excelled; nor did it in anywise diminish his efforts, which were always brave and earnest in behalf of the National Democratic Presidential ticket. It is utterly untrue that in the campaign which elected Gen. Hampton confined himself to making votes for the State ticket, and let national politics and the candidacy of Governor Tilden severally alone. The evidence given to maintain this assertion is too preter for notice.

Gen. Hampton's speeches were not advocacies of State candidates in person any more than national, nor were they arguments on petty politics. They were appeals to the people in behalf of honesty and reform. These words comprehended everything, and when he gained votes he gained them for the whole ticket, State and National. The small discrepancy of a few hundred votes in a vote of 183,000, between the State and National ticket, is due to the fact that there are in the State a few hundred Republicans who are honest men, and free from the shackles which have held together the colored race. These men remained true to the National Republican party, but repudiated the State party, and were won over to the State Democracy by their admiration for the honest fight which was being conducted before them. And in this Gen. Hampton did not deviate from the policy of either the National or State Democratic platform.

The truth with regard to the above (the withdrawal of the Electoral ticket said to have been contemplated) is this: On the night of the day after Mr. Chamberlain's nomination by the Radicals, Judge Cooke and Judge Mackey called at the office of the executive committee in Columbia (Gen. Hampton was at Abbeville) and declared their intention to join us in the State ticket. They had been earnest supporters of Mr. Chamberlain, but repudiated his ticket, and joined with us. They did not demand the abandonment of the national contest; the argument, too, was forcible. They submitted that we could not thereby injure the National Democracy, stating we were regarded as an embarrassment, rather than a benefit, to the party, (we had heard the same from other sources,) and could greatly benefit the State. Judge Mackey stated that the plan of the Radical leaders was to be positive for a time, allege that they were restrained from canvassing from fear of violence; meanwhile to excite riot and violence among the colored race, cause bloodshed, and then invoke military interference. He expressed his conviction that such was the State and National plan, and events have proved the exact correctness of his prediction. Judge Cooke confirmed the views above stated, saying he knew of contemplated riot and bloodshed, resulting from conversation with leading Republicans with whom he was allied up to that time.

The proposition was discussed by the committee, but no action taken, except the resolution that nothing should be done without consultation with the national executive committee. The next day Judge Cooke went to Abbeville, to appear on the stand as a speaker in behalf of our party. Col. Hoyt, of the executive committee, went to Abbeville with him, and there, as instructed by the committee, conferred with Gen. Hampton and some other gentlemen. The reasons advanced were at first slight regarded very strong, but no decision was arrived at, except that no such step should be taken except with the approval of Mr. Tilden on the ground that our position was embarrassing the national party—the withdrawal then to be under a protest stating the plot as laid down by Judges Mackey and Cooke, and announcing that we withdrew to prevent the intervention of military force which would rob us of the exercise of our constitutional rights. Gen. Hampton wrote to Mr. Tilden through Mr. Manton Harbo. I wrote to Mr. Hewitt. Before their answers had been received Gen. Hampton had, on reflection, come to the conclusion that the proposition was not wise or proper. The committee had come to the same conclusion. The responses from Mr. Tilden and the National Executive Committee concurred with our views. We were assured that we were not embarrassing but aiding the national cause, and the proposition was thus finally settled and never again thought of until brought up by your correspondent. The preposterous idea of its defeat by lack of time is utterly without foundation. The executive committee regarded itself as fully possessed of the power, and would at once, had they deemed it proper, have announced that the Electors were withdrawn from the ticket.

No difficulty of such kind was ever contemplated.

There was no change of policy made by Hampton. His first speech, 24 of September, was identical in sentiment in principle with his last speech, made on 15 November, and that one just nor one tittle of the swerve from it throughout the campaign.

The policy pursued by Gen. Hampton was the protection of the wishes of the State Democratic Convention and the plans of the executive committee. It was sustained by all persons, whatever may have been their position in the only great contest ever held in this State, in the convention. And in all the counties in the State the Hampton policy, the straight-out policy, up to the last moment was rigidly observed and executed.

We carried the State by bringing out the full vote, and by winning over fifteen thousand to seventeen thousand colored voters. Had it not been for military interference and the destruction of the State Government we would have gained fifty thousand colored votes. As it was the main body of the colored votes we did obtain is due, not solely to the wisdom of the plan and policy laid down, but principally to the superb and never-failing power and sagacity with which Gen. Hampton put the theory into execution.

