SENATOR DOUGLAS—HIS POSITION.

We believe General Cass to be among the safest and soundest of Northern Democrats upon the subject of Slavery. And yet, where does he stand? Upon what grounds does he sustain the Nebraska bill, and urge its acceptance upon the Northern people? We have already sufficiently answered. But we repeat again, in the language of the *Enquirer*, that he accepts, defends, and enforces it as "*a freesoil anti-slavery measure.*" He believes it will tend to "recruit the strength of the anti slavery party," and operate to the special and exclusive benefit of the free States. Hence, he is very naturally in raptures about it.

But what of Senator Douglas, the farther of the bill, and its ablest advocate and defender? Does he support it upon the same ground that General Cass does? As shocking as the thought may be to his Southern friends and admirers, yet such, we even grieve to say, appears to be the fact. The Washington Union tells us that his sentiments upon the subject of slavery coincide entirely with those of Gen. Cass,—the same precisely which the *Enquirer* has lately denounced so bitterly. And the *Enquirer* admits that he "may assent to the dogma of squatter sovereignty," and, at the same time, declares that "dogma" to be "equally mischievous" with the Wilmot proviso. If these things be so, and they are avouched by his political friends, in what respect is his position better, juster, more tenable, or more worthy of the admiration of the South than Gen. Cass? If he believes slavery to be a "moral, social and political evil"—if he gives in his adhesion to the doctrine of squatter sovereignty, a doctrine equally adhorrent with the Wilmot proviso,—and if he supports the Nebraska bill upon the ground that it is a "measure in favor of freedom," and because he thinks its inevitable effect will be to prevent the admission of any more slave States into the Union;—we ask, in all reason and all conscience, what claim has he upon the respect, much less the admiration, the gratitude, or the confidence of the Southern people?

But to exhibit clearly the position of the Illinois Senator, we have recourse to other authority. It will be remembered that the *Times* is a new paper established at Chicago,—the residence of Mr. Douglas,—and that it was established as a Douglas journal; and is known, recognised, and confided in, as the special organ and mouth-piece of that gentleman. It is fair to presume, therefore, that it speaks the sentiments and shadows forth the opinions of Mr. Douglas upon all public questions. From the extract we give below, it will be seen what view that Journal takes of the Nebraska bill, and upon what grounds Mr. Douglass and his friends support it. Like Pierce and Cass, they claim that it is a "measure in favor of freedom;" and they therefore sustain it for the reason that it will "prevent any new slave State from coming into the Union."

From the Chicago Times, of Sept 28.

"Keep it before the people, that Williams, Norton, Washburne, Archer, Blacwell, Woodworth, and the other Whig and Fusion candidates for Congress in Illinois, *are in favor of re-establishing an arbitrary geographical line, South of which slavery shall be legalized by Congress*; while Richardson, Allen, Jackson, McMurtry, Marshall Harris and Drake, the Democratic candidates for Congress, believe that Congress ought not to legislate upon the subject of slavery, and are in favor of leaving the people of the new Territories perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States. Choose between them."

There it is, in black and white, from the confidential organ of the redoubtable little giant himself. The people of Illinois are advised not to vote for the Whig candidates for Congress, because they "are in favor of re-establishing an arbitrary geographical line, South of which slavery shall be legalized by Congress;" while, contrariwise, the election of the Democratic candidates is sustained and urged upon the ground, that they are *not* in favor of legalising slavery any where. The same paper states, in another article, that in every Congressional district where the Democratic party has made or will make a nomination, there has been a full, fair, open, manly declaration of principle. "They are (it says) utterly opposed as individuals to slavery. Were the question of its existence or suppression a question in which, under the Constitution of their country, they had a right to decide, they would cheerfully decide to *set the captives free*.

So much for Mr. Douglas' *home* organ. Now for the gentleman himself. We regret to say it, but he stands convicted out of his own mouth, upon his own public confessions. It is well known, that in his speech at Chicago, sometime last month, he argued that the Nebraska bill *took from the South* the right which it previously had, to take their slaves as far North as the Missouri line. "Is there a man in this crowd (said he) *in favor of organising slavery South of ANY line*." A most ingenious question, and very well put, considering the latitude he was in, and the audience he was addressing! But what is the inference? What the pitch of his argument? What the intent, purport and essence of the gentleman's interrogatory? Why, of course, that he himself was "*not* in favor" of organising or permitting slavery either South or North "of any line;" and he felt sure that no man in Illinois, neither Whig nor Democrat, was any more'n favor of it than himself. That is the position of the great champion of the Nebraska bill, as defined by himself. He is the advocate of that bill, because it takes from the South the right to carry slavery anywhere—whereas we of the South sustained it because it gives us, as we contend, the right to carry slavery everywhere. He defends it upon the ground that it will restrict slavery, hem it up, and confine it within its present bounds; we, on the contrary, defend it for the reason that it gives us more elbow room, opens new outlets to slavery, and permits us to go and carry our slave property whithersoever we list. Where, then, is the point of agreement between him and us upon this question? We submit, if it is not clear, beyond all doubt, that Senator Douglas and the South are just as wide apart as the poles in their support of the Nebraska bill? Look at the grounds and arguments of the one, and then at those of the other, and how near together are they? What sympathy, indeed, can there be between them upon this subject, when they occupy diametrically opposite positions? They are *one* in support of the bill; but they are strangers and aliens, as respects the motives, reasons and objects of that support, and their opinions of the legal effect of the bill.

Richmond Whig.

THE CHARTER OAK.

