# THE Ashland Union.

A Weekly Family Newspaper---Devoted to Light Literature, News, Agriculture, the Arts and Sciences, Morals, Mechanics, the Markets, General Intelligence, the Dissemination of Democratic Principles, &c.

VOL. IX. ASHLAND, ASHLAND COUNTY, OHIO, WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 25, 1854. NO. 22.



## Business Directory.

JUDICIAL OFFICERS.

JAS. STEWART....Pres't Judge.
A. L. CURTIS.....Probate Judge.
J. SHERIDAN..Clerk C. C. Pleas.
ALEX. PORTER.....Pros. Att'y.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

ISAAC GATES.....Auditor.
JAMES W. BOYD.....Treasurer.
JOHN D. JONES.....Sheriff.
ASA S. REED.....Recorder.
ORLOW SMITH.....Surveyor.
JOHN G. BROWN.....Coroner.
GEO. M'CONNELL, LUKE SELBY, AMOS HILBORN, } Commissioners.
DAVID BRYTE, PATRICK KELLEY, WILSON BOTDORF, } Infirmary Directors.

SCHOOL EXAMINERS.

GEORGE W. HILL.....Ashland.
ORLOW SMITH.....Sullivan.
J. McCORMICK.....Loudonville.

BOROUGH OFFICERS.

WM. RALSTON.....Mayor.
J. MUSGRAVE.....Recorder.
E. W. WALLACK.....Treasurer.
R. P. FULKERSON....Marshall.
A. DRUMB, S. G. WOODRUFF, H. AMES, T. C. BUSHNELL. } Trustees.

HOTELS.

ROWSBURG HOTEL,
WILLIAM ZIMMERMAN, Proprietor; Rowsburg, Ashland county, Ohio.
May 31, 1854.—n2-tf.

EMPIRE HOUSE,
AKRON, Ohio; G. RAYNOLDS, Proprietor.
January 18, 1854.—n35-tf.

MILLER HOUSE.
THE subscriber begs leave to announce that he has opened a Hotel, to be called the "Miller House," directly opposite the Sampsell House, Main Street, Ashland, and respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage. M. MILLER.
Ashland, March 22nd, 1854.—n14.—tf.

AMERICAN HOUSE.
THE undersigned having leased the above house for a term of years, respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage. No effort will be spared to minister to the comfort of all who may favor him with a call.
D. J. RICE.
Jeromeville, Nov. 30 1853. 26tf.

FRANKLIN HOUSE.
HAVING leased the above named House for a term of years, the undersigned respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage. No pains will be spared to make comfortable all those who may favor him with a call.
WILLIAM ROBINSON.
Ashland, Nov. 23, 1853. 26tf

FULLER HOUSE.
JOSEPH DEVARMAN, having again taken the above House, will be prepared to accommodate all his old friends who may favor him with a call.
Loudonville, Nov 23d, 1853. 26tf

LAWYERS.

W. B. McCARTY
Attorney at Law, and Justice of the Peace,
WILL promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care. ☞Office, corner of Main and Church Streets. June 14, 1854.—3tf

J. W. JOHNSTON,
Attorney at Law,
LOUDONVILLE, Ashland county, Ohio. Prompt attention given to all business connected with the legal profession. June 14, 1854—3tf

GEORGE W. WATSON. Tiffin, Ohio. | GEORGE H. PARKER Ashland, Ohio.
WATSON & PARKER,
Att'ys & Counsellors at Law & Solrs in Chancery;
HAVING formed a copartnership, will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to their care in this and surrounding counties. Office nearly opposite the Sampsell House.
Ashland, Nov. 23d, 1853. 26tf

ROBERT BEER,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
OFFICE, on Main Street, West of the Sampsell House, Ashland, Ohio.
Ashland, May 24th, 1854. n11f

OLIVER W. KELLOGG. WILLIAM B ALLISON.
KELLOGG & ALLISON,
Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery;
WILL attend to all professional business entrusted to their care, in this and adjoining counties. Ashland, Nov. 23d 1853. 26tf

J. W. SMITH,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law;
OFFICE over Drug Store of Sampsell & Co. Business in this and neighboring counties prompt ly attended to.
Ashland, Nov. 23d, 1853. 23tf

THOS. J. KENNY. | ALEX. PORTER.
KENNY & PORTER,
Att'ys and Counsellors at Law.
WILL attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care in this and adjoining counties. Office on corner of Main and Church streets.
Ashland Nov. 23d, 1853. 26tf

JOHN S. FULTON. | JOHN S. M'COMBS.
FULTON & McCOMBS,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law;
OFFICE on Main street, over the Store of T. C. Bushnell, Ashland, Ashland County, O.
November 23d, 1853. 26tf

THOMAS J. BULL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW and Justice of the Peace, Loudonville, Ashland County, Ohio.
November 23d, 1853. 26tf

PHYSICIANS.

