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[15] at the end of the Year

From Hogg's Instructor. LUCY MORRISON.

"Lucy, my dear," said old Mrs. Morrison to the sedate and beautiful girl, who plied her needle busily beside her, "I am becoming old."

"Yes, dear mother you are," said Lucy, looking kindly and anxiously up.

"You are a grown woman now, Lucy."

"That's true enough, too, mother; what very obvious conclusions you come to tonight!"

"As I am getting old, Lucy, and full of infirmities, and so may not be long spared to be with you," said Mrs. Morrison, unheeding the railway, "and as you are no longer a child but full of understanding, as you are replete with goodness, I must no longer withhold from you a secret deeply concerning you, which has hitherto been shut up in this lone old bosom."

"Dearest mother," cried Lucy, laying aside her work, and tenderly embracing her companion, "What can you mean?"

"Sit down my dear child, and you shall presently learn. One winter night a poor woman came, a-begging to our door—to my poor husband's door and mine—when we lived in that sweet little cottage, five hundred miles from this place, and asked us, as was usual with mendicants in that thinly peopled country, for a night's lodging in an outhouse. We had been much annoyed with the visits of vagrants, who often contrived to relieve us of something besides their own presence which they left us; sometimes they stole poultry from our yard, and sometimes they decamped with our clothes from our little leaching green."

Now, on account of such depredations, my husband had determined to turn a deaf ear to future petitioners for lodgings. When, on a cold November the poor woman arrived. So, that in accordance with his resolutions, he was no sooner informed that a beggar was at the gate than he began to screw up his hardness of heart, as it were to the highest pitch of intensity—for hardness of heart was far from natural to him—to give the poor creature a denial of the hospitality she craved for. But the piteous expressions of the woman's countenance, her worn out air, her exhausted energies and emaciated frame, overcame him. There was the child too, hanging about her asleep, poor innocent, and unconscious of her distress. It would have melted a hard heart, Lucy."

"It would indeed, dear mother; go on."

"Well, my poor husband, though he began with that rough affected tone, ended, you can believe, with the softest accents; and instead of granting her permission to make a couch of the straw in the corner of the outhouse, which was generally called the 'beggar's bed,' he set her down at our supper-board, caused me to make for her some hot wine, and to supply both her and her baby, which might be above a year old, with food suitable to their cause, and lodged them in the house."

"Oh! my good, my dear father!" exclaimed Lucy.

"Well, my child, when I went in the morning to look after our guest, it appeared to me, as I entered their chamber, that the mother's wearied senses were still locked in sleep. The little child played about in the sun-light on the bed, and prattled to its mother, who seemed not to hear it. It sat down on her bosom, and lisped out 'Mummy, wake, dear mummy,' while it pushed up her eyelids with its little thumbs. I approached the bed-side, and—the poor woman was dead!—The child, Lucy, was yourself!—My husband, by and by, 'died when you were five years old. Before his death we had both grown as much attached to you as if you had been our own child—our own only child—for Providence never sent us any other but yourself. The people of the neighbourhood knew your history of course, yet they called you our own child, and regarded you as such. Lucy Morrison was the only name you ever knew, or were ever known by; for we never discovered who your mother was. All that we could find out concerning her, poor desolate creature, was that she came out of the 'west country.' She could have told us, no doubt, much that was mournful of a history that was probably a chequered one, had she not been so suddenly called away from all her worldly miseries. I liked not the place at all when my husband was taken from me. Though we had thriven and though I was left with comfortable and increasing means, I stayed not to reap the fruit of our anxieties and labours. Every scene that I had looked upon with him but fed my melancholy without him. So I took a woman's resolve, gathered up my little earning, and returned to my native place. I say a woman's resolve, Lucy, for a woman often makes sacrifices to the indulgence of a cherished sentiment that a man would not make. You know how much I regret now that I did not stay—more for your sake, my dearest, than for my own. Now, I think that to dwell where I lived with him would be a solace in my old days. His grave there too, and to lie in that. You would not in all likelihood have been rich, now, how poor you are you well know; since we have both

to work for our bread with our hands. Ah! I must not blame myself too much for having not lost the little fortune I brought here, by intrusting it to the hands of one we had reason to think so safe, my mind might not have been filled with these vain regrets. But my sweet child, to leave you alone and penniless, I will not allow it," said Lucy, throwing her arms round Mrs. Morrison's neck; "I will not allow you to cry. We shall work a long time together yet, my mother, and if I am left behind you, you will bequeath to me what you say my father used to call his motto, 'Honesty, and a good purpose.'"

"Mrs. Morrison had brought Lucy home to her native village as her daughter. So Lucy was the first within a radius of five hundred miles to be undecieved on the subject of her birth. The strange conflict of feelings, created by her mother's communications in the bosom of the poor girl, may be imagined; but what was the perplexity which ever arose above others in her mind? It was how this new knowledge would affect the tender relationship in which she felt herself placed toward Amrose Logan, though no vows had passed between them."

"Amrose was the son of a man of ability in his calling, which was that of a builder, and with fair natural parts, a tolerable education, and the opportunities afforded him in his father's business, he had already developed a considerable talent for a theoretical as well as a practical knowledge of mechanics. Urged by a generous love of that department of science, he burned for a wider sphere of practical observation, for a purer scope for his talents than could be presented to him in his employment under his father."