All of our citizens venerate the Charter Oak, the grand old tree that so completely shielded the written Charter, which continued to be our organic law until 1813. In song and story the old oak is made famous, and thousands of strangers from abroad annually visit it. The tree stands upon the Wyllys place, now owned and occupied by the Hon. I. W. Stuart, who has kindly cared for it. A few years since some boys kindled a fire within its trunk, which burnt out most of the rotten parts of it. Mr. S. soon discovered the fire, and at once had it put out.—He then, at considerable expense, had the hollow inclosed by a door, with a lock and key.—He also had the stumps of branches that had been broken off covered with tin and painted. The tree, from this time, seemed to be imbued with new life—each succeeding spring dressing itself in a richer and denser foliage. On the 22d inst. the New Haven Fire Companies, who came up to join thier brethren in Hartford on the occasion of their annual muster, visited the famous Oak. They were, of course, kindly received by Mr. Stuart. To show them the capacity of the tree, he invited the firemen to enter the hollow trunk, when twenty four of the men belonging to Capt. McGregor's company (Neptune, No. 6.) entered together. They came out, and twenty-eight of Capt. Thomas' company (Washington No. 6,) then entered. By placing twenty-eight full grown men in an ordinary room of a dwelling, one may judge of the great size of the famous old Charter Oak.

Hartford Times, 22d.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

The University Magazine for October contains a lecture on the English language, delivered at the Theatre in Newbern, May 1854, by Rev. William Hooper—Professor of Ancient Languages at the University in our Collegiate days, and one of the most accomplished linguists and graceful writers in America—from which we make a few extracts for the benefit of whom they may concern. Upon the subject of colloquial abuses he says.

"That miserable barbarism *done* for *did* is too bad, and can't be too carefully avoided.—"He *done* it without thinking," &c. So, when a speaker concludes, he cometimes says: '*I am* done,' for '*I have* done.' If you were a loaf of bread in the oven, when you were thoroughly cooked, you might with propriety cry out to the baker: 'I am done'—'Him and me talked it over'—bad as it is, I have heard something like it from the lips of one of our big men who had been at the University. 'Between you and I,' tho' nearly as bad, I have heard from a much greater man. The use of *lay* for *lie* (ex gr.: Let it *lay* there,' 'he *laid* down to sleep,') &c., is a mistake constantly committed in respectable conversation, and is sometimes found in first rate authors. Pope, in one of the finest passages of the Iliad, is guilty of the blunder, and so is Lord Byron in his beautiful Address to the Ocean. Addressing ocean he says:

Man's steps are upon thy paths—
——————thou dost arise,
And shake him from thee——
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him shivering in thy playful spray,
And dashest him again to earth—there let him LAY,

for *lie*, betrayed by the rhyme. Nor is this the first or the last instance in which a poet has been betrayed into false grammar by the exigencies of his rhyme—so fine a one as Henry Kirk White, in his beautiful hymn 'The Star of Bethlehem,' uses 'blowed' for 'blew:'

"Once on the raging seas I rode—
The storm was loud, the night was dark:
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed,
The wind that tossed my found'ring bark.'"

And, after an episode in which the learned lecturer shows that Byron "borrowed, not to say stole," his idea of

——"the struck eagle stretched upon the plain,
No more thro' rolling clouds to soar again" &c.,

—as applied to Henry Kirk White—from Waller, who took it from the Grecians, he adverts to other common colloquial abuses, and concludes this head of his discourse with—

"But all these barbarisms, in single words, are nothing compared with the wholesale contamination of our language, by such books as Major Jack Downing, Major Jones' Courtship, and, above all, the *Ethiopian Melodies*. To these last there is still stronger objections. I cannot but think that a young lady must lose something of her refinement by accustoming her mouth to the utterance of such gross vulgarism, and must be in some danger of imitating in her own speech the slang she finds set to her music and daily utters at the piano.—How shocking to hear coming out of an ivory throat and coral lips such strains as this:

Oh Miss Lucy's teeth is grinning,
Just like a ear of corn;
And her eyes, dey look so winning,
Oh would I'd ne'er been born
I axed her for to marry
Myself, de toder day;
She said she'd rudder tarry—
So I let her hab her way.

But another deformity of these Ethiop ballads is, that many of them make sport of human miseries, and mock at the affections of the heart, when ascribed to sable lips. This must always impair our fine moral sensibilities:

'I would not number on my list of friends—
The man that causelessly treads upon a WORM.'"

The remarks of the Reverend gentleman upon the destiny of the English language are so much to our taste that we make a still longer quotation from this part of the discourse:

"I have extended my remarks on the previous topics to such length that a few words only must suffice for our last proposed head: the *destiny* of the English language. It has pleased God to make this language the vehicle of thought and action to the two nations on the face of the earth, which would seem to deserve, if any can, the possession of such a treasure—Great Britain and the United States. They are precisely the nations, who, by the long enjoyment of civil and religious freedom, have made their native tongue the depository of all the glorious speeches and books that have been made for the enlightenment and the moral advancement of the human race. In that language alone, since the days of ancient Greek and Rome, have the noble energies of the human soul and its heaven-born panting after the great and the good dared to find an utterance. There have been, no doubt, 'mute, inglorious Miltons,' Hampdens, Chathams, Burkes, Franklins, Henrys, Washingtons, in France, in Austria, Russia, Turkey and Italy—carrying the same sacred flame of patriotism in their hearts; but it was locked up there, consuming the breasts in which it was imprisoned, and daring not to breathe itself forth for fear of the dungeon and the rack. But the happier far is it when the divine spark is lighted up in an Anglo-Saxon bosom. For 300 years have the champions of civil and religious liberty and the oracles of moral wisdom been pouring out their heart-stirring strains in the immortal dialect of Sidney, Locke, and Milton; and the consequence has been, that the vast mass of precious thought and feeling that has been glowing and working in ten thousand human minds, during that long period, has been embodied in the English Language—'apples of gold in network of silver'—hearts of nature's finest mould embalmed in amber for the worship of future ages. Alexander of Macedon kept the Iliad of Homer in the jeweled casket of Darius. But since the art of printing, we need no other casket for the preservation of our works of genius than the wide-spread volumes of the English language. Blot out the English language, and you would extinguish the voice of liberty and truth and righteousness, from the modern world. Oh, how would the tyrants of the earth, political and ecclesiastical, rejoice at the putting out of that voice! In the age of Augustus, it was treason to read the noble bursts of Cicero, in defence of the liberties of his country; and in England's degenerate days, a Charles II burned the works of Milton, and tried to seize his person. But thanks to Heaven, and to the Press, his instrument, the ethereal products of the mind do not die with the bodies that enshrine them, but will live co-eval with the spirits that gave them birth. Unhappily there is a dark side of the picture. As we shall ever rejoice that some of the proudest monuments of genius and virtue are immortalized in our English tongue, so we must confess with sorrow, that the same consecrated language will save from oblivion some of the poisonous products of profligate genius Who but must wish that some of the poems of Moore and Byron had been written in an unknown tongue? Tom Moore has made penitential confessions on that subject. And well he might, when reproved of his dissolute muse by Lord Byron! 'Quis tulerit gracchos de seditione querentes?' He once asked if he had never regretted writing some of his pieces.—He honestly replied 'yes, as soon as I had a daughter old enough to read them!' What an instructive confession! the heart of the father smote him for providing matter to taint the purity and wound the delicacy of his own daughter's mind; but felt no compunction for introducing the poison into ten thousand other families. We have all heard of heaps of matter, sometimes being destroyed by spontaneous combustion. We cannot help wishing there were such a destiny awaiting the effusions of polluted hearts—that the paper traversed by these pens, tipped with hallowed flame, should have taken fire under the touch, and scorched the fingers of the writer; or that he should have found, on returning to his study, nothing but a mass of ashes where he left his incendiary poems."

Long John Wentworth declines to be again a candidate for Congress in the Chicago district, Illinois.

SELF-MADE MEN.

"In the popular momenclature of Life, we hear much of 'self made men,' the designation attaching honor to those who receive it. But all men are self-made, who are made at all.—Such is the nature of human mind, that its greatness is to be achieved by means within itself, and which can receive little aid from the appliances that constitute the routine of ordinary education. The discipline of an enlarged humanity is not to be found in books, or in the rules of the school master. These are but a part, and a meagre portion, of the *pabulum*, on which the soul feeds. But it transcends this narrow circle, and seeks its nourishment throughout the extent of nature and of knowledge, in the study of the beauty, the wonderfulness and the eloquent spirit of the physical creation, in the elements and operations of its own faculties, and in whatever enters into the multiform experience of human Life. This is education, and it is the prerogative of a capacious nature, ever watchful of its own progress and of external circumstances to receive it in its fullness and power. Birth cannot purchase, nor wealth monopolize, it. But it exists in unappropriated abundance, like all the gifts of an impartial Providence. It is by means such as these, that true men are made. It is the very mysteries, the uncertainties and the difficulties of Life, against which the mind rises, commensurate with them in its ambition, its courage and its strength. Were the life external to the mind a state of perfect blessedness, that fact would cut off the possibility of the development. This is the lesson first, and, perhaps, hardest to be learned, as we emerge from the dream-land of youth, and begin to deal with the realities of the world. Many a hope of friendly aid, many an expectation of encouragement, must wither and die in the breast, ere it shall be perfectly learned. What generous young heart has not felt this, as he advanced farther and farther into the field of action? His first steps were proud and quick and trustful, until his feet acquired a solemn, measured gait, as if he were treading on the grave of his hope. The hands that at first seemed to beckon him in the distance turned to spectres of the imagination, as he approached and gazed on them with the real eyes. But, as he rose higher and higher on the tide of life, in the conscious strength of a self-reliant spirit, without aid or furtherance, those spectral hands changed once again to veritable flesh and bone. They, who stood off at a cold distance, and looked on him with suspicious eyes, now quicken the laurels that spring about his footsteps, with the sunshine of their admiration. So orthodox David Deans despaired of Reuben Butler, the poor "usher of Libberton." and frowned on his love for the admirable Jeanie, while the honest Scotchman conceived a sudden glory in "Reuben Butler, a placid minister of the Kirk of Scotland," and actually wrought himself into the delusion that he had "advised his puir grandmother, who was but a silly woman, to breed him up to the ministry: and prophesied, that, with a blessing on his endeavors, he would become a polished shaft in the temple." But too fair a specimen of the world in this Scottish peasant living only on the page of Romance. There are smiles enough for those who do not need them, and, with the plaudits of the crowd, are mingled voices, that would rob their favorite of the honor dearest to him—that of self-formation. The youthful soldier in Life's battle must learn neither to despise nor to rely on these. He must go forth in his own strength, unfalteringly, bravely go forth, feeling, if he can, what he will one day learn, that these very disappointents, and every doubt and fear and trial, that gives him pause, are but the promoters of his faith and the builders of his greatness. As often as I have seen the young aspirant (and who has not watched him with almost tearful eyes?) start out in to this treacherous struggle, from the peaceful shades where were his early dreams, I have envied the girl of the Ganges her beautiful superstition, as she launches her flower-wreath boat upon that golden stream, freighted with vows and simple offerings for the safe voyage of some loved one far away, battling with the winds and tides of the relentless main. Like that fair and faithful idolater, I would send my prayers after the young mariner on Life's sea, that its very storms might strengthen his gallant ship, and bear him only the more swiftly to some point of honorable safety."

