

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## THE DESTRUCTIVE TORNADO AT NATCHEZ.

THE following letter, (which we have permission to publish,) addressed by the Rev. S. G. Winchester to his friend, the Rev. W. Blood, A. M., who is at present officiating, with great acceptance and usefulness, among different congregations in this city; furnishes a melancholy corroboration of the accounts which have appeared in the public prints relative to the recent tremendous catastrophe at Natchez and its neighbourhood; and while it excites our sympathy for the bereaved and suffering families which have survived, should also fill our hearts with gratitude to Almighty God, that in this northern clime we are happily free from those visitations of storm and tempest, by which the regions of the south are so frequently ravaged:—

NATCHEZ, May 11, 1810.

DEAR FRIEND,—I have just received yours of the 2d May. I hasten to answer it. As a city, we are in ruins. You will doubtless have heard before this reaches you, that an awful tornado has swept over our city, and laid us to the dust. There is scarcely an entire house standing in the city. It occurred on Thursday last, between one and two o'clock. My chimneys were blown down—the two gable ends of my house blown out—the back gallery blown away—my trees and fences on the ground. More than three hundred lives were lost, and more than five millions of property. Three steamboats and about ninety flat boats, with all their crews and cargoes, entirely lost. The Methodist church is in ruins; the steeple of mine thrown down; and part of the roof of the Episcopal is gone. The whole scene is one of unexampled distress. Every hotel is demolished; one end of the City Hotel and one end of the Mansion-house remain. The tavern under the hill is even with the ground, and eleven dead bodies have been dug from the ruins. The theatre is in perfect ruins. Mr. Wilson's store, where your coats were, is utterly destroyed, and partly blown into the river; if your coats were not sent, they are now forever lost. I arrived in the night about one o'clock, and found my family all well; they have been mercifully spared from the desolating hurricane.

We are all in confusion. I have boarded up my house, and returned to it to-day. I write now in haste, but will write you again as soon as I hear from you, and know when you sail for England, and where I am to direct my letter. My wife joins me in kind regards to you.

Excuse haste, and believe me ever your sincere friend.

S. G. WINCHESTER.

VALUE OF ONE BIBLE.—Were it possible to realize the idea that only a single copy of the bible was upon earth; and that all mankind knew where it was deposited; with what delight would myriads press to the favoured spot!—what pilgrimages would be undertaken to catch even a glimpse of the inestimable treasure! Kings would lay down their crowns before it, and sages press from the shades of retirement, and the schools of science, to partake of wisdom at the fountain which mercy had unlocked. And is the value of this treasure become impaired because means are devised to render it accessible to all? Is the light of revelation less valuable because it no longer admits a "struggling ray" through the jealous door-ways and narrow windows of the temple, but bursts forth in all the brightness of its majesty, to console and cheer and animate the universal family of man?—*Dudley.*

ANECDOTE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.—Bacon, in his Apophthegms, relates the following anecdote:—Queen Elizabeth, seeing Sir Edward in her garden, looked out at her window, and asked him, in Italian, "What does a man think of when he thinks of nothing?" Sir Edward, who had not had the effects of some of the Queen's grants so soon as he had hoped, made answer: "Madam, he thinks of a woman's promise." The Queen shrunk in her head, but was heard to say, "Well, Sir Edward, I must not confute you: anger makes dull men witty, but it keeps them poor."

EXTRACT FROM RUSH'S MEMORANDA OF A RESIDENCE AT THE COURT OF LONDON.—"When the Prince came from his apartment, called in the language of palaces his closet, into the entré rooms, I presented to him Mr. John Adams Smith, as public secretary of the legation, and Mr. Ogle Taylor, as attached to it personally. Other special presentations took place; amongst them, that of the Prince of Hesse Hemberg, by Lord Stewart, both distinguished in the then recent battles of the continent. The Prince Regent moved about these rooms, until he had addressed every body; all waiting his salutation. Doors hitherto shut, now opened, when a new scene appeared. You beheld, in a gorgeous mass, the company that had turned off to the right. The opening of the doors was the signal for the commencement of the general levee. I remained with others to see it. All passed, one by one, before the Prince, each receiving a momentary salutation. To a few he addressed conversation, but briefly; as it stopped the line. All were in rich costume. Men of genius and science were there; the nobility were numerous, so were the military. There were from forty to fifty generals; perhaps as many admirals; with throngs of officers of rank inferior. I remarked upon the number of the wounded. 'Who is that,' I asked, 'pallid, but with a countenance so animated?' 'That's General Walker,' I was told, 'who was pierced with bayonets, whilst leading on the assault at Badajos.' 'And he, close by, tall but limping?' 'Colonel Ponsonby: he was left for dead at Waterloo; the cavalry, it was thought, had trampled upon him.' Then came one of like port, but deprived of a leg, and as he moved slowly onward, the whisper went, 'That's Lord Anglesea.' A fourth had been wounded at Seringapatam; a fifth at Talavera; some had suffered in Egypt, some in America. There were those who had received scars on the deck with Nelson; others who carried them from the days of Howe. One, yes one, had fought at Saratoga. It was so that my enquiries were answered. All had 'done their duty.' this was the favourite praise bestowed. They had earned a title to come before their sovereign, and read in his recognition their country's approbation."

