SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, THE FRIDAY, JUNE 29, 1849.

Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 12. "Nec Regi, Nec Populo, sed utroque." Number 41.

THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE

Is published every Friday afternoon, by DURANT & Co., at their office in the brick building of L. W. Doveber & Son, west side Prince Wm. street.

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Weekly Almanack.

(The time of high water here given is for A. M.)

June.		h.	Sun. s	Moon n	w.
30	Saturday,	4	20 7 46	1 21	1 21
1	Sunday	4	21 7 46	1m52	8 51
2	Monday,	4	22 7 46	2 26	9 43
3	Tuesday,	4	22 7 46	3 3	10 26
4	Wednesday	4	23 7 46	3 45	11 3
5	Thursday,	4	24 7 46	4 23	11 37
6	Friday.	4	25 7 46	Rises	0 0

Full Moon 5th, 9h. 2m morning.

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84, King William street, Mansion house, London

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LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
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Exclusive of a Reserved Fund (Surplus Premiums) of £37,000 sterling.

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February, 1848.

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TAR.—20 barrels Riggers' TAR, ex Beverley from New York.
May 25. THOS. HANFORD.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

Copy of a Letter from HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF PORTLAND *to* MRS. ANN MELLISH, *(one of his Tenants,) whom His Grace was pleased to send as a Patient to the Proprietor of this Extraordinary Medicine.*

MADAM,

If Mr. HOLLOWAY will undertake to cure you perfectly, when the Cure is complete I will undertake to pay him £21 10s. You may show him this Letter.

(Signed) SCOTT PORTLAND.

Welbeck Abbey, May 31, 1842.

Copy of a Letter from the Most honorable the MARQUIS OF WESTMEATH, K.G.

LORD WESTMEATH has just received Mr. HOLLOWAY'S Medicine, for which he returns him his best thanks.

Eaton Hall, Cheshire, Feb. 12, 1842.

This inestimable Medicine being composed entirely of medicinal Herbs, does not contain any mercurial, mineral, or deleterious substances. Benign to the tender infant, or to the weakest constitution, prompt and sure in eradicating disease from the most robust frame, it is perfectly harmless in its operations and effects, while it *searches out and removes Complaints of every character*, and at every stage, however long standing or deeply rooted.

Of the Thousands *cured by its agency*, many who were on the verge of the grave for a considerable period (by *persevering* in its use) have been RESTORED TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH, *after every other means failed.*

All Diseases (and whatever may be their symptoms, however they may declare themselves, yet one cause is common to them all, viz., a want of purity in the blood and fluids) are cured by this wonderful Medicine, which cleanses the stomach and bowels, while its Balsamic qualities clear the blood, give tone and energy to the nerves and muscles, invigorate the system, and strength to bone and sinew.

The Afflicted need not give himself up to despair, as one without hope, but let him make a proper trial of the MIGHTY POWERS of this astonishing Medicine, and he will soon be *restored to the blessings of Health.*

Time should not be lost in taking this Remedy for any of the following Diseases :—

Ague,	Indigestion,
Asthma,	Inflammation,
Bilious Complaints,	Jaundice,
Blotches on the Skin,	Liver Complaints,
Bowel Complaints,	Lumbago,
Colics,	Piles,
Constipation of Bowels,	Rheumatism,
Consumption,	Retention of the Urine,
Debility,	Sore Throats,
Dropsy,	Scrofula, or King's Evil,
Dysentery	Stone an Gravel,
Erysipelas,	Tic Doulloureux,
Female Irregularities,	Tumours
Fevers of all kinds,	Ulcers,
Fits,	Worms of all kinds,
Gout,	Weakness, from whatever
Headache,	cause, &c., &c.

These truly valuable Pills can be obtained at the Establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY, near Temple Bar, London. And are sold by PETERS & TILLEY, Provincial Agents, No. 2, King St., St. John, N. B.; James F. Gale, Fredericton; W. J. Baird, Woodstock; Alexander Lockhart, Quaco; James Beck, Bend Petitcodiac; O. R. Sayre, Dorchester; John Bell, Shediac; John Lewis, Hillsborough; John Currey, Canning; and James E. White, Bellevile.

In Boxes at 1s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 7s. each.

N. B. Directions, for the guidance of Patients in every Disorder, are affixed to each Box

Miscellany.

WON AT LAST!