THE EXPEDITION TO THE CRIMEA.

Soldiers and sailors included, this monster expedition is not composed of less than one hundred thousand men, undoubtedly the largest force ever sent by sea against any country. The Spanish Armada that was sent to invade England by Philip the Second, was but a "mosquito fleet" compared with the Anglo French equipments; and the expedition of the Greeks against Troy, if not a fiction, was but a flotilla of row galleys, taking as history Homer's poetical descriptions.

They have been discussing the question in England, and yet are, What shall be done with the Crimea when conquered? It scarcely ever occurs to any speculators that the expedition may be a failure, and that the French and English may have to return as they went, minus some twenty or thirty thousand troops. This result is undoubtedly on the cards as well as complete success, which would be beating the Russians in a pitched battle, and taking Sebastopol, which some of the writers say will be as easily battered down—"macadamized" is their favorite word—as Bomarsund was, the fortifications not being any better constructed, nor of any better material. With respect to this, we plead guilty to any amount of ignorance. All we know is, that everybody has admitted that it is very strong, can bring a thousand guns to bear upon an assailant, and ranks, for strength, as being very little inferior to Gibraltar, which is regarded as being in the hands of the English perfectly impregnable.

The idea that seems most to prevail is, that the Crimea shall be restored to the Turks at the peace which the capture of it will compel the Czar to make—so say the English politicians. It is not at all certain though that the war will end with the conquest of the Crimea, if conquered. Nicholas, it is thought, has made up his mind to a desperate struggle, and if it be true that orders have been given to destroy Odessa, and all other towns on the coast, rather than suffer them to fall into the hands of the allies. This is in imitation of the burning of Moscow in 1812, but the circumstances seem to us to be widely different. What was then an act of almost unparalleled heroism and patriotism, would now savor of stupidity and barbarism. To destroy Moscow was placing Napoleon's army in jeopardy, and it was itself soon destroyed. To destroy Odessa, or any of the towns on the coast of the Black Sea, will not arrest the operations of the allies, or even much inconvenience them. If they return worsted from the Crimea, they can winter at Varna, or at some other place, and be ready for another expedition against Sebastopol in the spring, which is what the Paris Moniteur says will be done, the resolution being that that fortress is to be captured at all hazards—*a tout prix*. It is possible, we suppose, for France and England to send an expedition against it of twice the strength of the present one, but it will require immense efforts and immense sums of money. There is another thing, too, which Nicholas never forgets, but of which the French and English seem to be oblivious. It is, that misfortune and defeat are almost invariably followed by the breaking up of coalitions. Some of the worsted parties are sure to get tired of the contest, and to abandon it upon the best terms they can. So it was in ancient times, and so it was in the wars of Napoleon, during which several coalitions against France came to nothing, because some of the coalitionists, unable to make head against disaster and defeat, made their submission, and passed under the Candine Forks. This new alliance to endure to the end must be successful in its undertakings. If not, the cable that now binds them to each other, though apparently of "perdurable toughness," will be found to be but a rope of sand.—*Washington Globe.*

THE RALEIGH REGISTER.

"*Ours' are the plans of fair, delightful peace; Unwarped by party rage, to live like brothers.*"

RALEIGH, N. C.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCT. 18, 1854.

The Elections.

PENNSYLVANIA.

The majority for Pollock, the Whig and Know Nothing Candidate for Governor, in this State, will probably reach 25,000 votes.

The next delegation in Congress, it is supposed, will consist of eighteen Whigs, four Anti-Nebraska Democrats, and *three* Administration Democrats. There is some doubt whether the Whig or Democratic candidate has been elected in the fifth district. The official majority for Mr. Pollock in Philadelphia (embracing what was formerly the city and county) is 4,401.

The "Harrisburg Keystone" says:

"The late election presents extraordinary results. On the State ticket James Pollock, Whig, J. S. Black and H. S. Mott, Democrats, have been elected. The political complexion of the Legislature it is impossible to give from returns received. Democrats have been elected in some of the strongest Whig counties and Whigs from Democratic counties. The same may be said of the Congressional districts. Party nominations have been but little respected by the voters."

This suggests an inquiry, in answer to the complaints of locofocoism generally: How happens it, if Know-Nothingism be of Whig origin, that the Democratic candidate for Canal Commissioner in Pennsylvania received a majority of seventy thousand votes, whilst the majority of the Whig candidate for Governor is only about twenty thousand.

OHIO.

The majority for the American Reform (Know Nothing,) State Ticket is estimated at 50,000 votes.

Of the twenty-one members of Congress elected from the State, eighteen are opposed to the Administration and the Nebraska Bill.

INDIANA.

This State, which is now represented by ten Democrats and one Whig, has elected an entire Anti Administration and Anti-Nebraska Delegation.

BALTIMORE.

The Municipal election on Wednesday last, in the city of Baltimore—heretofore denominated "Gibraltar of Democracy"—resulted in the almost total defeat of that party. Mr. William G. Thomas, their candidate for Mayor, fell 2,740 votes behind Samuel Hinks. Besides being supported, as we presume, by the Whigs generally, Mr. Hinks received the vote of the "Know Nothings." Two years ago, the Democratic candidate was elected by a majority of 3,606 votes. To the City Councils the Democrats elected only ten out of the thirty members of which they are composed!