A tender tie, however, restrained him when ambition would wing him away from his native village. A centrifugal force compensated his centrifugal. The reader has guessed it. But at length determined, with manly earnestness, to compass both his ends, to go in search of employment, knowledge, and reputation, and to return happy in success, to claim his bride."

And you will not promise, Lucy?"

No, Amrose; I wish you success and much happiness, oh, how much! and shall always think of you as a dear friend in whom I have the greatest—the very greatest—interest, but do not think of loving me.—Go into the world and forget me.—Pursue your noble objects, and may every good attend you!"

Do not mock me, Lucy; you tell me to go, and yet withhold from me the only condition on which I can depart. You wish my happiness, and refuse me the chief, the sole means of being happy. Do promise me."

Amrose, said Lucy, seriously; I may not promise."

You love another, then? replied he with a frantic gesture."

No, said the mild maiden, kindly and sincerely, I do not, Amrose; yet I may not promise you—must ask you to forget me."

What riddle is this, Lucy?"

I have a reason, which I wish to retain to myself, Amrose; but not at all such a one as your suspicion pointed at just now. Let me be ever friends, and may God speed you as much as Lucy would desire. She saw that her quietly firm manner wounded the youth who loved her, and whom she loved, and rallying herself from the serious into the half-sportive mood, she could not help adding, 'Silly man, does it not see that the bargain is all on one side? She sent him, unshackled, into the world, to keep or to fling away his love, advantage it would never do for damsels to yield to swains in a general way, while she remained here the same Lucy Morrison to him; for if she love not him, she promises to love no other."

May I write?"

Might not that be construed into a distinct understanding?"

Farewell, Lucy; I shall return."

Such was the parting colloquy of the young pair. Lucy loved; but a maiden's coyness, and the difficulty of her position, which she exaggerated to herself, confused her, and imparted to her part of a dialogue a degree of inconsistency and unintelligibility. Many a time did she recall every word that had been uttered on this parting occasion, and every time but to distress herself over this word and that expression. Did she really wish Amrose to forget her?"

Ah, poor Lucy! her mother died, and then she was left alone in their cottage. Her wants were primitive, however, and the work of her hands enabled her to pay her rent and to support herself, though that was the utmost she could do by constant confinement and diligent work from morning till night. She sat over by that little cottage window, behind the shade of the pet flowers, at her seam, now thinking of her mother who was dead, and then of Amrose who was far away and perhaps had forgotten her. Her relations were, a brother and a sister of her mother's. The sister was the companion and the housekeeper of the former, she never having been married. The brother followed Mrs. Morrison to the grave about a year after he had laid her head in it. He had been of pious habits, and had saved money. To Lucy, on whom he had never bestowed

the slightest present during his life, he left five hundred pounds at his death. The residue of his property he left to the sister who lived with him. Nevertheless, this worthy woman was far from being satisfied, though her means were far more than commensurate with her necessities. She had inherited the miserly spirit of her brother, and sorely did she grudge the rendering up the niece's small portion, though it was needed so very much. Poor Lucy, on her side, was thrown into great perplexity by the words of the will—His sister's child—five hundred pounds to his late sister Sarah's child. After a sleepless night, the distressed young woman, having taken council with herself, appeared in her aunt's house."

You have come for your money, I suppose, said the aunt. It is not due for a year."

No, aunt, said Lucy; I am come to say that I do not think I can conscientiously take it when it is due."

Lucy then disclosed the secret of her birth. Her aunt applauded her scruples; called her an honest girl; affected to offer her the money, and the same; but was thankful in her heart that the girl took her not at her word. Poor miserable old woman, her love for Lucy did not equal her brother's after all, but then she had less sympathy for her kind."

To work Lucy went again, to sad thoughts of her mother and to anxious ones concerning Amrose. She wondered if he would after all forget her. She tried to wish he might, but she could not. Her cottage continued to present the same neat appearance to the passer's eye. Her window flowers bloomed as beautifully as ever. She rose early with the summer sun, and sat late by the winter lamp, and sewed these weary rows of embroidery. What a number of stitches, what a dreary number for a few pence!"

Amrose Logan had found employment in the yards of an eminent engineer. When he had been away two years, he was selected as one of a number of young men, of engineering capabilities, who were to accompany the conductors of an explorative expedition to the Euphrates, with a view to an examination of its fitness for steam navigation. And as a scorching sun, he thought of the cool and grateful breezes of his home land; the glare of the arid waste recalled the green beauty of his own temperate climate. But when he thought of cool winds, and landscapes refreshing to the eye, he perhaps indulged their pleasures and beguities through means of something, or rather some one, associated with their remembrances in his heart."

As he sat on the ruins of Babylon, and tried to conjure up its motley crowds and the hum of its ancient populousness, his mind wandered back to a sequestered northern village, and a girl sewing quietly at a cottage window was daguerretyped in his mind's eye. He had heard of her constancy through the letters of his friends and acquaintance. And Lucy, she was never long in ascertaining the nature of his communications from the east, somehow or other, though they were no business of hers. But the whole village was cognizant of his travels, and used to wonder in its simple mind, that young Amrose Logan, should seek cities and places, with his mortal eyes, which if he had but read of as existing before the commencement of the Christian era, and which was placed so far off on the world's surface. At length the post failed to bring further communications. His friends became anxious. Newspapers were sought after and scrutinised. The members of the Euphrates expedition were reported to be fast perishing under a disastrous fever. The anxiety of the village grew. A list of sufferers were published, and Amrose Logan's name was on the list. A courageous hope sunk into a sick certainty, and poor Amrose was lamented in proportion as his character had been esteemed."