OR,

A TALE OF ATLANTA.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Somewhat more than thirty years ago, in a fine old mansion on the St. Lawrence, near Montreal lived General Paul Leroux, formerly of the French army, and a devoted Bonapartist. On the final fall of Napoleon, he had emigrated to Canada with his family, and a portion of his once princely fortune.

General Leroux was a widower, with two twin children, Henri, and Eugenie, at your service, my reader. The two, having lost their mother in childhood had spent some years with relatives in Switzerland. In that wilder country, in the midst of a large household, herself the empress pet of her grand uncle, a veteran soldier, Eugenie Leroux was allowed all the wild and healthful freedom of a peasant girl. At the age of sixteen, when she accompanied her father and brother to the New World, she could boast but few lady-like accomplishments and aristocratic airs; but she was lovely, with the promise of extraordinary beauty, bewitchingly *naive* in manner, and as brave and vigorous as a young Zangara. She was passionate in spirit, impetuous and wayward; fiery and fearless in her resentments, but quick and generous to forgive; ardent and devoted to the death in her loves and friendships. Henri Leroux was possessed of a fine intellect, but was of a delicate physical organization; gentle in spirit, sensitive, studious and religious, the fair beauty of his face, the subdued tone of his voice and his quiet manner, all went to render him a most remarkable contrast to his sister. But I will not dwell further upon his character, as his further life is to form the subject of a subsequent sketch.

On reaching his Canadian home, General Leroux procured a governess and master for his daughter, Mademoiselle Eugenie soon acquired a good knowledge of English, made rapid progress in music, but she indignantly overturned her embroidery frame, tossed her paint brushes into the river, and sent her Latin grammar after them.—Her poor governess soon resigned in despair all hope of making a fine lady out of the wild girl of the Alps, whom an indulgent father, good easy man, permitted to follow in all things her own untrammelled impulse.

Our heroine's early residence in Switzerland had coloured her entire after life and character, and the daughter of a soldier, she was perhaps, not unnaturally, soldier-like and somewhat masculine in her tastes. She neither trembled, fainted, nor shrieked with exquisite sensibility and delicate nervousness at the roar of ordnance, the peal of musketry, or the sharp crack of the rifle. She loved them rather—at the gleam of arms and the exulting swell of martial music, there ever flashed from her kindling eyes the bold spirit of a Joan d' Arc. As a horse woman she was absolutely unrivalled in all the Canadas—at least, so said her riding master. She could row like Grace Darling, swim like a mermaid, and then her skating,—"Her skating! Good gracious!" cries my fair reader in feminine consternation. Wait a bit my dear and consider. Skating is an amusement which has been too long monopolized by our 'natural enemy,' as some lady writer—Miss Martineau, Miss Hannah Moore, or Miss Robinson Crusoe—calls the sterner sex. It is a graceful, a delightful and most invigorating exercise. I speak not unadvisedly, for at early girlhood I, too, acquired the singular accomplishment, and I now only blush for the false delicacy which has since prevented me from keeping myself in practice.

But Eugenie, fearless of the censures of the over refined, and scorning the impertinent observations of the *canaille*, pursued with enthusiasm the favourite pastime of her Swiss winterlife; and no sooner did the ice of the St. Lawrence become of a reliable thickness, than accompanied by her twin-brother, she might be seen performing her graceful evolutions thereon for hours together.—Her skill and swiftness became proverbial, and many were the delighted witnesses of her varied and extraordinary feats. But it is time she was introduced personally to my readers.

On the afternoon of a keen but sunny day in January, Eugenie and Henri Leroux laughingly descended the bank of the St. Lawrence and mingled with a small company of skaters. Mademoiselle Eugenie then a strikingly beautiful brunette of 19 was suitably though somewhat coquettishly attired in a short skirt and tightly fitting jacket of dark blue cloth, richly trimmed with black fur. Upon her head she wore a small fur cap;—her raven hair was parted back; the rich brown of her complexion was brilliant with a glow of pleasure and her dark eyes were flashing back the sunshine.