J. ROSS, M. D.,
Practitioner of Medicine and Surgery,
WILL give prompt attention to all calls in his profession.
Hayesville, July 5, 1854. n5tf

P. H. CLARK, M. D.,
OFFICE opposite P. & J. Risser's Store, Main Street, Ashland, Ashland county, Ohio.
Ashland, Feb. 14, 1854.

I. L. CRANE, M. D.
Surgeon and Oculist,
OFFICE, adjoining Millington's Drug Store opposite P. & J. Risser's store.
Ashland, April 19th, 1845—n48tf

DR. WM. JONES,
Of the Eclectic School of Medicine,
HAVING located in Ruggles Township, Ashland County, Ohio, offers his professional services to the public generally. Particular attention paid to Chronic diseases, Rheumatism, Liver and Lung complaints, old Sores, etc., Cancers, Schirrous and Cancerous Tumors removed without the Knife or Caustic. May 3, 1854.—n20tf

DR. THOMAS HAYES,
Practitioner of Medicine and Surgery;
SAVANNAH, Ashland County, Ohio. Also, Justice of the Peace and Notary Public.
November 23d, 1853. 26tf

P. W. SAMPSEL, M. D.
THANKFUL for past favors, respectfully announces that he has resumed the practice of Medicine in all its branches. Office in the Empire store of I. S. P. Sampsel & Co., Ashland, O.
May 17th, 1854. 32tf

DR. W. W. RIDDLE,
Practitioner of Medicine and Surgery,
WILL attend to all business connected with his profession. Office in the Centre of Troy, Ashland county, Ohio. 1Y46

DRS. J. P. & J. COWAN,
PRACTITIONERS OF MEDICINE AND SURGERY, Jeromeville, Ashland county, Ohio.
March 26th, 1854. 45tf

JEWELERS, &c.

WILLIAM RALSTON,
WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER, Post Office Building, Main street, Ashland, Ohio, Gold and Steel Pens, and a choice variety of Jewelry, kept constantly on hand. Novembe 26, 1853. 23tf

I. R. GOODFELLOW,
WATCH MAKER AND JEWELLER, Dealer in Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Yankee Notions, &c. Watches and Clocks repaired and warranted. Highest price paid for Gold and Silver. Opposite the Sampsel House.
Ashland, Ohio 36tf Dec 14, 1853.


## Poetry.

### OUR CHILDHOOD.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

'Tis sad—yet sweet—to listen
To the soft wind's gentle swell,
And think we hear the music
Our childhood knew so well,
To gaze out on the even,
And the boundless fields of air,
And feel again our boyhood's wish
To roam like angels there!

There are many dreams of gladness
That cling around the past—
And from the tomb of feeling
Old thoughts come thronging fast—
The forms we love so dearly
In the happy days now gone,
The beautiful and lovely,
So fair to look upon.

Those bright and gentle maidens
Who seemed so formed for bliss,
Too glorious and too heavenly
For such a world as this!
Whose dark soft eyes seemed swimming
In a sea of liquid light,
And whose locks of gold were streaming
O'er brows so sunny bright.

Whose smiles were like the sunshine
In the spring time of the year—
Like the changeful gleams of April
They followed every tear!
They have passed—like hope—away,
All their loveliness has fled—
Oh—many a heart is mourning
That they are with the dead.

Like the brightest birds of summer
They have fallen with the stem—
Yet oh—it is a lovely death
To fade from earth like them!

And yet the thought is saddening
To muse on such as they—
And feel that all the beautiful
Are passing fast away!
That the fair ones whom we love,
Grow to each loving breast
Like tendrils of the clinging vine—
Then perish where they rest.

And we can but think of these
In the soft and gentle spring,
When the trees are waving o'er us
And the flowers are blossoming!
For we know that winter's coming
With his cold and stormy sky—
And the glorious beauty round us
Is budding but to die!

## Select Miscellany.

### THE TOLLING BELL.

NOT many months ago, in one of my summer rambles. I found myself on a beautiful Sabbath morning the guest of a worthy and intelligent family, in a quiet country village.

The early breakfast was over; parents and children had joined in reading a chapter in the Bible; Mr. Sedgwich, the head of the family, had then offered up a fervent prayer, at the conclusion of which we all rose from our knees; when our ears were greeted by the clear deep peals of the ringing church bell.

"So late!" exclaimed Mrs. Sedgwich looking at the clock, "our time piece must be slow."

"That is not the first bell for church," replied her husband solemnly. "There has been a death in the village. The bell is going to toll for Martin Lord!"

"Such then is his unhappy end!" mused his wife. "Well, it will be wrong, to mourn his death. If death was ever a merciful providence, it is so in this case!"

"Is it a person who has been long sick?" I asked.

