The morning after the party, when they were assembled at the cheerful breakfast table, Mr. Archer inquired of Mary how she enjoyed the evening.

"Oh, extremely well," was the smiling reply.

"And the new neighbour of Hazel Lodge—how did you like him?" was the next query.

The fair hand that was pouring the coffee wavered so as to send the rich amber liquid in a stream over the snowy cloth, and Mary's face and neck were suddenly crimsoned by blushes, probably in consequence of the awkward accident, but she replied with much composure, "I liked him much, he appeared to be a man of sound common sense."

"He will be quite an acquisition to the society in the place if he is intelligent, refined and social," remarked Mrs. Archer.

"Well, he is all that and more too," said Mary, with an earnestness which caused her to blush again.

"I'll extend neighbourly courtesies to him this very day, said Mr. Archer, with emphasis.—"I'm sure he merits them, or you, who are so good a judge of character, my dear Mary, would not be so much prepossessed in his favour."

But little more was said, and during the morning Mr. Archer rode over to Hazel Lodge. When he returned, Mary was in the library, which was a favourite haunt, and her heart beat a quick tattoo as she heard his well known step ascending the stairs.

"Mary dear, do you know I'm delighted with this Mr. Ashmead, I do not know why, but he reminds me of poor Charles." Mr. Archer sighed deeply and fell into a fit of mournful abstraction from which he was aroused by the entrance of his wife, whose first question was of the new neighbour. "I was much interested in his appearance, Margaret; I invited him to dine with us to-morrow, and you will have an opportunity of seeing him.—I am strangely impressed by that stranger, and I know we shall make famous friends, though he isn't more than thirty-two or three, but there is something in his manner so cordial and affectionate, yet respectful, that has won my silly old heart."

"And mine too," thought Mary, and then she silently endured the pangs of self-abasement and maiden shame for having given so much, unsolicited.

"Well, I hope I shall like this paragon who has so run away with you and Mary," said Mrs. Archer with a smile, "but I am rather prejudiced against him, for I dread a rival."

"A woman's natural prophesy!" remarked Mr. Archer with affected seriousness; now a man would never conceive such a selfish thought."

The following day Mr. Archer sat reading in the verandah, and was interrupted by the sound of horses' hoofs clattering up the avenue. It was the neighbour of Hazle Lodge, who dismounted from his steed and grasped the extended hand of his host in a friendly pressure. Mr. Archer led the way to the parlour, and presented Ashmead to Mrs. Archer. She at once noticed the striking similarity of his eyes to those of her lamented son. She gasped—tottered, and sunk back in her chair. Mr. Archer was in the greatest alarm.

"It is nothing—nothing but a momentary faintness," said she, swallowing the water which Mary had instantly brought, and she was soon much better. She could not keep her eyes from the face of the guest, and critically surveyed his chiselled features, as he was conversing with Mr. Archer and Mary Gray. It was impossible to deceive a mother's scrutiny. She suddenly spoke out with startling earnestness.

"John Archer! our boy is not dead, but lives, and that is he!" and she pointed to the guest, who became much agitated, and regarded the excited family with breathless interest. "Come to me, my darling boy," pleaded the poor mother extending her arms with touching entreaty; in another moment they were about his neck, and she was covering his face with kisses and tears.—Mr. Archer was not long in doubt, he was convinced that it was indeed his child, but he stood aloof, ashamed to speak to the son whom he had so cruelly cast off.

"Father, will you not again love your child?" said Ashmead, pleadingly. "I have striven hard to merit the tenderness which in infancy you accorded me."

The father seized the proffered hand, and tears, the first that had gemmed his eyes for years, coursed down his furrowed cheeks.—But where was Mary during this affecting scene? she has turned her face to the wall, and was weeping like a very infant.

"Oh! he has forgotten the heart that has withered in remembrance of him!" was her first bitter thought, and she did not look around till a hand was laid lightly upon her arm, and a voice trembling with emotion, asked,

"Mary, do you still remember the wild, worthless boy, to whom in earliest girlhood you plighted your troth?"

"God knows I do," said she, with unaffected truthfulness!"

"I have come back to claim the hand which a blessed Providence has preserved for me," said Ashmead, solemnly.

It is impossible to touch more fully upon this welcoming of one who had risen from the dead.—The feeble powers of pen and ink cannot paint the happiness of the re-united family.

Charles Ashmead Archer, such was his name, related his history since the time of his leaving home. When he sank into the water, he was determined to die, though for a few moments he unconsciously exerted himself to keep his head above the surface. A rich burst of bird-music in an overhanging tree caused him to raise his head and look about him.—The orb of day was sinking to rest beneath a mantle of glorious clouds, the cool water exerted a subduing influence, and involuntarily Charles lifted his soul in prayer, and then the love of life grew strong within his breast.

