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# THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, AND WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Vol. I.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1846.

No. 10

## NOTICE.

The People's Magazine, New Series, has been sent hitherto to the Subscribers for the first half-year, expiring in October last, in the expectation that every mail would bring a remittance in advance for the current year, according to terms. As there is to be no credit on the Magazine, however, this is the last number that can be sent to parties that have not remitted. But it is hoped that all such will remit forthwith. Subscribers for 12 months to the First Series are respectfully informed that their subscriptions expire with the end of this month.

Remittances may be enclosed to Mr. Wardworth in the same letters with subscriptions for the Montreal Witness, Temperance Advocate, &c.

### THE LAND OF THE FREE.

(From the London Patriot.)

Oh, England, England! happy land,  
The birth-place of the free;  
Long may thy strength and glory stand,  
Sweet home of liberty!

And were our island half as large  
As is a freeman's heart,  
We'd welcome every slave on earth  
To share with us a part.

No bitter scorn of ebon skin  
Should chase him from our shore;  
We'd take the swarthy stranger in,  
To serve in bonds no more.

And every serf that lowly bends  
Before a tyrant's nod,  
Should dwell with us as brethren, friends,  
Safe from the oppressor's rod.

Birmingham.

M. M.

### THE LATE THOMAS CLARKSON.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

He has not lived in vain,  
Who, for man's birth-right brave,  
Hath snapp'd the negro's chain—  
Given freedom to the slave!

'Twas worthy all the toil  
Of thy long, arduous life,  
To have won so proud a spoil  
In such a noble strife.

Nor has he lived in van,  
Who by his life hath taught  
What zeal untired can gain,  
To one fixed purpose brought.

The longest span of time  
No lesson well could teach,  
More fraught with truth sublime,  
Within the humblest reach!

### INDIANS OF THE SOUTH—THE FLORIDA WAR.

Of the Florida Indians, under the English dominion from 1763 to 1784, I know little, for the Archives were carried away; but, by the description of Bertram the younger, a naturalist who travelled among them, they were few in number, living comfortably in towns remote from each other.

During the Spanish dominion, which followed after the treaty of 1783, they were, with the exception of the real Seminoles, generally in a troubled state among themselves; and the Government, too weak to attempt any control, left the management of them for seven

years to the Scotch house of Panton, Leslie, & Co., which, by license, continued a monopoly in trade, first granted by the English. There are in the Archives at St. Augustine, letters from a half-breed Creek chief, named Alexander McGillivray, to the Spanish Governor, which are excellent models of straightforward business correspondence. I am told by Mr. John McGillivray, of Cornwall, that he was the son of Lachlan McGillivray, a relative of the McGillivrays here, and educated in England. He died about the year 1800, and by a letter from Mr. Panton it appears his children were daughters.

When the American Government obtained possession of Florida in 1821, the Indians were in a more disjointed state than ever. A portion of the Creek nation residing within the United States, had stretched along the Apalachicola River, down to its mouth. There were various small "towns" scattered about, containing either outcasts from Georgia or remnants of larger communities, and in what is now the county of Alachua, were the "Seminoles," who, though the word signifies "wanderers," had, wherever they came from, settled down in a small but well ordered community, possessed of considerable wealth, in negro slaves and cattle. It is incorrect to apply the name "Seminoles" to the Florida Indians at large, for they considered themselves the highest tribe, and I have heard them claim it with pride, as a peculiar distinction.

In 1823, it was agreed by a treaty held at Moultrie, near St. Augustine, if agreement it can be called, where one party was totally opposed to the arrangement, that all the various bands, including the Seminoles, should retire to a district marked out on the western coast of the Peninsula, south of Alachua, and choose one head chief for the whole, with an understanding that they should remove west of the Mississippi in 1842. The Creeks on the Apalachicola were, however, permitted to remain as they were, the chiefs having large reserves guaranteed to them. They continued friendly, and driving a most advantageous bargain with the United States for their property, had all emigrated in 1838, with the exception of some two hundred who commenced depredations in 1839, and remained to the last.

It is proper to observe, that the Spanish Government having been three centuries in possession of the Floridas, and regarding the existing Indians as recent emigrants, or interlopers, acknowledged in them no right of soil or territory, and consequently the cession was made to the United States, without any reserve whatever of Indian titles. Legally therefore, the Indians were placed, in regard to vacant lands, precisely in the position of the whites, and as they had not the means of purchasing, the right of ejectment always remained with the Government. The whole number, when assembled in the "Nation," as their district was called, did not probably exceed 5,000 souls.

They probably agreed ill among themselves, and by straying outside their boundaries, were continually in trouble with white settlers as lawless as themselves, between whom counter-charges of cattle-stealing and other offences were as unceasing as true, till 1834, when the whites, seized with the common mania of the day, that land was becoming exceedingly scarce and valuable, began to fear, though their population never exceeded one to the square mile, that they would soon be crowded if the Indians were not forthwith removed, and a new treaty was concluded at Payne's Landing.

This treaty is continually commented upon, as something peculiarly wicked, by persons who probably never saw it; but the character of the American Commissioner, Colonel James Gadsden, of South Carolina, is a guarantee that it was about as fair as any Indian treaty can be. The great difficulty was the non-existence of a second party to

the contract, for few of the disjointed bands of Indians would acknowledge the powers of the chiefs who signed, and then there was a complete misunderstanding. The whites pretended that certain chiefs, selected to proceed to Arkansas, were to choose a location to which all should emigrate, while the Indians insisted they were only to examine the country, and report whether it was advisable to emigrate or not.

Thus stood matters in the fall of 1835, when the whites insisted that the Indians were bound to remove, and as they generally manifested a contrary disposition, called loudly upon Government to force them; but such had been their continued docility, that the Government imagined all things would be arranged without disturbance, especially as a portion had declared their readiness to go. One border irritation bringing on another, the whites declared that if the Indians did not remove peaceably they should be driven, and commenced making preparations, of which the Indians were aware.

At this juncture of hot blood, though nothing like hostilities had commenced on either side, Major Dade having been ordered as a precautionary protection for the agency at Fort King, to proceed there from Tampa, a distance of 120 miles through the woods, with a command of 113, officers and regular soldiers, was surrounded about half-way, in the open pine wood, by a large body of Indians who massacred the whole (they being, I suppose, deficient in ammunition) except three wounded men who crept away in the night. This occurred on the 28th Dec., 1835, and on the same day Ocoola, who afterwards figured so largely in the newspapers, with a small party, surrounding the Agency, killed General Thompson the Agent, a Lieutenant of the army, and some others residing there, and finished the day by murdering Charley Amathla, a chief favorable to emigration. Three days after, General Clinch was attacked on the Withlacoochie, and, though it was called a "glorious victory," forced to retire; for his 200 regulars could not advance against the Indians, and his 600 militia, like prudent gentlemen, could not be brought within range of shot.