And does the hero of a hundred battles consider himself as amply rewarded for the perils, toils and wounds of his military career, by the approving recognition of his prince, and the grateful plaudits of his country? Let the Christian warrior continue courageously to fight the "good fight of faith," and resist the spiritual enemies of his soul and of his God, and he will be "more than conqueror," and finally realize the fulfilment of that great promise, "I will give him the morning star"—yea, "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne."—Rev. iii. 21.

About thirty streets of the city of Pompeii, after having been covered with the lava and ashes from Vesuvius, for nearly 1600 years, are now restored to light, forming a third part of the town: the walls which formed its ancient enclosure have been recognized; a magnificent amphitheatre, a theatre, a forum, the temple of Isis, that of Venus, and a number of other buildings, have been cleared; the secret stairs by which the priests of those times slyly crept to prompt the oracles have been detected; but the works are progressing very slowly, owing to the want of funds.

THOMAS A KEMPIS.—"This Thomas was called a *Kempis* from a little village of that name in the diocese of Cologne, where he was born in the year of our Lord 1373. His parentage and fortune were mean: at 13 years old he began his studies, and about 19 betook himself to a Monastery of Augustin's Monks. About five and twenty he took the habit of that house and order; there he continued for the space of seventy years, particularly eminent for his piety, humility, diligent study of the Holy Scriptures, anxiety of life, moving eloquence of discourse, and extraordinary zeal in prayer. In his person, he was of middle stature, of a strong brown complexion, a lively piercing eye, and a sight so good that though he laboured much under infirmities of old age, yet he was never reduced to the use of spectacles. He died July 25th, 1471, in the ninety-second year of his age.—*Colonial Churchmen.*

There is at present in the gratery of Col. Connolly, at Castletown, a vine measuring the extraordinary length of 100 feet; and, in order to thin the crop, the gardener cut away 2,000 bunches of grapes, leaving to ripen the prodigious quantity of 3,500 bunches. This is the largest and most productive vine in this country.—*Dublin paper.*

Last year, in a field at Three Rivers, two seeds were sown, which produced the same season, two cart loads of vegetable melons.

## POETRY.

## THE TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

'Tis built on a rock, and the tempest may rave;  
Its solid foundation repels the proud wave;  
Though Satan himself should appear in the van,  
Truth smiles at the rage of the infidel clan.

"Like the sun going forth" in his mighty career,  
To gladden the earth and illumine each sphere;  
The chariot of Truth shall in majesty roll  
O'er climate, isle, ocean, to each distant pole.

A glorified course it shall nobly pursue,  
Encircling with radiance both Gentile and Jew;  
And millions of heathens, their idols despising,  
Shall bask in the light, and exult in its rising!

The shadows that cover the regions of HAM  
Shall vanish, or flame with the light of the LAMB:  
Each lovely green island, that gems the salt wave,  
His truth will convert, his philanthropy save!

Already a glory has flamed in the West;  
Poor Negroes with spiritual freedom are blest;  
The palms of the South show its beautiful blaze;  
And the Boreal pines have been upt with its rays

A voice in the desert, a voice in the wood!  
A voice o'er the mountain and billowy flood!  
"Thy glory is come;" abject heathen, "arise,  
And shine," like a new-risen star in the skies!

"A Star in the East" is to millions display'd,  
Whose lustre has sunk the proud Crescent in shade  
O'er the darkness of nations, for ages forlorn,  
Bright Truth is diffusing millennial morn!

O'er pagod and altar the Gospel has blazed;  
The Brahmin has wonder'd, the Moslem has gaz'd;  
The vision delightful shall Salem behold;  
And, under one Shepherd, the world be one fold!

The sign of the Cross has appear'd—the blest sign;  
And faith has decypher'd the motto divine,  
"He must reign" till the nations in homage bow down;  
The wicked his footstool—believers his crown.

Life's river of crystal shall ever where flow,  
Till flowerless deserts a paradise grow;  
And wilds bleak and barren burst out in the glory,  
Predicted by Seers in prophetic story.

The record denounces that Babel shall fall;  
Priest, pagod, fanc, idol, mosque, minaret—all  
The strong holds of Satan to ruins be hurl'd;  
And glory shall cover our desolate world!

The mighty may fight with JEHOVAH'S decree;  
And the sceptic may write that it never shall be;  
But the finger of time on its dial shall stop,  
Ere one promise prove false, or one prophecy drop!

Go, stop it, proud scorers! alas, it is vain!  
Ye may as well tie up the winds with a chain;  
Or the stars, or the tides of the ocean control;  
Or fuse the vast ices that rivet the pole.

MASDEN.

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