"Why cannot I live to praise and reverence the beneficent Creator, instead of sending my unclean soul into his presence; surely there are other places in the wide world where I can learn to live as I ought." Then he swam vigorously for the shore, and crept under the shade of a thicket of young water-willows, and remained concealed there until the darkness of night settled around him. He then set off at a rapid pace, and resolutely banished the often returning wish to go back, and let his mother and Mary Gray know he was not dead.

"A homeless wanderer," muttered he, almost despairingly, and then inspired by sudden hope he cried, "but I will be somebody yet!" and this determination sustained him, as hungry, wet, and weary he measured the sandy road. And as years progressed he became somebody; he diligently cultivated the talents entrusted to his care, and among men of brilliant abilities ranked as equal, and was respected for his high principles and purposes.

A large portion of earth's wealth was lent him for a space, and this procured obsequious attentions from those smaller branches of the human family, who estimate perishable goods above the undying treasures of the mind.

Thus the once reckless youth was saved, and permitted to fill the lofty place to which his talents entitled him. Would to Heaven that many others who are upon the very verge of ruin might see their danger and retreat before it is too late.

Beacon Island for sale or to Let.

THE Island is delightfully situated in the Bay of Passamaquoddy, one mile from Eastport, suitable either for a private gentleman or a man of business. It consists of four acres of prime land, tastefully laid out, with a Dwelling HOUSE containing ten Rooms, with Cellars, Out Offices, &c. &c.—also, a WHARF, at which a vessel can lay alongside for unloading cargo, with a STORE 30x50, Fish Houses 22x12, and a Shed attached.—The whole of which forming a desirable and truly valuable property. For particulars, enquire at the Commercial Printing Office, or to the proprietor Thos. Moses, Esq., Welshpool, Campo Bello. Aug. 3

☞ PRICE OF THE CHRONICLE—12s 6d. per annum, in advance; 15s. if not paid until the termination of a year.—For $10 IN ADVANCE, 5 copies will be sent to one address for one year; for $20 11 copies; and for $40, 24 copies.—Single Nos. may be had at the office, 6d each.

THE CHRONICLE.

SAINT JOHN, DECEMBER 28, 1849.

LATE FROM CALIFORNIA.

Through the politeness of Capt. Edwin Hooper, who arrived in this City on Friday evening last, from California, via the Isthmus of Panama, we have been favoured with a file of the *Pacific News*, published in San Francisco, the date of which are down to the 30th October, and are replete with interesting information on the all-engrossing question of GOLD DIGGING; copious extracts from which will be found annexed.—It affords us much pleasure to be thus enabled to lay before our readers, news so recent, so authentic, and so highly interesting, and we feel bound, both for ourselves and our readers, to express our gratitude to Capt. H. for his thoughtfulness in affording us the means of gratifying and amusing the public on so exciting a subject.

Capt. H. has shewn us some specimens of the gold which he himself dug out of the earth; the gold is pure, of a beautiful color, and appears at some period to have undergone fusion from volcanic fire. One of the lumps weighs over 7 ounces, and is really a splendid specimen for the cabinet of the mineralogist.

The *Pacific News* is about the size of the Chronicle; it is published every Saturday at $12 per annum, and 25 cents for single copies. It is an ably conducted paper, and contains a variety of interesting matter relative to the country; but like most American papers a large amount is taken up with politics and the elections.

A review of the Market is given, and a prices current, in which we find nearly every article at high prices, except liquors, which unfortunately are cheap, and in consequence are the immediate cause of a lengthy police report.

In *Building Materials*, the Review says—all descriptions of Lumber have slightly declined, although there is not a supply of the different qualities in the market. Scantling, framing timber generally, and mill dressed lumber are much wanted, and would readily command the quotations, of $260 a 275 for rough dressed, and 325 to $340 for mill dressed.

Bricks are active and have been steadily advancing in price; the stock is light.

Candles of all kinds meet with ready sale; there being but few in the market.

Oats are in demand and sell rapidly.—*Hay* is quoted at 120 to $130 per ton, and this is brought from the Sandwich Islands.

Butter 60 to 90 cents; *Cheese* 30 to 40—good qualities much wanted.

Woollen Clothing of every kind is much in request.

A Public Hospital has recently been established at San Francisco, an institution much required, where so many persons are congregated far away from friends and connexions. The terms seem to us enormous, but we presume they correspond with every thing else in that land of gold. First class rooms, neatly furnished, for one person, $16 per day; second class, two in a room, $10 per day; third class, in wards, $5 per day. In all surgical cases, and cases of insanity there is an extra charge.

