

THE FREE CHRISTIAN BAPTISTS IN NOVA SCOTIA.

Brother Graham having closed his secular letters on New Brunswick, has commenced a series on the religious interests of our denomination in the Province. The following relates almost exclusively to the Free C. Baptists in Nova Scotia. This is in consequence of the relation that that body sustains to us, and the reference which will probably be made thereto in subsequent letters. To many of our readers, especially those whose religious interests are identified with the Free Baptists, these letters may contain nothing new; but to many others they will convey information relative to our organization, progress, and present position, which they did not previously possess. The information obtained by Bro. G. during his short visit among us, may not have been in every particular as perfect as was desired, but in transferring his letters to our columns, we shall carefully notice and correct any errors in relation to our history into which he may have fallen.—*Ed. INTELLIGENCER.*

From Correspondence to the Morning Star.

This denomination seems to have risen about the same time in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, though there was no union of effort. Indeed, so far were they on the part of both the provinces from co-operation, they did not so much as have a knowledge of each other till a very recent period. In Nova Scotia the churches whose communicants even now number only about twelve hundred, were not organized into denominational form till June, 1837. Some of these churches had, at the time of the organization just named, maintained themselves in their isolation for 20 years. Some called themselves "Christians," others "Free-will Baptists." This was owing doubtless to preachers of different denominations, whose labors resulted in rising up these churches. Yet if anything would lead us to doubt on this point, it would be the fact that the churches that preferred the designation of "Christian" were as soundly orthodox on the doctrine of the Trinity as those known as "Free-will Baptists." As these churches became acquainted with each other, they found themselves, though bearing different names, "one," as they phrase it, in "Doctrine, Practice and Ordinances." The churches of both names seem to have been alike organized without written creed or covenant, in the case of both, agreeing simply to take "the Scriptures as their only and all-sufficient rule of faith and practice."

As was quite natural, upon these churches becoming acquainted with each other, they felt a desire to be organized into one denomination.—To effect this desirable object a convention of the elders of the respective churches was held in Argyle, October, 1836. After mature deliberation, the convention thus expressed the result to which it came in relation to the question of union:

"1st. We have perfect fellowship with each other and are one in doctrine.

"2d. Both societies should be united into one, to be called Free Christian Baptists."

The name itself, knowing the few circumstances now mentioned, reveals in a good degree the proceedings of the Argyle convention. The members of the convention, we may imagine, agreed perfectly as to the desirableness and practical good of a union, but the name, what about that? One perhaps said, "Brethren, it is perfectly manifest we are one people, so constituted, not by human will, but by the pleasure of Him who called us out of darkness into His marvellous light. We are all Christians, and therefore one, and ought to have one name. The disciples were first called Christians at Antioch.—It is a name derived directly from one of the titles of our blessed Lord. I go for this name too because it is anti-sectarian." Another, we may imagine, quickly responded, "Most heartily do I endorse all that the good brother who has just spoken says about being one in spirit, and the inconvenience of several names. The name he proposes, however ancient, and however convenient in the time of its origin, is very inconvenient now, as all sects claim that as a common name. I will not dwell now upon the assumption that name would give us the appearance of making, that we only are Christians. It is sufficient for me to allude to the inconvenience of the name shown by the fact that those who take it are not called Christians, but 'Christians.' I am for the good old name the same people are called by in the States. Call me 'Free-will Baptist' in preference to any other name." By this time it was evident that there must be a "compromise" on the name or "the union" would be lost. One proposed "Christian Baptist." Another thought that name implied that other Baptist are not Christians; so on they went, till they finally reached the compromise, "Free Christian Baptist."

But whatever was the process of reaching this name, and however well it is liked in Nova Scotia, I found the friends in New Brunswick, so far, as I conversed with them, anxious to leave out the middle name, retaining as their denominational designation simply "Free Baptist."

I will here remark in passing, that I have thus spoken first of our brethren in Nova Scotia, not because I was permitted to visit them, as was my intention when I left home, not because I have any sources of information concerning them not open to all who visit New Brunswick, but I have spoken of them first because the name originated with them, as we shall again have occasion to notice.

