

NEWS.

The *Caledonia* has arrived, bringing dates to the 19th ult., but there can scarcely be said to be any news.

The new Governor may be expected by the packet of the 19th December. He has been married to Lady Mary Louisa Lambton, eldest daughter of the late Earl of Durham.

The revolution in Portugal threatens serious consequences.

The Great Britain remains ashore in Dunbar Bay.

The grain trade is dull and prices slightly receding. The provision trade is also rather stagnant, but Pork keeps high. Timber has receded in value owing to the arrival of a great number of cargoes simultaneously.

Part of the Gulf squadron, under Commodore Perry, appeared before Tampico on the 11th November, and demanded its surrender. As the garrison had previously withdrawn, this was unconditionally agreed to. The place is to be garrisoned and fortified, and made the basis of future operations against the interior.

A second expedition, consisting of part of the United States squadron, against Alvarado had failed, which has given much dissatisfaction. There has also been an attack upon Tobasco. The United States either have now, or probably will shortly obtain possession of all the places of consequence north of Tampico from one ocean to the other; and it is likely the next season will see such a strong emigration of armed settlers, that those extensive regions will never again return to the miserable sway of Mexico. Whether this addition to the United States territory, equal to all the original States put together, will strengthen that nation or not remains to be seen. Or whether it would be better that the immense tract in question should lie comparatively waste, or that it should be filled by such a population as that of Mississippi and Arkansas, may be a question. One thing, however, appears certain, that the modern Republic, like a famous one of old, aims at very extensive dominion; and we would not be at all surprised, if, after having ejected Mexican sway from the North American continent, she should acquire additional desires to do the same by that of Great Britain. The lust of conquest grows by what it feeds on.

There is no news from Monterey or San Luis Potosi worthy of special notice.

TERRIBLE WRECK OF THE STEAMER ATLANTIC ON FISHER'S ISLAND.

It is with feelings of the most painful nature that we find ourselves constrained to publish the particulars of the loss of the once magnificent steamer *Atlantic*, and about forty lives. She had, comparatively, a small number of passengers. If she had been as crowded as she usually has been, the disaster would of course have been more dreadful and terrible in its results.

The passengers of this ill-fated steamer left Boston at half-past five o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. They proceeded over the Worcester and Norwich Roads, and reached Allyn's Point at half-past eleven on that night. There they went on board the *Atlantic*. She left for New York between twelve and one o'clock on Thursday morning.

There were between seventy and eighty persons on board in all, including passengers, officers, crew and servants.

The *Atlantic* got well under weigh, and was running along finely, when the steam chest exploded, and almost at the same instant the wind shifted from the north-east to the north-west, and blew almost a perfect hurricane.

The steamer was thrown into the midst of darkness and confusion, and the air resounded with the cries of the scalded. It was a frightful scene to behold. Captain Dustan instantly called all hands to the fore-deck, and ordered them to heave over the anchors, but it was found almost impossible for a man to stand on deck, in consequence of the violence of the gale, the sea continually making a breach over her bows. Owing to this, it took nearly an hour to get out the three anchors.

The steamer worked heavy, plunging her bows under at every lurch, and dragging her anchors. Between the time of anchoring and daylight, it is thought that she dragged about eleven miles.—This was a terrible time to all on board. The fires were all put out at daylight on Thursday, and from that time to the period of going ashore, the passengers and crew suffered from the intense cold. The only means of keeping warm, was to wrap themselves in blankets and walk briskly around the steamer.

All, at this time, began to look to their own personal safety. All put on the life preservers that the ship was so plentifully supplied with, and prepared themselves for any emergency; the doors, shutters, settees, &c., &c., were detached and cut away for rafts to drift ashore on, whenever she should strike. The gale increasing in violence, Captain Dustan, who preserved his self possession throughout the perilous time, ordered about forty tons of coal to be thrown overboard, in order to lighten the vessel.

About noon on Thursday, the smoke pipes, which were very large and heavy, were ordered to be thrown overboard. This was done, the Captain assisting, and the steamer was eased for a short time. There was less offered to the force of the wind.

The steamer continued to drift, however, and everything looked terrible and hopeless.