Such were the causes and commencement of the "Florida War," which, as a subject daily referred to in the United States, is worthy of this concise explanation.

The Indians made immediately a dash upon the settlements in all directions, breaking up plantations, large and small, and murdering all who could be overtaken, without regard to age or sex. All the settlements in East Florida, which covers 30,000 square miles, were immediately abandoned, the people flying to the two towns of St. Augustine and Jacksonville, or seeking refuge in the vicinity of military posts, in which condition they mostly remained, moving as the posts were changed, for six years, depending mainly upon Government for subsistence. In Middle Florida the larger planters, who had extensive clearings, erected stockades round their dwellings and risked the dangers.

Troops were soon thrown into the country, and maintained in force of from 5,000 to 10,000 men, from 1836 to 1842; but as the Indians were now dispersed over such an immense territory, they could seldom be overtaken, and the contest, improperly called "a war," continued to be a mere search for fugitives, who could rarely muster in sufficient force to offer battle. In occasional skirmishes between small parties, the whites always obtained the "victory," but with the loss of several men, while seldom, indeed, was a dead Indian left on the ground. The numerous swamps and thickets gave safe retreats for their families; the sky, in that beautiful climate, was usually a sufficient canopy, while fish, game, fruits, and edible roots, furnished, every where, abundant subsistence. But the warriors appeared to be any where except where sought for. White families having the temerity, from time to time, to re-establish themselves in exposed situations, were murdered in cold blood; travellers were shot down on the roads; empty waggons, returning from one post to another, with merely a corporal's guard, were intercepted; and companies of troops moving through the woods, were fired upon from convenient ambushes, by an unseen enemy, who, choosing the locality, retreated into recesses where pursuit was useless.

In this manner, from first to last, some five hundred to a thousand inhabitants were murdered, and an equal number of troops killed. Perhaps it would not be an exaggeration to estimate the whole at near two thousand, to which may be added a corresponding number of

deaths, resulting from exposures and privations; while it is doubtful whether the Indians lost much over one hundred lives during the whole contest. Such a result, where the warriors did not at the outset, all counted, exceed one thousand, is difficult of belief, but it must, nevertheless, be recorded as a historical fact. I can now remember eleven persons murdered at different times, while I was in St. Augustine, on the main road from that place to Picolata, on the St. Johns, a distance of only eighteen miles; during a truce of six weeks, I kept a list, which amounted to forty-six in that time, along a line of five hundred miles. They have been murdered before me and behind me, while on the road. I have come up with many before the warm life's-blood had ceased flowing, and seen more in their last agonies. Nothing can excite such thrills of horror, as the spectacle of these victims of savage blood-thirstiness.

Occasionally, by fortunate coincidences, considerable parties were captured, but the greater part came in and surrendered voluntarily, from time to time, saying they were "tired of the war;" for there was always a standing order at all the posts, to treat every Indian who came in with the utmost kindness and consideration, as an inducement for others to follow. In 1841, when the number remaining was reduced to about two thousand, a successful system of bribery was adopted, and by the expenditure of \$115,000, of which the principal chiefs received from \$3,000 to \$8,000 each, the whole surrendered, and were removed, with the exception of two or three hundred, who still lurk about the southern part of the Peninsula, and manifest no hostile propensities.

The American Government has been, and continues to be, terribly vilified for the conduct of this "war;" but this is one of those common historical mistakes, which, once impressed upon the public mind, is hard to be unlearned. That the Government erred, and erred greatly, is most certain; but it was entirely on the side of a mistaken humanity, and forbearance to a misguided combination of Indian hordes, too insignificant in numbers to demand that the whole energies of a nation should be directed against them, and yet so determinedly obstinate in their bandit course, that it was necessary to maintain a large force in the field, lest, after depeopling Florida, they should carry fire and murder into the scattered settlements of adjoining states.

"Wars," says an old maxim, "to be short must be terrible;" but the Indians, by making their terrible made it long; and another cause, was the error which powerful nations have often committed, of making regular war against a people, which, instead of being a "nation," is only a thousand individuals, no one of whom considers himself bound by the engagements of another, and each of whom conducts hostilities as he sees fit—either by taking his chance alone by the road side, or associating with such numbers as may join together for a particular expedition, and then disperse again. Added to these, numbers living in single families were criminals against Indian law, and outcasts from the emigrated tribes; some of the most actively bloody, being bullies, murderers, and adulterers, who frequently declared, that they had more to fear from certain retaliation, if removed too near their own countrymen in the West, than from the whites of Florida, whom they could always both harass and elude.

## THE LATE CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

(From Biographical Sketch in the *Englishwoman's Magazine*.)

. . . Her husband had joined his regiment at Halifax in Nova Scotia, and thither it became the duty of Charlotte Elizabeth to follow him.

Enjoying vigorous health, and gifted with a keen perception and an enthusiastic love of the sublime and beautiful in nature, Charlotte Elizabeth Phelan might, during this her first voyage, be seen, all day long, and in every sort of weather, seated on the highest point of the ship's stern, and watching with a degree of enjoyment far beyond description, the noble vessel's "graceful course through the mighty deep." At length there came a storm; and then the young English lady, by her own desire, was lashed to the mizen-mast, in order that she might behold in safety the magnificent spectacle of the sea in "his strength." The peril, however, soon became extreme. Night closed in; the gale increased; the sails were torn to ribands; the rudder broke loose, and the spanker-boom snapped like a reed, the ship lay so low

in the water, that everything was afloat in the sleeping cabin; and the captain openly declared, that unless some most unlikely change of weather took place, "they were bound for the bottom." Under these circumstances, Charlotte Elizabeth could not but know that, in the strictest sense, there was but a plank between her and eternity; but concerning eternity, she had, at this time, no fears whatever. She had, as very many have, a general reliance on the boundless mercies of God, and a general notion of Christ, as having suffered for human guilt; but self-righteousness was, nevertheless, in fact, the main staff on which she leaned; and confident in her own false hope, she looked boldly on the appalling peril in which she stood. She was not, indeed, so senseless as to prefer an eternity of untried misery to the fleeting sorrows of this mortal life; but being lulled into security by the fatal delusion that she suffered more than she deserved, and had consequently a claim on the Divine justice, she was "willing to receive the balance of the account in the world to come," and cared not how soon she might be summoned to her expected reward.