A large majority of the votes of the State were "straight-out" before Hampton's nomination. As I said before no leaders built up this policy. It is worse than folly to charge Gen. Hampton with "ignoring" anybody. His nomination was not a debt he owed to anybody. His acceptance was his tribute to the State and in a debt the party owes to him. The contest was not over the man, but was an agreement over the policy of the movement. He did not select the State executive committee. It was elected by the whole number of the nominees on the State ticket, in conjunction with the president of the convention, and of the seven, five were earnest advocates of his policy beforehand (though the vote of one, M. J. Peaser had been fixed by his constituents) and all were his friends and earnest supporters.

There may have been mistakes. But that there was any "insertion of Tilden," by Gen. Hampton, the State executive committee, or any part or parcel of our party in South Carolina, I solemnly deny, and, if any person ever it, I pronounce it to be utterly and woefully false.

There never was a larger, bolder contest for the national party than we conducted in this State, nor ever one with less encouragement or greater peril. Alone, our victory would have been a phylax; but, together with the National Democracy, we bore the brunt of the force of the administration—State and National—canvassed under the watchful eyes of the professional detectives who were backed by bribing by-ones; voted over the bayonet point, won from the enemy 15,000 to 17,000 votes, and carried the State for Tilden as well as for Hampton, and have only been defeated by the frauds committed at the polls, in the returns and by the canvassers. We stand upon our record and defy the attacks of our bitterest enemies. May we be preserved from any more such criticisms from our friends. Pardon me when I say that your view with regard to Gen. Hampton's letter to Mr. Tilden and Mr. Hayes is a mistake, and rests not upon the letter but upon vague apprehensions. If there has been a champion for Tilden it has been Hampton, and none expresses more appreciation of it than Mr. Tilden.

General Hampton is now Governor, and is in charge of the interests of this State. The United States is divided between two great parties, in bitter antagonism to each other, and the condition of affairs in this State is one of the grave issues which is between them. The Governor simply enclosed his inaugural to the leaders of the respective parties, presenting to them a truthful report of the matters of such grave import. Judge Mackey was going to see Governor Hayes, as I know personally, and asked Governor Hampton to allow him to carry the letter. His request was granted and nothing more.

Governor Hampton has repeatedly and publicly repudiated the charge that Judge Mackey was in any wise his ambassador, representative, emissary or agent in any particular. Judge Mackey has likewise disclaimed that he in any respect represented Governor Hampton. He was merely the volunteer carrier of a letter which would have otherwise gone by mail.

Mary Allen, of Marion, a colored woman living in the Reedy Creek settlement, left her little children in charge of her house one day last week, only to find on her return her oldest child burned to death. The clothes of the child took fire, and when she ran into the road near the house, she fell burned to death. The only wonder is that the house and all the children were not burned up.

THE HOME OF THE GREAT AMERICAN SCULPTOR.

I know it will interest your readers, who must all appreciate the "tone and beautiful," to hear an account of the home where these attributes reign supreme—the home of America's well-known sculptor, Henry Kirke Browne.

Sixteen years ago it was my good fortune to know him and his gentle invalid wife, at the time when the star of our proud State was in the ascendant, and Columbia the centre of cultivated society and refined wealth. Mr. Browne had been invited thither, commissioned by the State government to make a group of statuary which was to support the pediment of the new capital. The central figure of the group, ten in number, represented a beautiful woman, with features of the noblest Roman type, yet with a sweet innocence of expression which softened the majesty of her mien. Her brow was encircled by stars; and in her right hand she bore the olive branch. Ah! Peace was indeed within in our walls then. But the war-cloud lowered, and Mr. Browne was compelled to cease the work so dear to his heart. As yet only a plaster cast of this superb figure existed, though the block of marble thirteen feet in length, from which it was to be cut, stood already in the studio, and several chips had been taken from it. Of one, the sculptor formed a small paper-weight, and carrying his initials thereon, presented it to your correspondent as a souvenir. When Sherman fired his first shot in our doomed city—the gun directed by his own hand toward the glistening white pile of the State house in the distance—that shot, strange and solemn omen pierced the studio which stood near southwest side, and glancing the solid wall of that splendid building, which is still a sad monument of our disappointed hopes, tore off a projecting corner. The statue of "Peace" was shattered!

