

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 1, 1849.—Letter of Dr. B. B. Colt, formerly of New York, who went out as the Surgeon of Ship John G. Costar.—I have now been here above three weeks, and the city has in that time doubled its size, and I think its permanent population. All is bustle and activity, and a vast business is done. Something over 200 ships or vessels of all nations are moored off the town which have turned out their living freight, and filled (or buried rather) every hut or tenement with goods. The markets are glutted. Provisions and groceries are really lower than in the States: yet board is very high, and rents enormous, you would say, yet they merely correspond with other charges. Labor is at a premium. Common laborers get a dollar an hour, or seven dollars per day; carpenters, \$12 and \$16 per day, rents, from \$100 to \$500 per month.

For my office I pay \$200 per month. But months here, really correspond to years elsewhere. Large fortunes have been made, and will continue to be made here. Energy and shrewdness are all that is necessary, if the wheels of the cars are besmeared with a little cash. I am associated in the practice of my profession with Dr. Moore of the U. S. Army, now stationed here, a most accomplished gentleman and physician, of high reputation, and one universally esteemed.

I think if my health continues as good as now, my success is certain. Two days are enough to pay a month's rent, and I expect to go above that mark.

This steamer carries above half a million of gold dust. The Placers are doing well, but the great majority of the diggers, from the States, fail, because they are unfitted for the work. Harder labor cannot be performed than that of gold digging; "ditching" is child's play to it—so say all who have done much at it.

If I had not commenced practice here, my intention was to have gone to the mines, and hired some Chilians or Sonobors to work for me, as they will work on equal shares, you boarding them, which costs about \$2 per day; but to work the Placers, the business must be understood.

Every thing is quiet here, and persons and property are safer here than in any place I ever knew. What think you of a house frame of strips sawed from 3 inch plank and covered with canvass, being used as a jeweller's shop? Yet that is, literally the case—and I have seen the man, whose sign says "from Paris," close his windows by ties of tape. This is true to the letter. Fine goods of very elegant descriptions in such stores. As a specimen of rents the Parker House 2 1-2 stories high, with wing back of wood, \$155,000 per year, and many other buildings in town in the same ratio.

Lumber \$350 per M. feet, but large arrivals are soon expected.—N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

GREAT TEMPERANCE DEMONSTRATION.—On Thursday the Sons of Temperance made a grand display of their numbers in our city. The day was beautifully fine, as if nature herself wished to smile on a cause so pure and so ennobling. A large number of the brethren from different parts of this and the neighbouring Province were in attendance. Having formed in order of procession in front of the Mechanics' Institute, they proceeded down Prince William Street. A small Printing Press fixed on a platform and drawn by two horses, took the lead. The flag hoisted from the platform bore the inscription, 'the Press, the best safeguard of the people.' Slips containing an account of the rise and progress of the Order were struck off, and handed among the crowd that thronged around.

The Grand Division, the first in the order of procession, wore crimson velvet scarfs; they had a band and banners. The rest, the York or Fredericton Division, was a fine body of men, whose appearance and demeanour gave ample testimony of the benefits that may be secured by the Total Abstinence pledge. They, and all those of the other Divisions, with the exceptions of the office bearers were scarfs of virgin white, fitting emblems of the purity of their cause. The banner was a beautiful one. We remarked two particularly handsome banners. On one was Moses striking the rock, and the gushing forth of the water; on another the return of the Prodigal, and the beautiful words, 'For he was lost and is found.'

A platform was erected in the rear of the Ball Court, and the meeting was addressed by many speakers; after which, the procession re-formed and proceeded to Indian Town, and on their return dispersed.

The Cold Water Army mustering some 800, and composed entirely of children, was perhaps the most interesting of the entire. Their tiny banners, the infantine beauty of the little girls, and the healthy cherub faces of the boys, afforded such a sight as Angels love to look upon. The procession extended from the top of Chipman's hill, quite around Reed's Point and must have numbered 2000.

We regret that we cannot this week do more than give this passing notice to the demonstration.—Freeman.

It has before been stated that the crew of a British fishing vessel had killed on the coast of Labrador, an enormous White Polar Bear, which was conveyed to Halifax, and the skin there carefully stuffed. On Wednesday his bearship arrived here per brig Boston, for exhibition in this City. Mr. David Dixon, one of the chief actors in the slaughter of the animal, has furnished the following particulars of the fight to the Traveller:

The vessel to which the crew in question belonged, was the Lord Exmouth, of Halifax. The scene was the verge of Labrador, near Greenland. Two of the crew of the Lord Exmouth were cruising in a boat, when they discovered the bear upon an island. They immediately returned to the vessel, took in six others of the crew, and eight muskets, with which they returned to the vicinity of the island. Upon approaching within gun-shot, the bear perceived and came towards them. The first discharge wounded him in several places, but did not in the least check his approach. Finally, however, after receiving quite a number of balls in his body, he turned and slowly retreated, making his attackers shudder by the fierceness of his howling. It was then proposed by Dixon that they should land upon the island, in order to consummate the victory. To this the majority of the crew demur-

red from fear. Three of the crew, however, including Dixon, landed, having armed themselves with two loaded guns apiece. The bear, as soon as he saw them upon land, turned about and began to approach, when six more balls were put into his body, without apparently checking his approach. Before, however, he got near enough to harm them, Mr. Dixon succeeded in loading another gun. At this moment the bear presented his side, which he had not before done, and a bullet was lodged in his throat, which caused the animal to fall. It was more than half an hour, however, before they dared to approach, as every few minutes the bear would, by a desperate effort, get upon his feet with the intention of reaching them. After it was deemed safe, they ventured near, and found him to be dead. He was with considerable labor taken to the vessel, and found to be 16 feet long, and to weigh 2200 pounds. Five hundred pounds of fat were taken from him in Halifax, and it was found that sixteen balls had lodged in his body. The contest lasted for an hour and a half, and the roars of the infuriated animal might have been heard for many miles.—Boston Mail.