A clever writer in the Pacific News gives the produce of all the Rivers now worked, as nearly as practicable, although it is very difficult to make a correct average per day of all the laborers in the mines. He says—I have placed it at one ounce per day to each man, while most of the intelligent men of the country are far above this estimate; but even this amount will make an aggregate absolutely frightful. There are many persons not used to work, who fall short of this amount, while many go largely over it. It is estimated that the average number of operatives in the mines for the months of October and November will equal *forty thousand*. One ounce per day each, worth at the mint eighteen dollars, will make the sum of $720,000, and for the fifty-four labouring days in the two months, makes the enormous whole of $38,880,000—a sum more than double as large as the yearly produce in gold of all the earth beside.—The average product per annum of Europe, Africa, and the Urals does not reach twenty millions.

The writer goes on to say—I can fancy that prudent men will exclaim, "How frightful these figures look!—What is to be the end of this? How long will it take this enormous produce to disparage its worth value in relation to silver, at sixteen ounces for one?"

It has been estimated by the wisest men of different countries, that there was but half enough of gold and silver in circulation for the convenience of commerce: that instead of two thousand millions of this coin in circulation in Christendom it would be better for commerce that there should be four thousand millions. If this statement be founded in wisdom, then it will take the no short time of *ten years* for California to supply what the commercial world has long wanted, at the monstrous produce of two hundred millions per annum.

The Pacific News is a new paper, and for the sake of preserving in his files the recent history of the gold mines, the editor gives the following account of their discovery at Sutter's Mill:

"I was sitting one afternoon," said the captain, "just after my siesta, engaged by the bye, in writing a letter to a relation of mine at Lucerne, when I was interrupted by Mr. Marshall—a gentleman with whom I had frequent business transactions—bursting hurriedly into the room. From the unusual agitation in his manner I imagined that something serious had occurred, and, as we involuntarily do in this part of the world, I at once g'anced to see if my rifle was in its proper place. You should know that the mere appearance of Mr. Marshall at that moment in the fort was quite enough to surprise me, as he had but two days before left the place to make some alterations in a mill for sawing pine planks, which he had just run up for me some miles higher up the Americanos. When he had recovered himself a little, he told me that however great my surprise might be at his unexpected appearance, it would be much greater when I heard the intelligence he had come to bring me. "Intelligence," he added, "which, if properly profited by, would put both of us in possession of unheard of wealth—millions and millions of dollars in fact." I frankly own when I heard this, and I thought something had touched Marshall's brain, when suddenly all my misgivings were put an end to by his flinging on the table a handful of scales of pure virgin gold. I was fairly thunderstruck, and asked him to explain what all this meant, when he went on to say, that, according to my instructions he had thrown the mill wheel out of gear, to let the whole body of the water in the dam find a passage through the tail-race, which was previously too narrow to allow the water to run off in sufficient quantity, whereby the wheel was prevented from efficiently performing its work. By this alteration the narrow channel was considerably enlarged, and a mass of sand and gravel carried off by the force of the torrent. Early in the morning after this took place, he (Mr. Marshall) was walking along the left bank of the stream, when he perceived something which he at first took for a piece of opal—a clear transparent stone, very common here—glittering on one of the spots laid bare by the sudden crumbling away of the bank. He paid no attention to this; but while he was giving directions to the workmen, having observed several similar glittering fragments, his curiosity was so far excited that he stooped down and picked one of them up. "Do you known," said Mr. Marshall, "I positively debated within myself two or three times whether I should take the trouble to bend my back to pick up one of the pieces, and had decided on not doing so, when, further on, another glittering morsel caught my eye—the largest of the pieces before you. I condescended to pick it up, and to my astonishment found that it was a thin scale of what appears to be pure gold!" He then gathered some twenty or thirty similar pieces, which on examination convinced him, that his suppositions were right. His first impression was that this gold had been lost or buried there by some early Indian tribe—perhaps some mysterious inhabitants of the west, of whom we have no account, but who dwelt on this continent centuries ago, and built those cities and temples, the ruins of which are scattered about these solitary wilds. On proceeding, however, to examine the neighbouring soil, he discovered that it was more or less auriferous. This at once decided him. He mounted his horse and rode down to me as fast as it would carry him with the news."

NEWS FROM THE MINING DISTRICT.

STOCKTON, Oct. 12, 1849.

According to promise, I give you a slight sketch of the town of Stockton and its dependencies, as nearly to the truth as I can, from opinions formed during the time that I have tarried here. I need not say that it is at the head of the San Joachim river navigation. On my arrival I was agreeably surprised; for I found here the banks of the river lined with launches, schooners, and even brigs.—The streets were lined with large *attacas* of mules, and ox and mule waggons being loaded or waiting to be so, whilst the corners were blocked up by gay parties either proceeding to the mines or just returned from them. The wharves, too, and the stores seemed covered and filled with goods which were constantly being removed and as constantly replaced by fresh supplies from the shipping. I thought to myself "verily this is a place."—The mines most convenient to Stockton are the following, as I think the distances are correct:—Moquelemas, about 54 miles; Tuolumne, 90 miles; Murphys', 95 miles; Woods', 55 miles; Stanislaus, 90 miles; Mariposa, 140 miles; Sonora, 90 miles; Calaveras, 60 miles; Kings' river, 150 miles. Kings' river is not as yet well known. Several sanguine parties have left for it, but have not yet been heard from.