In the present condition of our political affairs in South Carolina, we cannot of course, anticipate the completion of any great national work; but when Reform and Hampton shall have redeemed the prostrate State, perhaps in some bright future the Northern sculptor may return to the sunny land he loved so well, and "Peace" will raise her star-crowned head upon the battlements of our now ruined head and desecrated capital.

But I am wandering far away from the little villa on the Hudson. It had been raining for weeks during our stay in New York, and we had begun to feel as if "Probabilities" were against us, and our long hoped-for trip up the "Rhine of America," when we awoke one morning and found the sun shining brightly.

"The very day for the Hudson!" we exclaimed with one breath; and nine o'clock found us en route. The steamer passed rapidly out of sight of the great Babylon; the noise and confusion of the city were things of the past as gently rolling hills and verdant valleys stole upon the sight. Presently Weehawken came into view, where the blood of Hamilton still calls from the ground; and further on, the bold outlines of the palisades; still further Sing Sing attracted our attention, but we saw no convicts!

The wind was very brisk and chilly, and in order to lose no point of interest, we had to submit to considerable discomfort. However, we cheerfully gave our garments to be wafted higher and higher, and stood firm with fluttering veils and torn plumes, and wildly flapping shawls and water-proofs. It seemed a kind of virtue to bear these evils calmly, for were we not on "classic ground"—or, rather, water?

There was considerable difference of opinion amongst the numerous "contending tourists" who thronged the deck and expressed themselves freely as to "what was what." Sometimes it grew ludicrously serious. "That's Yonkers," said one of the untrifled Democracy south of M. & D's line.

"No, isn't it all," responds a bluff Western hoosier, with his hands in his pockets. "I know better'n that; it's Irvington."

"I think you are mistaken, sir," remarked a cut-and-dried, genuine Yankee. "I guess that's Cold Spring."

I led us in the carriage, and a span of high-bred, litha-limba bays bore us rapidly out to "Little Brook," the fairy villa two miles north of Newburgh. Past stately homesteads and substantial country-seats, along the smooth road we bowled. Here a massive gateway, overruled with scarlet Virginia creeper; there a skno-lodge ivy screened; a stable which looked likely country church— all set in a golden haze that softened the nature views, and lent a glory to mountain and hill and river.

A sudden break in a long, dense hedge revealed a fresh picture of delight. An emerald lawn thickly dotted with parterres of bright flowers—a lakelet glistening like a silver shield; the noisy little brook fretting over its pebbled bed from thence to the river below—a rustic meadow, broken by picturesque clumps of trees—all this at a glance, and our host standing on the low porch, welcomed us to "the hut," as he playfully styled his exquisite home.

Into the sacred hospitalities of that home the public will not intrude, so we pass over in silence the appointments and adornments within in the walls where the purest taste and most refined culture reign supreme.

Luncheon over, and the chat across the fruit and wines sharpening our desires for the promised visit to the studio, we adjourn thither, pausing on the way to admire one of Nature's chef d'oeuvres, an Alderney cow! It is not every day that one sees a quadruped of this kind, valued at five hundred dollars, who comes when she is called, and crops daisies on the banks of the Hudson. Only she was not "cropping daisies" now, but very sensibly keeping the grasses at a good length, and furnishing milk warranted to produce a pound of butter to every six quarts. Let us import some Alderney cows forthwith.

But there is the studio, a white building adjoining the stables; I am not sure but that it is attached to the stables, for the sculptor lodges his horses in royal style, and as he uses them for models, has their welfare constantly in his mind. The first object within the studio, and of course the most attractive and imposing, is the equestrian statue of General Greene, for which Mr. Browne has been commissioned by Congress. The plaster cast of this spirited work stands in the centre of the room; the horse of superb proportions, every limb tense with vivid action; the very veins and muscles traceable, as the proud creature spurs the ground with lifted feet. The figure of the Revolutionary hero has not yet been completed, but we gained a general idea of the whole from a miniature model. However, this must, of necessity, lack the perfection of detail which the life-sized figure will possess. Mr. B. will probably complete this work in Italy, as he regards the advantage to his art much greater in that favored country. And when one considers that he spent twelve years of his life there, with such congenial minds as Powers and his confidantes to enhance the poetry of existence, one cannot wonder that he longs for "la bella Italia," and Rome, the city of the soul.