Of Charlotte Elizabeth it may be justly said, that all her tastes were passions; and never was the passionate enthusiasm of her character more strikingly exhibited than during this fearful storm. Think of her climbing three tiers of lockers in the state cabin, opening one of the large stern windows, and leaning out as far as she could reach, enraptured beyond expression by the terrific grandeur of the scene! With her hair streaming as wildly as the rent sails, she hung, leaning from an open window, directly over the bright track of the rudder, now high aloft, now deluged by some bursting billow, as the dip of the vessel brought her down almost to the water's surface; and in spite of all remonstrance, refused to quit her perilous station, till the mate was ordered to put up the dead lights; that done, she sat down on the floor, buried her face in her hands, and strove to realize the magnificence thus rent from her sight.

[What follows refers to her residence in Ireland, after returning from abroad.]

Still, her lot, so far as this world was concerned, had in it nothing of happiness; and poor indeed were her only grounds of consolation: one was a careful concealment of whatever might subject her to the mortification of being pitied when she desired to be envied; the other, to which we have already alluded, was "a confident assurance, that in suffering afflictions uncomplainingly," she was "making God her debtor to a large amount." She was wholly shut out from the ordinary means of grace; there was no gospel ministry within her reach; and if there had been, her deafness would have prevented her from profiting by it. Into Christian society—in the sense in which she afterwards learned to understand that term—she had never entered; nor had "the least glimmer of spiritual light" shone into her mind. Her religion, so far as she had any, was the religion of the Pharisee; and hoping thereby to mitigate her many miseries, she determined to assume the character of a devotee. Resolved, in short, to emulate the religious recluses of whom she had often read, and to become a sort of Protestant nun; and, accordingly, fancying her little garden, with its high stone walls, to be a conventual enclosure, she resolved to pray four times a-day, and entered with great alacrity upon this new scheme of devotion.

"Here," writes Charlotte Elizabeth, "God met, and arrested me." When she kneeled down to pray, an idea of the terrible and unapproachable majesty of Him, whom she had been accustomed to address in a heartless form of words, paralyzed her with fear. Against this feeling she strove with characteristic pertinacity, magnifying alike, both her "doings and her sufferings." All, however, was vain; she dared not to pray, and to refrain from prayer seemed equally impossible. Her distress of mind continuing, she was led to examine herself, in order to discover why she was thus afraid to approach unto God; and taking the ten commandments as her rule, she could not but perceive her deficiency as it respected many points of duty; and the declaration of St. James, "whosoever shall keep the whole law, yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all," alarmed her exceedingly. Further consideration showed her, that the precepts of the New Testament in all their spiritual extent, were, no less than the decalogue, binding on a Christian; and she trembled more than ever.

What was to be done? Of course, she must reform her conduct, and become obedient to the whole law. To this work she accordingly addressed herself; beginning by transcribing those

commandments which she knew her-self to be in the habit of neglecting, and affixing them in conspicuous places to the walls of her apartment.

In this state of mind she continued during many days; God's perfect law before her eyes; and a full conviction of her own guilt and helplessness, leaving her without hope. For the first time during many years, she was at this period attacked by serious illness, and lay on her couch expecting nothing but what "must follow the close of a sinner's life." At this juncture a benevolent acquaintance lent her some books. Lastlessly, wretchedly, and without choice or purpose she opened one—it was a memoir of a departed son, written by his father. She read a page, and was struck by an acknowledgment on the part of the deceased, that he deserved at the hand of the Almighty, nothing but eternal death. Her interest was excited; and knowing, as she thought, what must have been his feelings of terror at the approach of death, she thought, with herself, "I will see what he said at last, when on the very brink of the bottomless pit." She resumed the book, and, to her amazement, found the dying Christian rejoicing in the assurance, that although he himself was guilty and helpless, there was a mighty Redeemer, who had atoned for his iniquities—had satisfied divine justice on his account—had opened for him the gate of heaven—and was waiting to receive his ransomed soul.

The book dropped from her hands. "This is what I want—this would save me," was the thought that flashed upon her mind; and with characteristic decision she reflected, if what is here said of the Saviour be true, it must be so written in the New Testament. Never was the value of a mere verbal knowledge of the Scriptures more apparent than on this occasion. The well-stored memory of Charlotte Elizabeth brought before her, not detached texts, but whole chapters, which, in her childhood, had been committed to its safe, but hitherto unprofitable keeping. The veil by the grace of God, was removed from her heart; her understanding was opened, that she should understand the Scriptures; and Christ, as set forth in the everlasting gospel, was revealed to her as "Him of whom Moses and the prophets did write;" and, as in every other case of real conversion to God, whether ordinary or extraordinary as to its attendant circumstances, the change wrought upon her mind was proved to be genuine by the permanence of its happy effects.

[We find the following touching memorials of this good and gifted woman in a number of the *New York Observer* just received. It will form an appropriate accompaniment to the above. Mr. Tonna was Charlotte Elizabeth's second husband. Her first marriage was unhappy.]

#### SUFFERINGS OF CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

While thousands have been delighted by the production of Charlotte Elizabeth's gifted mind, few, comparatively, were aware of the process of suffering, by which the Lord prepared her for usefulness so extended.

Becoming deaf in childhood, she dwelt, for a long period of her eventful life, in a world of comparative silence; yet she was not lonely. Her active mind was always busy, and, as the object of her whole life, from the time the Lord brought her to the knowledge of himself, was to do good, she found abundant employment among the ignorant, the suffering and the sinful. Though unable to hear a word of the service, she was always in her seat at public worship, and from the fingers of her devoted husband, Mr. Tonna, were transferred to hers, every word of the sermon. It was a common remark, "Mrs. Tonna knows more of the sermon than any body else in the church."

In consequence of long continued deafness, the organs of speech sunk into gradual disuse in the latter years of her life, and conversation was carried on by means of the slate when her husband was not present to use his hand as the medium of communication between the minds of the visitors, and that of his valuable wife.

For years she had been suffering from the most terrible of diseases, cancer, which, being under the arm, deprived her of her favourite employment of writing, and compelled her to entire dependence on the aid of her husband in preparing her later works for the press. Yet in all this she "murmured not, nor charged God foolishly."

As Mr. Tonna was daily engaged in the United Service Museum in London, he was necessarily absent a great part of the day from his house at Blackheath. For several months before her death, Mrs. Tonna resided in apartments prepared for her in the U. S. Museum, and to the daughter of the writer, who visited her

there, she said, "My husband is my eyes and ears; he is like my guardian angel, continually hovering round me." She laboured in her Master's service to the last. The June number of her "Ladies' Magazine," was filled with high anticipation of coming good to Israel, for whose restoration she ardently longed, and early in July, the God of Israel called her home.

New York, Sept. 14, 1846.

ISABELLA HOLT.