And poor Lucy, now she worked and wept. She still worked. But illness grew upon her. She has taken cold, said one. The smell of flowers is unwholesome, said another. The doctor said something of malaria. The secret spring to unlock the cabinet of her distress was unknown. Alone and friendless, fatherless, motherless, loveless, hers was a fever of the spirit. Her disorganised reached delirium, and her real griefs were forgotten in the fantastic horrors in which she was engulfed. But cheer up kind and compassionate reader. The forces of her constitution began to survive at last. After her stormy voyage, in perilous seas, it was seen, as the poor girl sat up and placed her hand in her emaciated, but cooled hand, that a haven had been reached. She increased in beauty and in strength, till she could even take a tranquil retrospect of her trials; and to think how busy she must be, to make up for the time lost during her illness. Lost in reverie, one autumn evening, Lucy sat by her window as before. A thread remained half pulled through, and a tear had filled the eye of the desolate girl, when she saw a figure arise as it were out of her musings, as one view develops itself boldly from out the fragmentary confusion of another dissolving away by the simple trick of the exhibitor."

Metaphors I see him! was her thought. But oh how real! In my fevered dreams I never conjured him up so truly before. It speaks I hear. He lives."

Logan advanced in person, he entered, and caught the swooning girl in his arms. He kissed her brow and she revived. Lucy, said he, I am come again."

She pressed the hand which held hers, and looked in his face with wonder and thankfulness."

And when he could speak and she could hear, he recited the story of his adventures. He had indeed been seized with the fever of which the most of his comrades had died; but he did not know till his arrival in his own country, that he had been among the number reported dead. He did not, however, wonder, much at the report, as he had not been expected to live for many days, and had been understood to be dead by a part of the explorers who were stationed at a distance from his own detachment. As his consciousness advanced, the objects of the expedition were, though not very satisfactorily by any means, fulfilled, and he recovered in time to return with the remnant of his companions to Britain. When he left the country his salary had been fixed at a handsome sum. It was, generously increased, by the conductors of the undertaking when its perils and disasters had become evident, so that Amrose had saved money. He had now the means of constant employment, and that of a superior kind. What wonder then if it was with the assurance of a self supporting citizen and the affectedly jaunty and off handed manner of a traveller, that he now asked Lucy to consent to be his wife."

The old difficulty still remains Amrose, said she, looking kindly, even affectionately into his face."

And what is it Lucy?"

Her I called my mother, replied she frankly and promptly, out of the generous fullness of her heart, but painfully, and with eyes looking bashfully down, as if she had been guilty of deception, who was my dear mother was not my real mother. I was a poor beggar woman's child, who died and left me without a single clue to her history."

And this is your insurmountable difficulty, you silly girl! said Amrose clasping her in his arms. Poor child, continued he playfully, patting her cheek, it vexed its little heart, did it without any reason; is it still going to be stupid?"

Lucy looked up with a grateful smile, which Amrose considered a satisfactory answer to his petty badinage, but which brings our little story very near its conclusion. Near but not quite to the conclusion; for the reader is anxious to know something of the sequel. Let him take a peep then at Mr and Mrs Logan, tete-a-tete, a few years after their marriage, and on a Saturday evening, when the former—rumoured—at home after the toil of a week's business."

I wish you had kept that five hundred pounds, Lucy, said Logan."

But Amrose, would it have been quite right?"

It was wrong in the old hag to take it from you. And if she deprived you of what her brother left you, I suppose we can expect nothing from her herself. She was a relation."

Very distant ones, I believe, whom she has never seen."

I suppose she took good care to keep your secret to her own old wizened bosom."

I believe she did."

She feared the verdict of the public, I wonder if her own conscience ever troubled her."

Why, what has set your mind running on money, my dear Amrose?"

If I had a thousand pounds or two, Lucy, I feel myself in a condition to make a small beginning on my own account, which might lead to a large ending. Is it not a pardonable weakness to wish to see one's wife a fine lady?"

Oh there is a letter for you. It arrived today. An official looking seal upon it too. Perhaps it may be an answer to some of your wishes."

Lucy reached him the letter, but as to thinking it a reply to his wishes, or to her own, she entertained no such idea. She had uttered words in jest. The communication however from an old school fellow of Logan's, now the sole legal practitioner in their native town. The letter stated that Mrs. Rebecca Logan, (Lucy's aunt so called) had died, and that after leaving one hundred pounds to be spent according to her own particular directions, in the paraphernalia of her interment, and four hundred pounds to the poor of the parish (first donation), she had bequeathed the remainder of her fortune, amounting to three thousand five hundred pounds, to Lucy, wife of Amrose Logan. The epistle concluded with a congratulatory paragraph from Logan's old school companion."

I must repeat, said Amrose. "I am not sorry now, that you refused that five hundred pounds. It has produced good interest. — Come I suppose I must not consider her a bad woman after all."

She was my dear mother's sister."

Well, Lucy I am sorry for speaking unkindly of her, if it were but on that account."

You show in yourself, dear Amrose, what weak creatures we are—what partial judges. — You are inclined to her now because she has benefited you. But you were too much biased against her before; you condemned her totally on account of one dominant weakness."