The Argyle convention having reached the result before mentioned, provided for a convention to be held the following year, (1837.) June 17th, to be composed of delegates from such churches as desired the proposed union to be consummated under the proposed name. This convention met at the time proposed, on Cape Sable Island, and all, or nearly all the churches were represented in it. This convention agreed upon the proposed union, and completed the denominational organization for the province of Nova Scotia. What relation this organization sustains to that in New Brunswick, I shall speak of hereafter, and also of the time and mode of the two bodies becoming united.

Small as this body of Christians is, numbering as I have said only twelve hundred communicants, if those churches are small, and situated far from each other, as the churches in New Brunswick for the most part are, there must be great destitution of ministerial labor among them, though they count ten preachers, nearly one to each hundred communicants. But if they preachers follow the example

of our own, and that of the preachers in New Brunswick, after deducting those who never preach, and those whose time is mostly occupied with secular business, it will require considerable straining of the truth to say they have what is equivalent to five efficient laborers, devoted entirely to the work. If they are "hindered by such help," as the housewives say, each minister must have on an average at least six churches to care for, so if there is but little progress, it is all accounted for. But though their progress is small, as I learn, it is something, nevertheless. But undoubtedly they are passing through a critical time in their history, as I shall hereafter show the churches of New Brunswick are; and both are making great progress really, if they only apparently hold their own.

Here I must leave our friends of Nova Scotia till I visit them, which I shall do, if God will, in a year or two, nothing doubting it will be as pleasant to me as my visit to our brethren in New Brunswick.—*D. M. G.*

SPECIAL NOTICES.

The object of this paper is to do good. Its price—ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, always in advance—is so low that scarcely a family in our country need be without it. We will supply (on proper representation) to the poor, who are unable to pay for it, a limited number of copies gratis.

We are very particular in addressing our paper to subscribers according to the instructions given. But should any not be received regularly, they will please notify us at once.

All communications for this paper must be accompanied with the real name of the author, in order to receive attention.

NOTICE.—It is hereby requested that all orders for this paper, communications for publication, letters on business connected with the "Religious Intelligencer," or "Free Baptist Book Concern," be addressed to the Editor, Elder E. McLeod, St. John, N. B.

B. J. UNDERHILL, Pub. and Business Manager.
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Religious Intelligencer.

SAINT JOHN, N. B. OCT. 20, 1854.

FASTING AND PRAYER.

We would call the attention of our Churches to the following appointment of our last General Conference. They will perceive by it, that *Wednesday the 1st day of November next*, is to be observed as a day of fasting and prayer.

Whereas we believe that no effort to advance the cause of our REDEEMER, can accomplish the design intended without the blessing of ALMIGHTY GOD, and whereas, He has promised to vouchsafe the same to those who ask Him.—Therefore

Resolved, That the first Wednesday in November next be appointed as a day of fasting and prayer, to be observed by all our Churches, and that the following objects be particularly sought:

1. A greater "renewing of the Holy Spirit" in our ministers and people.

2. An increase of labourers in the Gospel vineyard.

3. That God's special blessing may rest on the several departments of christian labour in which we are engaged.

4. The conversion of sinners.

The importance of seasons of this kind is well known to all who have made any advance in the divine life. Times of special conflicts, and special duties, require special efforts and special consecration. Scarcely an individual distinguished in the Bible for strong faith in God, but we have some record of times when they were more than ordinarily self-lending and devoted. Jesus himself fasted, and sometimes spent all night in prayer. The mountains of Judea witnessed his fervent devotion. Some spirits could not be cast out, only by prayer and fasting. And we seriously doubt whether any person can make progress in religion who does not sometimes unite fasting with prayer. But what is a Scriptural fast? It is not to put on a grave and melancholy aspect—to bow down the head like a bulrush—but the subduing of "the corrupt nature within us," by reforming our lives, and undoing what we have done amiss—to loose the bands of wickedness—the bands by which any have been kept from their right, or any held to oppression, however lawful, either by ourselves or others. To deal our bread to the hungry, to bring the poor that are cast out to our house, and when we see the naked to cover them. Then shall we call, and the Lord shall answer; we shall cry, and He shall say, Here am I. If we take away from amidst us the yoke, the putting forth of the finger and speaking vanity; if we draw out our soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul; then shall our light rise in obscurity, and our darkness be as the noon-day. When to our supplications and judicious abstinence, we add these, we may be assured that God will hear, and the old waste places will be builded again. But if we shut up our bowels of compassion from the poor, and withhold our offerings from the Lord; if we imagine evil in our hearts, and love not as brethren, we shall be as those who find pleasure in the day of their fast, and exact all their labours. Let beneficence be added to abstinence, and brotherly love to fervent prayer, and let each Church member solemnly enquire what he or she can do to aid in bringing about the objects to be sought; let them shrink at no sacrifice which may be required, but let united effort be made, and every object desired of God will be granted to us.

ROMANISM.—About twelve months since, the greatest interest was excited in the Roman Catholic world by a report of the pretended appearance of the Virgin Mary to two shepherd children, at La Salette, who received from her a solemn and secret revelation, which was to be made known only to the Pope. This pretended revelation having been written down, was with the approval of a Bishop forwarded to Rome, where the reality of the miracle, which has since, among zealous Catholics, been implicitly believed. But this ridiculous modern miracle of Romanism, has met with a complete and disastrous exposure. One of these shepherds has solemnly confessed the deception of which he was guilty, and declares the whole affair an imposture.—This certainly does not speak much in favour of the infallibility, nor yet to the credit of the "Universal Bishop."

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Ansley & Tufts for the Boston Daily Courier, received through Col. Fawcett's Express, from which we have obtained the late English news.

LOSS OF THE ARCTIC.

Full particulars of the late disaster, by which so many souls were suddenly hurried into eternity, having reached us since our last issue, and knowing that a deep interest is felt generally in every thing connected with this melancholy event, we shall therefore devote considerable space in our columns this week to the details, which we select from various sources. The *Arctic* was one of the Collins line of Steam Ships between New York and Liverpool. She was built at the former place in 1850 at a cost of £175,000, and registered 3500 tons. She was considered a vessel of superior construction, was owned by Mr. E. K. Collins, of New York, and commanded by Capt. Luce. She left Liverpool on the 20th of September for New York, having on board 236 passengers, and 175 of a crew, with a valuable cargo and mail. Among the passengers were Mrs. Collins, wife of the owner, their only daughter and son. Many of the others belonged to the United States, and were returning from their summer tour of instruction or pleasure, in Great Britain, or upon the Continent of Europe. "Some of them had been on the Mediterranean, some in sunny Naples, some at the crater of Vesuvius, some in Rome, the Imperial City, some on the plains of Italy, and some the ravines of the Apennines, or upon the ice-cold Alps; others had been on the Rhine, or the Elbe, or the Danube, or the Baltic,—all more or less, doubtless making the grand Continental tour."

On the 27th at noon—just one week after she had left Liverpool—and while doubtless full of joy and hope in anticipating the happy greeting of friends, from whom they had been absent; they were destined in the Providence of God to be suddenly plunged into danger and death more terrible than words can portray or imagination conceive. Running at a rate of thirteen miles an hour, in a dense fog, and in the track of vessels of all nations, the ship, that was bearing them to their loved homes and friends, suddenly comes in collision with another—the "Vesta," a French screw Steamer, having on board about 117 passengers and a crew of 50 men; and in a moment a floating wreck is all that is between them and death. We may try to conceive the consternation and dismay that must necessarily follow an occurrence like this; but conception becomes beggared, and all ideas would be lost in the reality. It appears that somewhere between 75 and 100 persons are all that were saved from the *Arctic*—(the *Vesta* lost but 13)—and of those saved very few were passengers, and among these not a solitary woman or child.