THE FAIR!

At the time of writing this, the people are flocking in to the Fair in large numbers. An immense crowd, we have no doubt, will be in attendance.

The Grounds will be open to Visitors on Wednesday morning.

The Address, by the Hon. Kenneth Rayner, will be delivered on Thursday, and we shall have the pleasure of laying it before our readers on Friday. It will doubtless be every-way worthy the occasion.

FRANKLIN SUPERIOR COURT.

We learn that Eaton Keith, (whose trial was moved from this County,) was convicted of manslaughter, at Franklin Superior Court, last week, for the killing of Napoleon Blake. He was sentenced to be branded and to imprisonment for twelve months. The former part of the sentence was immediately carried into execution.

For the State, the Attorney General and B. F. Moore Esq., for the prisoner, A. M. Lewis, Geo. W. Haywood and H. W. Miller, Esqrs.

AMUSING.

It is quite amusing to see how suddenly the Administration papers have changed their tone in reference to the *Whigs of the South*. They are making very affectionate appeals to their 'dissenting brethren" to join the "true church" and help them. Formerly their aid was spurned, and their alliance rejected, for any cause or for any purpose. The Whigs were *dead* and not worth attention! A new light has broken upon the eyes of the leaders; and they now think it will be well to derive assistance from any quarter. We answer them (in the language of the "Alexandria Gazette,") that the Whigs of the South will stand true to their cause and their principles, and seek no party connection with the Administration. They will maintain the Constitution, the Laws, and the Union; but they do not intend to be cajoled into the support of those, who show them no favor when in prosperity, and only ask help from them, when they fear defeat.

☞ The "Union," whilst admitting the disastrous results of the recent elections in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, to the Democratic party, says it sees nothing in them but "increased incentives to zeal and energy," and that "no democrat will be discouraged or feel that the late disasters should unnerve his arm or cause him to falter in the maintenance of the *organization* and the principles," &c. We have nothing to say against this; because, under every defeat of the *Whig* party, we have always held the same doctrine and urged the same course, on our side of the house. But, we would suggest, that it would be well for the Union, hereafter, not to proclaim *any* party "DEFUNCT" merely because it meets with *defeat*.—If the rule was a good one, we should say, most certainly, there never was a party, apparently, more thoroughly "DEFUNCT" than the one of which the Union is the organ and exponent!

☞ The "Richmond Enquirer" says:—"The results of the elections in Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Ohio, is precisely such as was anticipated by every intelligent person!!"—Then, what must we think of those locofoco editors, who, for weeks past, have been declaring that the Democratic party would be "gloriously triumphant" in all the States named?

THE ARCTIC.

We give below the most reliable statements that have transpired relative to the loss of the ill-fated Steamer ARCTIC. They will doubtless be perused with a most melancholy interest.

Every sentiment of sympathy and horror, says the "Baltimore Patriot," is awakened by this catastrophe of the Arctic. The destruction was so sudden, so terrible, so complete, that it has fallen upon the public like an explosion.—It was accompanied with a concatenation of calamities that wore the appearance of an inexorable decree of destruction. Two gallant vessels rush together upon the wide ocean; both are disabled; they separate without the capacity to aid each other. One of them, in turning to escape from the impending calamity, runs over and destroys a boat filled with perhaps the few survivors of the other. The injuries of the Arctic are of such a nature as to preclude the possibility of repair. The abandonment of many of her crew, and the panic amongst the passengers, defeated the only chance of escape—a frail raft only supports a number of wretched people to prolong the pangs of their destruction, and, like the servants of Job, but one of them escaped to tell the tale of their common calamity. The noble vessel writhes for a moment like a wounded whale. Her sloping deck presents a stage crowded with wretches in every attitude of despair and distraction, and as she disappears one desperate shriek pours out the mortal agony of three hundred people. The waves in their wrath dash them like insects "against the chimneys," and the eternal and inexorable ocean sweeps over them forever. Well may this sight be imprinted for life on the hearts of the survivors! We have here an accumulation of calamities tending to, and terminating in, a catastrophe as perfectly without parallel, as it was impossible of prevention. We have seen no phenomenon of misfortune more inscrutable. It combines the destruction of war with the horrors of pestilence. It has mocked alike at the resources of human energy and the appeals of human woe. We can but bow in sorrow at the extent, and amazement at the severity of the infliction.

STATEMENT OF PETER M'CABE.

Among all the recorded instances of physical endurance, it would be difficult to find one more remarkable than that presented by the case of Peter McCabe, who, after twenty six hours exposure on a frail raft, was rescued by Mr. Dorian, the third mate of the ill fated Arctic.—McCabe is a native of Dublin, Ireland, and is about twenty five years of age. He has a fine ingenuous expression of countenance, and has altogether the appearance of a man who, even under the most discouraging circumstances, would hope on to the last. When we visited him yesterday at the Seamen's Retreat, on Staten Island, he did not appear like a man who required the care of a physician: and had we not seen the extent of his injuries before we left, we should have thought he had perfectly recovered from the effects of his long exposure. One of his feet, however, is in a horribly lacerated condition, large pieces of the flesh having been torn from it by rubbing against the raft, laying the bone in many places quite bare. The skin has also been torn from his fingers, and both of his hands have a parboiled appearance. He has, at our request, furnished us with the following painful interesting particulars of his escape from the wreck.—

We left Liverpool on the 20th of September, and up to Wednesday, the 27th, nothing particularly worthy of note occurred. About twelve o'clock of that day, when we were about forty miles off Cape Race, and enveloped in a fog, we came in collision with some unknown vessel which was afterwards, however, found to be a propeller. The Arctic was running at the rate of thirteen knots an hour, but the concussion appeared so slight that no one on board, not even the Captain, supposed that the damage was so extensive. His fears were only excited by the condition of the other vessel, which it was believed must be in a sinking state. Immediately after the collision the propeller passed us on the starboard side, when it was discovered that her bows were completely stove in, and that she was otherwise extensively damaged. Our course was instantly reversed, by orders of the Captain, and we went in pursuit of the vessel, for the purposes of rendering her all assistance in our power, little imagining that we were so much in need of it ourselves at the time.