Corollary—be tolerant to one another. Well, Lucy we shall go to her funeral to show her memory respect, as we had not opportunities of bestowing affection upon her during her life; and you, yourself—I do not think that your grief will be so very redundant or to prevent you having the pleasure in exhibiting these children, that you are so proud of to your old friends. We must profit by the experience of Gill Blass, and endeavour to make the old woman's obsequies as simple as may be on a hundred pounds, so that the same ridicule may not be heaped upon her memory that was cast upon him at his parent's funeral."

Lucy became not only a 'fine lady,' but continued to be a good one. The gentle reader expected perhaps that she was discovered to be of noble parentage, and to ride in a coach and six. We must stick to facts. She never knew more of her origin than we have communicated; but we are satisfied that reward for her constancy and honesty flowed in upon her through natural channels."

HOW TO LEAD MANKIND.

If masters fully understood the influence which even the slightest personal attention produces on the minds of their workmen, they would be more lavish than they are of a simple act of justice which can cost them so little, and would profit them so much. It is the severest trial an acute mind can undergo, to be compelled to hear the upbraidings and revealing of his fellow man, without the privilege to answer—to hear the scorner, yet dare not to reply—to submit to the arrogance and presumption of, perhaps, a meaner intellect, and be denied the opportunity to wither him into his nothingness—to see before him, while his blood is boiling with a volcanic swell, the assistant superior in his haughtiest mood, and to hear from his supercilious lip the unfair or false deductions of his conduct, and yet to have no power of speech, but only stand like a guilty—creeping thing, because his children's bread depends upon his silence. This is indeed, the cruellest trial the progressing intellect can suffer; and yet how often is it inflicted merely because it hurts and offends the most [yet] wretched as the sufferer, is, low as he falls to his own estimation of his fellows, there is a lower and meaner being than him—the man who, without cause, inflicts the injury on him. Treat a man like a friend, and you soon make him one; treat him like a rogue, and his honesty must be much greater than your wisdom, if he do not seem to justify your suspicions. In no way are men so easily led—often, it is true, so blindly led—as through the affections. Every man comes into the world surrounded by objects of affection. The infant and parental tie is one which binds rich and poor alike; and is often the strongest in the poor, because it is almost the only domestic blessing which they can truly call their own. Hence it is, that men who are quite inaccessible to reason are easily led by the affections; and no wise man will neglect to use, especially when it is for the mutual benefit of all; this powerful and universal, prevailing instrument. The next tie to that of parent and child, in the progress of society is that of master and servant; and it is for the interest of both to carry into their relations with each other as much as possible of the kindly feeling which has been nursed in the bosom, in the childhood, by the domestic fireside."

THE GOOD CHILDREN.

A mother, who was in the habit of asking her children, before they retired at night, what they had done through the day, to make others happy, found her young twin-daughters silent. The elder one spoke modestly of deeds and dispositions, founded on the golden rule. Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you! Still these little bright faces were bowed down in serious silence. The question was repeated. I can remember nothing good all this day, dear mother—only one of my schoolmates was happy because she had gained the lead of the class, and I smiled on her, and ran to kiss her, so she said I was good. This all, dear mother. The other spoke still more timidly: A little girl who sat by me, on the bench at school, and lost a little leather. I saw that while she studied her lesson, she hid her face in the book and wept. I felt sorry, and laid my face on the same book and wept with her. Then she looked up and was comforted, and put her arms round my neck. But I do not know why she said that I had done her good. Come to my arms, beloved ones, said the mother.—[Moral and Religious Anecdotes.]

BREAD TO THE SEA.

The late Captain O'Byrne, of gunnery memory, having made a bet on the subject of Admiral Layard, wrote the following note to him:—

"Dear Payne, pray, were you bread to the sea?"

To which the following answer was returned:—

"Dear O'Byrne, no; but the sea was bread to me."

European Intelligence.

FROM PAPERS BY THE ACADIA.

From Wilmer & Smith's European Times.

It is satisfactory to state that the interval which Acadia has been one of far less excitement than we have had to describe for some time. Numerous failures of Mercantile houses and a heavy list of Bankrupts both in England and Scotland, will attest the deep-seated mischief which has crept into our commercial system; but, upon the whole, a very marked improvement in public feeling has prevailed. The great discount houses in London have reduced the rate of interest allowed on money at call by one per cent., and money for commercial purposes can now be procured at "a price," but whilst the minimum rate at the Bank is still kept up at eight per cent., it would be delusive to say that our difficulties are removed. Large importations of Bullion are pouring in from all quarters of Europe, the result of our high exchange, and of the vast number of unpaid acceptances which have been returned to the drawers. The accounts of the Bank of England improve accordingly, and indicate that the reserve of notes and the bullion are on the increase. The improvement is slow, and we earnestly trust that we may have no relapse. At the same time it would be wrong to conceal that in the highest quarters, especially in the banking circles of London, and among the consumers of goods in Manchester, that the next and succeeding accounts from India are looked for with a deep and secret anxiety. The effect, also, of the overthrow of many long established West-India houses in London, Liverpool, and Glasgow, must inevitably spread extensive ruin in our transatlantic colonies; and, until we are enabled to appreciate the full extent of the mischief, which must, in a greater or less degree reach every quarter of the globe with which we have commercial relations, a certain degree of apprehension must prevail, which will tend to check large transactions in trade. The immense imports of produce which are still pouring in, are also the cause of much anxiety, inasmuch as a fearful reaction is anticipated; and if our requirements of grain should be again, this season, to any extent, the exchanges must inevitably turn against us, and withdraw the bullion which is now steadily returning to the coffers of the Bank.