Instead of answering my question directly, Mr. Sedgwich said—

"There is a very melancholy history connected with that young man. It is now some time since the excitement occasioned by this strange tragedy died away; but the tolling of the bell this morning must bring it back forcibly to every heart. Perhaps you would be interested to hear the story?"

I expressed my desire to listen to the narration; upon which my friend gave me the details of the following story, which I relate with only a slight deviation from the original:—

Martin Lord was once the flower and the hope of one of the most respectable families in the village. His amiable disposition and superior intellect procured for him universal love and esteem.

Although of a slight figure, and pale features, which indicated a constitution by no means robust, Martin was remarkable for his uncommon beauty, and indeed his fine noble forehead shaded by locks of soft brown hair, his large expressive blue eyes, straight nose, with thin Grecian nostrills, and rather voluptuous mouth, entitled him in some measure to that consideration.

Martin was a great favorite with the ladies, old and young; but he never showed any marked partiality to any one, until he became intimate with Isabella Ashton, the daughter of our late clergyman, who died of grief about a year ago.

No two beings could be more different. Isabella was the most thoughtless girl in our village. She could have little sympathy with a person of such deep feelings and elevated intellect as Martin; and beautiful as she was it seemed strange that he should have given his love to her. There is no doubt but she was attached to him; perhaps she loved him as well as she was capable of loving any one; but in this instance, as in all others, her affections were secondary to her love of sarcasm and mischief.

Martin and Isabella had been pointed out as lovers, by village gossips, for several months; he was now nineteen, and she was of the same age, when the tragedy occurred, which the tolling of the bell has recalled to my memory.

It was on an autumn evening, nearly five years since, that Isabella took advantage of the absence of her father to have a social gathering of young people at their house. Martin, of course, was present, with the fairest youths, and maidens; and being under no restraint from the gravity of the clergyman, who was not expected home till late, the company enjoyed themselves freely with jests, songs, and social games.

The hour at which such parties usually broke up had already passed, and there was no relaxation in the gaiety of the young people, when some one foolishly mentioned the subject of ghosts, something of that description having been reported as seen in the vicinity of the church-yard.

"It is a silly report," said Martin.—Nobody can believe that a ghost was really seen there; and I doubt if a person here believes at all in the existence of ghosts."

"You do, yourself—you know you do Martin, although you are ashamed to own it," cried Isabella. But Martin only laughed. "Come now continued the thoughtless girl "I can prove that you have some idea that such things may exist. Go to the churchyard alone in the dark and then declare, if you can, that you have felt no fear."

"And what would that prove?"

"Why, you would be frightened, though you should see nothing. Your fears would put your belief to the test. How could you be afraid if you did not feel that there was something to be afraid of?"

"I do not think your logic is the best in the world," replied Martin, laughing. "Men are often troubled with fear, when their reason tells them there is no cause to fear. But I deny, in the first place, that a journey to the churchyard, even at midnight, would frighten me in the least."

"How bravely you can talk!" said Isabella, indulging in her customary tone of sarcasm. "But nobody here believes you. I don't, at any rate. Why you hadn't courage enough the other day to help kill a rabbit; your mother told me so!"

"I never like to cause or witness pain if it can be avoided," answered Martin, blushing.

"Ha! ha! ha! what an excellent excuse! You are brave enough, to be sure, but tender hearted. Come, now; you dare not go to the churchyard this night alone. You are not half so courageous as you would have us believe. Whether you think there are ghosts or not, you are afraid of them."

Martin was extremely sensitive; but the sarcasm of nobody except Isabella could have stung him so to the quick.—Scorning the imputation of cowardice, he was ready to do almost any desperate act to prove courage. "But," said he, although I have no more fear of churchyards and ghosts, than I have of orchards and appletrees, I am not going to walk half a mile, merely to be laughed at."

"Ha! ha! but you shall not escape so!" laughed Isabella. "Here, before these our friends, I promise that this ring shall be yours," she continued, displaying one given her by an old lover, which Martin had often desired her to part with, "provided you go to the churchyard alone, in the dark, and declare, on your honor, when you return, that you were not in the least afraid."

"Agreed," said Martin, buttoning up his coat, for the night was chill.

"And as evidence that you go the entire distance, you can bring with you the iron bar, which you will find close by the gate," said Isabella.

Thus driven by taunts to the commission of a folly, Martin took leave of the company full of courage and spirit, and set out on his errand.

It was near a quarter of a mile to the churchyard, which was approached by a lonely dreary path, seldom traveled except by mourners.

It is impossible to relate precisely what happened to Martin on that gloomy road. I judge from the circumstances, which afterwards came to light, and conjecture his adventure must have been as I am about to relate it.

