

NEW GOODS!

HARVY PHINNY, JR. Great pleasure in announcing to the public that the liberal patronage he has received...

LEATHER, Pork, Codfish, Mackerel and White Fish for sale cheap at PHINNY'S.

PHINNY'S. CROCKERY & HARDWARE, a good assortment, at PHINNY'S.

SHERIFF'S SALE. By virtue of writs of Vendit Exponas issued on the Court of Common Pleas of Bradford County...

From Ohio the returns received indicate a decided anti-Nebraska majority, and the defeat of Olds (Nebraska democrat), in the Columbus district.

In Indiana anti-Nebraska members of Congress have been elected in every district heard from, by handsome majorities.

The municipal election in Baltimore has resulted in the choice of Hinks, the Know Nothing candidate for Mayor, by a majority of 2,741.

Married. By the Rev. Julius Foster, at Monroeton, on the 20th ult. Mr. JESSIE J. FRANCIS, of Elmira, N. Y., to Miss MARY ANN ROOKS, of the former place.

Obituary. DIED—In this town October 6, 1854, of Consumption, preceded by hemorrhage of the lungs, CHARLES GRAYSON, daughter of Daniel and Jane S. Bartlett, and sister of Orrin and Harriet.

Seized and taken in execution at the suit of Wilson Ager, to the use of C. M. Manville, vs. Jacob J. Veile and Giles F. Veile co-partners &c.

Seized and taken in execution at the suit of Wilson Ager to the use of Wm. Lawrence vs. J. & G. F. Veile, co-partners &c.

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Total Loss of the Arctic.

Between Three and Four Hundred Souls Perished! At a late hour last evening we received the heartrending intelligence of the loss of the Collins steamship Arctic. Captain Luce, the wife, daughter and son E. K. Collins, Mr. Sandford, and many citizens of this city, besides more than five hundred of the passengers and crew, have met a watery grave.

STATEMENT OF MR. BURNS. 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. only 100 are known to be 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 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 bows, and had all sail set, with 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 the other vessel was frightful.

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 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 39, longitude 45 27. We had run about three hundred and ten miles from the time of this observation to the moment of collision, and were supposed to be forty miles from Cape Race. The pumps were vigorously worked, and the anchor chain thrown aboard; but, in spite of all exertions, 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 axes, 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 coaks and axes 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 and into the sea. The majority of the life boats were full, and imminent danger of being sunk. It was an 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 presence of mind, and labored with heroic energy cried out: "For God's sake, Captain, clear the raft, so that we can work it, and escape the ship while there is a timber aboard water."

But the sea was now flush with the dead-lights. In less than three minutes from the time he spoke, the steamer sank—the foam went boiling over the trembling 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 sink, yet clinging to the rapidly sinking raft. Numbers yet clinging to the raft, but the raft was sinking, 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, rudders, food or drink, avoiding with difficulty the icebergs, and passing many floating 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, drenched and half naked condition, we suffered terribly.

Without doubting 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 pulling planks to capstan bars, with a view of emptying the boat, the raft was subsided, we pulled towards the ship. Our way we passed 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 came on board, the noble hearted Dorian, and several of the Huron's crew, returned to the raft and rescued the persons who for twenty-six hours had clung to the ice. He states that after the steamship sank, he counted seventy-two men and four women on the raft, but at 8 1/2 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 day by day the Arctic. It contained a cup of the best brandy, a small tin of condensed milk, 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, Captain Wall hung out extra lights, fired rockets, and kept a light burning in hopes of falling in with the crew of the boat. But his endeavors were fruitless. On the evening of the 29th he spoke the ship Lebanon, Captain Story, bound for New York, by whom eighteen of our number were taken on board, kindly welcomed and well treated. We gave this moment reached New York, by pilot boat Christian Brevin, 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 Charley, from Liverpool, she is believed to have met a watery grave, and certainly not more than one hundred can, by any possibility, have escaped a watery grave. The details of the horrible disaster are as follows: On Wednesday, September 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 bows, and had all sail set, with 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 the other vessel was frightful. Captain Luce instantly ordered the quarter boats cleared away, and the chief mate, boatswain and three sailors went to their 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 in 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 39, longitude 45 27. We had run about three hundred and ten miles from the time of this observation to the moment of collision, and were supposed to be forty miles from Cape Race. The pumps were vigorously worked, and the anchor chain thrown aboard; but, in spite of all exertions, 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 axes, under the direction of Captain Luce and Mr. Dorian, the third mate, to form a raft.

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Bradford Reporter.

E. O. GOODRICH, EDITOR.

Towanda, Saturday, October 14, 1854.