Another feature, of a most unfavorable character for the future prospects is, that whilst the returns of the Board of Trade continue to exhibit an enormous increase of consumption of all the chief articles which contribute to the necessities of life, or luxuries of the people, a very considerable diminution continues to prevail in all those imports upon which the success of our future manufacturing industry depends. These considerations must weigh with every reflecting merchant, and will doubtless form the grounds for serious deliberation in the new Parliament about to meet.

Since the 4th of the month the state of commercial and monetary affairs has so improved, that confidence is, in some degree, restored, and the general aspect of trade is more encouraging than it has been for some time past. Sugar is almost the only article of our trade to leave a considerable loss to importers. Parliament having been assembled, the mercantile world anticipates some further relief, especially with regard to the reduction of interest on money. It is in this hope that the labouring classes continue to bear their extreme privations with patient endurance, in the highest degree praiseworthy. It is generally believed that the commercial condition of the country will be made the subject of an immediate investigation by Parliament, before a select committee; and in our next, we shall be able to report increased confidence, and a happy issue out of the present difficulties.

In our papers of to-day a notice appears from the British and North American Royal Mail Steam Ship Company, relative to the future departure of their vessels to and from the United States. On and after Saturday, the 4th December, their ships will sail on the following dates:

Departures from England	Departures from America
Dec. 4 Boston.	
Jan. 18 Boston.	
Jan. 1 New York.	Jan. 1 New York.
Jan. 15 Boston.	Jan. 15 Boston.
Jan. 29 New York.	Jan. 29 New York.
Feb. 12 Boston.	Feb. 12 Boston.
Feb. 26 New York.	Feb. 26 New York.
Mar. 11 Boston.	Mar. 11 Boston.
Mar. 25 New York.	Mar. 25 New York.

After which the departure becomes weekly from England to America, and from America to England. For the execution of this gigantic contract, this enterprising Company have nearly completed four new ships of greater tonnage and steam power than their present celebrated steamers, which will make a fleet of nine vessels, viz., the Britannia, Acadia, Caledonia, Hibernia, Cambria, America, Niagara, and the Europe, and, without exception, the fastest and finest Steam Ships in the world. We believe that this new and increased means of rapid intercourse between the two greatest maritime countries in the world will be hailed with delight by the enterprising and active minds of commercial England and commercial America.

Death of the Archbishop of York.—It is our painful duty to announce the demise of our venerable and highly esteemed Diocesan, his Grace the Archbishop of York. The melancholy event took place on Friday week, at the Palace, Bishopthorpe.

It is currently rumoured that the Right Rev. Dr. Malby, Bishop of Durham, will be translated to the vacant Archbishopric of York.

Letters have been received announcing the official declaration of the independence of the Society (or New) Islands.

Timber Market, Nov. 19.—There is some mitigation of the pressure which the trading interests have been so long undergoing, and there is more activity in business, generally; it is, however, not yet profitable to make progress in sales of wood, unless at prices under the quotations given, which must be considered in some measure nominal. Notwithstanding, they are 2d per foot for Timber under what they were at this time last year, and so in proportion for other wood. During the month sales have been effected to a small extent only, both by private and by auction, consisting of Quebec yellow Pine at 14d to 14½ per foot; red Pine 19d; Quebec Oak 2s 9d; Quebec Elm 16d; and Pine Deals at 2s per standard. A cargo of St. John's Spruce Deals of prime quality, brought 2d to 2½ per foot; a fair cargo 2d to 2½ per foot; a cargo of Batture yellow and Spruce at 2d to 2½; Miramichi Spruce and Yellow 11-16 to 2½; a cargo of St. John's yellow Pine of good quality, 13½ to 15½; one of middling quality 14½ to 16½; a cargo of new Carle yellow and Spruce Deals 2½ to 2½ per foot. On the quay a cargo of St. John's Pine Timber, of rather over 20 inches average, has been sold at 17d per foot, with Birch at 14d, and Spruce Planks at 17½; and a cargo of Quebec, of prime quality, the prices of which have not transpired, but supposed to be about 13d per foot for yellow Pine.

—Duncan and Ewing.

IRELAND.

Line-kill, Nov. 10.—Attempt to Murder.

A man named Pat Cleary was fired at on Saturday evening, while proceeding to his city, and when about a quarter of a mile from the village of Broadford. The ball entered the left breast and passed through the shoulder, thus providentially evading the larger and more important arteries in the region of the heart. From the statement of Cleary, who now lies in Barrington's Hospital, it is evident that land has been the cause of the outrage. There were three men concerned in the attack, two of whom are known to the sufferer, and are named Butler and Hourigan, and all three are in custody.

On Monday night, armed hordes of ruffians perambulated the neighbourhood of Cahirciveagh and Loughgaur, in this county, and plundered several farmers of fire-arms and money.

County Clare.—Tuesday evening, about six o'clock, four men, well armed, attacked the pound-keeper's house at O'Brien's Bridge, and after swearing him to produce them a particular decree, which he got with some stock which were impounded for rent, they took it with them, fired a blunderbuss in the streets, and walked deliberately away. This occurred within one hundred yards of a strong police and military station.