#### INCIDENT OF TRAVEL IN THE PUNA, OR SOUTH AMERICAN HIGHLANDS.

(From Peru: Sketches of Travels in 1838-42, by Tschudi, a German Naturalist.)

I had now reached the high plain, 14,000 feet above the level of the sea. On each side rose the peaks of the Cordilleras clothed in eternal ice—gigantic pyramids towering into the heavens. It seemed to me as if nature, on these snowy plains of the Cordilleras, breathed out her last breath. Here life and death met together; and I seemed to be arrived at the boundary line between being and annihilation. On which side would my lot fall? I could not guess. How little life had the sun awakened around me; where the dull-green puna-grass, hardly the height of a finger, mingled its hue with the mountain glaciers! Yet here I saluted with pleasure, as old friends, the purple-blue gentiana and the brown calceolaria. . . . As I rode farther, life awakened in richer variety around me; animals and birds appeared—few in species, but rich in individuals. Herds of vicunas approached me—then fled away with the speed of the wind. I saw, in the distance, quiet troops of huanacus gazing suspiciously at me, and passing along. . . . I had ridden on for several hours, observing the varieties of life in this elevated plain, when I came upon a dead mule which had been left here by its driver to die of hunger and cold. As I approached the carcass, three condors rose from their repast; and hovered, for a while, in narrowing circles round my head, as if threatening punishment for the interruption. It was now two o'clock in the afternoon, and I had ridden on a gradual ascent since the break of day. My panting mule slackened his pace, and seemed unwilling to toil up an elevation which lay in my route. I dismounted; and, to relieve the beast and exercise my limbs, began to walk at a rapid pace. But in a short time the rarity of the air began to be felt; and I experienced an oppressive sensation which I had never known before. I stood still that I might breathe more freely; but there was no support in the thin air. I tried to walk; but an indescribable distress compelled me to halt again. My heart throbbed audibly against my side; my breathing was short and interrupted; a world's load seemed laid upon my chest; my lips were blue and parched, and the small vessels of my eyelids were bursting. Then, my senses were leaving me; I could neither see, hear, nor feel distinctly; a grey mist was floating before my eyes,—tinged, at times, with red, when the blood gathered on my eyelids. In short, I felt myself involved in that strife between life and death, which I had before imagined in surrounding nature. My head became giddy, and I was compelled to lie down. If all the riches of the world or the glories of heaven had been but a hundred feet higher, I could not have stretched out my hand towards them. I lay in this half-senseless condition for some time,—until rest had so far restored me that I could mount my mule. One of the Puna storms now suddenly gathered, and the snow began to fall heavily. The sun looked out at intervals, but only for a moment. My mule could scarcely wade through the increasing snow. Night was coming on; I had lost all feeling in my feet, and could hardly hold the reins in my benumbed fingers. I was about to yield myself up for lost, when I observed an overhanging rock sheltering a cave. I hastened to explore the spot, and found there a shelter from the wind. I unsaddled the mule, and made a bed of my cloak and trappings. After tying the animal to a stone, I appeased my hunger with roasted maize and cheese, and lay down to sleep. But scarcely had my eyes closed, when an intolerable burning pain in the eyelids awakened me. There was no more hope of sleep. The hours of the night seemed endless. When I reckoned that day must be breaking, I opened my eyes, and discovered all the misery of my situation. A human corpse had served as my pillow. Shuddering, I hastened out of the cave, to saddle my mule and leave this dismal place; but the good beast was lying dead upon the ground;—in his hunger, he had eaten, as it appeared, the poisonous *gurbuncillo*. Poor beast! he had shared some hard adventures with me. I turned again towards the cave. The sun had risen upon

this frozen world; and, encouraged by signs of light and life around me, I ventured to inspect the body of my lifeless companion. It was the corpse of a half-Indian; and several deadly wounds in the head explained that he had been murdered by the slings of Indian robbers, who had taken away his clothes. I seized my gun, and shot a mountain hare—which served for breakfast; then waited for help. It was near noon when I heard a monotonous short cry, now and then breaking the stillness. Recognising the tones, I mounted on the nearest point of rock: and, looking down, discovered the two Indian llama drivers whom I met on the previous day. I hastened to them; and persuaded them, by the gift of a little tobacco, to leave one of their llamas with me to carry my baggage.

#### SOCIAL IMPROVEMENTS.

(From the London Record.)

It is impossible to avoid being struck, from time to time, with many marked differences between the days on which we have fallen, and those even which immediately preceded them. Various important changes are taking place in society, even in matters with which religion has nothing to do; and concerning which it is difficult to conceive that religious influence has operated in any way. We will briefly allude to some of these:

1. Twenty years ago, the brutal practice, or "art," of pugilism, was eagerly patronised by great numbers, even of the higher classes. Going back no further than 1824 or 1825, we can remember the occurrences of several "great matches" in each year, and their attracting considerable attention among all classes. All this is now passed away; chiefly decaying, we believe, from the innate scoundralism of the system, which made the votaries of the art so fraudulent and so hateful to each other, that "the ring" has become deserted.

2. The like fate seems to be coming upon "the Turf." True, it is probable that never did horse-racing command so much attention in England as at the present moment. But it has fallen and is falling. The gentry are fast quitting "the Turf," and the business is transferred to the public-houses. Every year the art of horse-racing seems to fall lower and lower in public esteem, and we shall not be surprised if, in a dozen years, it is wholly left in the hands of the "gentlemen of the profession."

3. The Theatre is equally declining. Twenty years ago, the higher and middle classes numbered many professed admirers and patrons of the drama. Kemble and Kean, Matthews and Macready, had their myriads of admirers, and the stage was a common topic of conversation in general society. Now, Covent Garden is given up to Musical Promenades, and Drury Lane to an Italian Opera. Mr. Braham sings at taverns, Mr. C. Kemble lectures and reads Shakspeare in Mechanics' Institutes, and Mr. Macready is acting at the Surrey Theatre!

4. Twenty or thirty years ago, the poetry of Byron and Moore occupied a very large place in the public attention. Now they are gone, and no others have arisen in their room.

These are only a few, out of many great changes. It is not easy to see, at a glance, whither all these things tend. If their failure promises well, in some respects,—it would be easy to mention many new things which have sprung up among us, and which would perhaps incline the balance in an opposite direction.

#### APPLES OF GOLD.

I live by the faith of the Son of God.—Gal. ii. 20.