The small mining party to which I was attached proceeded to the Upper Bar on the Moquelema, river, there we pitched our tent and broke ground, but our first attempt was not very encouraging, probably because we had never worked before; however, we continued to knock $10 or $12 per day out of mother earth. Some were digging much more, and some none at all, for there is a set of loafers constantly going round with pans and pick axes on their backs "prospecting," as they call it, but in reality pretending to look for gold, and praying to the Lord that they may not find it. On due deliberation, my party of 4 started out, "prospecting" too, and luckily stumbled on a little el Dorado, where we easily took out two ounces per day, and where I should now be but for a giant in the shape of dysentery, which has brought me here again, and laughs at my longings for the "*dura illia messorum*" of old Horace, or a fresh supply of Mrs. Ridder's Cordial. Two things I have learned at the mines—one to rock a cradle, and the other to be a capital grave-digger, for I have dug holes half way to New Zealand. Every man able and willing to work can get an ample remuneration for his labor, but to the feather-bed miners it is hard work.—One thing at the mines struck me as strange, viz., the great order and honesty that prevails. A pick-axe or spade in a hole secures it to the owner as much as a title-deed, and I heard of but one act of dishonesty during a stay of some weeks, and that act begets a yarn. The fact is, that the terrible and prompt punishment administered to a thief is sufficient to deter the boldest. But to my yarn—a poor German was digging some 400 yards from me, on the upper Moquelema bar, when he fell in with a very large lump of gold, so large that I will not say what it was reported to weigh, as I did not see it myself. The German immediately carried it 3 miles down the river, where he sawed it in two parts, and in the centre found a stone, (said to be a ruby,) which bore evident traces of having been encrusted in some volcanic frolic. The half with the stone he sold at $14 per ounce, and vamosed for parts unknown. The story was soon blurted abroad, particularly as several large lumps were found about the same time, and some scoundrels went to the German's tent, as they thought, next morning at 9 o'clock, and overhauled it for his prize. The bird, however, had flown, and they had searched the wrong tent, that of another poor German, from whom they took his all, (about $300,) and escaped undiscovered. This was the only instance of theft whilst I was at the mines. Before my arrival, one man was caught in the act. He received fifty lashes, had his head shaved, both his ears cropped off close, and was ordered to leave the placer within 8 days.

I have much more to say of Stockton, but I fear I have tired your patience already. In my next I shall try and sketch you a description of an election here for an Alcalde, in which Mr. David F. Douglass was the successful candidate.

A gentleman from the Moquelems river has just come in, bringing an account of an action between two parties of Indians, in which several scalps changed owners. The affair took place some 25 miles above the upper bar. G. H. F.

MOST BRUTAL MURDER.—A case of murder occurred at Stockton, on Tuesday of last week, (the particulars having come to us from various sources,) which, for cool blooded and unmitigated villiany, cast all occurrences of this kind, hitherto recorded on this side of the Rocky Mountains, completely in the shade. The facts, briefly, are these:—At the United States Hotel, near the bend of the slue, some five or six individuals were standing about the bar-room, some drinking, and others engaged in conversation, when a a soldier who had come across the country from Texas, feeling a little jovial under the influence of ardent spirits, was playing in a very sportive and unexceptionable way with his companions, when without a word having been addressed to him, a young man, names Tracy, from St. Louis, Missouri, stepped across the room, and drawing a bag in front of him, addressed the bystanders thus: "Any man who steps his foot over this line I will shoot!" The soldier, who armed and in a laughing mood, walked towards Tracy, saying, "you won't shoot me, unarmed as I am, would you?" At that instant, without a further word, Tracy drew a revolver and shot him through the breast. Our informant was within 20 yards of the spot, and heard distinctly the discharge of the pistol, but on reaching the Hotel, the murdered man had breathed his last. Tracy was instantly arrested and put in irons to await his trial. But one feeling pervaded the entire population of Stockton—and that feeling was a sentiment of horror at the unaccountable coolness and unqualified brutality which characterized the whole transaction.—*Pacific News.*

☞ Our present day of publication being about midway between the two Festivities, we take the opportunity of wishing all our friends and customers a merry Christmas and a happy New-Year.

FISHERY DRAFT.—The Directors commenced taking the names of Freemen, and the widows of freemen, on Wednesday last; and they will continue receiving names until Tuesday next at 6 o'clock. The draft will be made on Monday the 7th of January.