Light as he was in frame, and tender in his feelings, he was not destitute of courage. I do not think he was frightened by the sighing of the wind, and the rustling of the dry autumnal leaves, as many stronger men might have been.—He marched steadily to the churchyard, stopped a moment perhaps to gaze sadly, but not fearfully, at the white tombstones gleaming faintly in the dark and desolate ground, for the stars shone brilliantly in the clear cold sky; then shouldering the iron bar of which Isabella had spoken, he set out to return.

He had proceeded about half way, when, in the gloomiest part of the road, he saw a white figure emerge from a clump of willows and come towards him. It looked like a walking corpse, in a winding sheet, which trailed upon the ground. All Martin's strength of nerve was gone instantly. Courage gave place to desperation, his hair standing erect, and his blood running chill with horror, still he stood his ground. The spector drew nearer, seemed to grow whiter and larger as it approached. We cannot tell what frenzy seized upon the brain of of the unhappy youth at that moment.

The guests at the clergyman's house heard terrific screams. Dreading some tragic termination to the farce, they rushed to the spot, one of the number carrying a lantern. They found Martin kneeling on a prostrate figure, his fingers, clutching convulsively its throat, while he still uttered frantic shrieks for help. His wild features of terror.

Only two of the most courageous young men dared approach him. One of them forced Martin to relax his hold on the throat of the figure, while the other tore away the folds of the sheet. At the moment the bearer of the lantern came up. Its light fell on the blood-stained features of Isabella Martin uttered one more unearthly shriek, and fell senseless upon the corpse. He never spoke again, but lived—an idiot!

A frightful contusion on Isabella's temple bore evidence that in his frenzy he had struck the supposed spectre with the iron bar. The blow was probably the cause of her death; although such a grasp as his hands must have given her throat, might alone have deprived her of breath. He never knew afterwards what he had done, for never a gleam of reason illumined the darkness of his soul; and now the tolling bell has told us that Heaven, in its mercy, has finally freed the spirit from its shackles of clay, and given it light in a better world.

### THE LAST HOURS OF BEETHOVEN.

He had but one happy moment in his life—and that moment killed him.

He lived in poverty, driven into solitude by the contempt of the world, and by the natural bent of a disposition rendered harsh—almost savage, by the injustice of his cotemporaries. But he wrote the sublimest music that ever man or angel dreamed. He spoke to mankind in his divine language, and they disdained to listen to him. He spoke to them as Nature speaks in the celestial harmony of the winds, the waves, the singing of the birds amidst the woods.—Beethoven was a prophet, and his utterance was from God.

And yet was his talent so disregarded, that he was destined more than once to suffer the bitterest agony of the poet, the artist, the musician. He doubted his own genius.

Haydn himself could find for him no better praise than in saying, "He is a clever pianist."

Thus it was said of Gericoult, "He blends his colors well;" and thus of Goethe, "He has a tolerable style, and he commits no errors in orthography."

Beethoven had but one friend, and that friend was Hummel. But poverty and injustice had irritated him, and he was sometimes unjust himself. He quarreled with Hummel, and for a long time they ceased to meet. To crown his misfortunes, he became completely deaf.

Then Beethoven retired to Baden, where he lived, isolated and sad, in a small house scarcely sufficing for his necessities. There his only pleasure was in wandering amidst the green aisles of a beautiful forest in the neighborhood of the town. Alone with the birds and the wild flowers, he would then suffer himself to give scope to his genius, to compose his marvelous symphonies, to approach the gates of heaven with melodious accents, and to speak aloud to angels that language which was too beautiful for human ears, and which human ears had failed to comprehend.

But in the midst of his solitary dreaming, a letter arrived which brought him back, dispite himself, to the cares of the world, where new griefs awaited him.

A nephew whom he had brought up, and to whom he was attached by the good offices which he had himself performed for the youth, wrote to implore his uncle's presence at Vienna. He had become implicated in some disastrous business, from which his elder relative alone could release him.

Beethoven set off on his journey, and, compelled by the necessity of economy accomplised part of the distance on foot. One evening he stopped before the gate of a small, mean-looking house, and solicited shelter. He had already several leagues to traverse before reaching Vienna, and his stength would not allow him to continue any longer on the road.

They received him with hospitality; he partook of their supper, and then was installed in the master's chair by the fireside.

When the table was cleared, the father of the family arose and opened an old clavecin. The three sons took each a violin, and the mother and daughter occupied themselves in some domestic work.

The father gave the key-note, and all four began playing with that unity and precision, that innate genious, which is peculiar only to the people of Germany. It seemed that they were deeply interested in what they played, for their whole souls were in the instruments. The two women desisted from their occupation to listen, and their gentle countenances expressed the emotions of their hearts.

To observe all this was the only share which Beethoven could take in what passed, for he did not hear a single note. He could only judge of their performance from the movements of the executants, and the fire that animated their features.