In spiritual things we are too often living upon self. We seek in frames, forms, creatures, and animal life, that inward peace and stability of mind which is only to be found in the Redeemer. Outward duties are well in their place; but they have no divine life in themselves, or to give. They are to be performed, but not trusted in; to be used with grace, but cannot buy grace. They are as the scaffold of the building,—a mean for carrying on the work, but not the end of the great design. In the power of Christ they are blessings; without it they have no power. The whole trust must be in Jesus. He is the way, the truth, and the life; without him prayers, praises, rites, and ordinances, are carcasses without a soul. Every performance of outward worship is so, unless the Saviour fills it with his divine Spirit. Then it is we experience a communion of heart, a reviving of the soul after the adorable Jesus, and a delightful view behind the veil of outward ordinances, (such as no carnal eye can behold,) manifesting the Lord in his goodness, beauty, grandeur, blessedness, and glory.—*Bogatky's Treasury.*

DR. JOHNSON.



The house in which Samuel Johnson was born being a good specimen of an antiquated house, of the better class, in an English borough.

Samuel Johnson was born at Lichfield, England, in 1709. His father, Michael Johnson, was a bookseller in that city, and placed his son, when eight years old, at the Free School there—but he was not then remarkable for diligence or regular application, though his tenacious memory made whatever he read his own.—In his sixteenth year he commenced his classical studies, and was placed at another school, where he remained until he entered Pembroke College, Oxford, in 1728:—there he completed a residence of three years, and then became Under-master of an academy in Leicestershire, which he soon left under great disappointment. About this period, his first literary work, “A Translation of a voyage to Abyssinia,” appeared, and gained for him some celebrity, which, as the various points of his master-mind came forth, gradually increased from year to year.—In extreme indigence he married a widow in 1735, who died in 1752; she brought with her what, to a person in his straitened circumstances, was an affluent fortune, which, however, was soon exhausted in his visionary project of a seminary of learning. From this, through many following years, his history is but that of genius struggling with adversity: and as it would be vain, in this brief compass, to attempt to describe either the chequered scenes of the one, or the brilliant productions of the other, we will merely observe, with an unbounded store of profound erudition and consummate talents, he was not able, at the age of thirty, to provide for the day that was passing over him; indeed up to this date, his life had been only a perpetual struggle with overwhelming difficulties. But now, halcyon days began to open upon him: in 1762 the King as a reward to his high literary merit, granted him a pension of £300 a year, and then it was that he emerged from his obscurity, and, with an established fame and comfortable independence, began to dazzle and astonish an admiring world, which he continued to do with unabated success to the close of his laborious life.

Dr. Johnson, from childhood, had been affected in his nerves by that troublesome disorder called the King’s evil, and at two years of age was presented to the royal touch of Queen Anne, under the supposition that healing virtue might be obtained from this communication. During the latter part of his life, he suffered severely from repeated attacks of dropsy, which proved fatal to him at last, on the 13th December 1784, in his seventy-fifth year:—he always had an unconquerable fear of death, arising from a constitutionally morbid sensibility; but the strength of religion finally prevailed against this infirmity of nature, and his foreboding dread of the Divine Justice subsided into a pious trust and humble hope of mercy at the throne of grace. What a singular destiny has been that of this remarkable man! To be regarded in his own age as a classic and in ours as a companion! to receive from his contemporaries that full homage which men of genius have, in general, only received from posterity, and to be more intimately known to posterity, than other men are known to their contemporaries—this is the reward of his fame! and this reward

will be extended to him, in grateful remembrance, as long as the English language is spoken in any quarter of the globe!

## SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.

“He was the father.”—Gen. iv. 20.

It was a practice among the Jews to call a man the “father” of any thing or circumstance for which he was remarkable. The same usage prevails now, and always did, among the Arabians, and in many instances furnishes a name which supercedes the proper name of the person denoted. Thus the first of the Arabian caliphs is known as *Abu-bekr*, or “the father of the girl,”—that is, of Ayesha, the wife of Mohammed. The same practice extends to the domestics of a large household, each of whom is called the father of that department of duty entrusted to him.

“—of such as dwell in tents and—have cattle.”

He was then the first of those wandering shepherds, who, to this day, occupy so conspicuous a place among the inhabitants of Asia, living under tents, and removing from place to place with their flocks and herds, according to the season or the demand for pasturage. These notices of the founders of the primary occupations of mankind are interesting. We have seen Adam as the primitive gardener; Cain as a husbandman; Abel as a shepherd; and now Jabal as a nomade. The reader, by comparing this verse with the 17th, will observe that men lived in houses before they lived in tents. A city was built by Cain: but dwelling in tents was not practised until the seventh generation from Adam.—*Pictorial Bible*.

## PROSPERITY.

“And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.”—Ps. i. 3.

There is, perhaps, no blessing more universally coveted than the one promised in this text. Who has not wished that everything he undertook might succeed? that he might be like Joseph, “who was a prosperous man?” “and his master saw that the Lord was with him, and made all that he did to prosper in his hand.”—Gen. xxxix. 2, 3. Or like Daniel, who was eminently honored during three or four reigns, being “preferred above the presidents and princes,” “because an excellent spirit was in him,” and “he prospered.”

But who is it that can reasonably expect this promise to be fulfilled in his case, or what should a man do to prosper in all things? Many would be inclined to say that the righteous, *i. e.*, believers in the Lord Jesus, are those to whom this general prosperity is promised; but experience shows that this is not often the case: they have as many or more crosses, losses, troubles, and reverses as others;—and seeing this apparently anomalous result, some might be inclined to explain away the declaration as not intended to convey any absolute or positive promise of prosperity in temporal as well as spiritual matters. But this latter alternative is a very dangerous way of treating Scripture.

The apparent difficulty will disappear, however, upon a little examination of the context. It is not all the righteous who are to prosper in all things—it is only a certain class of them. They who walk not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor stand in the way of sinners, nor sit in the chair of the scornful:—that is, those who maintain a walk and conversation becoming the gospel, who are a separate and peculiar people, and who neither mix themselves up with the sins, nor even with the sinners of the world, in any relation which implies mutual responsibility. But how can persons who voluntarily mix themselves up in marriages, partnerships, societies, or even in complicated business transactions with those who are destitute of religious principle, expect to realise this promise? They walk in the counsel of the ungodly, and stand in the way of sinners. How many are grievously rebuked, through long dreary years, for a single step taken in the counsel of the ungodly!

But it is not enough to abstain from evil courses and evil company in order to realize the promise. The context goes farther. We must place our delight on the law of God, and meditate upon it day and night. It is this good seed of the Word which fructifies. It is this that supplies the sap, as the rivers of waters do to the tree, causing its verdure to be perpetual, and its fruit to abound in its season. Oh! that men, if they desire prosperity, would take the right course to be prosperous, would abstain from even the appearance of evil, and value and study the Word of God.