Terms of the Reporter. \$2.50 per annum—paid when the year 60 cents will be deducted. For each paid actually in advance \$1.00 will be deducted. No paper sent over two years, unless paid for.

Advertisements, per square of ten lines, 50 cents for the first and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. For a single line, 10 cents. The office is at the Union Block, north side of the Public Square, next door to the Bradford Hotel. Entrance between cars, Adams & Ellsworth's office.

Official Vote of Bradford County.

Table with 2 columns: Candidate Name and Votes. Includes William Bigler, James Pollock, Jeremiah S. Black, Daniel M. Smiley, Thomas H. Baird, Henry S. Mott, George Darice, etc.

The Election.

Table with 4 columns: County, Higher, Pollock, Johnson, Whig. Lists various counties and their respective vote counts for different candidates.

REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE IN DEAD LETTER MONEY.

In the first quarter of 1852, the number of dead letters sent to the Dead Letter Office, and found by the agents to contain money, was 1,701—the amount \$10,238; second quarter, 1,736 letters, and \$11,176; third quarter, 1,781 letters, and \$10,863; fourth quarter, 1,842 letters, and \$11,713. In the quarter ended March 31, 1854—two years afterwards—the number of valuable dead letters reached 2,323, containing \$14,401. The second quarter yielding 2,487 letters, and \$14,325 in money. We have from the third quarter—ended 30th September last—2,354 letters, in which were found \$14,088 in cash.

HEALTH OF COLUMBIA.—The cholera has entirely subsided in Columbia. Only three were reported since last Friday afternoon. The Spy says that on Saturday the absence commenced, and now the town has resumed its wonted appearance. The total number of deaths, from the breaking out of the epidemic, to last Tuesday, was 130.

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prayer was not answered; that she was not spared to clear up a matter that might have proved advantageous to you." "To me?" said Veronica, in surprise. "Yes, my child, to you. Had she only had time to reply to my last letter, signed the priest, as he thought of the evidence which she and her former aunt of Laura had been hurried into sternly."

"Ah, me," said Veronica, "in my excitement at her sad fate, I had almost forgotten this letter. She gave it to me only half an hour before her execution. The priest took the letter, and after he had read it, he looked sorrowfully at Veronica, and said, 'My daughter you have cause to grieve: the lady you committed to death was your grand aunt.'"

"My grand aunt!" exclaimed the young girl, perplexed and confused. "Yes," answered the priest. And he briefly communicated to her the contents of the letter he had received, and likewise informed her of other circumstances connected with her history.

A week after this, the priest himself was called before the revolutionary tribunal. His hair, his beard, his features, his bent form, awakened pity in even those who hated the priesthood. Veronica was among the observers in the hall. With joy she remarked that the judge who presided was not the merciless man who had condemned her grand-aunt, but the younger inspector of the prisons, who had shown pity for the prisoners—

"This gave her hope," began the President. "Your name?" "Alphonse Bertrand." "Your age?" "Seventy-four." "Your former place of residence?" "Tours, I replied the priest. "Why did you leave that city?" "To end my days in quietude, as possible." "I understand you refused to take the oath?" "I was silent for a moment, then said, audibly, 'It is not because you priests refuse to take a certain oath, but our country suffers. Blood to shed, but not by us. Never shall the fear of death force one word from me contrary to the cause of truth, and of that religion of which I am a servant.'"

"The old man, do not abuse my patience," said the President, who evidently wished to favor him if he could, and tried hard to induce the aged priest to make some confession that might be a plea for setting him at liberty. But he tried in vain; the priest was inflexible, and his replies became more dangerous and bold. So to give him still a chance, the president abruptly broke up the sitting, and went waiting for another answer, by telling him he must appear eight days from that date, when he trusted he would see the propriety of being obedient to the laws of his country. The guards again surrounded the priest, and he was led back to his dungeon.

Veronica bewailed the determination of her benefactor, and made use of all sorts of arguments to induce him to give in, and yield to the wishes of the President. "No, my child, no," was his answer. "What can be expected from others, if a priest turns aside from the burden of sorrow? Were I to prove weak in the face of the scaffold, man would follow my example and draw back. Blood is needed for the growth of the Christian, as well as the sweat of great labor. It is right to say in the soldier, in the van of the army to spare himself for the good of the country."

"Ab, father," said Veronica, wringing her hands when she listened to such replies, "you will then leave me; and what then shall become of me?" "Fear not, my daughter: God will raise up a protector for you; and your child, as circumstances permitted me. Here is bread, and here is wine, and a few ornaments and vessels; it may be my last celebration on earth, and you shall partake of it." Veronica fulfilled the request, and next morning entered the dungeon at the appointed hour. Her voice trembled with emotion as she said, "Reverend father, I have executed your wish, as circumstances permitted me. Here is bread, and here is wine, and a few ornaments and vessels; it may be my last celebration on earth, and you shall partake of it." Veronica fulfilled the request, and next morning entered the dungeon at the appointed hour.

