The North Carolina Whig.

"Be true to God, to your Country, and to your Duty."

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TERMS:

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Poetry.

Beyond the River.

There is a river deep and wide;
And while along its banks we stray
We see our lov'd ones o'er its tide
Sail from our sight away, away.
Where are they sped, they who return
No more to glad our longing eyes?
They've passed from life's contracted bourne
To land unseen, unknown, that lies
Beyond the river.

'Tis hid from view; but we may guess
How beautiful that realm must be;
For gleamings of its loveliness,
In visions granted, oft we see.
The very clouds that o'er it throw
Their veil, unrazed for mortal sight,
With gold and purple tintings glow,
Reflected from the glorious light
Beyond the river.

And gentle airs, as sweet, as calm,
Steal sometimes from that voiceless shore;
The monitor feels their breath of balm,
And soothe the sorrow, dries the tear,
And sometimes list'ning ear may gain
Entranring sound that hither floats,
The echo of a distant strain
Of harps and voices blended notes,
Beyond the river.

They are our lov'd ones in their rest;
They've crossed Time's river; now no more
They heed the bubbles on its breast,
Nor feel the storms that sweep its shore.
But there pure love can live, can last,
They look for us their home to share;
When we in turn away have passed,
What joyful greetings will we there,
Beyond the river.

Miscellaneous.

TERRIBLE RETRIBUTION.

A STORY OF A FAITHFUL DOG.

About fifty years ago, in the western part of the State of New York, lived a lonely widow, named Mosher. Her husband had been dead many years; her only daughter was grown up and married, living at the distance of a mile or two from the family mansion.

And thus the old lady lived alone in the house day and night. Yet in her conscious innocency and trust in Providence she felt safe and cheerful; did her work quietly during the day-light, and at eventide lay down and slept sweetly.

One morning, however, she woke with an extraordinary and unwonted gloom upon her mind, which impressed with the apprehension that something strange was about to happen to her or hers. So full was she of this thought that she could not stay at home that day, but must go abroad to give vent to it, by unbosoming herself to her friends, especially to her daughter. With her she spent the greatest part of the day; and to her she several times repeated the recital of her apprehensions. The daughter as often repeated her assurances that the good mother had never done an injury to any person, and added, "I cannot think any one would hurt you for you have not an enemy in the world."

As the day was declining, Mrs. Mosher sought her home, but expressed the same feeling as she left her daughter's house.

On her way home, she called on a neighbor who lived in the last house before she reached her own. Here she again made known her continued apprehensions, which had nearly ripened into fear, and from the lady of the mansion received answers similar to those of her daughter: "You have harmed no one in your whole lifetime—surely no one would disturb you: go home in quiet and Rover shall go with you. Here Rover (said she to a stout watch-dog that lay on the floor,) here Rover, go home with Mrs. Mosher and take care of her." Rover did as he was told; the widow went home, milked her cows, took care of every thing out of doors, and went to bed as usual.—Rover had not left her for an instant. When she was fairly in bed, he laid himself down upon the outside of the bed; and as the widow relied on his fidelity, and perhaps chid herself for needless fear, she fell asleep.—Sometime in the night she awoke, being startled, probably, by a slight noise outside of the house. It was so slight, however, that she was not aware of being startled at all, but heard as soon as she awoke, a sound like the raising of a window near her bed, which was in a room on the ground floor.—The dog neither barked nor moved. Next there was another sound, as if some one was in the room and stepped cautiously on the floor. The woman saw nothing; but now for the first time felt the dog move, as he made a violent spring from the bed; and at the same instant something fell on the floor, sounding like the fall of a heavy log. Then followed other noises like the pawing of the dog's feet, but soon all was still again, and the dog resumed his place on the bed without having barked or growled at all.