On coming up with the propeller, we passed twice round her, and then saw between two and three hundred people on her deck. By order of Captain Luce, one boat, containing the first officer, Mr. Gourlie, the boatswain, and four or five sailors, was sent to her relief; but before they returned he ascertained the fearful extent of the damage to our own vessel. The propeller had struck her with terrible force, making a large hole in her starboard bow, through which the water was pouring in a torrent. Soon after the collision, I, with others, rushed upon deck, having no apprehensions, however, as to our safety; but in a very short time we were made aware of the terrible reality. The boat arrived from the propeller, but Captain Luce refused to take the men on board, as he knew they could be of no assistance and that it was better to keep them in readiness to receive the passengers. The firemen and engineers, driven from their post by the water, now came upon deck, increasing the number of the terror stricken crowd.

Every one now prepared himself for the worst. The life preservers were brought into requisition, and a portion of the crew set themselves to work in the construction of rafts. The two foreyard arms were cut down and lashed together, making a raft about forty feet long and three or four feet wide. I was engaged with the rest in making this raft, and Mr. Dorian, the third mate, took a most active part in the work.—When it was finished, we launched it on the larboard side, and in a few minutes after there were about seventy persons clinging to it, four of whom were women. Several other rafts were made, but none of them so large as that on which I was engaged. Doors, barrels, and, in fact, everything that floated, was used. On some of these there were two and three, but the largest could not support more than four or five.

I remained on the vessel till she sank, when I went down with her. I had been employed a few minutes before with two others, one of whom was called "Tom, the storekeeper," in lashing some casks together, when I was driven away by the water, which was now rushing in with fearful impetuosity. Jumping upon the paddle box, I sprang on the saloon deck, and in an instant was engulphed in the surging waters, which soon closed over our heads. Down, down we sank with our noble vessel into the bosom of the ocean, and the terrible thought took possession of my mind that I was drowning; that I should never see my dear friends or home again. I retained my consciousness, however, all the time I was under the water, and it was with a feeling of intense joy that I found, after about half a minute, that I was rapidly rising towards the surface. It was all darkness before, but now I could see a dim light above me, and in a few seconds I was on the top of the water, struggling for life. Being a good swimmer, and having, besides, the support of a life preserver, I succeeded in reaching a door, which was floating a few feet from where I rose. I looked around me but there was no trace of a vessel except a few loose timbers and the rafts which were floating about, some with and others without passengers. Finding I could not retain my hold of the door with safety, I left it and swam to a barrel which lay a few feet from me; from this again I swam to the large raft which had, as I have said, about seventy persons clinging to it. The sea, though not strong, was rough, and the waves, as they dashed over it, washed away a portion of its living freight. I shall never forget the awful scene. There we were, in the midst of the ocean, without the slightest hope of assistance, while every minute one or more of our unfortunate fellow passengers were dropping into their watery grave from sheer exhaustion. Those who had life preservers did not sink, but floated with their ghastly faces upwards, reminding those who still remained alive of the fate that awaited them.

In the midst of all this, thank Heaven, I never lost hope, but retained my courage to the last. One by one I saw my unfortunate companions drop off; some of them floated off, and were eaten and gnawed by fishes, while others were washed under the raft, and remained with me till I was rescued. I could see their faces in the openings as they were swayed to and fro by the waves, which threatened every moment to wash me off. The raft at one time was so crowded that many had to hold on by one hand. Very few words were spoken by any, and the only sound that was heard was the splash of the waters or the heavy breathing of the poor sufferers, as they tried to recover their breath after a wave had passed over them. Nearly all were submerged to their arm pits, while a few could with great difficulty keep their heads above the surface. The women were the first to go. They were unable to stand the exposure more than three or four hours. They all fell off the raft without a word, except one poor girl, who cried out, in intense agony, "Oh, my poor mother and sisters."

When I was about eighteen hours on the raft, there were not more than three or four left.—One of these gave me what appeared to be a small map, but which I understood him to say was a sort of title deed to his property. In a few moments after I took it, he too unloosened his hold and was added to the number that floated about the raft.

I endeavored to get the paper into my pocket, but found this impossible, on account of my cramped position, so I placed it between my teeth, and held it there till I was overwhelmed by a wave, when I lost my hold of it, and it was washed away. Another, who had an oiled silk coat on, called on me, for Heaven's sake, to assist him, as his strength was rapidly falling, and he must fall off, if not relieved. As he was about four or five feet from me, it was difficult to reach him; but after considerable exertions I succeeded in doing so, and helped him with one of my knees until I became quite faint, when I was obliged to leave him to his fate.—Poor fellow, he promised me, if he ever got to New York alive, he would reward me well. He clung with terrible tenacity to life, but he, too, dropped off in his turn.