What a scene that must have been, between the collision and the time of the sinking of the ship—a period of about four hours! What a need the passengers on board the *Arctic* had of an interest in JESUS CHRIST then! Some forty miles from the first projecting Cape of land, with but little probability of being rescued in time to preserve life—with death in its most terrific form staring them in the face, how did they need the presence of Him who has said, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." Yes, how much did they require that faith that would enable them to exclaim, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Oh! may we not hope that Jesus was there, to forgive the penitent and save the believing? And how the surviving, the bereaved friends, need the consolations of religion—how desolate and sad those habitations will be, that have been bereft of their hopes and joys, if He who sticketh closer than a brother, is not there! But does not this awful calamity teach all the living a lesson? Does it not say to us, "I am God, and beside me there is none other?" Art, strength, elegance—all the combinations of science and manum, are insufficient to render a recognition of Divine providence unnecessary. The following are the principal details of this dreadful catastrophe.

On Wednesday, Sept. 27, 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 poop and boats and black pipe. She was bound eastward, and had full sail set, with a strong, fair wind. The speed of the *Arctic* at the time, was about thirteen knots an hour. The shock to us appeared slight, but the damage to their 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 around 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 in at our bows. When the first officer came along-side 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 till 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, the engines stopped, and the water extinguished the 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 firemen, three of the other passengers saved and myself were busily engaged lashing water casks and seats 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 firemen 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 with our hands and axes we paddled from the raft's side. The mate, who throughout preserved great 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 deal-logs. In less than three minutes from the time he spoke, the stern sank—the foam went boiling over the tumbling head 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 engulfed. 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, avoided with difficulty the fragments of the wreck, and passing many dead females, prepared for a night upon the ocean. We secured a floating pumpkin and cabbage to guard against immediate starvation, lashed a spar to the bow 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 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 five 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 attempting to gain land when the sea subsided, we pulled toward 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., Capt. 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 steamer sank, he counted seventy-two men and four women on the raft, but at 8 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, 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.—*Mr. Burns.*

From the New York Times.

THE SCENE AT THE OFFICE OF E. K. COLLINS & CO.

At 10 o'clock our reporter visited the office of Messrs E. K. Collins & Co., No. 56 Wall Street. He found it filled by a large number of our citizens, some of them men of eminence in their respective callings, besides a fair representation from other parts of the Union. Two of the surviving sons of Mr. Collins, were present. In one corner of the apartment, behind the railing, a numerous group was gathered around a plainly dressed man of about 35 years of age, who, though naturally lively and vigorous, bore evident marks of excessive fatigue by his care-worn look. This man was Thomas Brennan, an attaché to the engineering department of the *Arctic*, and one of the few fortunate survivors of the sad catastrophe. A deep feeling of anxiety seemed to pervade the minds of all present, and eager questions were propounded to Mr. Brennan in rapid succession. Some described the personal appearance of absent ones bound to them by affinities and deep friendship, some by ties of consanguinity, and others bound by nearer and dearer ties, and inquired if he had seen them enter any of the boats which left the vessel previous to the last one, on which he was saved. His words were anxiously waited for, and in some instances, they were sufficient to buoy up an expiring hope, but in others to lead them to despair of ever meeting the loved ones again on earth. At brief intervals the announcement of the arrival of an instalment of the telegraphic despatch from Halifax would draw all to another part of the room, and wailings of mingled hope and fear, they listened in breathless silence to the words of the despatch, read by a gentleman connected with the office. When the reading of the last despatch was finished, many were the impatient exclamations, because the names of the persons in the boats which had arrived were not forwarded "yet," instead of Mr. Ballman's account of the catastrophe.