## SELECTIONS.

**PIETY AND POLICY.**—Piety and Policy are like Martha and Mary, sisters, Martha fails if Mary help not; and Mary suffers if Martha be idle. Happy is that kingdom where Martha complains of Mary; but most happy where Mary complies with Martha. Where piety and policy go hand in hand, there war shall be just and peace honourable.—*Quarles.*

**THE BIBLE AN INEXHAUSTIBLE MINE.**—The mine of Scripture is inexhaustible; and from the time at which it was first opened, till the time when faith shall be exchanged for sight, not one laborer who works therein, even from the most robust to the most feeble, will remain unrewarded by a participation in its wealth.

**STORMS.**—Of the phenomena which signalize storms, nothing is more remarkable than the repugnance of the electric fluid to silk. The steel ornaments of a purse have been known to become twisted by the fluid, while the silk remained unjured. A covering of silk is accordingly the surest preservative. But it is a curious fact that to none of the insect species is a thunder storm more fatal than to the silk-worm; as the silk-growers know to their cost.—*Pountz's World of Wonders.*

**THE JEWS IN GERMANY.**—Throughout Prussia, and indeed all Germany, the religious state of the Jews betokens change. Many of them have almost ceased from being believers in the creed of their fathers, having thrown away, with the traditions of men, the word of the living God. Infidelity, in the form of Rationalism, pervades firm more and more every day. They are fast becoming mere Deists. Few of them have any longer any real desire for the coming of the Messiah, or even to go to Palestine, though they pray for it regularly with their lips. They have gained great civil and political privileges in the land they live in, and they would be horrified were the offer made to them by any man on earth to transport them elsewhere. Their influence in general society is increasing rapidly. Indeed, they may be said, in a measure, to lead public opinion in Germany, as the editors of several of the most important newspapers and periodicals are Jews, and there are few journals that do not number individuals of that nation among their regular correspondents. In all the German States, the main object of their ambition is, to equal the Christians in all external things, and obtain all political rights. Many of them have declared, publicly and officially, that they have no other country than that in which they live, and that they do not expect the appearance of a personal Messiah—their Messiah being a full and complete emancipation, as it is called. Others would abolish circumcision. Others again propose to celebrate the Sunday instead of the Saturday, and all of them resolve, that for any Jew holding an office under Government, it is lawful to do on the Jewish Sabbath any work his superiors may require of him. The Reform party in Berlin have services and sermons on both days, and those held on the Sunday are by far the best attended. In a Synod of Rabbies lately assembled at Breslau, a proposition was made to change the day altogether. And, to crown the whole, a great number of very influential Jews in Frankfort-on-the-Maine, lately resolved, that they could not any more sympathize with the Rabbinical Synods, since they raved and talked so much about such trifles as circumcision, the keeping of the Sabbath, the expecting of the Messiah, and the like. Those of a more earnest disposition among the German and Polish Jew begin to despair of their religion, and it is to be expected some of these will, by and by, ask for the truth whereby they can be saved. But the greater number of their countrymen, like one man, make foes against Christ and his gospel, and those amongst them that are professedly indifferent to all religion, are usually the loudest and bitterest enemies of the truth.

**RICE AND TURNIPS A SUBSTITUTE FOR POTATOES.**—The use of rice and turnips in equal quantities has been recommended as a wholesome, substantial, and palatable food for rich and poor, and as a substitute for potatoes. Blended together and seasoned with butter, lard, or dripping, the compound forms a most agreeable dish. The turnips and rice should be boiled separately, and when the former is well freed of water by pressure, and thoroughly mashed, they should be mixed.—Great Britain has never been a rice-consuming country; every other people where it is known use it largely. It is a nutritious and peculiarly wholesome food, only requiring a little gravy, butter, or simple seasoning to flavour it. An erroneous idea exists that rice is an expensive food—let the fallacy of this be seen. A third of a pound of good East India or Patna rice, without the aid of turnip, will be found a sufficient quantity as a substitute for potatoes for a family of eight or ten individuals, along with the usual table supply of other food. East India rice is charged at present by retail about 4d a pound; supposing it under the present calamity of potato failure to advance to 6d. per pound, a sufficient quantity of excellent, wholesome, and nutritious food can be produced for a family, in lieu of potatoes, for twopence, and if mixed with turnips, as recommended, will not cost one penny and an eighth. East India rice claims particular attention, because it is much cheaper than Carolina, and its flavour and nutritious qualities surpass the latter something like 50 per cent.—*Scotch Paper.*

**A SYSTEMATIC GIRL.**—Mr. Bourne in a lecture at the Farmer and Mechanic Jubilee at Bridgewater, Mass., humorously illustrated the advantages of method and order, by giving an account of some domestics of his hiring. He once hired a very smart girl, she was ever on the go from early dawn to bed-time. After a few years, the girl, as girls often will, found a husband, and quitted earning wages,

and Mr. B. was obliged to hire another. But she was methodical and apparently slow; his wife was of the opinion she did not earn her wages. True, she did all the work, and had spare time, but she did not seem to be doing much. He one day watched her progress, and found that every movement was like clock-work,—no missteps were taken; after the fire was made, every kettle was properly adjusted, and every dish was ready at the proper time. The table was set while dinner was cooking—every thing had its place, and there was not a lacking article at dinner. There was no blustering and hurrying, and fretting and skipping to show activity—but everything was quietly performed in order and in season. On noticing accurately her mode of doing business, Mr. B. and his wife were both of the opinion that this was the most valuable help he had hired. This led him to see how farmers lost time. They would hurry to a distant field, and soon find they had left some important tool behind, a boy must be sent for it, and in the mean time the men must sit and wait.

**CRANBERRIES.**—This excellent fruit is very productive, and may be successfully propagated in fields and gardens, and indeed in any place or situation almost, where the soil is moderately humid and secure from the stultifying effects of drought. The most successful method of transplanting the vines, is to take them from the meadow in large tufts, and set them in holes from three to four feet apart. Manure formed of mud or muck from low humid places, and especially from the meadows or bogs where the plants grow spontaneously, is the most salutary of any in its effects, and is generally to be preferred because easily obtained. The fruit of the cranberry is highly prized. In most markets it commands readily from one to three dollars per bushel.

**PEWS.**—In the practice of politely bowing strangers out of a pew where there is still room to spare, is there not a lack even of worldly courtesy? "Have you not mistaken the pew, sir?" blandly said one of these Sunday Chesterfields, as, with an emphatic gracefulness, he opened the door. "I beg pardon," replied the stranger, rising, "I fear I have; I mistook it for a Christian's."