Value of Property in Ireland.—A significant piece of evidence of the awful effects of depression of the times, the monetary pressure, and the condition of the country, was furnished in Dublin on Wednesday, by a sale of land which took place in one of the Chancery offices. The land set up is situated in Tipperary, near the town of Kilkenny, and contains 6683 acres, let on very old leases still subsisting producing an annual rental of £943 10s 9d; the land being worth, at present, it is said, 20s to 30s per acre. This land was set up in May last, when £22,500 was offered, and deemed insufficient. Wednesday it was sold for £17,000.

It is the general impression that the Government have determined to bring forward, early in the approaching session, a very stringent arms-bill, and that one of its leading provisions will be a severe penalty on any person possessing fire-arms without a licence.

Wreck of the Stephen Whitney, and loss of Ninety-one Lives.

We are grieved to announce that the splendid New York packet-ship Stephen Whitney, Captain Popham, was totally wrecked off Cape Clear on the night of the 19th inst., and that 91 souls perished in the melancholy catastrophe, among whom is the captain. The subject, although a mournful one, and one calculated to cause lamentation and weeping in many of the families of our American friends, will be pursued with great avidity. We have, therefore, collected from the scattered accounts of the disaster which have reached us, the following details. First in importance is the protest drawn up by the mate of the vessel for presentation to the owners, which briefly and fully narrates the particulars of the painful event:

"On the 5th of October last, the ship 'Stephen Whitney' left the port of New York, bound for Liverpool. Nothing material occurred on the passage until Wednesday, the 10th day of November inst., on which day, or about two o'clock in the afternoon, the ship was hoisted, and sounding were heard in fifty fathoms. The weather was particularly thick, and the wind blowing very hard. At 6 o'clock, p.m., the wind increasing, the sails were close reefed; at 8 o'clock p.m., made the land very close to the ship. After clearing off from the land, saw a fixed white light, which, on consulting with the captain, I took for the Old Head of Kinsale, hauled off the ship on the star-board tack, heading south east by south, at 9 o'clock. Considering we had sufficient light, I steered the channel course east by south, and at a quarter to ten the land was made ahead, the helm was put a-port; and on coming round, owing to the heavy sea then running, the ship went ashore. In a few minutes, out of one hundred and ten human beings, passengers and crew, ninety-one perished, among whom were the captain and the second mate. The persons who were saved lost all their property, and were left nearly naked. Every exertion was made, but owing to the wild cliff on which the ves-

sel struck, and the darkness of the night, it was impossible to make any effort to save any part of the ship or the cargo."

This document was signed by the mate, two of the crew, and John Lamerick, Esq., a local magistrate.

With the exception of the pending strife in Switzerland, European politics are upon the surface calm and untroubled. In France two more domestic tragedies have been enacted on the great theatre of human life. The densest state of social feeling in the highest ranks of society has furnished two more lamentable victims of insanity and suicide. Count Bresson, the chief promoter of the unfortunate Montpensier marriage, has put a period to his ill-fated existence, by violent means at Naples. This fatal act has been produced by an overwrought mind not finding "ample room and verge enough" for the scope of its ambition in the subordinate station of ambassador to an Italian State. Being disappointed in obtaining the London embassy, where activity might have stifled "the still small voice" of conscience, Count Bresson expatriated to Naples, could no longer bear the misery of his own thoughts, and so rushed to self destruction. Count Mortier, ambassador from the Government of France to the Court of Turin, has also been stricken with insanity. In a paroxysm of the most frantic lunacy, this unhappy man nearly sacrificed the lives of two of his children, but fortunately the poor innocents were rescued from his violence. These events happening so close upon other similar examples of murder, suicide, and frightful corruption amongst the circles immediately surrounding the French throne, cannot but leave a most painful impression upon public opinion in every civilized country in the world. A frightful facility seems to haunt the progeny of the chief actors in the great social revolutions of which during our time, France has been the scene.

In Switzerland the rival Catholic and Federal forces seem drawn up ready to give battle, and rumours have reached Paris that hostilities have actually commenced; but with the exception of a slight skirmish between the Tessinese and the Uri troops, in which two officers were killed, the main bodies of the armies have not yet struck the blow, which will probably bring this intestine quarrel to an end. All endeavours at pacification have hitherto failed. The foreign ambassadors have retired to the frontiers, and in these days of non-interference, even on the score of humanity, they most passively look on and see the people of a free republic slaughter each other in a civil war, rather than stretch out the hand of power to prevent it. As far as we can see at present, the Swiss are to be left "to fight it out" without interference from any quarter.

It is understood that a formal overture has now been made by the diplomatic representatives of one or more of the great continental Powers to the British Cabinet, for the purpose of bringing the present deplorable quarrel of the Swiss cantons under the consideration of the principal parties to the Treaty of Vienna, and of endeavouring to avert the horrors of impending war by an amicable mediation between the two factions into which the Helvetic Confederation is now divided. The most obvious means for accomplishing this object, or, at least, for removing one of the pretexts of the quarrel, are to induce the Pope to order the Jesuits to leave Switzerland. This expedient has already been suggested by some of the Catholic Cantons, and by the delegates of the Sonderbund.