When they had finished, they shook each other's hands warmly, as if to congratulate themselves on a community of happiness, and the young girl threw herself weeping into her mother's arms.—Then they appeared to consult together; they resumed their instruments; they commenced again. This time their enthusiasm reached its hight; their eyes were filled wsth tears, and the color mounted to their cheeks.

"My friends," said Beethoven, "I am very unhappy that I can take no part in the delight which you experience, for I also love music, but you see I am so deaf that I cannot hear any sound. Let me read this music that produces in you such sweet and lively emotions.

He took the paper in his hand, his eyes grew dim, his breath came short and fast; then he dropped the music and burst into tears.

These peasents had been playing the allegretto of Beethoven's symphony in A.

The whole family surrounded him, with signs of curiosity and surprise.

For some moments his convulsive sobs impeded his utterance; then he raised his head and said, "I am Beethoven."

And they uncovered their heads and bent before him in respectful silence.—Beethoven extended his hands to them, and they pressed them, kissed them, wept over them; for they knew that they had among them a man who was greater than a king.

Beethoven [illegible] out his arms and embraced them a[illegible] the father, the mother, the young girl, and her three brothers.

All at once he rose up, and sitting down to the clavecin, signed to the young men to take up their violins, and himself performed the piano part of this *chef-d'œuvre*. The performers were alike inspired; never was music more divine or better executed. Half the night passed away thus, and the peasants listened.—Those were the last accents of the swan.

The father compelled him to accept his own bed; but during the night Beethoven was restless and fevered. He rose; he needed air; he went forth with naked feet into the country. All nature was exhaling a majestic harmony; the winds sighed through the branches of the trees, and moaned along the avenues and glades of the woods. He remained some hours wandering thus amidst the cool dews of the early morning; but when he returned to the house he was seized with an icy chill. They sent to Vienna for a physician; dropsy on the chest was found to have declared itself, and two days, despite every care and skill, the doctor said that Beethoven must die.

And, in truth, life was every instant ebbing fast from him.

As he lay upon his bed, pale and suffering, a man entered. It was Hummel—Hummel, his old and only friend.—He had heard of the illness of Beethoven, and he came to him with succor and money. But it was too late; Beethoven was speechless; and a grateful smile was all he had to bestow upon his friend.

Hummel bent toward him and by the aid of an acoustic instrument, enabled Beethoven to hear a few words of his compassion and regret.

Beethoven seemed reanimated, his eyes shone, struggled for utterance, and gasped, "*Is it not true, Hummel, that I have some talents after all?*"

These were his last words. His eye grew fixed, his mouth fell open and the spirit passed away.

They buried him in the little cemetery of Dobling.

### MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

Much unhappiness is occasioned in families, not infrequently leading to total alienation, from misunderstandings based upon very slight foundations Especialy is this the case where the members have become partially separated, and intercourse thereby, in a measure, interrupted, so as to prevent any ready and willing explanation. An action misconstrued, an unintentional affront offered, a thoughtless expression made, an oversight on the part of one committed, which is taken by another as evidence of a loss of interest or kindly regard, becomes a secret stumbling block between members of a family, who through all their early years would have readily sacrificed their lives in behalf of each other; molehills grow into mountains, abrupt with precipices, and crowned with perpetual frost, which interpose impassable barriers between hearts full to overflowing with every genial sympathy.

Such unhappy affairs, having their foundations origionally in nothing, or at least in incidents so slight that both parties are ashamed to confess the cause even to themselves, are more frequent than is generally supposed. Let a family of children who live in harmony, in the exercise of every trait of brotherly and sisterly affection, be told that a time will come in after life when other ties, otherr connections, other interests, pursuits, pleasures and pains will unloose the chords that bind them to each other in such apparently indissoluble bonds and they will be apt to exclaim in indignation, "Are thy servanis dogs, that they should do this great thing?"

The natural course of events must separate families—must disolve fraternal ties, in order to give room to others, if possible, of a tender and more enduring nature; but in that transformation especially care ought to be taken that no element of discord be permited to intervene between the origional and new relation. In the close connection, for instance, which certainly ought to exist petween parties that enter into conjugal ties, many defects of character will likely be hidden from each other which are apparent to a less blinded vision; and a brother may feel a tinge of selfish pain, or a sister receive a slight shock of wounded sensibility, that the other turns from them to the husband or the wife, forgetting that they themselves will do the same thing.

A little mutual forbaerence, a few kindly explanations, a determination on both sides to do to the other as each would like to be done by, will in all these cases, as in every other event of human life, remove all difficulties, and enable brothers and sisters to go on harmoniously to the end of lif's uncertain journey. Let the prayer be acted upon—

"The mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

and all trouble of this nature will speedily vanish away. Intercourse must of necessity be partially interrupted; distant residences, different degrees of success or failure, other ties and connections will greatly interfere with the original close intimacy, but what remains may be as tender, as kind, and as frateanal, as that which exists through all their eariler years; and that it be such is a solemn duty each member of a family owes to the memory of their dead parents to themselves, and to each other.