**REMARKABLE FACULTY OF AN AUSTRALIAN NATIVE.**—Miago had a decided and most inexplicable advantage over all on board, and that in a matter especially relating to the science of navigation: he could indicate at once and correctly the exact direction of our wished-for harbor, when neither sun nor stars were shewing to assist him. He was tried frequently and under very varying circumstances, but, strange as it may seem, he was invariably right. This faculty, though somewhat analogous to one I have heard ascribed to the natives of North America, had very much surprised me when exercised on shore, out at sea, out of sight of land, it seemed beyond belief, as assuredly it is beyond explanation; but I have sometimes thought that some such power must have been possessed by those adventurous seamen, who, long before the discovery of the compass, ventured upon distant and hazardous voyages. I used sometimes, as we approached the land of his nativity, to question him upon the account he intended to give his friends of the scenes he had witnessed, and was quite astonished at the accuracy with which he remembered the various places we had visited during our voyage. He used to say: "Ship walk—walk—all night—hard work—then, by and by, anchor tumble down."—*Stokes' Discoveries in Australia.*

**A LADY OF LIONS.**—My friend had a visit to pay to M. L., a French gentleman, and I accompanied him. The house was open, and, on entering the inner court, we knocked at the door of a saloon; we were requested by a female voice to 'come in.' M. L. opened the door, then with an air of consternation, shut it immediately, and told me there were two lions going about at liberty in the saloon. He had scarcely told me this, when Madame L. herself opened the door and begged of us to enter, observing that we need be under no alarm, as the lions were perfectly tame. We followed the lady, and as soon as I sat down, the male lion came and laid his head on my knee. As for the lioness, she leaped on the divan beside Madame L., looking at us from time to time, and sometimes giving a growl like an angry cat. These two animals were about seven years old and very great pets. Madame L. called away that one which seemed to have taken a liking to me, and I was not sorry to see him withdraw peaceably. We took our departure, carefully avoiding any hasty movements. When I was out of the house, I felt that I could breathe more at my ease. I was amazed to find that a lady could muster courage to trust herself with two such companions.—*Algeria in 1815.*

**THE MISSIONARY'S WIFE.**—There is something exceedingly interesting in a missionary's wife. I saw much of the missionaries abroad, and even made many warm friends among them; and I repeat it there is something exceedingly interesting in a missionary's wife. She who had been cherished as a plant, that the winds must not breathe upon too rudely, recovers from the separation of her friends to find herself in a land of barbarians, where her loud cry of distress can never reach their ears. New ties twine round her heart, and the tender and helpless girl changes her very nature, and becomes the staff and support of the man. In his hours of despondency, she raises his drooping spirits; she bathes his head, and smoothes his pillow of sickness. I have entered her dwelling, and have been welcomed as a brother, and sometimes, when I have known any of her friends at home, I have been for a moment more than compensated for all the toils and privations of a traveller in the East. And when I left her dwelling, it was with a mind burdened with remembrance to friends whom she will perhaps never see again.—*In. of Tr.*

## 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-



quest was held upon the body, and a verdict returned of "Died from intemperance and exposure to the weather." Some undried articles of linen clothing were found in her possession, supposed to have been stolen, and said to belong to a person in Griffintown.—*Transcript.*

Yesterday the Court of Queen's Bench gave judgment on the Writ of *quo warranto* directed to J. E. Mills, Esq., calling upon him to show by what authority he exercised the office of Mayor of Montreal. The majority of the Court—viz., their Honours Justices Gale and Day—decided that Mr. Mills' election was void, on account of the majority on that occasion having been determined by the vote of Mr. Canfield Dorwin, who had since been declared incapable of holding the office of Common Councillor, or of exercising the right of voting at the elections of City Officers. His Honor, Mr. Justice Rolland, dissented. We shall endeavour to give full reports of these important judgments in our next. We believe it may be a matter of some interest to many of our readers to be informed that their Honours intimated a very strong opinion that the judicial and ministerial acts of the *de facto* Mayor could be enforced.—*Herald, 3d Dec.*

The following is an extract of a letter from Capt. Johnson, of the ship *Mersey*, hence for Liverpool, on the 9th instant.—"Grand Mataue, 24th Nov., 1846.—The ship *Mersey* went ashore at this place, at 6 a. m. to-day. The *Reliance* also came ashore a. about 100 yards from us, at 8 p. m., and the *Empire* went ashore at Little Mataue. Fears are entertained here for the whole fleet of 23 or 24 vessels that were in company when the gale came on." The vessel ashore at Little Mataue is the *Harland*. She drove on last Thursday, and is now covered with ice.

A very melancholy accident happened in this City the evening before last. A gentleman residing near Beaver Hall, went out with his wife to spend the evening, leaving a child, five or six years old, to the care of a servant. The child was allowed to go by itself to the privy, and its absence being noticed, the servant went in quest of it. It was then found that it had fallen through into a very deep cess-pool, and in the confusion and alarm there was much delay before the lifeless body was extricated. It had fallen head-foremost, and, no doubt, life had been extinguished by suffocation. Dr. Fraser was sent for, and it is supposed that fifteen to twenty minutes had elapsed when he arrived. In addition to the usual means of restoring suspended animation, he employed a powerful galvanic battery, which he happened to have in readiness for another purpose, applying one pole to the lower region of the chest, and the other to the upper jaw, so as to establish a circuit through the whole organs of respiration. This effort was at first very encouraging, but, unhappily, the result did not fulfil the promise. Respiration appeared to be restored, and the muscles of both the chest and cheek in full action, but it was not maintained, the brain and heart having been evidently overwhelmed beyond human relief, so that the stimulus of the galvanic current was unsupported, and the muscular action grew gradually feebler until it ceased altogether. There was, however, a strong impression on the minds of the medical attendants, that could the battery have been applied earlier, before the nervous system was altogether exhausted, and the action of the heart restored with that of the lungs, life might have been saved. This kind of accident, we can speak from our newspaper recollections, is by no means an uncommon one.—*Gazette.*

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

**EXTRAORDINARY PREPARATIONS.**—What is the meaning of the extraordinary works in progress on the land side of the fortress of Gibraltar. What is the object of the day and night efforts at Sheerness, Portsmouth, and Plymouth? In these arsenals there has not been such unending preparations for the last fifty years, even when England was threatened with invasion. What can be the meaning or object of these hurried preparations? The largest and most powerful ships of war in the British navy are fitted and ordered for immediate service. This expenditure cannot surely be incurred for mere parade or idle display. There must be some place to assail or protect—some injury to resent, or some right to assert. But where the one or the other is, we are completely in the dark.—*English paper.*

**DREADFUL EXPLOSION AND LOSS OF LIFE AT NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.**—A dreadful explosion occurred on Monday night at the extensive ironworks of Messrs Losh, Wilson, and Bell, situated on the river Tyne, at Walker, about three miles below Newcastle. Three persons were killed; one by the force of the explosion, and the other two by inhaling the impure air before the explosion took place, and several others have been seriously injured. The Walker Ironworks are the most extensive in this district, and give employment to upwards of 1000 men. The accident appears to have arisen from an accumulation of foul air in the reservoir, and the pipes to the westward of it.