After amusing herself for a while, Eugenie observed a burly English Corporal, with whom she had a slight skating acquaintance, progressing leisurely toward her, drawing a miniature sleigh. This, she presently saw, contained the first born of the Corporal's house, a stout boy of about half a year old, well wrapped in furs and flannel and rosy-cheeked with the healthful wintry air.—Eugenie glided along by the little vehicle, chatting pleasantly, and delighting the proud father by her praise of his little child till suddenly a wild thought darted through her brain, she caught the infant from the cushions, laid it on her head, after the Swiss manner, putting up one hand to steady it, and was off like a flash! As for the Corporal, his sensations were more easily imagined than described, to use a novel expression. He stood stupified and transfixed for a moment, then gave a cry, between a groan and a yell, and started in pursuit. He was a tolerably good skater, but he knew not with whom he had to compete. Eugene was now rods ahead of him looking back and laughing provokingly; now passing so near that he almost grasped her dress; now circling about him with fearful rapidity. At last the poor man became furious, swore roundly at the mischievous girl, and called for aid in rescuing his child. Three or four, Henri among the number, laughed heartily, set out in eager pursuit; but Eugenie, after eluding them at every point, flew back to the little sleigh, lowered the child from her head, kissed him hastily, laid him smiling and unharmed upon his pillow, and was off again.

Among the interested though inactive spectators of this strange scene, were two British officers, then stationed at Montreal—Capt. Hamilton and Lieut. Thurston. The former was highly connected and heir to considerable wealth, had a soldierly appearance, a symmetrical form and a fine manly face, happy, and withal, innocent in its expression.

Thurston was a man of the world, with peculiarly English physiognomy, was considered handsomer than his companion, to whom he was an attached and devoted friend.

On leaving the river, after Eugenie and her brother had disappeared, Hamilton maintained a thoughtful silence until he reached his quarters, when he exclaimed 'Thurston, we must make the acquaintance of General Leroux, for by the powers, I would give my commission to know that girl! She is a glorious creature—a *glo-ri-ous creature*.

'Fudge, Hamilton, she is a merciless little savage—a very good ogress, running away with babies and frightening worthy fathers out of their wits."

Our officers found little difficulty in gaining an *entree* into the hospitable mansion of the courteous Gen. Leroux, and ere many months were past, they were on footing of a familiar intercourse with his family. Captain Hamilton's admiration of Eugenie finally deepened into love, and many things seemed to augur favourably for the success of his suit. The father and brother of the lady were both won over by the many excellencies of the young soldier's character, his intellectual qualifications, and the charm of his manner; but the heart of Eugenie was not so easily conquered. Her lover soon ascertained that many of her feelings, tastes and prejudices, were opposed to the interest which he sought to create. First of all, her *amor patriæ* was far stronger than that of most women; she passionately loved *la belle France*, and as passionately hated her enemies. Then she cherished in the depths of her soul, that wild enthusiastic, adoring love for the memory of Napoleon, which none but a true Bonapartist can fully understand.

Hamilton, like every English soldier, was a worshipper of Wellington and could never be brought to admit that the generalship of the conquered surpassed that of the conqueror.

When a mere child, she had seen the great hero—she had a distinct recollection of his face, of his winning smile, as he addressed a few playful words to her. Henri Leroux even declared to Hamilton that her right cheek, which had received the imperial salute, had been *tabooed* from that time, no less than august lips having pressed the sacred spot. To her father and brother, Eugenie never spoke of the glorious days of the empire but with mournful enthusiasm—of the Emperor but with tears; yet to Captain Hamilton she talked proudly of the deeds and reign of the great king maker, and entered into many an animated discussion of his merits as a ruler and a general.

Such discussions sometimes add a piquancy to friendship, but a degree of discord to love,—and our lovers had some serious disagreements. But reconciliation always followed, Eugenie usually concluding in her calmer moments that a live friend was better than a dead emperor; and frankly sending to the aggrieved gentleman some pacific message.

During the summer and fall, Gen. Leroux was absent on a tour through the States; and as Henri was much engrossed by studies, Captain Hamilton was left a fair field for his wooing operations—He rode and walked, sung and read English with Mademoiselle, and all would have gone on smoothly had he not also *talked*. But the ghost of Bonaparte was never laid; and that unfortunate last bottle, when the 'little corporal' was defeated by fate, not by Wellington, was fought over again almost daily.

On the return of the General, Captain Hamilton thought best to consult him, before making a formal proposition of his suit—leaving the matter wholly in his daughter's hands. But Eugenie was too arch a coquette to decide at once—again and again requested time for consideration, until weeks slipped by and the merry skating days had come round again.

(Conclusion next week.)

FUSS AT FIRES!

A GOOD HINT.—An exchange contains the following directions to people who make themselves "generally useful" at fires.