ENERGY IS OMNIPOTENT.—The child who is a beggar to-day, in a few years to come, may stand [illegible] with the admiration of angels! It is the [illegible] of Energy.

☞ "I'm in the wrong," [illegible] to be one of the most difficult sentences [illegible] pronounce in the English language.

### FURTHER OF THE ARCTIC--ARRIVAL OF CAPTAIN LUCE AND OTHERS AT QUEBEC--FULL PARTICULARS.

The bark *Cambria* picked up Capt. Luce, 7 or 8 of the passengers, and 5 of the crew of the *Arctic* from a raft.

The following is a correct list of the passengers saved with Capt. Luce:

F. May, G. F. Allen and Jos. Smith, of the *Arctic*, J. A. G. Francois, of the *Vesta*. Seamen—Patrick Noran, A. Grant, Michael Russel, John Riley and John Patterson.

The names of those who arrived at Quebec on the ship *Huron*, are—

Luke McCarty, Richard Macline, Joas Abrys, Christ'r Moran, Erastus Miller, John Drury, James Ward, David Benny, Rob't Bryson, Joseph Coidy James Conly. James Conner, Thomas Wilson and Grant Conway.

Mrs. Collins and Family certainly lost.

#### Statement of Capt. Luce.

The *Arctic* sailed from Liverpool on Wednesday the 20th of September, at 11 A. M., with 233 passengers and about 150 of a crew. Nothing of special note occurred during the passage until Wednesday the 27th, when at noon we were on the banks in latitude 46:45 with longitude 52 west, steering west by compass. The weather had been foggy during the day generally. Generally a distance of ¼ to ¾ of a mile could be seen, but at intervals of a few minutes, a very dense fog followed by being sufficiently clear to see 1 or 2 miles.

At noon I left the deck for the purpose of working out the position of the ship. In about fifteen monutes I heard a cry of "*hard a starboard!*" from the officer of the deck. I rushed on deck and had just got out when I felt a crash forward, at the same moment saw a steamer under the starboard boat, and the next moment she struck against our guards and passed astern of us. The bows of the strange vessel seemed to be literally cut or crushed off, for full ten feet, and it seemed that she must probably sink in a few minutes, and taking a hasty glance of our own ship, and believing we were comparatively uninjured, my first impulse was to endeavor to save the lives of those on board the sinking vessel.

The boats were cleared, and the first officer and six men left with one boat, when it was found our own ship was leaking fearfully. The engineers were set to work, instructed to put on the steam-pumps, and the four deck-pumps were worked with vigor by the passengers and crew. The ship was headed for land, which I judged to be about 50 miles distant. I was compelled to leave my boat and crew with the first officer to take care of themselves.

Several ineffectual attempts were made to stop the leak by getting sails over the bows, and finding the leak gaining on us very fast, notwithstanding all our very powerful efforts to keep her free, I resolved to get the boats ready, and as many ladies and children placed in them as possible; but no sooner had the attempt been made than the firemen and others rushed into them in spite of opposition.

Seeing this state of things, I ordered the boats astern to be kept in readiness until order should be restored, when, to my dismay, I saw them cut the rope in the bow, and soon disappeared astern in the fog. Another boat was broken down by persons precipitated into the sea and drowned. This occurred while I had been engaged in getting the starboard guard-boat ready, and placed the second officer in charge, when the same fearful scene, as with the first boat, was enacted; men leaping from the top of the rail, 20 feet, pushing and maiming those who were in the boat.

I then gave orders to the 2d officer to let go and row after the ship under or near the stern, to be ready and take on board women and children as soon as the fires were out and the engines stopped. My attention was then directed to the other quarter boat which I found broken down and hanging by the tackle.—A rush was made for her also, and some dozen or fifteen got in and cut the tackle. It was soon out of sight.

In the meantime, I found that not a seamen was left on board, nor a carpenter; and without any tools to assist us built a raft as our only hope, and the only officer left was Mr. Doran, the 3d officer, who aided me, with the assistance of many of the passengers who deserve great praise for coolness and energy in doing all in their power, up to the very moment before the ship sunk.

The chief engineer, with a part of his assistants had taken our smallest deck-boat, and before the ship went down pulled away with about fifteen persons. We had succeeded in getting the fall and main-yard and two top-gallant yards overboard, and such other small spars and materials as we could collect, when I was fully convinced that the ship must go down in a very short time. Not a moment was to be lost in getting the spars lashed together to form a raft—to do which, it became necessary to get the life-boat—our only remaining boat—into the water.