This time the widow did not go to sleep immediately—but lay awake wondering, yet not deeming it best to get up. But at last she dropped asleep, and when she awoke the sun was shining. She hastily stepped out of bed—and there lay the body of a man extended on the floor, dead, with a large knife in his hand, which was even now extended. The dog had seized him by the throat with the grasp of death; and neither man nor dog could utter a sound till all was over. The man was the widow's son-in-law, the husband of her only daughter. He coveted her little store of wealth, her house, her cattle, and her land. And instigated by this sordid impatience, he could not wait for the decay of nature to give her property up to him and his, as the only heirs apparent—but made this stealthy visit to do a deed of darkness in the gloom of night. A fearful retribution waited for him. The widow's apprehensions, communicated to her mind and impressed upon her nerves by what unseen power we know not—the sympathy of the old woman who loaned the dog—and the silent but certain watch of the dog himself—formed a chain of events which brought the murderer's blood upon his own head, and which we find so difficult to be explained without reference to that providence or overruling power which numbers the hairs of our heads, watches the sparrow's fall, and "shapes our ends rough hew them as we will."

This is one of Uncle Toby's stories; and is derived as to all its facts, from a most respectable Quaker family, whose veracity he cannot doubt.—*Portsmouth Chronicle.*

THE CZAR AND THE PARROT.

It is a well known fact that the Emperor Nicholas is frequently in the habit of walking about the streets of St. Petersburg unattended. When a person meets him the former removes the hat, and the Emperor passes on, the person turns back to look at him, perhaps for a minute, and nothing more is thought of the matter. Sometimes, however, the Emperor is stopped by individuals with some request to make, or some petition to present.

Some little time since the Emperor remarked on several occasions, a man of the lower classes following him about with a lantern in his hand. Being curious to know the meaning of this conduct, he suddenly stopped short, and turning sharply round, asked the persevering individual in question:

"Is not the street broad enough for us both? This is the tenth time, at least, that I have seen you walking close behind me.—If you have nothing to ask of me, go about your business."

"Pardon me, your majesty," replied the person addressed, "but—but—"

"Well, what is it? Speak!"

"I—I want to ask you what sum I should receive as a pension."

"What post do you fill?"

"I light the lamps in the streets of your capital."

"And what else do you do?"

"I educate parrots, your Majesty, and teach them to cry, 'God save the Emperor.'"

"Ah!—well, come to the palace to-morrow, and bring one of your parrots with you."

The lamp-lighter took off his cap, respectfully, and the Czar continued his walk.

The next day, after the imperial breakfast hour, the man was punctual to his appointment. He had a superb specimen of the feathered tribe with him in a cage, with silver-plated bars.—The Emperor was waiting for him. The man entered the apartment, but left the bird and the cage at the door.

"Well," said the Emperor, familiarly, "how long have you been lamp-lighter?"

"For thirty years, may it please your Majesty."

"I have made inquiries, and I do not find that there has ever been a pension attached to your post. What is your salary?"

"I have none."

"Then what are your means of subsistence?"

"Oh, please your majesty, I am allowed to steal the oil. I have enjoyed my present position for thirty years, and I wanted to know whether I should not have a pension."

"So you are not paid, but are allowed to steal the oil, eh? I call that rather cool, but I will turn the knowledge I have gained to advantage. You, however, said, that you had parrots."

"Yes, and please your majesty, I have got one there at the door only waiting your permission to be brought in."

On a sign from the Czar, the lamp lighter ran and fetched in his parrot to present it to his Emperor. The bird was a most beautiful one.

"You tell me that you teach your parrots to cry 'God save the Emperor;' that one has been here five minutes and has not said a word."

"*God save the Emperor!*" cried the lamplighter. The parrot, on hearing his master, immediately imitated him, and exclaimed in his cleverest and most emphatic tone, "*God save the Emperor—Napoleon.*"

If the Czar had been struck with a thunderbolt, he could not have been more stupified.

The anecdote soon became bruited about St. Petersburgh. It appears that before the bird came into the lamp-lighter's possession it had belonged to a Frenchman.

AN OLD CHURCH BURNED.—The old Lutheran church in Winchester, Virginia, lately destroyed by fire, was built in the year 1361. It was occupied during the revolution by the British Hessian prisoners, and was one of the old relics, which everybody desired to see preserved. It has of late been unfortunate. It was used in 1851 for a democratic convention, and not long after was struck by lightning. Its demolition was the work of an incendiary.