And when, at last, the concluding portion of the despatch contained the names of those who were safe in Halifax, nearly a hundred hearts beat heavily and rapidly as they stood in expectation of the announcement of a name which was to make them rejoice or drive them into a despairing gloom. The reading of the list was commenced—the announcement of several names were received with exclamations of deep joy, accompanied with words of thankfulness to Heaven for the mercy extended to them. As the end of the list was approached the deeper sighs were drawn, and when it was announced that the names had been all read, "Oh, God!" "Oh, God!" were the words that many uttered in the deep anguish that wrung their hearts. The list was again read, but it only confirmed their worst fears; and after the announcement that no more despatches would be received, those present left the apartment which had been the scene of such exciting interest, and its doors were closed for the balance of the day.

CAPTAIN LUCE'S STATEMENT.

When Captain Luce felt that the *Arctic* must go down, he with the passengers (for all the seamen had gone in the life boats, the second officer excepted,) lost no time in lashing spars together to form a raft. Only one life-boat was left, and to construct the raft it was necessary to get this into the water; but the oars were left in the *Arctic* to prevent its being taken away. Captain Luce helped to get the women and children in the remaining boat, but the alarm was given that the ship was sinking when the life-boat was taken off hurriedly without oars or anything else to help themselves with. When this boat had got off about an eighth of a mile the *Arctic* sank. This was about a quarter to 5 P. M. Capt. Luce took farewell of Mrs. Collins, son and daughter just as the ship was going down. He found himself soon after on the surface with his own child in his arms, but found himself immediately impelled downwards. When he reached the surface a second time he was so exhausted that he almost gave up all hope, and nearly lost the grasp of his child.—Immediately a large piece of paddle-box came up beside him with all the passengers (for all the seamen had with him) on the breast of his dear child. In a moment after he saw his child a corpse on the water.—Capt. Luce, with eleven others, got on the top of this piece of the paddle-box, but finding it to sink some of them got on another piece of wreck. They were up to their necks in the water and suffered severely from cold. They were in this position about 50 hours. On the morning of the 29th, at daybreak, they saw the light of a vessel, and summoned up all their remaining strength to hail her. The mist had not cleared off and they were not noticed. Early on the same day the mist cleared quickly away, and they saw a vessel far away. This vessel proved to be the *Cambria*, bound from Glasgow to Montreal. The mate of the *Cambria*, at a little distance from his vessel saw a man on a raft and plunged overboard with a rope to the man, who was a Frenchman, and had come alone. He gave an account of the wreck, and after 5 o'clock that after-

noon Capt. Luce and his party were taken on board the *Cambria*.

Of the party who arrived here, J. F. Allan, of the Novelty Works, New York; Mr. Smith of Jackson County; and a young German, named Ferdinand Hayes, were passengers by the *Arctic*. The others belonged to the French steamer.

THE VESTA.

St. John's, N. F., Oct. 3.—The French Screw Steamer *Vesta* arrived at this port on the 30th, having lost foremast and bow shattered to pieces. She had been in contact with the Collins steamer *Arctic*. The *Vesta* lost 13 passengers. * * * * * Probably the bulkhead of the forecastle was not started by the collision, which the Captain (Duchene), noticed as affording a chance of safety. He immediately, with the utmost promptitude gave orders for lighting the vessel by the head, which was readily obeyed by throwing overboard all the fish, cargo, baggage of the passengers, &c., which was in the rear part of the vessel, and which raised her bows considerably. This elevation, with the firmness of the bulkhead, contributed much to stop the heavy rush of water. About 150 mattresses, palliasses, and other effects of the crew and passengers, were now placed about the safety partition, over which were thrown sails, backed by boards and planks, the whole being, secured by cables well and firmly strapped round all. The foremast, which had received some damage, was cut away, and contributed considerably to raise the head still more. This occupied two days. They ran under small steam for the nearest port, (St. John's), which they entered on Saturday last, most providentially before the rising of a severe gale which blew on that day. Upon mustering the crew 13 were missed. The *Vesta* had on board 117 passengers and a crew of 50 men. The conduct of Capt. Duchesne is much applauded, and the condition of the vessel, as she now appears, elicits the admiration of all who visit her. Indeed, nothing but the most indomitable energy, unwavering perseverance, and most superior seamanship could have succeeded in bringing the vessel into port.—*M. F. Ledger.*