The moment you hear an alarm, scream like a pair of panthers. Run any way except the right way, for the farthest way round is always the nearest way to the fire. If you happen to run on top of a wood pile so much the better; you can get a good view of the neighbourhood. If a light breaks on your view, break for it immediately—but be sure you don't jump into a bow window.

Keep yelling all the time; and if you can, make night hideous enough yourself, kick all the dogs you come across, and set them yelling too.—'Twill help amazingly. A brace of cats dragged up stairs by the tail would be a 'powerful auxiliary.' When you reach the scene of the fire, do all you can to convert it into a scene of destruction.—Tear down all the fences in the vicinity. If it be a chimney on fire, throw salt down it; or if you can't do that, throw salt on a rat's tail and make him run up. The effect will be about the same. If both be found impracticable, a few buckets of water, judiciously applied, will answer just as well. Perhaps the best plan would be to jerk off the pump handle and pound down the chimney. Don't forget to yell all the time, as it has a prodigious effect in frightening off the fire.

You might swear a little too, if you can do it scientifically. The louder the better, of course, and the more ladies in the vicinity, the greater necessity of 'doing it up brown.' Should the roof begin to smoke, get to work in good earnest and make any man 'smoke' that interrupts you. If it is summer, and there are fruit trees in the lot, cut them down, to prevent the fire from roasting the apples. Don't forget to yell! Should the stable be threatenened, carry out the cow-chains.—Never mind the horse, he'll be alive and kicking—and if his legs don't do their duty, let them pay for the roast. Ditto as to the hogs, let them save their own bacon, or smoke for it.

When the roof begins to burn, get a crowbar and pry away the stone steps, or if the steps be of wood, procure an axe and chop them up.—Next cut away the wash-boards in the basement story; and if that don't stop the flames, let the chair boards on the first floor share a similar fate. Should the 'devouring element' still continue the 'even tenor of its way,' you had better ascend to the second story. Pitch out the pitchers, tumble out the tumblers. Yell all the time! If you find a baby abed, fling it into the second story window of the house across the way, but let the kitten be carefully let down in a work basket.

Then draw out the bureau drawers and empty them out of the back window, telling somebody below to upset the slop barrel and the rain-water hogshead at the same time. Of course you will attend to the mirror. The further it can be thrown the more pieces can be made. If any body objects, smash it over his head. *Keep yelling!*—Do not, under any circumstances drop the tongs down from the second story—the fall might break its legs and render the poor thing a cripple for life; set it straddle of your shoulders and carry it down carefully. Pile the bed-cloths on the floor and show the spectators that you can "beat the lungs" at knocking the bedsteads apart, and chopping up the pieces. By the time you will have attended to all these things, the fire will certainly be arrested or the building burnt down. In either case, your services will be no longer needed, and of course you need no further directions.

NO EXCUSE FOR DRUNKENNESS AS AN INDUCEMENT TO CRIME.—At the late Yorkshire gaol delivery, two men, charged with highway robbery, were found guilty, but recommended to mercy by the Jury, on the ground of their previous good character, and also because they were intoxicated at the time. In passing sentence Justice Coleridge remarked :—"The Jury, on account of your previous good characters, and because all parties were drunk at the time, have recommended you to mercy. I must say that the first ground is an exceedingly good one; but I think if the jury had considered the mischief and crime that results in this county, as well as in every other part of England, from the use of liquor in excess, they would hardly have considered that that is any extenuation of your offence.—True, you would not, perhaps, have committed this offence if you had not been in liquor; but if men will commit crime when drunk they should take care not to get drunk. I venture to say that in much more than half the offences which have been brought before this assizes, liquor has had something to do. Liquor has either been the temptation beforehand to robbery to get something to purchase it, or it is the provocation under the influence of liquor that causes them to quarrel, and perhaps commit murder; or it is liquor upon which the fruits that have been obtained by robbery are generally spent; and it seems to me that but for the cases where offences are brought on by the excessive use of intoxicating liquors, the courts of justice might be nearly shut up. I am sure that a great deal more than half the time of criminal courts is taken up in consequence of offences which have something to do with liquor. The first recommendation of the jury I shall take into consideration, but the second I cannot. The laws of this country do not allow drunkenness to be either a justification or extenuation of any offence. The old law said that if a man killed another when drunk, he shall be hung when sober. It must not be for a moment heard that intoxication is to be anything like an excuse for crime."