RIGHT.—The Indiana Presbytery of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, recently held at Washington, Davis county, resolved that it is not expedient to discuss the question of American slavery from the pulpit.—The resolution was passed by a vote 17 to 2.

Awful Disaster.

LOSS OF THE STEAMER ARCTIC.

Our Northern mails bring us the particulars of this sad calamity. The following account is furnished the New York papers by Mr. George H. Burns, the express messenger of Adams & Co., who was on board;

The steamship Arctic, with 226 passengers, exclusive of children, 175 employees, a valuable cargo, and heavy mail, is lost.—Of the more than four hundred souls who left Liverpool on the 20th ult., full of hope, gaiety and health, many returning from a European tour of pleasure only thirty-two are known to have been saved, and certainly not more than one hundred can, by any possibility, have escaped a watery grave.

In addition to all this, another large steamer, freighted with hundreds of human beings, has, in all probability, met a like fate. The details of the horrible disaster are as follows:

On Wednesday, September 27th precisely at 12 o'clock M., in a dense fog, we came in contact with a bark-rigged iron propeller, with black hull salmon colored bottom, lead colored prop and boats and black pipe. She was bound eastward, and had all sails set, with a strong, fair wind. The speed of the Arctic at the time was about thirteen knots an hour.—The shock too as appeared slight, but the damage to the other vessel was frightful. Capt. Luce instantly ordered the quarter boats cleared away, and the chief mate, boatswain and three sailors went to her relief; before other boats left, the order was countermanded. The Arctic then described a circle twice round the wreck, during which time I caught a glimpse of more than two hundred people clustered on her hurricane deck.

At this juncture it was first ascertained that we had sustained injury, and the water was pouring on at our bows. When the first officer came alongside to report the captain was unable to take him up, but headed N. N. W. in the hope of making land. Our position on the previous day, at 12 o'clock, was latitude 48 30, longitude 45 27. We had run about three hundred and ten miles from the time of this observation until the moment of collision, and were supposed to be forty miles from Cape Race. The pumps were vigorously worked, and an anchor chain thrown overboard; but, in spite of all exertion, and the engine stopped, and the water extinguished fires.

Four of the five other life boats believed to have been well provisioned, containing the engineers, sailors, a few passengers and all the officers except the captain and third mate, left the ship at an early stage. The majority of the passengers were working at the pumps, some firing the signal guns, and others launching spars, under the direction of Captain Luce and Mr. Dorian, the third mate, to form a raft.

In order to facilitate this latter work the sixth and last boat was lowered. Dorian, one or two fire men, three of the other passengers saved, and myself, were busily engaged lashing watercasks and settees to the main yard, two topgallant yards and several smaller spars—the Captain, with a number of gentlemen, protecting the work by keeping back the crowd—when a panic seized all on board, a rush was made, passengers and fireman precipitated themselves headlong over the bulwarks on to the raft, and in a moment our little boat was full and in imminent danger of being sunk. In this emergency, Dorian ordered the rope which held us to the steamer to be cut, and our hands and axes we paddled from the raft's side. The mate, who throughout preserved great presence of mind, and labored with heroic energy, cried out: "For God's sake, Captain, clear the raft so that we can work. I won't desert the ship while there's a timber above water."

But the sea was now flush with the dead lights. In less than three minutes from the time he spoke the stern sunk—the foam went boiling over the tumbling heap of human beings—many were dashed forward against the pipe. I heard one wild yell (still ringing in my ears) and saw the Arctic and the struggling mass rapidly engulphed. Numbers yet clung to the imperfectly constructed raft; but, alas, we could render them no aid. Our own situation was no less precarious; and, cruel as it seemed, we were forced to abandon them to fate. Heaven forbid that I should ever witness such another scene. We however picked up two more men, and then, with an overloaded boat, without oars, tholepins, food or drink, avoiding with difficulty the fragments of the wreck, and passing many dead females, prepared for a night upon the ocean. We secured a floating pumkin and cabbage to guard against immediate starvation, lashed a spar to the brow of our boat to keep her head to the wind and sea, and thus drifted until daylight; the night was cold and foggy, with a heavy swell, and in a cramped, drenched, and half naked condition, we suffered terribly.