Captain Luce comforted himself, under the terrible circumstances, with a calmness and intrepidity which deserved a better fate. No thought of self for a moment intervened to wend away his cares for his passengers. Also, 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 eventually preserving but a single life! Had his officers and men stood by him to the last, the result might not have 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 to find fault with them for yielding to that strongest 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, the *Liskenhead*, on the coast of Africa, where every woman and child on board was rescued into the boats and saved, the men remaining to meet their death with unflinching firmness—in comparison we must denounce the conduct of the *Arctic's* crew as unworthy and dishonorable.

Officers, engineers, sailors, firemen 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 throbs beat upon her submerged deck. Mr. Dorian, the 3d officer of the *Arctic*, 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.—*N. F. Herald.*

Among the families in New York most afflicted by this calamity are E. K. Collins and James Brown, of Brown, Brothers & Co. Mr. Collins has lost his wife, his only daughter, and a son. Mr. Brown has lost his son, W. B. Brown, with his wife and child; his daughter, Mrs. George F. Allen, with her husband and child; and his daughter, Miss Maria Brown, aged about 12. It is seldom we have to record so many victims of death in one family. The sympathies of the whole community are deeply toward these afflicted families, as well as toward all who have lost relatives and friends by this terrible disaster.

Mr. Collins returned on Tuesday night from Washington, and the sad intelligence was communicated to him as he was crossing from Jersey City, at about four o'clock, A. M., on his way home. Overwhelmed by the extent of this calamity, he immediately left the city for his residence in West Chester county.

The daughter of Mr. Collins was an amiable and intelligent girl of 16, the idol of her parents and the life of the circle in which she moved. Mr. Collins feels her loss more keenly than that of any of the other members of his family; for her chiefly did he live, and her death deprives him of much that made life desirable.

The son was a bright boy of 15 years. Abner Benedict, brother of E. C. Benedict, Esq., President of the Board of Education, was a lawyer of high ability—on his return, in company with his wife, from a recreative pleasure jaunt; both are lost.

Mr. R. S. Williams, of Natchez, who, together with his wife, are among the lost, had recently come in possession of a large fortune. With his family he recently passed several months in this city.

We learn that Mrs. Asaph Stone, who was in the *Arctic*, for a long time objected to taking passage, because she had a strong presentiment that some disaster would happen. She was, however, prevailed upon by her friends, who laughed her off her fears.

Mr. George G. Smith, of the firm of C. M. Leupp & Co., Leather Dressers, Ferry-st., was on board with his daughter, and both were lost. His son, met with an accident at the store and died the beginning of last week, and they kept the body five days in hopes the father would arrive in time to follow him to the grave.

A passenger offered £30,000 if the boats would put back to save him. They turned to do so, but before they reached him nature was exhausted and he sunk.

The *Arctic* was insured in England for £200,000, and in this country for \$310,000—making a total of \$510,000—the valuation of the ship.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE LOSS OF THE ARCTIC.

The New York papers represent that the most intense feeling pervaded the whole city during Wednesday, the day that the intelligence was received. The *Courier* and *Enquirer* of Thursday say:—

Yesterday was a day of darkest gloom—a day that weighed like lead upon every human heart in our midst. Nothing was thought of, nothing talked of, but the *Arctic*. Men bore themselves as if they had been overtaken by some personal bereavement. The merchants on "Change" and the Corn Exchange felt obliged to adjourn without the transaction of the least business. Operations in market had to give way in great measure to the prevailing topic. The courts were in some cases adjourned. Over the public buildings of the city, and on the shipping in the harbor, flags drooped at half-mast. Every thing gave token of a public calamity. It was a day whose mark will abide for years.

THE ARCTIC.—Several sermons were preached in New York and Boston on Sunday, in which impressive allusions were made to the loss of this ship. The Rev. Mr. Osgood, of New York, on alluding to the crew he said, with emphasis, and with a feeling in which the congregation seemed to sympathize, that while it was