We learn that eleven fishing vessels from Marblehead have been lost at sea during the present season, with 65 men and boys. The crews of these vessels have left 15 widows, and 153 children, and the state of destitution and distress is extreme.

Brass Clocks are now manufactured by steam in New York! One firm employs twenty-five men, and complete in one day one hundred clocks beautifully finished. A large sheet of brass is put into a heavy press, and after a few twistings, comes out in the shape of highly finished wheels, at the rate of 60 per minute!

Canals, the Mexican General had been engaged in a conflict with a party of American volunteers, who were marching towards Tampico. Fifty of them were killed, and fourteen of their waggons taken by the Mexicans.

Tampico has surrendered to the American squadron under Commodore Perry, without firing a shot. The Americans are fortifying it. Five or six gunboats were captured before the place.

The Governor of the state of San Luis Potosi has passed a decree expelling every Anglo-American, allowing them three days to depart after the 21st October.

At Cincinnati, on Saturday last, the immense fly wheel of a rolling mill flew to pieces, scattering the fragments in all directions, for the space of one hundred feet, one piece went over the canal to a much greater distance. another piece high in the air, and came down through the roof of a house, striking the stove, at which a woman was standing, demolishing it and knocking a bucket out of her hand.

The last packet from Liverpool to America brought out 66,000 letters and newspapers.

Fifty-four tons of poultry were sent to Boston over the Boston and Providence Railroad on Saturday last from Rhode Island.

A chemist at Berlin is said to have manufactured upon the process of the Professor Schuabert, of Bale, an electrical paper, the property of which is much more explosive than that of carbon.

Accounts from Geneva state that the recent elections have terminated in favour of the Liberals, which has caused great alarm to the Roman Catholics. Indeed their position, in many parts of Switzerland, is becoming very critical, and serious outbreaks is apprehended by them.

Several vessels, laden with troops and stores, have sailed from Brest for Tahiti.

Great numbers of Dutch farmers and peasants are now emigrating to the United States.

It is stated that the Pope intends to appoint two additional Bishops for Oceania, one of them a Frenchman, and the other an Irishman.

IRISH.—Three naval lieutenants, serving in the squadron employed in the River Plate, have been tried and dismissed from the service for the crime of drunkenness.

**DOLLARS AGAINST DIAMONDS.**—Fifty years ago a gentleman gave his daughter, at her birth, a diamond ring that cost \$1500, which still remains in the family. Another gentleman, at the same time, gave his daughter \$1500, which was invested for her use at 7 per cent, compound interest. The sum has now accumulated to \$11,185.50. The diamond ring has accumulated nothing. [Both must have been equally useful to the owners during fifty years.—Ed.]

The state of trade in Paris is described by the *Reform* as very bad. Bankruptcies were of daily occurrence. Petty merchants continue to shut up their shops; the pawnbrokers' offices are besieged with applicants; the savings banks will soon be empty; the hospitals are crowded; 115,000 indigent depend upon public charity in Paris; the prisons are full; and the winter will throw about 100,000 workmen out of employment. Our prospects are indeed very sad.

The authorities in Silesia have received instructions to name guardians to the children, issue of marriages concluded by M. Ronge, as such marriages are considered illegitimate, as are also the children. The sect of Ronge is not even tolerated; and in Prussia, marriages are only valid when made by a minister of a faith acknowledged by the state.

Philip Lempricre, a quaker, has been committed to prison in Jersey, because he refused to take an oath in a court of law.

The yams in Jamaica are said to be affected with a rot similar to the potato disease.

**CALIFORNIA.**—On the 23d of July, Commodore Stockton assumed command of the United States Naval forces on the West coast of Mexico. On the 25th the *Cyane*, with the California company of mounted Riflemen, under Col. Fremont, sailed from Monterey for San Diego, that they might be landed Southward of the Mexican forces, amounting to 500 men, under Gen. Castro and Gov. Pico, who were well fortified at the camp of the Mesa, three miles from the City of the Angels. A few days after Commodore Stockton, in the Congress, sailed for San Pedro, where he landed with his "gallant sailor army," and marched directly for the redoubtable camp of the Mesa. When he had come within 12 miles of the camp, Gen. Castro broke ground and ran for the city of Mexico. The Governor of the Territory and the other principal officers, separated in different parties; and on the 13th August, having been joined by Col. Fremont, and 80 riflemen, and by Mr. Larkin, the late American Consul, the Commodore entered the famous "Ciudad de los Angeles," the capital of the Californias, and took quiet possession of the government house. Most of the principal officers were subsequently taken. The American force thus chased the Mexican army more than 300 miles along the coast; pursued them 30 miles in the interior of their country; routed and dispersed them, and secured quiet possession of their territory. The flag of the United States is now flying from every commanding position in the Territory of California.—*Washington Union.*

PRODUCE PRICES CURRENT—MONTREAL, Dec. 7, 1846.

	s.	d.	s.	d.		s.	d.	s.	d.	
ASHES, Pots, per cwt	22	0	a	22	6	PLASE, .....	4	6	a	0
Pearls, .....	22	0	a	22	6	BEAF, Primo Mess,				
FLOUR, Canada Superfine, per brl.						per brl. 200lbs.	47	6	a	0
196 lbs. ....			Nominal			Prime, .....	42	6	a	00
Do. Fine, .....			Do.			Prime Mess, per				
Do. Sour, .....	00	0	a	00	0	terce, 304lbs.	00	0	a	00
Do. Middlings, ..			none			Pork, Mess, per brl.				
Indian Meal, 168lb.	15	0	a	00	0	200lbs .....	72	6	a	75
Oatmeal, brl. 224lb.	25	0	a	00	0	Prime Mess, .....	55	0	a	60
GRAIN, Wheat U.C.						Prime, .....	50	0	a	52
Best, 60lbs. ....	5	0	a	5	3	Cargo, .....	40	0	a	00
Do. L.C. per min.	0	0				BUTTER, per lb. ....	0	7	a	0
BARLEY, Minot, ...	3	0	a	3	3	CHEESE, Am. 100lb	30	0	a	40
OATS, " .....			do.			LARD, per lb. ....	0	5	a	0
						TALLOW, per lb. ....	0	6	a	0

THOS. M. TAYLOR, Broker.

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