A FRENCH MUNGO PARK.

La Presse says, "One of those great enterprises which raise a name to the rank of those of the Cooks and the La Perouses is on the eve of accomplishment, with the aid and under the protection of the Government of France. A traveller who has already traversed Egypt, Syria, Abyssinia, Darfour, and Cordovan,—who has ascended the Nile as far as the first chain of the Mountains of the Moon,—who has visited Tranquebar, the five provinces of Arabia and Irak-Arabia,—who, as interpreter, has been attached to the mission which explored the ruins of Nineveh, and has also travelled in Persia, from Mascats, to Ispahan, and visited the Cape of Good Hope and the Island of St. Helena,—now proposes, in a first voyage, to traverse the whole portion of the African continent, extending from Algiers to Senegal, passing through Timbuctoo; to gain, from Senegal, the Cape of Good Hope, and finally to return by cutting the great African Peninsula from North to South, that is to say, from the Cape of Good Hope to Algiers. The 'Wandering Jew' who has conceived the idea of undertaking this fabulous journey, and to whom a residence of 16 years amongst the Arabs (whose religion, customs, costume, and manners he has adopted) offers a prospect of success not possessed by Clapperton, Mungo Park, Denham or the brothers Lander, is a Colonel Ducouret, known in the east by the name of Hadji-Abd-el-Hamid Bey, which he assumed at the time of his pilgrimage to Mecca—a pilgrimage never before accomplished by any Frenchman. Impressed with the importance of a journey which may yield such great results—political, scientific, and commercial—the Government has hastened to lend its support to the enterprise of M. Ducouret, and the three Ministers of Public Instruction, Foreign Affairs, and Commerce, have just concurred in its execution in a most efficacious manner. Whether it succeed or whether it fail, here is one of those missions which we shall always rejoice to see a Government encouraging and supporting. Hadji-Abd-el-Hamid-Bey estimates the duration of his perilous expedition at from five to six years."

FROM CALIFORNIA.—The Journal of Commerce publishes an interesting letter from California, the greater part of which we copy, as it is not only of very recent date, but affords many details, just now very useful, as the gold fever has broken out anew:—

SAN FRANCISCO, May 1, 1849.

The emporium of the Western world presents a busy scene. There are about sixty vessels in the harbor, of all classes, all deserted by their crews, a fate that awaits every vessel here, as soon as her anchor is down. Men have to be hired in unloading them, at £10 per day. But how they are to get away from here, that is the question. Common sailors cannot be hired for less than $150 a month, and it is very probable that very few could be induced to ship for a long voyage at double that amount of wages.

Goods of all descriptions are becoming very plenty, and prices are moderate, except at retail, and in places distant from San Francisco.

The amount of importations at this port is probably about $2,500,000, for the last four months, though I have not been able to ascertain the amount precisely for March and April. The duties paid, or rather deposited and secured, subject to the decision of the Government at Washington, amount to about £341,800 for the same period, of which there was received in January last, $73,000; in February, $65,000; March, $80,000; and during the month of April, just closed, $12,000.

The number of passengers who have arrived here by sea during the period alluded to is very very great. The actual population of the country at this time, cannot accurately be estimated, but may be thirty thousand. It consists of Americans, English, French, Mexicans, Chilenes, Peruvians, and indeed of almost all nations and languages; but those named are the most numerous classes. The Americans, at this time, comprise less than one half.

Goods are sold here by retail at high prices, and must, of course, continue to be, so long as labor, rents, and other expenses, keep up to the present enormous rates. If the retailer had his goods given to him here, it would scarcely affect the price at which he is obliged to sell them, particularly at the mines and other places distant from San Francisco, in order to cover his expenses. In the first place, a man competent to carry on the mercantile business, even as a retailer, could probably get some other employment, at three, four, or even five hundred dollars per month. In the next place, the rent of an eligible stand for business, would cost about five hundred dollars per month. At least three hundred dollars per month must be paid for a good clerk. The items of boarding, lodging and washing at a very economical rate, would cost seven dollars per day for a single person, to these many others are to be added, at the same rate of expense. The cartage of goods in town, would cost more than the transportation from New York to Chicago, and the expense of unlading goods from on board ships and placing them in the warehouse, would amount to almost or quite as much as the freight usually charged from Live pool to New York.