I was now left alone on the raft; not a solitary being was alive, out of seventy; but still my hope continued strong. The night of the second day was about closing on me, and during the whole time I had been in the water, I had not eaten a particle of anything or drank a drop. My strength I found was beginning to give away, and my sight had become so dim that I could not perceive objects a few feet off; even the ghastly faces of the dead, that looked up at me from under the raft were hardly discernible. I determined on making one more effort for life; I raised myself on my knees upon the raft, and through the dusk of the evening I saw, or thought I saw, a vessel. My strength seemed to revive, and in a few minutes I heard the voices of persons in a boat approaching me. Ten minutes more and I too would have gone; but Providence had mercy on me, and after twenty six hours exposure I was by its mercy preserved from a watery grave. The boat, I afterwards learned, belonged to the Huron, and was manned by Mr. Dorian, the third mate of the Arctic, Captain Grann, one of the passengers, and some sailors. One of the men caught hold of me by the collar, and dragged me into the bow of the boat, where I lay in the last stage of exhaustion till I was transferred on board the Huron, from which vessel I was placed on the Lebanon, and finally on the boat Christian Berg, on board of which I arrived at this port.

STATEMENT OF MR. FRANCIS DORIAN, THIRD OFFICER OF THE ARCTIC.

The first I heard was the cry, "Hard a starboard." I then understood that there was something wrong. I went on deck and found the vessels about seven yards apart. I stood watching the Arctic, in the full expectation that she would yield to her helm. The other vessel struck her abreast the cat-heads. Captain Luce gave orders to clear away the boats. Mr. Gourlie cleared away his boats and lowered them down before I thought there was anything wrong with the ship. By the time we had all the boats ready, Captain Luce gave orders to hoist them and allow no one to enter them. During this time the captain, carpenter, and several of the passengers, were outside, trying to stanch the leak inside and out. At the same time water casks were being filled and every exertion was used to cause the vessel to raise forward; paid the starbord chain overboard to lighten her.

The Second Officer came on deck; I asked if he was making any exertion to stop those leaks; he replied, yes; I asked him what was the prospect. All the answer I got from him was to hurry up those pumps, that is the main pumps and those at the saloon gangway; I went along the deck and found two of the quartermasters standing by the port afterward quarter boats; I ordered them, by command of Capt. L., to take some weapons and defend it. While I stood aft, I saw the passengers and crew filling the part forward boat; I came along for the purpose of putting a stop to it, and found Capt. Luce in the guards passing ladies and children into the boat. Several gentlemen were also passed in. I think about 22 were in it. He gave the orders to lower away; I turned around and saw the after boat perfectly crowded. By the time I got aft they were in the boat, and had the bow fell partly lower, and from the davits, and held on by the after pall, when she tipped over and emptied all out with the exception of three. With the assistance of Capt. Luce, Capt. Grann, one of the firemen and myself, we got the quarter master to go down and pass the painter up, and by hauling on to it as the ship lurched, we succeeded in saving the boat, and hauled her on to the afterguards, the engine turning ahead slowly at the time. I took a turn of the painter round the afterguard with the intention of keeping the boat there as a last resource. Some passengers, part of the crew and firemen precipitated themselves right into the boat—at least twenty. They cut her adrift and went away; that was the last of that boat I saw. There was one quarter master in her. I walked off the guards on the upper deck, and the passengers proposed to me to form a raft of such materials as I could find on board, and wished me to take charge of the ship. I answered that Capt. Luce was on board; such was his place as long as the ship was above water. He was quite cool but had lost a good deal of his command of speech. At the same time I found with the exception of him that I was the only officer on board. When I reported to Capt. Luce that all connected with the sailing depratment had left, he gave a sort of despairing exclamation, and then with his sanction the passengers and myself proceeded to get our spars overboard to form a raft, main yard, main topgallant yard, main topsail-yard, and several smaller spars. While this was being done, the remaining engineers took the other boat, and understook to endeavor to stop the leaks. I saw them in the distance when the ship went down. With the consent of Captain Luce we launched our remaining boat to form a raft. For the boat's protection we took the oars out, so that those aboard would not rush into and swamp her. Mr. Burns, of Adams & Co's Express, Mr Thompson of New-Orleans, Capt. Grann of New-York City, Mr. Jenkins of California, and Mr.——, and one or two firemen, among whom was Thomas Brennan of the Island of Sicily, and myself, labored diligently till we got all secured which at the time was floating within our reach. I ordered the boat to be taken along, outside the raft, so as to secure everything that was on the surface, such as water casks, sofas, &c. By the time I had got the boat on the outside of the raft, a perfect mania seemed to seize all on board and a universal rush was made for the boat, so that no possible entreaty or threat could stop it. The boat was perfectly crowded, and, in order to save it from being swamped, I ordered the painter to be cut and shoved clear of the raft, when I went about half a boat's length of the raft; they were seizing everything afloat to endeavor to reach the boat, I ordered the people in the boat to make every effort to keep her from drifting off, at the same time I hailed Capt. Luce, "for God sake," to take the people from the raft, in order that I might go to work on it and lash everything that was buoyant to it. To the best of my knowledge about three minutes afterward the Arctic seemed to settle down, stern foremost. The last I saw of Capt. Luce he was standing at the after part of the starboard paddle box. In the boat there were several conjectures, some exclaiming there is the Capt. but to the best of my knowledge he was nowhere to be seen when the ship went down.

According to the descriptions I got of Mrs. Collins and family, (as I did not know them personally,) I believe she was not in the [illegible] that was tilted over. I made the remark to Mr. Burns that perhaps Mrs. C. had gone in some of the boats that had left the ship. He replied, the last thing he did on board was to fasten a life-preserver around Mrs. C.