The danger increased so rapidly, that between two and three o'clock Captain Dustan ordered the decks to be cleared of all merchandise, of everything that was in the way. Cases of boots, shoes, barrels of flour, stoves, &c., including one package, said to contain \$7,000 worth of plate, were thrown overboard. There were six to eight thousand dollars' worth of lace on board, belonging to one of the passengers, who had previously said that he would give the whole to any one who would put him safely ashore. This lace was afterwards seen strewn along the beach.

All these efforts, however, to save the steamer were unavailing. No person worked harder than Captain Dustan, and his passengers and crew. It was for life or death. After these repeated and united efforts had failed, all hopes of safety were over, and all felt desirous and anxious that the steamer should strike the beach. It was a frightful sight, but the feelings of those on board had been wrought to such a pitch, that a reaction came over them, and they were resigned to their fate.

About midnight she parted one of her cables, there being four out, one attached to thirty hundred weight of furnace bars, and the others to anchors. After this the gale continued to increase, and blew a perfect hurricane. She was driven still nearer the shore, but passed a point that all expected she would strike upon. She then drifted about eleven miles more, making in all twenty-two miles, which occupied about forty-eight hours, of terrible uncertainty and suffering. She then struck, stern first, on a ledge of rocks on Fisher's Island. A tremendous sea threw her up on the very top of the ledge: so far up, indeed, as almost to throw her over on to the other side. This was the crisis in the disaster. It was terrible, and heartrending in the extreme. In five minutes after she struck, she was in pieces.

In these five minutes, at least one-half of those on board the *Atlantic* were taken from time into eternity. The screams, the crash, the roar of the sea was dreadful!

There were six females, four children, and two infants among the passengers. All the females were drowned or crushed to death. Only one of the children was saved, and he was the only one of the family of which he was a member. His father, mother, married sister, and a younger sister, and two young brothers were on board. The poor little orphan thus saved, and thus thrown alone on the world, is only twelve years of age. The two infants were drowned, frozen, or crushed to death. All this occurred at half-past four o'clock on Friday morning.—*Herald*.

DREADFUL FLOODS IN FRANCE.

The Paris papers of the 23d and 24th instant, contain the particulars of the inundations by which several of the French provinces have been fearfully devastated. We subjoin the following:—

"It appears," says the *National*, "that every scourge has this year fallen on our unfortunate country. Incendiary fires lighted by unknown hands have carried desolation into several departments, the dearth of provision has increased the distress, and at present the rivers are overflowing, and the inundations ravage what had escaped the fires. Entire villages have been swept away; bridges, viaducts, and considerable buildings have fallen to pieces. The loss is not yet ascertained, nor is the number of victims yet known: but the letters received from the scene of desolation are filled with lamentations." The devastations caused by the overflowing of the Loire are dreadful.

The *Semaphore de Marseilles* of the 20th instant, mentions that during the last twenty days it had rained incessantly in the south of France. The rivers Huveaune, the Rhone, and their tributaries, had overflowed their banks, and, on several points, interrupted the communications. On the 19th, the lower part of Avignon was under water. At Tarascon the Rhone had risen, on the 18th, nearly 20 feet above its usual level, and the inhabitants apprehended a recurrence of the disasters of 1840. At Andrezieux, the part of the town situated on the Rhone has been levelled, comprising eighteen houses, and all the traces of the adjoining railroad are lost. The barracks of the gendarmerie are but a heap of ruins, and several persons perished. The number of houses destroyed at Roanne amount to 115, and of 400 boats, laden with merchandise, lying in the Loire, or the canal, and made fast to the quay, 270 were lost. The most fatal episode of the disastrous day of the 19th, at Roanne, was the loss of the municipal councillor, Metie, his son, and some other persons who were upset in a boat within sight of hundreds of spectators, and perished!

CANADA.

The next Mail for England, to leave Boston on the 16th December, will be closed at the Montreal Post Office, on Saturday, 12th December, 1846, seven o'clock, P.M. Newspapers must be posted before five o'clock, P.M.

MELANCHOLY FAIR.—Yesterday morning, as a carter in the employ of Mr. Curren, St. Maurice Street, Recollet Suburbs, was driving a cart into a stable in his master's yard, he saw a woman lying, as he thought, in a dying state; he gave the alarm, and upon Mr. Curren entering the stable she was found to be already dead. The body was identified as that of Bridget Green, a woman of loose character in the neighbourhood. An in-