Without dwelling upon our miseries, alleviated much by the consciousness that we had endeavored to do our duty to our fellow-men, suffice it to say that at 5 o'clock on the afternoon of the 28th we espied a sail, and raised a handkerchief to attract attention. We were successful. With the rude substitute for oars which we had constructed during the day by lashing planks to capstan bars, with a view of attemping to gain land when the sea subsided, we pulled towards the ship. On our way we passed the remnant of the raft, with one man on it apparently alive.

The bark proved to be the Huron, of St. Andrews, N. B., Captain A. Wall, bound for Quebec. Our men safe on board, the noble-hearted Dorian, with some of the Huron's crew, returned to the raft and rescued the poor fellow, who for twenty-six hours had clung to the spars. He states that after the steamship sunk he counted seventy-two men and four women on the raft, but at ¾ o'clock he was the only one alive. In the morning two bodies were beside him, much eaten by fishes, and at the time he saw our boat he was on the point of voluntarily dropping into the sea to end his agony. Coming from the raft, Dorian encountered and examined the life car of the Arctic. It contained a bottle of water, some cheese and a lady's garment.

By the humane captain of the Huron, and Mr. Wellington Cameron, a son of the owner, we were received with great kindness, our wounds dressed, fires kindled, and food and clothing provided in abundance. During the night of the 28th, Capt. Wall hung out extra lights, fired rockets, and kept a horn blowing, in hopes of falling in with the remainder of the boats. But his endeavors were fruitless. On the evening of the 29th he spoke the ship Lebanon, Capt. Story, bound for New York, by whom eighteen of our number were taken off, kindly welcomed and well treated. We have this moment reached New York, by pilot boat Christian Berg, No. 16, to which we were transferred from the Lebanon, and to the crew of which we are under great obligations.

The fate of the propeller and our five boats is unknown. If the steamer was, as I have reason to think, the Charity, from Montreal to Liverpool, she is, I believe built with water tight compartments, or bulkheads, and will float, notwithstanding the damage to her bow. The fact that a boat left her, which was capsized by our paddles, augurs ill for her buoyant condition, though Capt Wall, of the Huron, on the morning of the 28th saw a singular looking craft far to leeward, but was unable to tell whether she was a steamer or sailing vessel. He says she had a nondescript appearance, and may have been the wreck of the propeller.

Amongst those whom I last saw on the quarter deck, whilst fastening life preservers on the females, and who must have sunk with the ship or perished on the raft, were Captain Luce and son, Mrs. E. K. Collins, Master Cort Collins, Miss Collins, Mr. Brown and family, connexion of the senior of the firm of Brown, Shipley & Co., Liverpool, Mr. Thomas, importer of hosiery New York; Mr. Adams, Brooklyn; Mr. Bowen, Cincinnati; Mr. Charles Springer, Cincinnati; James Muirhead, jr. Petersberg, Virginia; Mr. Hawitt, Mrs. Hewitt and daughter, of Fredericksburg, Va. Mr. Wood, New York; Mr. Ysaki, Mr. Schmidt, Miss Marton, Falmouth England; nephew of Mr. Bloodgood, hotel keeper, Philadelphia, residing in Albany; the Duke de Grammont, of the French Embassy; 2d steward, wife and child; Annie, a colored girl, and Mary, stewardness; Miss Jones, Mr. Petrie and lady, Steward Hollin, Washington, D. C.; J. Cook, Opelousas, La., with many more whose names I did not know, but whose features are indelibly impressed on my memory.

A Mr. Comstock, brother to the commander, of the Baltic, was drowned by the capsizing of a boat whilst being lowered.

Government despatches from France and England, entrusted to my care by Mr. Buchanan, I could not save.

The boat in which we escaped was one of Francis's patent metallic, No. 727, from which her capacity can be ascertained and compared with the number rescued.

Respectfully,
GEO. H. BURNS.

Adam's & Co's Express, Philadelphia, New York, October 19, 1854.

The names of the passengers saved in one of the boats are as follows:

Wm. Nicolls,	Trescoa,	Scilly Island, passenger.
Henry Jenkins,	do.	do.
James Thompson,	New Orleans.	do.
Capt Paul F. Grann,	New York,	do.
George H. Burns,	Philadelphia,	do.