STEAM IN CALIFORNIA.—The steamer *St. John* which has been running on the River Saint John, is advertized as partly for sale as a California speculation. From the information we gather respecting the Sacramento River, in California, there is no doubt the steamer would be admirably calculated for that trade, and would handsomely remunerate her owners, either to sell or run her on that River. The steamers now there, draw too much water for the purpose, and are evidently not calculated for River navigation.

ROBBERY.—The store of Mr. Thos. A. Paddock, has, within the last few months, been three times entered by robbers, and property to a considerable amount taken away. A passage to the lower story, many feet below the line of street has given the thieves peculiar facilities for their burglarious operations.

Accounts from Washington state that Mr Cobb, of Georgia, has been elected Speaker of the House of Representatives, by a majority of two over the northern candidate.

PUBLIC GRAMMER SCHOOL.—The semi-annual Examination of this Seminary took place, pursuant to public notice, on Wednesday the 19th instant. There were present—the Rev. Dr. Wm. Gray, the President of the Board of Directors; His Honor the Chief Justice, an old and faithful friend of the Institution; William Wright, Esq., the Advocate (General); Robert F. Hazen, Esq and John H. Gray, Esq., Members of the Board; the Rev. Mr. Stewart of the Episcopal Church; the Rev. Mr. Donald, of the Presbyterian Church; Dr. Paddock, Gustavus R. Jarvis, Esq.; several of the Parents, and other visitors. His Honor Judge Parker, who always attends when at home, had gone to Westmorland on official duty.

A printed *programme* of subjects for Examination was laid before the Examiners, which showed that there were under the special tuition of the Principal, three classes in Greek, eight in Latin, two in French and one in German, one class in Roman History and one in English Chronology, several classes in Euclid and one in Recitation, and that to the Assistant was allotted the charge of Geography, Arithmetic, Writing and Reading, in which the whole school engaged as well as classes in English Grammar, Algebra and Mensuration.

The Examination, which occupied five hours, commenced with the lowest of the eight Latin Classes, and ascended in regular order to the highest,—next came the Three Greek Classes in the same regular order—and then the higher of the two French Classes. The Books in which the examination took place, were the Eton Latin Grammar, Steddart's New Latin Delectus, Cornelius Nepos, Cæsar, Ovid, Virgil, Horace, Cicero de Amicitia, Valpy's Greek Delectus, the Greek Testament, Xenophon's Anabasis, and Porquet's First French Reading Book. The Greek Classes did remarkably well, as also did the great majority of the pupils in the Latin Classes. The highest class ought to be particularly mentioned, as consisting of young men of high promise and very studious habits. The Mathematical Examination embraced questions in Algebraic Simple Equations and Demonstrations of Propositions from the 4th, 3d, 2d and 1st Books of Euclid. In this department, too, the pupils acquitted themselves in a manner worthy of students. The Penmanship was examined and pronounced excellent.

In his closing address, the President of the Board, after expressing general satisfaction with the whole Examination, earnestly and properly endeavoured to impress upon the Pupils the necessity of paying particular attention to the instructions they receive in Grammar, as the Grammar is the foundation of every solid literary superstructure, and cautioned them against a very specious fallacy, which prevailed in his own schoolboy days, as well as at the present time—that the study of Latin and Greek is useless, except to Professional men—assuring them that no one, whatever his profession in life may afterwards be, can go through a course of Greek and Latin study, without deriving from the mental discipline connected with it, great, solid, and permanent benefit to the powers of his own mind.

In comparing the present Programme with that of the preceding Examination, which is the proper way of judging of the progress of the Pupils, it is pleasing to observe the advancement which the whole School has made in the right direction, and highly gratifying to find here and there among the Classes, a youth by means of more unremitting application and ardent study, shooting by his compeers, and taking his position among those who were lately much superiors. Examples of this kind (and they are not few in this School,) have a very salutary effect upon others who may be less ardent in their pursuit of learning.

The Principal, we understand, has engaged the services of a talented gentleman, of excellent Classical attainments, to assist him in the Classical Department for a limited period; and if the measure, which will unquestionably redound to the benefit of the Pupils generally, from allowing the Principal to devote the most of his attention to the higher Classes, receive the encouragement and support of the public, the engagement, with the approbation of the Board, will be rendered permanent.

The Christmas Holidays will continue till Monday the 7th of January.