Many other figures and groups in various stages of advancement, besides copies and models of his best known works, are ranged around the studio in graceful confusion. Here is a Confederate soldier, which one would recognize at a glance, in the thin, clear cut Southern profile and unshorn beard and streaming hair. He stands leaning upon his rifle in an attitude of sad reflection, as if gazing upon the dead figure of a comrade after battle, and the pathos of expression in face and form brought the quick tears to our eyes. This statue was modeled at the request of a lady in Charleston, who designs it for the grave of her well-beloved son, slain in the war. Not far from this are full length figures of Stockton, General Kearney, and Governor Clinton. A model of the famous statue of Lincoln, which now adorns Madison Square, New York, occupies a corner of the room. Even the sculptor's idealty could not make the martyr President graceful, and so he wears—as is fit—his baggy trowsers instead of a Roman toga!

All who have visited New York will remember the equestrian statue of General Washington, on Union Square. This is Mr. Browne's work, and considered the finest of the kind in the United States.

But we linger too long in this enchanted spot, where we were busy recalling reminiscences of our past; and now we have barely time to visit the stables, which, like those of English establishments, are kept in such order that ladies may enter them with pleasure. The famous model of Mr. Browne's famous horse stands in her stall nearest the studio. The groom is washing her ladyship's dainty feet, and she stands with the dignity of a princess to be examined by our admiring party. "Black Bess" is of Lexington blood, and it was she who bore the brave guerrilla, John Morgan, on his last midnight ride, when he was betrayed to his enemies by a woman. It was our artist friend. He

upon this subject, for whither would it lead me?

After this episode, for we heard the history of "Black Bess" on the spot, we hurried away to get our wags, and were presently seated in the luxurious phaeton, dashing along the river road northward toward the Dnyvd's "Danse Kammer." The dread-sounding name is the designation of a steep declivity, over the summit of which the local Indians formerly held their corn dances, a religious festival in the harvest season. The dusky figures of the redskins, as they capered around in concentric circles under the light of the yellow moon, with their weird chants and grotesque ceremonies, must have seemed indeed a diabolical proceeding to the matter-of-fact Knickerbockers without invitation to settle on the rich lands of the Mohawks. But the "Devil's Dance Chamber" is silent now, and only the rushing river and solemn cedars remain unchanged around the spot where the original lords of the soil worshipped the Great Spirit upon this mountain.

The lodge at the open gateway was apparently tenantless, so we entered and drove round and round the terraced ascent to the top of the hill where the country-seat of the Hon. Baneroff Davis now stands. A magnificent view is had from this point, and one could not but wonder if the fortunate owners of this fine place did not sometimes yearn for the scene upon which we now gazed, in their voluntary exile *Unter den Linden*. Mr. Davis and his family have been abroad for some time, as he represents the government at the Court of Imperial Germany. But even here where the "master" is away, everything is kept in trim array. How charming is all this to eyes only accustomed to the careless beauties of our rich land! It seems as if there is now "trash" here—no weeds, no briars, no fallen leaves. The very grass seems to "grow to order"; and the boughs of the overhanging greenwood were as regular as a clip hedge. We laughed when in reply to a question as to whether those cedars were kept trimmed on contract, our bright young companion, Mrs. B.'s nephew, said seriously:

"Why they grow so!" Night is closing in as we dash home, glad to escape from a "nipping and an eager air" into the warmth and light of the cozy parlor. A cheerful coal fire welcomes us like a home face, and amid the comfort and congeniality of this lovely home, we forget that we are "strangers in a strange land."

Before the autumn sun had risen high next morning, we were out drinking the delicious elixir of fresh air, while the dumcolored Storm King across the river was still wrapt in his mist cloak, and the sides of North Beacon covered with gray shadows. Across the sward streamed broad rays of sunlight, glancing from the rosy apples and golden pears that had fallen on their emerald velvet bed during the night—and glittering on the glass roof of the graperies, whence luscious clusters, pink, purple and white, send out opaline rays of delicate color. Across the rustic bridge and bubbling little brook still telling its secret of the lake, whose bright bosom bears a fleet of snowy driflets—up a gently rising path to where the strawberry beds lay on the Southern slope—down again among the raspberries, trained on horizontal wires—and thence into a woodland which extends to the river's bank. All this we rambled over before we were summoned to the bright breakfast parlor, where flowers and stands of fruit lit up the hospitable board.