"Wretch!" he exclaimed, "what have you been doing?" "The priest was first to speak, as Veronica was trembling with agitation. "We thought we could not be wrong," he calmly said, "in following the dictates of our conscience." "How?" cried the keeper, in kindling rage—"in this prison you continue to do what will bring you to the ax? And you?" he exclaimed, "you, at your age, can show so much impudence and insolence? But I have found you out; I have heard everything, and know your tricks. The time for deception is past; you need no longer call yourself a youth, when I know you are not. Yes, I know all. All your years in practice such knavery is shocking! But you shall not escape. The authorities shall be told, or I may myself be condemned. And speaking in this manner, Veronica away, in spite of the remonstrances and statements of the priest.

For a week previous to this incident, greater severity had been shown to the prisoners, and a stricter watch kept over the subordinate of the law. The keeper knew this, and had late even advised Veronica to a few miles off, in the hope of female attire belonging to her, and he had overheard the priest's last daughter. As a matter of course, he put the worst possible construction on the deception of the young girl, and the scene we have mentioned put the finishing stroke to his doubts. He would not endanger his own safety, he would not speedily make a report of the case. The fact, the singular fact, as it was called, became known to the public, and was in common circulation when the priest again appeared before his accusers. The hall of judgment was consequently more crowded than on the previous occasion. Public opinion was as usual, divided. Some were delighted with the boldness of the priest, who had defended his faith with so much daring before the agents of the government. Others, again, blamed the President for his leniency in granting a judicial examination to a theological offender.

The circumstances, which had occurred in the dungeon added to the excitement of the curious. As the aged priest entered, every eye was turned towards him with eager expectation. He was calm and dignified in his bearing, and appeared unconcerned as to the issue of his trial. "Stand up," began the President: (The priest obeyed). "Are you now willing to take the oath you have hitherto refused?" demanded the interrogator. "I am not; my resolution is unchanged."

"Then you have not availed yourself of my indulgence, nor during the respite which was granted altered your opinions?" "I have not," was the answer. "I am, on the contrary, more confirmed in my resolution, and shall remain true to my duty, until the last hour of my life."

The judges looked at each other, as if angry at the pertinacity with which the old man manifested his opinions in the face of his trial. "You are likewise accused," said the President, "of having received in your prison a girl dressed in the habit of a youth. What have you to say in defence of such a shameful conduct? Does your attachment to that young person arise from a false step of your early life?"

"No, President," replied the priest, firmly, while the pateness in his cheek changed to red, and the tears stood in his eyes. "My life has presented nothing which could give grounds for such accusation or suspicion. It was not my intention to speak publicly of my life, now, however, if it is my duty to do so." And the priest related how he had become the protector of the helpless child, and how the noble girl had acted from gratitude—

"This," he ended by saying, "is my crime, and hat of the generous orphan."

The President became visibly agitated, and commenced asking a series of questions relative to the finding of Veronica. We need not repeat either question or answer, significant as they were, when ended, the President, looking on the plea of indignation, left his seat, and hastened from the hall to his own private residence.

"Soon after this extraordinary examination, (as the public had sought it,) Veronica was in the house of her father, the President of the Deputation of the National Convention. To add to the affliction of the President, he was daily long of being informed of the death of his daughter's grand aunt, and it grieved him that he had not earlier known such singular facts, when, perhaps, he might have had the pleasure of returning good for evil, by saving the life of the unfortunate Malime Dobbelle—Veronica almost feared to ask after her mother; she dreaded a painful reply from the silence of her father, as he did not mention her. The presentiment of anxiety and suffering, found a grave—When their affairs had taken more proportion, she hastened with her husband to Tours, to claim her child. But she was too late; the seven lunatics had fled, no one knew where, and Veronica also had disappeared. The disappointment was keen, and the mother of Veronica sunk beneath it. Her husband took an active part in public affairs, and, having ability, rose to the position in which he became known to Veronica and her benefactor.

The joy of Veronica at having found her father, was greatly damped by the knowledge, that she never could have the happiness of seeing her mother—that mother who had suffered so much. The recollection of the deed threw a sadness over both the President and his daughter. However, anxious for the fate of the priest, in whom they owed so deep a debt of gratitude, banished, for the present, other subjects. As may naturally be supposed, the President felt now doubly anxious for his safety, and resolved to risk a great deal to effect his liberation, as a proof of the depth of his esteem and heartfelt admiration of the worthy servant of God.