"RUIN AND DECAY."—It is probable that—in Canada at least—there never was a combination consisting of three words, upon which the changes have been rung so repeatedly, as upon the notorious three, which form the title of the present article. Whilst the *annexationist* has adduced several instances of a purely *individual* character, of misfortune in business, or of depreciation in the value of property—which are continually recurring events, under any circumstances—to shew that there prevails in Canada, *general* "ruin and decay," the *loyal* Canadian on the other hand, who justly estimates the principles which prevail in the British government—"the pearl of great price," and who is determined not to act the Esau part of Esau of old, who was willing to sell his birth right for a mess of pottage—is quite ready to check mate these *caricatures* of his adversary, by the enumeration of many important and gratifying facts, which clearly establish the growing prosperity of the Province. Thus, the two party reasons from isolated instances; his opponent deals more fairly, in matters of general character. The assertions of the one, as is quite evident, are utterly fallacious, and establish no *data*, which can be considered as reliable, whilst the facts of the loyal man, strictly accord with the matter in issue, and clearly negative even the suspicion, that "ruin and decay" are prominent features in the condition of his country.

To illustrate our position—A Montreal Journal, now before us, proves that the Province is going to "ruin and rapid decay," because certain properties in that City have been recently sold at a far less price than they originally cost. We grant the premises. The Toronto papers assert, that real estate in that City has lately much increased in value. Now here the charge is fairly balanced.—The state of the Province of Canada, upon the whole, remains the same.

Saint Andrews in Scotland was once a place of more note than Glasgow, yet the decay of the one, and the prosperity of the other, afford no sign, that "ruin and decay" are characteristic features of Old Scotia.

A Quebec paper well observes that "Montreal may be falling to ruin and decay, but the causes are purely *local*; and the mere blotting out of Montreal, would be no evidence of *Provincial* decline."

The *Toronto Globe*, in a late article, establishes the fact, that year after year, not only property but population in Canada, have been rapidly increasing, and the writer facetiously enquires, "if people and property multiply in a land, which is going to ruin and decay?"

How many Banks, Railways and Canals have ruined their Stockholders in the United States? Yet the *annexationist*, never cites these instances to shew that this republic is in a state of "ruin and decay," simply, because the allegation, *as in his own case*, would aim out to—just nothing, and establish *no general* principle.

WE SHALL STICK TO THE CROWS, IF IT HANGS ON A GOOSEBERRY BUSH!

GALE.—The weather for some days past has been of a stormy character. On Saturday evening, a gale, or hurricane, of greater violence than has been experienced here for a number of years past, set in from the South East, and continued with tremendous fury from that quarter, accompanied alternately with snow and rain, till about 5 o'clock on Sunday morning, when the wind veered to South West, and blew with equal violence from that quarter till Sunday afternoon, with occasional showers of snow—the outer harbour and bay presenting all the while a grand but terrific scene of furious billows and foam. Considerable damage was done on the land during the gale—an enclosed frame of a new Cottage in course of erection by Mr. A. Martin, on the East side of Courtenay Bay, was blown down, and also a large part of the rope walk on the Marsh, belonging to Messrs. W. Carvill and T. Wallace; sundry porches, fences, trees, &c., were damaged; and many of the houses in the City shook considerably during the gale. Two coasting schooners were driven on shore near Manawagonish, one from Shepody, is a total wreck, master's name Wells—no lives lost. A small schooner was driven on Navy Island.—Brig "Daring" for Barbadoes, which sailed on Saturday, put back to port yesterday; Brig "Belle," which sailed at the same time, was in sight of the D. when she bore up.—No intelligence of the other outward bound vessels.—*Observer.*

SAD ACCIDENT.—We learn that the Halifax Mail coach, which left this City on Saturday afternoon, was overturned the same evening, four miles beyond Caldwell's Norton, by the violence of the the wind and the icy state of the road, and that the coach was dragged on its side several miles before the horses could be stopped, the driver having been thrown off. Mr. Jardine, of Richibucto, who was on the box, had one of his wrists dislocated. The inside passengers were a Mrs. Armstrong, and child of four months old—the child was killed, and the mother considerably injured; the others, S. Binney, Esq., Master Joseph Scammell, and two sons of the Hon. E. B. Chandler, escaped with slight bruises. These are all the particulars we have been able to learn.—*Ib.*

THE GALE.—The fine new ship *Tippoo Saib*, belonging to Mr. James Smith, sailed on Friday afternoon for Liverpool, having Colonel Ormond, Mrs. and Miss Ormond, and Mr. Jas. T. Smith as passengers. When off the mouth of the Bay, she was struck by a heavy sea, which threw her on her beam ends, and such was the violence of the gale, that for a length of time, all on board were in imminent peril of their lives. Five of the crew were only saved by being cut out of the deck forecastle. The ship was happily brought back to Partridge Island on Tuesday night, having ten feet water in her hold. Additional assistance was sent to her on Wednesday, and on Thursday morning she was towed into harbor by the steamers Commodore and Maid of Fife.