"The feast of reason," etc. (stale quotation!) always enhances more epicurean and gastronomic pleasures; and I must not forget to relate several rare anecdotes, which, as they concern certain well-known personages, are considered public property.

Our host had entertained "the government" at a lunch party last summer, and on that occasion General Grant was particularly gracious, keeping up a spirited conversation with a sprightly Southern lady, Mrs. G. When cigars were handed, the President refused, and Mrs. G. playfully remarked:

"Why, General, you have the reputation of being a great smoker."

"I have the reputation of a great many things which I do not deserve," was the historic reply.

"But that is not all. When dinner was over, he suggested, in a most matter-of-fact way:

"Browne, let's take a walk," and actually he walked me five miles. Yet this is nothing unusual with the grand old man. He so loves nature that he forgets everything but the beautiful face she presents to him. It is his great delight to point out to me every way-side flower and ask:

"What's that, Browne?" and anon to a tree of uncommon foliage.

"Do you know what kind of wood that is, Browne?" And when astonished at knowledge—for I, too, was raised in the country—he would gleefully declare that it was hard to get the better of me.

As we sat around the fire one night, the conversation turned on the legend of Sleepy Hollow, and by consequence rested on Irving.

"He was a man of quaint humor," said our host. "I remember hearing Washington Allston (I think it was, or some other painter of note,) relate an anecdote of him which was memorable. They two were once caught in a storm at some distance from Sunny-side, and Irving took refuge under a large tree. Allston lingered without and quietly got wet.

"Why don't you come under my umbrella?" Irving cried.

"The painter replied that his father had once taken a similar shelter and received a shock in consequence, as the tree was struck by lightning.

"Oh! if it runs in your family," Irving exclaimed, "you had better stand out a good distance!"

Quelques writes from the Town of Orangeburg, under date of the 17th instant, that Bolivar's Music Hall was opened last evening, for the first time, to a very flattering attendance, (considering the very inclement weather) to witness a programme of tableaux and charades, given in aid of the German Lutheran Church, under the management of several ladies of the congregation. The hall and its handsome appointments cannot fail to be appreciated. Prof. Berg's quintette furnished the music. As an amateur exhibition it passed off very creditably to all lending their assistance. Several of the characters—Miss D.—as "Rose," Mr. S.—as the Brigand and Cobbler, Miss M. B.—in the photograph, and Miss L. D.—as "Mrs. Molrose," were good. Mrs. K.—as "Robin Adair" and Five o'clock in the Morning" were loudly applauded. The exhibition will be repeated to aid its charitable object.

Mr. A. B., a gentleman of German descent, who does business at Holmesville, N. C., had his store broken open recently, and \$25 worth of goods stolen therefrom. He, however, captured the thief, and went by rail to Marion C. H. On his way up town he engaged in conversation with two young men, but suddenly the conversation was interrupted by a jerk and a lunge or two in the dark, when Mr. B. exclaimed, "Mine Gott! mine Gott! the thief is gone!" A short race in the dark convinced Mr. B. that he was following a regular "quarter horse," and soon returned soliloquizing thusly:

Mine Gott! mine Gott! I can no negro taken for just sure I think I had him safe, By tan I be mistaken.

Three bales of cotton were stolen from the warehouse of Mr. T. W. Holloway, at Pomaria, on the night of the 11th instant. About 3 o'clock in the morning, Mr. J. B. Suber found that his wagon and two of his mules were missing. With a party of his neighbors he started out in search of them, and soon caught up with his wagon and mules. A man who was driving jumped down and ran, the party firing several shots at him without effect. A mile from where they overtook the wagon a bale of cotton was found on the roadside, having been thrown off the wagon. The party had previously found one wagon, owner unknown a short distance from the road, where the thieves had abandoned it, being closely pursued. On it was another bale of the cotton and a set of harness. The third bale had not yet been found. The thieves got into the warehouse through a window.

Chopping Corpses Out of the Ice. Capt. Gates, who arrived in this city from Portland yesterday afternoon, brought intelligence of the wreck of the brigantine *Placencia*, which was driven ashore at Ferryland, near St. John's, N. F., in a hurricane on the 6th instant. Merg stamps of the foremast, mainmast and jibboom were remaining. The hull was entirely enveloped in ice. In the cabin, which was nearly all ice, were found two bodies, for whose removal the axe was necessary, as they were firmly imbedded in the ice.

N. Y. World.