To transport articles of any description from here to the mines, would cost, at this time, from 75 cents to $1 per pound, or from $1500 to $2,000 per ton, There is great scarcity of storage for goods. All the warehouses are filled up, and large heaps of merchandize are heaped up in extensive enclosures uncovered. Many articles are sold at the daily auctions which take place, at prices far below their cost at the place of exportation, merely to get them out of the way.

Lodgings in San Francisco are very difficult to be obtained. The great part of the floating population live in tents. There are perhaps four hundred houses here, of the poorest description generally, but as many thousands would scarcely be sufficient, even now, to afford all a shelter.—Lumber has been sold at $600 per thousand, and is now held at about $400 per thousand; but it is difficult to be obtained at that price.

There are in California men of all trades and professions, but the physicians are most numerous. One may sit down any place in San Francisco, and he shall see a doctor pass every five minutes all day long. There are certainly twenty doctors to one patient. Mechanics are also numerous, but there are scarcely any engaged in their trades, except a few carpenters, who get $16 a day for their labor. Agriculture is entirely abandoned.

The ordinary occupations here are gold digging, regular trading, speculating, and gambling. Farm lots in San Francisco are held at from $3,000 to $25,000. Several other towns have been laid out, as Benechia, Stocton, Sacramento City, &c., and the lots sold at very high prices. Titles are but little inquired into. There is no doubt they are generally bad.

There is no society, no such thing as friendship, no pleasure of any kind; there is no religion recognized in practice, and no Divinity worshipped but gold. Although the country is without government, it is not absolutely without order,—even better than existed at any time before it was annexed to the United States, and better than exists now in Mexico, or any of the South American Republics. Every man goes well armed, and as great insults and injuries are pretty sure to be followed by instant revenge, without any chance of escape by "the laws delay," they are not very frequently committed.

Murders, larcenies, and robberies, if the offender is caught, are punished with great severity, after a trial by jury in due form. At the mines, as they have no prisons, hanging is the only mode of punishment. Upon the whole, life is considered tolerably secure, and the property too, when properly watched and guarded by the owner. But the effects of absentees, though they might not be feloneously stolen "contrary to the form of the statue," would be plundered, and lost to the owner to all intends and purposes.

The "diggers" are generally very successful; that is, strong, healthy men accustomed to hard labor. They get about two ounces a day, and some much more, some less. It is a hazardous business, however. Some are robbed, some lose their health, and some their lives. It is calculated that the quantity of gold which has gone out of the country since the mines were discovered, is, in value, about seven millions of dollars.

In California there is an utter subversion of the order of society as it exists in old States; and a confusion of all ranks and distinctions. But in this state of affairs there is one peculiarity that pleases me:

Labor is unshackled and unoppressed. It receives its full recompense. The roughest looking "customers" and the most hardy and laborious, are likely to have most of the "dust" here, and as this commands respect, they are the aristocracy of California. A cook or a house steward commands, in this country, a higher salary than the Governor of New York, and an industrious drayman, with his cart and mule, is better paid than the Secretary of the United States. The salary of the Postmaster at San Francisco, is less than the laundress would exact for washing his linen, and a good carpenter gets a higher compensation for his labor than the Commander-in-Chief of the Squadron.

The climate of San Francisco and other places on the coast, is the most disagreeable that I know of. Cold winds prevail during all seasons, and the temperature varies sometimes 40 degrees in a day. The summers are worse than the winter.—Every body suffers greatly on first arriving here. One requires warm clothing at all times. Although the climate is severe and disagreeable, I think it may be considered generally healthy, excepting in the Sacremento valley.

Seventy thousand Bibles have been sold in Rome since the flight of the Pope.

RESTRAINT UPON EXTRAVAGANCE.—Paying in ready money is a great restraint upon extravagance.

The Legislature of New York forbids the use of Law Latin. A writ "*Non exeat*" is now an order of "No go."

A WORD TO THE YOUNG.—The greater part of mankind employ their first years to make their last miserable.

There are, it is said, 10,000 candidates in the field for seats in the new French Legislative Assembly. A sovereign a-day for four years seems attractive.

Some of the French papers mention that the Parisians are organising a great excursion to England, to pass a week in London, from the 3d to the 10th June.

A SAILOR ASTONISHED.—A sailor attempting to kiss a lass he met on shore, she bristled up and declared he had insulted her; whereupon Jack exclaimed, "Well, that beats all! I've been to sea twenty years, and never knew a salute called an insult afore!"