The Brig *Belle*, belonging to Messrs. Salter, which sailed hence for Liverpool on Friday, was driven ashore on the Eastern side of Grand Passage, on Sunday night, and became a total wreck. No lives were lost.

PROFESSOR JOHNSTON gave an abstract of his Report on the Agricultural capabilities of the Province, on Friday evening last, to an overflowing and highly gratified audience. He commenced by exhibiting and explaining a Geological Map of the Province, which had been prepared under his directions, from Dr. Gesner's Surveys, the returns in the Crown Land Office, and his own and Dr. Robb's observations. He next exhibited an Agricultural Map, showing as far as our present knowledge extends, the various kinds of soil in the Province—these he divided into five classes; they form, however, *three* great divisions, which may be classified as good, middling, and bad—each class containing Five Millions of acres. He then went on to compare the returns of produce, the weight, quality, and market price of the various articles raised in the Province, with like returns from Canada, New York, and Ohio, and found that in each of these particulars *ours* excel the others. The returns being in each case derived from the same sources, viz., the Reports of Agricultural Societies, and statements from intelligent Farmers from different localities, there is no reason to suppose that they do not equally approximate to the truth. We must confess that we were not prepared to expect such a favorable result; but, in such hands, the investigation was necessarily conducted on correct principles, and impartiality. We must, therefore, bow to the decision, and we feel quite pleased that our own New-Brunswick has been pronounced by a competent judge as entitled to take a front rank among the nations, as an Agricultural country.—*Observer.*

PROFESSOR JOHNSTON, in his lecture, gave the following comparison of figures, as the production of New-Brunswick, with the other countries there named. It is compiled from answers to certain questions sent to farmers in different parts of the Province:

	New-Brunswick.	N. York.	Ohio.	U. Canada.
Wheat per acre	17½ bu.	14 bu.	15½ bu.	12½ bu.
Barley "	27 "	16 "	24 "	17½ "
Oats "	33 "	26 "	33½ "	24½ "
Rye "	18 "	9½ "	16½ "	11½ "
Potatoes "	204 "	90 "	69½ "	84 "
Turnips "	389 "	88 "	No returns.	

He also stated the following average prices obtained for the following articles in this Province, compared with the other places named:

	New-Brunswick.	U. Canada.	Ohio.
Wheat per qr.	60s 8d.	28s.	31s.
Barley, "	34s.	18s.	14s. 8d.
Oats, "	16s.	10s.	8s.
Rye, "	38s. 8d.	16s.	16s.
Potatoes, bush.	1s. 11d.	1s. 6d.	1s. 10½

MR. ROBERT S. BENNISON has exhibited to us specimens of Visiting Cards, written by himself. They are elegant examples of penmanship, and Mr. B. purposes either to furnish them in any desired quantities, or give instruction in that peculiar art of pen nanship.

MASONIC FESTIVITIES.—Thursday being St. John's Day, the Brethren in this City joined in partaking of a substantial Supper at the St. John Hotel. About fifty were present, with a number of guests, who did much honor to the ancient institution. An excellent supper was provided, and Price's Band enlivened the company with some excellent music.

In Carleton, the Brethren of Union Lodge had a capital supper provided for them by brother Coram They enjoyed themselves in friendly intercourse during the evening, and separated in "harmony" much pleased with the entertainment furnished them.

SUICIDE.—A private of the 1st Royal Regiment, named Merrigan, committed suicide yesterday morning, at the Barracks, about 2 o'clock, by blowing his brains out with a musket. It seems that he had been confined to the Barracks, by orders, for a week, and not being able to get out on Christmas day to join the company of a *particular friend*, he took it so to heart that it preyed upon his mind until it resulted in temporary aberration, which led to the awful catastrophe. He had always borne an unblemished character.—*News.*

THE SUPPOSED SUICIDE CORRECTED.—We learn from the *Rochester American* of Saturday, that Mrs. Miller, who took care to have herself reported as having jumped over Niagara Falls on Monday night last, has been arrested at Syracuse. She was running away with a young man named Blakemer, and had contrived the suicide to cover her retreat.

The steamer *Gore*, Captain Fraser, with the troops on board, arrived at Sault Ste. Marie in safety on the 2d inst., and left there on Tuesday last. Captain Fraser of the *Gore*, arrived in town yesterday, having in charge Mr. Allan Macdonell, two Indian chiefs, and two half breeds, who had been apprehended at the Sault on a Magistrate's warrant, on a charge of being concerned in taking possession of the Quebec Mining Company's location at Miss Bay, Lake Superior.—*Toronto Colonist.*

RETURNED CALIFORNIANS.—*The other side.*—The Lowell Journal gives us the names of six returned California emigrants, who left that place in January last, viz: S. H. Sargent, Mr. Cram, W. H. Potter, I. H. Blake, W. H. Merrill, and Mr. Duston. These gentlemen have "seen the animal" to their heart's content, and are quite satisfied to get back alive. The Journal advises all who think of visiting the golden region to see and converse with those returned emigrants, and learn from them the true state of things in that country.