Times.—A somewhat curious case of forgery in humble life was brought to light last week, of which the particulars are as follows:—It appears that it was at one time the custom, among us we suspect it does now prevail, for the elders of the Barony parish to grant lines for immediate relief to the paupers, which were discounted, so to speak, by shopkeepers and others, and paid on a certain day by the treasurer. Acting on this plan, a girl named Agnes M. Lean, or Campbell, fabricated a number of these lines in the name of fictitious paupers, to which she appended the signature of an elder of the Barony parish, and in the assumed character of agent for her distressed fellow-creatures, she drew money upon the lines from various parties in Anderson. In some cases the lines bore that money was to be advanced, and in others reverses—the profit of the discount, being realised by advancing, say 12s in cash or goods, for which he was to be paid 14s or 16s, when the lines became due. The girl kept the trade going briskly for a time by fabricating larger paper bills with other parties, to retire the first set as they became due; but her floating paper gradually became too extensive for her management; and as a sheaf of these documents fell due on the 25th of last month, she thought it convenient to abscond on the preceding day. Last week, however, she was apprehended by Superintendent Mackay of the Western District, and from the Police Court transferred to the Sheriff, by whom she was examined on Saturday last. It is said that money to the extent of nearly £50 has been turned over on the faith of these notes of hand. The girl is the daughter of a pauper.

State of Trade in Paisley.—We can note no improvement but the reverse in the state of trade during the last two weeks. The number of people thrown out of employment during that time has been considerable, and from the short period which the bulk of the weaving population have had employment, and the very limited wages made by them when in work, their case is admitted on all hands to be one of great privation; it is even surprising how many of their number contrive to obtain the means of supporting life.

Denbar.—This year cattle were low at the Falkirk trysts, because turnips were light. The general weather has since greatly improved the turnips; and wherever they were skilfully managed, they are now a very weighty crop both in Berwickshire and East Lothian. A bullock from a field of excellent Swedes at Whitekirk, on the farm of that eminent agriculturist, Mr. Nelson of Summerfield, weighed, without the shaw and ribs, 14½ lbs., and measured 31½ inches in circumference.

Governor-General of India.—On the 4th inst. the usual farewell entertainment was given to the Earl of Dalhousie, the new Governor-General, on the eve of his departure for India. Lord John Russell and other Cabinet Ministers were present. Lord Dalhousie proceeded on the 10th inst. in the steam-frigate Sidon to Alexandria, on his way to India, to take possession of his new government. Lieut. Colonel A. Mountain, C.B., military secretary to his lordship, and Lieutenant the Hon. F. H. Fane, aide-de-camp, accompanied his excellency.

Departure of the Governor-General of India.—Portsmouth, Nov. 11.—The Governor-General of India, the Earl of Dalhousie, accompanied by his Countess and the Marchioness of Douro, with a numerous retinue of domestics, arrived at Gosport yesterday, to embark in the steam-frigate Sidon for Alexandria. All the compliments paid to royalty, with the exception of a guard of honour, were paid to the noble Lord. A party of friends went out in the vessel which carried his Lordship to Spithead, to take their farewell of him; amongst them were Mr. Calcraft and family, an old friend; Mr. Lawrence Campbell, the secretary of the South-Western Railway Company, who formerly filled the office of secretary to his Lordship when upon the railway business of the Board of Trade; and the Hon. Fox Maule, M.P. A royal salute was fired from the decks of the Sidon, steam-frigate, as soon as the Governor-General was on board, and at about four o'clock she weighed anchor and steamed away for Malta.

Italy.—The affairs of Italy are proceeding favourably, but Austria has not evacuated the city of Ferrara, which she occupies with the troops as well as the citadel. The reforms in the Papal states are assuming consistency, and public tranquillity is unimpaired. The Diario di Roma, of the 4th inst. quotes a letter from Naples of the 28th ult., stating that tranquillity being completely restored in Calabria and Sicily, the royal troops had returned their capitulations, and the extraordinary powers given by the King to General Landi and other military commanders had been withdrawn.

Cape of Good Hope.—By accounts up to the 7th September, we learn that Sir Henry Pottinger has formally declared war against the Kaffirs. His Excellency in his proclamation, after reciting various acts of violation of subsisting agreements on the part of the Garkas, Caffre Chief Sandilla, as well as divers acts of contumacy and rebellion.

Our Subscribers will oblige us by paying our Collector, who will call upon them with their accounts for the last year.

THE STANDARD.

ST. ANDREWS, WEDNESDAY, Dec. 15, 1847.

Charlotte County Bank.

Hon. HARRIS HUGHES, President.

T. B. WILSON, Esq., Solicitor.

Director next week—W. Fisher.

Discount Day—TUESDAY.

Hours of business, from 10 to 2.

Bills and Notes for Discount must be lodged with the Cashier, on or before Monday otherwise they must lie over until next week.

Aims and Motives House.

Commissioners—R. M. Andrews, R. Ker Jacob Paul, Thomas Berry, John Bailey.

St. Andrews.

Steam Mills and Manufacturing Company.

R. M. ANDREWS, Esq., President.

Director this week—F. A. Babcock.

J. Wetmore, Agent.

G. D. KING, Esq., President.

Director next week—S. Hitchings.

Discount Day—SATURDAY.

Hours of business, from 10 to 1.

Bills and Notes for Discount must be lodged with the Cashier, on or before Friday, otherwise they must remain in his hands until the following discount day.

LATEST DATES.

Liverpool, Nov. 19 Montreal, Dec. 5

London, Nov. 18 Quebec, Dec. 1

Edinburgh, Nov. 15 Halifax, Dec. 4

Paris, Nov. 15 New York, Dec. 8

Toronto, Dec. 3 Boston, Dec. 8

Arrival of the

Steamship Britannia.

The Royal Mail Steamship Britannia, arrived at Halifax on the night of the 9th inst. in 17 days.