FURTHER OF THE ARCTIC.

NEW YORK, Oct. 12.

A French steam vessel has arrived at St. Johns, with her bows shattered. She is the one that came in collision with the Arctic, and brings thirty-one of the latter's passengers.

CAPTAIN LUCE'S STATEMENT.

NEW YORK, Oct. 15.

Captain Luce gives a thrilling account of the loss of the Arctic. His statement up to the sinking of the vessel coincides with those made by Burns and others. The steamer went down at 15 minutes of 5 o'clock. Capt. Luce sunk twice, but as often regained the surface, holding on to his son all the while. When he came up the second time, a large piece of the wheel-house struck him on the head, instantly killing him. The captain says the scene around him was most horrible. The sea was swarming with men, women and children, who were clutching at pieces of wreck and calling aloud for help. Captain Luce and eleven others succeeded in getting on the wheel house, but during the two succeeding days eight of the eleven died, they saw several vessels near them, but the fog prevented their discovery. Finally they were rescued by the ship Cambridge, which subsequently picked up six others on pieces of the wreck.

Frederick May and five seamen are among those saved with Luce. The Captain bitterly complains of the conduct of the firemen and crew, who seized upon the boats in spite of all efforts to prevent them.

VERNET AND THE CONNOISSEUR.—Vernet relates that he was once employed to paint a landscape, with a cave and St. Jerome in it. He accordingly painted the landscape, with St. Jerome at the entrance of the cave. When he delivered the picture, the purchaser, who understood nothing of perspective, said, "The landscape and the cave are well made, but St. Jerome is not *in* the cave." "I understand you," replied Vernet; "I will alter it."—He therefore took the painting, and made the shade darker, so that the saint seemed to sit farther in. The gentleman took the painting, but it again appeared to him that the saint was not in the cave. Vernet then wiped out the figure, and gave it to the gentleman, who seemed perfectly satisfied. Whenever he saw strangers to whom he showed the picture he said, "Here you see a picture by Vernet, with St. Jerome in the cave." "But we cannot see the saint," replied the critics. "Excuse me, gentlemen," answered the possessor, "he is there; for I have seen him stand at the entrance, and afterwards farther back; and am therefore quite sure that he is in it."

A SUBTERRANEAN PASS DISCOVERED IN THE SIERRA NEVADA.

We take the following from the Mariposa Chronicle of Saturday. It may all be true, but it has an air of romance:

We publish the annexed extract from a letter received a few days since, written by an old friend, whose explorations in different parts of California have greatly assisted in developing her immense resources.—Should this subterranean pass prove as practicable for a railroad route as our correspondent anticipates, the whole subject will receive an impetus scarcely dreamed of by the most ardent imagination:—Having heard Major S—— speak of a very large and long cave that was somewhere near the head of Yo-Semity Valley, and as the mammoth caves at Marble Springs, formed in the immense marble ledge that traverses the gold region of California, are more or less connected by fissures, it occurred to me that there might be a subterranean pass through the Sierra. The hostility of the Indians prevented my acting upon the idea at the time, but it was not forgotten, and as soon as the beneficent influences of Lord B——'s administration of Indian affairs had extended to that region, stimulated by a desire to render my name as illustrious as some of our distinguished California travelers, and at the same time benefit my country, after simply providing for the undertaking, I commenced my exploration.

I had observed, while out against the Indians in 1851, that some Indians we were pursuing disappeared at or near a certain point at the head of the valley, and although we examined every rock and bush in the vicinity, we were unable to obtain any clue to their hiding place. On our return from the expedition, the cave was mentioned to me incidentally, and I once concluded that it was the secret haunt of the Indians. I accordingly directed my attention to this point. After having searched for three days without the slightest prospect of success attending our efforts, I resolved to adopt another plan; but accident, or fortune, accomplished what no plan could have done.—Clambering among the mill-dewed and mossy rocks at the base of the lofty cliff, I had become so dusty that it became necessary for me to bathe. The idea of taking a shower bath struck my fancy, and I at once repaired to the fall, which exceeds in height the celebrated fall of the Himalaya; ordinarily, one cannot approach nearer than one hundred yards of the falling body of water, owing to the spray or mist that hovers over and around "the cauldron;" but at this time there was a breeze blowing up the valley, sweeping aside the mist that hitherto had prevented my nearer approach. I was about divesting myself of my garments, when a gust of wind, stronger than any that had preceded it, exposed to my astonished and joyful sight the long-sought cave. My ablutions were forgotten.—I hurried back to my party, and made known the wonderful and fortunate discovery. The rest of the day was devoted to the preparation of torches; and on the following morning, after a hasty breakfast, we commenced our exploration of the cave.