SUSPENSION BRIDGE MILL.—The Lockport Courier says that Messrs. Olmstead, De Veaux and Tracy, have erected a flouring mill the present season, on the Niagara river, at the Eastern termination of the suspension bridge. It is designed for four run of stone—two of which are now in operation. The establishment is a novelty, and furnishes as fine a specimen of Yankee ingenuity and enterprise, as can be found in the country round about. The mill is placed upon the bank of the river, at a perpendicular elevation of two hundred and fifty feet above the water which propels it. The river at this point commences a rapid descent, and by constructing a race but a few rods in length, a fall of some nine feet is obtained. The water wheel is placed at the lower end of this race, and the mighty Niagara constitutes the mill pond. A cast iron shaft, two hundred and seventy feet in length—running up at an angle of forty-five degrees—connects the water wheel with the machinery it propels. The building is of stone, thirty-six and forty-six feet, three stories high, and built in the most substantial manner.

The design of the mill and the arrangement of the machinery are the work of Mr. Tracy. The mill being designed for custom grinding, no effort or expense has been spared to render it a model in its way. To accomplish this the bolts have been made double the ordinary length, and as proof of the superiority of the plan, the proprietors warrant forty two pounds of flour to sixty pounds of wheat, after deducting toll. We repeat that the establishment is a novelty in design, location and finish, and promises to promote greatly the public convenience, while it yields a liberal reward to its enterprising proprietors.

Married.

At Carleton, on Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. F. Coster, Mr. Isaac Peckham Clarke, to Miss Malicent Theall, all of that place.

On Tuesday, the 18th inst., by the Rev. John Thomson, A. M., Mr. William Cameron, to Miss Mary Smith, both of the Parish of Simonds.

At Petersville, on Tuesday evening, 18th inst., by Elder Abner Merserean, Mr. James E. Smith, of Blissville, to Miss Jane, sixth daughter of Mr. Ebenezer Dibble, of the former place.

Died.

On Saturday morning, after a short illness, of gastric fever, George, youngest son of Mr. John Thomas, aged four years.

At Norton, King's County, on the 10th inst., Mrs. Mary Spence, widow of the late Mr. Wm. Spence, a native of Fort William, Inverness-shire, Scotland, aged 86 years.

At Fredericton, on the 19th inst., Catherine Ann, youngest daughter of John M. Blair, of that City, in the 10th year of her age.—On Tuesday morning last, Eleanor, second daughter of Mr. David Wilson, (Barber) of that city, in the 11th year of her age.

At Halifax, in the 51st year of his age, Mr. William Valentine, Artist. Mr. V. was a native of Whitehaven, England.

At New York, on Tuesday, the 18th inst., after a short but painful illness, Elizabeth S., wife of Arnold Hallett, M. D., and only daughter of Warmoldus Cooper, Esq.

At Glasgow, on the 29th Nov., Agnes, the beloved wife of Allan Gilmour, Esquire, and fourth daughter of the deceased John Strang, Esquire, formerly of Saint Andrews, in this Province.

At San Francisco, California, on the 30th Sept. last, Mr Caleb G. Seely, aged 39 years. At the same place on the following day, Mr. Samuel Davidson. They were both natives of Liverpool, Nova Scotia, and left that place last spring.

Marine List.

PORT OF SAINT JOHN—ARRIVED.

Thursday—New Brig Palermo, Brayley, Pascagoula—John McGrath, timber and deals.

Brigt. Gipsy, Purdy, Cork, (via Yarmouth, N. S.,) 35—Chas. McLauchlan, ballast.

Friday—Barque Pearl, Morris, Shields, 50—S. Wiggins & Son, coals.

Saturday—Ship Catherine, Flett, London, 86—John Wishart, merchandise.

Java, Duffy, New Haven, 8—James Kirk, ballast.

Brigt. Gem, McCready, Alexandria, 14—Eastabrooks & Ring, wheat.

CLEARED.

Dec. 22d—Barque Wm. Glen Anderson, Webster, Cowes, lumber and deals.

24th—Ship Leamahagow, Gaskin, Grimsby, timber and deals; Victory, Kinney, London, timber and deals; Brig Charlotte, McMann, Barbadoes, lumber.

26th—Brigt. James, Baikie, Cork, wine, from Portugal; Schr. Lexington, Leek, Boston, boards.

Notice to the

GENERAL PO

Saint Joh

IN order to obviate the inc under the present arrangem the Postage of Letters and Ne mentioned to be paid in ad the Postmaster General has b that hereafter the Postage on letters passing between New Brunswick may be pre paid or not, at the sender. J. H.