The steamer encountered rough weather. Among the passengers were Sir Donald Campbell, the new Lieutenant Governor of Prince Edward's Is-

land and Hon. Jos. Pope, the Speaker of the P. E. Island Assembly.

The letter portion of the Mail reached here on Thursday evening, the papers on Saturday night.

The news is important, and a more gratifying than previous advices, with reference to the commercial and monetary pressure in England, which was fast subsiding, though failures were still occurring. It cannot be concealed, however, that business of all kinds is still precarious and unsatisfactory. It was supposed that the Bank rate of interest, 8 per cent., would soon be lowered.

The European Times gives a list of the most important failures since the sailing of the last packet, which however are not numerous.

Failures.—In London the failure of the old and respectable West India house of Judah Cohen and Sons, occasioned deep regret. Their liabilities are about £32,000.—Thurbon and Co. (formerly Briggs, Thurbon, & Co.), in the East India and Egyptian trade, have also stopped payment. Their liabilities are estimated at £120,000.—They were for many years agents for the Viceroy of Egypt. The failure of Johnson, Cole, and Co., East India merchants, has been also announced, with liabilities to the extent of £200,000, and Ryder, Wienholt and Co., in the same trade, with obligations to the amount of £60,000. On Monday last the extensive colonial brokers, Trueman and Cook, of Mincing-lane, whose transactions have been of late years second to none in London, suspended payment. Their liabilities are conjectured at about £350,000.

Mr. Robert Farriand, an old respectable corn factor in Mark-lane, has also suspended payment.

Ireland still continues an object of deep anxiety and care. At present this unhappy country is afflicted with a variety of social evils, which have gone on increasing in their present extraordinary excess. In the province of Munster, and in other parts, there is neither security of life nor property. There appears to be a systematic conspiracy against its laws and rights, and the landlord or tenant, however humane or considerate, who enforces his just claims, is sure to fall a sacrifice to popular vengeance, and the improvement of land is thus enmeshed in the mire.

The Government was taking active measures to arrest and remedy the fearful state of society in that unhappy country. The Lord Lieutenant has issued a proclamation, expressing his determination to exercise all the powers of government for the suppression of disturbances and the prevention and detection of crime; and appeals "not to the gentry alone, but to the well disposed farmers and industrious peasantry who seek to earn their livelihood by honest labour, to aid his efforts in suppressing a system of terror which he feels satisfied is exercised by the few, but which may be overcome by the energy and determination of the many, whom it is intended to overawe." Decided steps have been taken for enforcement of the poor laws in every instance. It is said that an Arms Act of the most stringent character will be one of the first measures of the Parliament.

Parliament met on the 18th ult. C. S. Leveque, Esq., was chosen Speaker. The Speech from the Throne was to be delivered by Commission, on the 23rd ult.

The New York packet ship Stephen Whitney, was lost on the coast of Ireland on the 10th ult. By this melancholy event 91 persons perished, and the ship and cargo were completely destroyed.

Soiree.—The "Sons," at St. George, contemplate holding a Soiree to-morrow evening, (Thursday). Tea on the table at 6 o'clock, tickets 1s 10d.—We trust it will be well sustained.

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"Mr. Bradley, the Postman, who arrived from Fredericton yesterday morning, informs us that just before the Post left for this city, information was received at Fredericton that Bowes had been arrested ten miles above that place, at Cork Settlement, by Messrs. Wheeler and Chambers, on Thursday last, and that the Sheriff had gone out for the purpose of bringing him off. We trust that this statement may prove correct."

Capt. Edwin Galtcomb of the schr. Mary Ellen, from Grand Manan, informs us the barque Lord Glenelg, Martin, 63 days from Liverpool, bound to St. John, while lying-to on Monday evening 6th inst. off Long Island, G.M. during a heavy snow storm, cut away the masts and anchored, just clearing the rocks. Capt. G. assisted to tow the vessel round to the western side of the Island where she now lies safely anchored.

The Fredericton Reporter says:—A great amount of injury has been sustained by the Hay stacked in low situations. The late rains have, in consequence of the frost in the ground, run across into the larger Rivers, and raised them to a pitch hitherto unknown at this season in the Province.

Arrival of the Cambria.—This vessel arrived in the Mersey, from Boston and Halifax, at five o'clock, p.m. on the evening of the 15th, after a somewhat protracted passage, having been retarded by fog.

It is said that the Commander-in-Chief has decidedly set his face against moustaches for the infantry.

The "Augsburgh Gazette" of the 6th, states that a total change will take place in a few days in the Pope's cabinet.

His Highness Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte left Brodick Castle, Arran, on Thursday, per the "Isle of Arran" steamer, for Ardrossan, and thence proceeded to Edinburg Castle, on a visit to the Earl and Countess of Eglington.

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Brig Roseway, of and for Halifax, from Havana, in ballast, in charge of wreckers, was

of his own manufacture," at low prices for
ash.

Mustard, Pepper, Spices, FLOUGHS
Hoes, Hay & Manure Forks, AXES,
Hatchets, Dried Apples, TOBACCO,
Cigars, Water Pails, and other Wooden
Ware, a general assortment of BOOTS
and Shoes.

persons indebted to said estate, are required
to make immediate payment to
ANN QUIN,
Administratrix
St. Stephen Sept 22, 1947

Nov. 2, 1847.

ROCKERY WARE, SHEET IRON &c

THE Subscriber has just received Ex-
"Sea Bird" from Liverpool



JAMES W STREET