We had no difficulty in entering it, although we were thoroughly drenched by the sheet of water, back of which, protected by shelving rocks, was an open space, leading to the cave. I have not language to describe the feeling of awe with which I was struck when entering the portals of this grand and glowing structure, made by no mortal hands. All that I had read of in boyish romance, all that a vivid and erratic imagination had conceived of a subterranean world was tame and commonplace compared with this sublimely stupendous work of nature. But to proceed: With lighted torches we cautiously commenced our march, admiring the giant stalactites that reflected in magnified rays the light of our torches. We had proceeded but a short distance, when, passing through a bed of dust, we discovered Indian tracks, recently formed. We at first were startled at this discovery, but after a little reflection, we decided that in such a place tracks would remain apparently fresh for years,—and then, after our fears had subsided, we were encouraged with the idea that the tracks would facilitate our exploration. We were correct in our supposition, for had we not followed the trail made by the Indians, we would have been left in more than Egyptian darkness. But I anticipate: accordingly, we followed on, cheered by the hope of soon emerging into the broad glare of day. Of one thing we were assured—namely, that there was an inlet as well as an outlet, for a strong current of air was meeting us, and our torches burned bright and rapidly, for our stock of fat pine was diminishing very fast. I thought of sending Mike back for a fresh supply, when, turning a sharp angle of the passage, we met, face to face, two tall and manly-looking Indians.

Language cannot express the astonishment and rage that was depicted on their countenances upon beholding us, and had it been in their power, we would have been doomed to inevitable destruction. But after a while, I ascertained that one of them spoke a little Spanish, and with some difficulty I made them understand that we had been directed through the mysterious passage by the Great Spirit. They then told me in broken Spanish, that we were scarcely half way through the pass—that a little further on was an immense chasm, but that it was bridged by logs—which we found petrified—and that there were other passages that led into lakes and rivers, but without any outlet. They said that this pass was only known to their tribe and themselves; it had been mentioned to Major S——, but had never been shown to him; that they were the great medicine men of their tribe, and were returning from a visit to the white tribe at the eastern end of the pass. They then gave us some of their torches—bid us good bye, and departed. We congratulated each other on our good fortune, and continued on our march in high spirits. We found the chasm a yawning abyss, into which had been thrown many victims of savage cruelty, for at the bottom, by the aid of a torch thrown down, we discovered the bones of a great many human beings. We found nothing more to obstruct our passage except a few massive boulders, which we, however, passed, and on the morning of the fourth day we entered the village of the white Indians.

SOUTHERN DEMOCRATS—WHAT WILL THEY DO?

The *Enquirer* is making itself needlessly uneasy about Southern Whigs. It wants to know what they will do? We can tell it what they will do, and what they will not do.

They will *not* sustain an Administration whose Chief "hates slavery," and "loathes the Fugitive slave law:" who believes "slavery contrary to the Constitution," and whose heart "revolts at the given up of a fugitive slave;" who proscribes national men for the purpose of rewarding Freesoilers; who ruthlessly ejects from office a tried patriot like Bronson, and puts in office an infamous Abolition traitor like William G. Brown; who supports the Nebraska bill because he considers it "a proposition in favor of freedom," and because he thinks it the best means to prevent the admission of any more slave State into the Union. They will *not* swear by a man holding such sentiments and animated by such purposes. They will not sacrifice the country to party. They will not consent to be held together only by the "cohesive power of the public plunder." They will not deceive the South into the support of such men for the Presidency as Van Buren, Cass and Pierce. They will not, for the simple sake of achieving a party victory, and revelling in the spoils, place themselves under the humiliating necessity of having, afterward, to denounce as faithless and traitors those whom they had before describe and recommended as the brightest of the bright—the truest of the true. In short, they will not, over and over again, make the honest and generous people of the South the *convenience* upon which to play a miserable and profligate game for the loaves and fishes. These things, the *Enquirer* may rest assured, they will *not* do.