This being accomplished I saw Mr. Doran, chief engineer of the boat, taking care ro keep the oars on board to prevent them from leaving the ship, hoping still to get most of the women and children in this boat, at least. They had made considerable progress in collecting the spars when an alarm was given that the ship was sinking and the boat was shoved off without oars or anything to help themselves with, and when the ship sank the boat had got, yrobably, an eighth of a mile to leeward, and in an instant, about a qurter to 5 P. M., the ship went down carrying every soul on board with her. I soon found myself on the surface, after a brief struggle, with my own helpless child in my arms.

I again found myself impelled downwards to a great depth, and before I reached the surface a second time had nearly perished, and lost the hold of my child. As I struggled to the surface of the water, a most awful and heart-rending scene presented itself to my view.

Over two hundred men, women and children, struggling together, amidst pieces of wreck of every kind, calling on each other for help, and imploring God to help them. Such an appalling scene may God preserve me from ever witnessing again.

I was in the act of trying to save my child, when a portion of the paddle-box came rushing up edgeways, just grazing my head, and falling its whole weight upon the head of my darling child. In another moment I beheld him lying lifeless on the water.

I succeeded in getting on to the top of the paddle-box, in company with eleven others. One, however, soon left for another piece, finding that it could not support so many. Others remained till they were one by one relieved by death We stood in the water at the temerature of forty-five degrees, up to our knees, and frequently the sea broke directly over us.

We soon separated from our friends on the other parts of the reck, and passed the night, each one expecting every hour would be our last. At last the wished for morning came, surrounded with a dense fog; not a living soul to be seen, but our own party, seven now being left.

In the course of the morning, we saw some water casks and other things belonging to our ship, but nothing we could get to afford us any relief. Our raft was steadily settling, as it absorbed water. About noon, Mr. S. M. Woodruff, of New York was relieved by death. All the others now began to suffer very severely for want of water, except Mr. George F. Allen and myself.

In that respect, we were very much favored, although we had not a drop on the raft. The day continued foggy, except just at noon, as near as we could judge. We had a clear horizon for about half-an-hour, and nothing could be seen but water and sky. Night came on, thick and dreary, with our minds made up that neither of us would live to see the light of another day, for very soon three more of our suffering party were relieved by death, leaving Mr. Allen, a young man and myself.

Feeling myself getting exhausted, I now sat down for the first time about 8 o'clock in the evening, on a trunk, which Providentailly had been found on the wreck. In this way I slept a little throughout the night, and become somewhat refreshed. About an hour before daylight, now Friday, the 29th, we saw a vessel's light near to us. We all threw of us exerted ourselves with the utmost of our strength in hailing, until we became quite exhausted.

In about a quarter of an hour the light disappeared to the east of us.—Soon after day-light a barque hove in sight to the N. W., as the fog having lightened a little, steering apparently for us, but in a short time she seemed to have changed her course, and again we were doomed to disappointment. Yet I feel hopes that some of our fellow-sufferers may have been seen and rescued by them.

Shortly after we had given up all hopes of being rescued by the barque, a ship was discovered to the east of us, steering directly for us. We now watched her with the most intense anxiety, as she approached; the wind varying, caused her to change her course for several points.

About noon they fortunately discovered a man on the raft near them and succeeded in saving him by the 2d mate's jumping over the side and making the rope fast around him, by which he was got on board safely. This man proved to be a passenger on board the steamer with which we came in collision. He informed the captain that others were near, on pieces of the wreck, and by going aloft he saw us and three others.

We were the first to which the boat was sent, and safely taken on board about 3 P. M. The next was Mr. Jas. Smith, of Mississippi, second class passenger. The[illegible]ed were five—one our fire-[illegible] proved to be the *Cam-*[illegible] from Glasgow, bound [illegible]pt. John Russell, who [illegible] barque *Jerry Steavens*, [illegible]eived kindly by Capt. Nye, of the *Pacific*. Of Capt. Russell, it would be scarcely possible to say enough in praise for the kind treatment all of us received from him during the time we have been on board his ship.

His own comforts have been given up in every respect for our relief. Rev. Mr. Walker and lady, and another gentleman, who were passengers by the *Cambria*, have been unceasing in their endeavors to promote our comfort. To them, and to all on board, we shall ever owe a debt of gratitude for their unbounded kindness to us.

From the Frenchman, who was picked up, I learned that the steamer with which we came in collision was the screw steamer *Vesta*, from St. Pierre, bound from and belonging to Greenville, France.—We learn the *Vesta* was steering E. S. E., and was crossing our course two points, all sails set, wind west by south. Her anchors stock, about 7 by 4 inches square, struck the bow of the *Arctic* about eighteen inches above the water line.