From this juncture till our arrival in the City, I entirely endorse the statement given by Mr. Burns in yesterday's Times.

The propeller was above water when last I saw her, with about two hundred persons crowded on the poop. The boat in which were the Chief Engineer and his assistants was the only boat that knew the fate of the Arctic.

FRANCIS DORIAN.

New-York, Oct. 11, 1854.

Mr. Dorian was on board the Lanark, of Liverpool, nine years and seven days ago, when he was picked up one hundred and fifty miles east of where he was picked up on the 27th ult.

CALMNESS AND INTREPIDITY OF CAPTAIN LUCE, OF THE ARCTIC.

From all accounts, Capt. Luce comported himself, under the terrible circumstances, with a calmness and intrepidity which deserved a better fate. No thought of self for a moment intervened to wean away his cares from his passengers. Alas! how fruitless were all those cares and exertions. Three or four hours were spent in constructing a raft, and yet it was the means of preserving but a single life. Had his officers and men stood by him to the last, the result might have not been so deplorable. But they did not. Yielding to the natural impulse of self-preservation, they ignored their duty to their commander, and, thinking only of their own safety, they took to the boats, abandoning the vessel and the hundreds of helpless beings who thronged her deck.

It is hard, says the New York *Herald*, to find fault with men for yielding to that strong impulse of humanity; and yet, when their conduct is contrasted with the self-sacrificing nobility of soul which characterized the recent wreck of a British troop ship on the coast of Africa—when every woman and child on board was passed into the boats and saved, the men remaining to meet their death with unquailing firmness—we say, when that heroic incident is remembered and contrasted with the spirit of selfishness which prevailed among the crew of the Arctic, men will be apt to denounce the latter as unworthy and dishonorable. Officers, engineers, firemen, sailors and waiters, had a monopoly of safety; while the gallant captain alone refused to desert his post, and remained to share the fate of his vessel and of the hundreds of noble hearts, whose last throb beat upon her submerged deck.

Mr. Dorian was the only one of the officers and sailing hands of the ship that remained with the captain up to the last fearful moment. The others had left the ship long before. He was engaged up to that time in constructing the raft, actively assisted by many of the passengers. Mr. Dorian himself had no idea of self preservation when he stepped into the boat, and had the painter cut loose. It was a necessary act in the discharge of his duty, and to save the lives of others [illegible] by it.

While he was still within some twenty yards of the vessel, she disappeared from his sight, sinking by the stern, at an angle of about twenty-five degrees. Not a single soul of the hundreds then on board was seen alive by him after the vessel sunk. Still, it is not impossible, he says, that some one or more may have saved themselves, by clinging to water barrels, spars, and other floating substances that were lashed together in expectancy of that terrible moment.

From the New York Express.

THE SIGNAL GUN.

Amidst all the terrible incidents attendant upon the destruction of the Arctic, which we have been receiving these two days past, there is one that impresses us with a feeling of awe and admiration, and shows all the world that the age of heroes is not yet altogether gone by. We refer to the young man, whose post of duty throughout the trying scene was the firing of the signal gun, at intervals, in the hope of attracting the attention of vessels from a distance to the scene of the disaster. While all around him were death and despair, in bold relief there he stood, (like Hope herself,) with the calm determination of a true hero, discharging gun after gun, until the gallant ship went down beneath the waves. Here was a courage and manliness,—a defiance of death, and an adhesion to duty, we might walk over the most famous battle fields in history to look for and not find. The soldier who braves the King of Terrors at the cannon's mouth is animated by a species of courage improvised for the occasion by the "pomp and circumstance" around him. There can be properly no cowards when men are drawn up in battle array, with drums beating, colors flying, and thoughts of reward and promotion flitting through the brain, if a victory is won. Dastards dare anything then under such stimulants. But the bravery of the battle field is not the bravery which was shown by our young hero of the wreck. The former is a species of unnatural courage—it is of an animal nature; but the latter was moral courage of the highest and noblest kind. With his lighted match he seemed to stand, on the quarter of that devoted ship, hurling defiance, as it were, in the very jaws of death itself. Others were desperately struggling for life; he alone seemed to have resolved to demonstrate how a man may die at his post of duty, without dread or fear, in the midst of horrors that would make most men cowards. Awfully impressive, indeed, terribly melo dramatic, was the last scene of all, in which our young hero shone forth wringing exclamations of admiration even from lips that were buffetting the hungering waters then murmuring for their prey. Stuart Holland (for that was his name,) "could not be induced to leave the ship; his post was at the gun, from "first to last, firing signals; he kept firing the "gun at intervals till the ship went down. We "saw him *in the very act of firing as the vessel* "*disappeared below the waters.*"

In Greek or Roman days such a man, it he had not awarded him the honors of deification, would have had Senates decreeing him statues and monuments everywhere to commemorate his deeds, that his example might not be lost upon posterity. His conduct has given a new lustre, contracted with that of the cravens who, only anxious to save their own lives, shut their ears to the shrieks of the helpless women and children that were grappling with horrors all around and about them. Honor, then, eternal honor, to him who went down to death a conqueror of death! That noble ship had many noble spirits on board,—but none nobler than he.

"The brave man is not he who feels no fear,
For that were stupid and irrational;
But he whose noble soul its fear subdues,
And bravely braves the danger nature shrinks from.

[SHAKESPEARE.

The following is said to be the motto upon a tomb stone in the Western country—"After life's fitful fever and ague, he sleeps well."