What they will do is easily told. They will continue to battle against the encroachments of the "One Man Power"—they will resent every form of Executive dictation—they will hold public officers of every grade and description to a strict accountability—they will aim to purify the government in all its departments, to purge it of the vermin that now feed upon its bounties, and disgrace the country, and, in a word, struggle with the zeal of honest patriots to banish all corruption from the public service, and inaugurate a new and better era—an era of reform, of good morals, of sound policy and just principles in the administration of public affairs. This they will do, and more—they will refuse any connexion or association with any party not known to be right side up upon the vital question of Southern rights.—All party ties they will sacrifice—all hope of preferment they will cheerfully surrender—offices and its emoluments they will despise, when these or any of them come in conflict with the duty they owe to the South, to themselves, and to their country. This, indeed, has been, and still is, the distinguishing characteristic of Southern Whigs—the most unselfish, loyal and patriotic party of which, we honestly believe, any age or country can boast. Always in a minority, overpowered by numbers, often victimized by treachery and desertion the basest, yet ever standing firm and fearless; braving power, defying proscription, yet nobly clinging to their principles amid all such discouragements, without the hope or the expectation of reward. Surely, no more honest, patriotic and indomitable a band ever enlisted in the service of any country.

We have said what the Southern Whigs will and will not do. We enquire now, what will Southern Democrats do? Will they still battle under the banner of a Freesoil Administration? Will they, or the most of them, still denounce Bronson and sympathize with his opponents and persecutors? Will they, still continue to deceive the South, and exhibit a stronger affection for the spoils than they do for their country? This we know, has been their wont, but must patriotism always bend to the exigencies of party, and die out before the lust of office?

The Whigs have true, substantial, patriotic men in all sections of the country. North and South—men who have been tried, who have passed through the fiery furnace, and who are known to be pure gold, uncorrupt, and brighter than before. There is Millard Fillmore, who has been weighed in the balance, and he been found wanting? Let the *Enquirer* answer.

We appeal to the Enquirer, knowing its solicitude for Southern rights and appreciating its zeal in their behalf, to give up its furious selfish, miserable partyism,—to unite with us in restoring to power a man known to be sound upon the vital question of slavery; and not trust itself to any more experiments in the way of "Northern men with Southern principles," all of whome have proved hitherto disastrous to its party and a plague to the country. Cooperate with Southern Whigs in putting down slavery agitation, Abolitionism, and all other *isms*, and don't distress yourself about the *spoils*. Let party and office be banished from our thoughts, until the South is righted, and the Union is secure. If the Enquirer will come to the aid of Southern Whigs, and not fellowship with Northern Abolitionists in support of a Freesoil administration, all may yet be well. But if it continues to be allured by the flesh pots, and to cling to party, wether or no, then the Union is in danger, and the South will remain exposed to fresh inroads from its enemies and revilers. We admonish the Enquirer to consider, and beware how it tampers with all that is dear to the patriot.

If the Enquirer and Southern Democrats are sincere in their wish to "uphold the Constitution, to preserve the Union, and to defend the rights of the South against the assults of Abolitionists," let them quit their Freesoil associations, and unite with that small, but heroic and indomitable band of Southern Whigs, who have never yet swerved or faltered when the Union was in jeopardy, or the South demanded their services! Which will prevail in this perilous contest, the Enquirer's patriotism or the Enquirer's devotion to party?—*Richmond Whig.*

FOREIGN NEWS.

Highly Important News!

DEFEAT OF THE RUSSIANS!!

ADVANCE IN COTTON!!

An extra from the Columbia Carolinian brings us the news of the arrival of the steamer Baltic with Liverpool dates to the 4th of October.