An immense hole had been made at the same time by the fluke of the anchor, about two feet below the water line raking fore and aft the plank, and finally breaking the chains, leaving the stock remaining in and through the side of the *Arctic;* and it is not unlikely that as so much of her bows had been crushed in, some of the heavy pieces of iron running through the ship, may have been driven through our side, causing the loss of our ship and I fear, hundreds of most valuable lives.

We have safely arrived at Quebec, and I am left without a penny in the world to help myself with; but sincere gratitude to those from whom I have received such unbounded kindness, since I have been providentially thrown among them, from whom I am about to separate and go to my home of sorrow.

I learned from the doctor at Quarantine, last evening, that the *Vesta* had reached St. Johns with some passengers from the *Arctic*, but I could not learn the particulars.

As soon as I can get on shore I shall make arrangements to leave for N. York, with the least possible delay, and expect to take the steamer for Montreal this afternoon.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant, JAMES C. LUCE.

### A HAPPY HOME.

In a happy home there will be no fault-finding, overbearing spirit; there will be no peevishness nor fretfulness.—will not dwell in the heart or be found on the tongue. O, the tears, the sighs, the wasting of life, and health, and strength, and time: of all that is most to be desired in a happy home, occasioned merely by unkind words! The celebrated Mr. Wesley remarks to this effect, namely, that fretting and scolding seem like tearing the flesh from the bones, and that we have no more right to be guilty of this sin than we have to curse, and swear, and steal.

In a perfectly happy home, all selfishness will be removed. Even as "Christ pleased not himself," so the members of a happy home will not seek first to please themselves, but will seek to please each other.

Cheerfulness is another ingredient in a happy home. How much does a sweet smile, emanating from a heart fraught with love and kindness, contribute to render a home happy! How attracting, how soothing is that sweet cheerfulness that is borne on the countenance of a wife and mother! How do the parent and child, the brother and sister, the mistress and the servant, dwell with delight on those cheerful looks, those confiding smiles that beam from the eye, and burst from the inmost soul of those who are near and dear! How it hastens the return of the father, lightens the cares of the mother, renders it more easy for youth to resist temptation—and, drawn by the chords of affection, how it induces them with loving hearts, to return to the parental roof.

O that parents would lay this subject to heart! that by untiring effort they would so far render home more happy, that their children and domestics shall not seek for happiness in forbidden paths!

### NO MOTHER.

"She has no mother!" What a volume of sorrowful truth is comprised in that single utterance—no mother! We must go down the hard, rough path of life, and become inured to care and sorrow in these sternest forms, before we can take home to our own experience the dread reality—no mother—without a struggle and a tear. But when it is said of a frail young girl, just passing from childhood towards the life of a woman, how sad is the story summed up in that one short sentence! Who now shall administer the needed counsel?—who now shall check the wayward fancies—who now shall bear with the errors and failings of the motherless daughter? Deal gently with the child. Let not the cup of her sorrow be overflowed by the harshness of your bearing, or your unsympathizing coldness Is she heedless of her doings? Is she forgetful of her duty? Is she careless in her movement? Remember oh remembr, "she has no mother!"

### IMPURE LANGUAGE.

There are some habits which we can never entirely annihilate, after we have once formed them. The use of impure language is one of these habits. It may be subdued and slumber for years, till its existence is almost forgotten, and then in the delirium of fever, it may suddenly burst forth, to the astonishment of all who listen. Many a devoted Christian, in a delirium of a sick-bed, has shocked his friends by the use of profane or obscene language, which could be explained only by the fact that he had been familiar with such language in early life. In reading the memoir of Dr. Grant, the missionary to the Nestorians, I was struck with a fact relating to his illness.

For seventeen days previous to his death, he was in a delirium; but, says his biographer, 'though speaking almost constantly, on many topics, in three different language that is English, Turkish, and Syriac—he did not utter a single word he would have been ashamed of afterwards. His associates listened to the disclosure of his secret heart and wondered that nothing appeared that they would have wished to conceal.'

MACAULAY says there is one good trait about bores, and that is, they are always moral. This is so. Wit runs shockingly to vice, while your smart epigramic people are just as certain of going to the devil as violin players. Wit runs to sociability; sociability to wine, woodcock, and illicit dimity. These bring remorse, while remorse, presents you with a shilling's worth of arsenic, or a double barrelled horse pistol. A man who makes a good pun has taken the first step to dissipation and charcoal fumes. Boars live till they die," and generally die happy. Who ever heard of a button-holder severing his jugular? We pause for a reply.—*N. Y. Dutchman.*

A STOLEN THOUGHT.—It has been observed with much significance, that every morning we enter upon a new day, carrying still an unknown future in its bosom. How pregnant and striking the reflection! Thoughts, may be born to day which may never die. Feelings may be born to day which may never die.—Feelings may be awakened to-day which may never be extinguished. Hope may be excited to-day which may never expire. Acts may be performed to-day which may not be realised till eternity.