On the 25th a great battle was fought before Sebastopol, which resulted in the utter annihilation of the Russian army. 12,000 men perished on the field of battle and 22,000 were captured, together with 1,000 pieces of artillery. The allies lost 10,000 men in killed and wounded.

Prince Menchikoff with the shattered remnant of his army still gallantly refuses to surrender, although Sebastopol is in flames and the allies have sunk his ships of war in the harbor.

The effect of this great victory has been favorable upon the money and cotton markets. Consols have advanced to 98¼, and at Liverpool cotton has advanced ¼, with sales since the Europa 38,000 bales.

Canal flour 31s. Ohio 31s. Corn 39s.

DETAILS OF THE BATTLES IN THE CRIMEA.

We subjoin the following extracts from our Northern papers, giving all the details of the reported fall of Sebastopol. It will be seen that no official account of the victory had reached England at the time of the departure of the Baltic:

LONDON, Tuesday, October 3, 1854.

Saturday's steamer for the United States must still have been in sight of England when the long desired, anxiously expected news of the first battle in the Crimea reached London. The intelligence was a battle and a victory. The government was the first this time to receive the news. It came in the form of a telegraphic despatch from Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, English Ambassador at Constantinople, to Lord Clarendon, Foreign Secretary. It was dated Constantinople, Sept. 28th, and forwarded by Her Majesty's Consul General at Belgrade, under date of Sep. 30, 7 a. m. It was as follows:

The entrenched camp of the Russians, containing 50,000 men, with numerous artillery and cavalry, on the heights of Alma, was attacked on the 20th inst., at 1 p. m., by the allied troops, and carried by the bayonet at half-past three, with a loss on our side of about 1,400 killed and wounded, and an equal loss on the side of the French.—The Russian army was forced to put itself in full retreat.

The Duke of Newcastle, Minister of War, immediately ordered the publication of a gazette extraordinary, copies of which were sent to the clubs, &c. In the various theatres on Saturday night, the managers came forward and read the despatch. "God save the Queen" was played and received with enthusiastic cheering, as was the French national air, *Partant pour la Syrie.* During the night telegraph succeeded telegraph, confirming the great news.

The next official despatch received was one from Lord Raglan, Commander in Chief of the British army in the Crimea, not dated, but evidently written on the 21st September. This despatch also came through Belgrade. It ran as follows:

The allied armies yesterday attacked the position of the enemy on the heights above the Alma and carried it, after a desperate battle, about an hour and a half before sunset. Nothing could surpass the bravery and excellent conduct of the troops. The position was very formidable, and defended by a numerous artillery of heavy calibre. Our loss, I regret to add, is very considerable, but no general officer has been wounded.—The main body of the army of the enemy was estimated from 45,000 to 50,000 infantry. A few prisoners, among whom are two general officers, and two guns, have been taken by the English army.

RAGLAN.

In the night, the Chronicle's correspondent at Constantinople, under date of September 29, forwarded the following:

CONSTANTINOPLE, Sept. 29, 1854.

A battle was fought on the heights of the Alma on the 20th of September.

The passage of the river was forced, and the Russians repulsed.

The steamer Magellan, which has just arrived, has brought this news.

The French General Thomasson is on board, wounded in the abdomen.

General Canrobert was wounded in the shoulder.

Marshal St. Arnaud and General Raglan commanded personally.

The victory is complete.

The allies had 2,100 killed and wounded.

The Russians suffered far greater losses.

Many cannon have been captured.

The English steamers protected the passage of the Alma from the sea.

Three batteries were stormed.

Telegraphic despatches of similar contents were received from Vienna and Paris. The following important additional intelligence, however, created immense sensation. It announced the "surrender of Sebastopol." I give you the various versions, that you may form your own judgment. I must add that up to the moment of closing this letter no official despatch has been received either by this, or by the French government, confirming the fact of Sebastopol being in the hands of the allies. It is true the Moniteur publishes the account via Bucharest, brought by the Tartar, of the tremendous slaughter and capture of Sebastopol, but no despatch has yet come to hand either from Raglan or St. Arnaud. A confirmation is expected every moment, and I believe there exists no doubt of the fact that Sebastopol is taken.

Telegraphic despatches announcing the fall of Sebastopol.