A DISSOLUTION.—A report is in circulation that the House of Assembly will be dissolved forthwith; but whether the rumour is correct or not, we are unable to say: it is however confidently asserted by "those who know." We cannot understand the utility of such a measure at the present time;—the country would be put to expense and most probably a large majority of the same members would be returned. This is more likely to be the case at present, with a hurried election, than if the whole duration of the house were allowed to expire, and which is only one year more, when people would have sufficient time to look about them and consider of such men as would be most likely to serve the best interests of the country.—St. John Chronicle.

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WOODSTOCK, OCTOBER, 31 1849.

THE FIRST SETTLERS OF WOODSTOCK.

The Parish of Woodstock was originally settled from the United States. Soon after the war between Great Britain and her revolted Colonies, which resulted in the acknowledgment of their Independence by the Mother country, a portion of the Army was ordered to this Country, (then the Province of Nova Scotia), to be disbanded, for the settlement of its wilderness lands. Many civilians also who supported the Royal cause throughout the war, from these inherent principles of Loyalty and attachment to Monarchical institutions, choosing a voluntary exile from their native land, rather than submit to the new order of things, accompanied the troops to this at that time *ultima* shade of civilization. Landing at the mouth of the river Saint John, allotments of land for the Officers and Men in proportion to their respective rank was forthwith made, from Fredericton upwards as far as Woodstock. Besides the Military Settlers a number of Gentlemen among the Loyalist Refugees, pleased with the appearance of the country about Woodstock, in the year 1790, located themselves, between what is now the property of Mr. Peter Lyons and the upper boundary of the Parish. The Farm now owned by Mr. Lyons at that time belonged to one Daniel McShaffery, who kept a Tavern, and by parsimonious habits and a strict attention to the business of his occupation, accumulated a large amount of ready money, besides becoming the owner of two or three valuable Farms. Subsequently, however, he fell into habits of intemperance, became a confirmed drunkard, and died in a state of indigence but little removed from that of a parish Pauper.

Such was the fate of the first Tavernkeeper in Woodstock! Adjoining McShaffery is the property of the late George Bull Esq., he bore a Lieutenant's Commission in the army. Died in 1838. The next farm was owned by Richard Rogers, an old Soldier. Adjoining, is the estate of the Reverend Frederic Dibblee, part of which is now owned by Mr. Charles Ketchum. Mr. Dibblee was the first Rector of Woodstock. Ordained in 1790, the same year he removed to this Parish, where for thirty-five years, (till his death in May 1826), he continued in the ministration of his holy calling. The Doctrines he taught from the Pulpit, were exemplified in his life, and when his summons came he was ready; meeting his stern enemy, (Death), with holy resignation, and perfect composure.—During a somewhat protracted and painful illness, an impatient word or a murmur of complaint never escaped him, consoling his sorrowing Family and friends, with the assurance, that "the confidence he felt in the merits of his Saviour was greater than he could find words to express;" his loss was deeply and sincerely regretted, throughout the Parish.

Passing two lots of Church and Glebe lands, lived James York, the first and for many years, the only Schoolmaster the Parish could boast of; he was an upright and worthy man, and possessed qualifications quite equal to the average of Teachers in these more enlightened days of train-

ing and model-schools. Adjoining, was Lieutenant Benjamin P. Griffith, whose property included that now owned by A. K. S. Wetmore, Esquire. He died upwards of thirty years ago. Next among the old settlers was John Bedell, Esq. Firm in his allegiance to the Crown in whose cause he suffered severely during the war, an extensive mercantile establishment, in the City of New York, in which he had embarked all his capital, was twice plundered and finally broken up by bands of marauders; confiscation of property followed and he was left penniless; and though his application for remuneration to the government he had so faithfully served, was unheeded, he still held fast to his integrity, and self expatriated from his native country, here sought and found a resting place. In 1790, he was settled at Woodstock. Shortly after which he was appointed one of the Justices of the Peace for the County, (then York), and upon the division of that County, a Justice of the Common Pleas, and Register of Deeds and Wills for Carleton. The last named office was the only situation of emolument he ever enjoyed, and that only for the last five or six years of his life. He died in April, 1838, at the age of 83 years. Friendly, social, and humane in his disposition, his kindness of heart and Gentlemanly deportment, secured the respect and regard of those who knew him. Few men have passed through life with a more unblemished reputation, for sound moral principles, while the Peace he enjoyed in his last hours, demonstrated the strength and sincerity of his Religious belief.

The next was Peter Clark, he had been a Soldier. The farm is now owned by Messrs. Charles and James Peabody. The lot of Mr. Charles Raymond has passed through several owners. The next, Mr. John D. Beardsley, has been for very many years in possession of the place he at present occupies.

The Farm of Mr. John D. Beardsley, Junior, was originally owned by Joseph Dixon, a soldier, a man singularly unfortunate in his Domestic relations. His wife was for many years a raving maniac, and of several children, all except one, died insane; his remaining child, a daughter, soon after he had buried all the other Members of his family, took the small pox of which she also died. He was much respected not only for the patience and equanimity with which he bore his misfortunes, but for his strict honesty and his persevering and industrious habits, a rare instance of what may be accomplished by a single individual. Without any assistance, he cleared his land, erected his buildings, one, a barn, of the usual dimensions and height, of square timber, every part of which, even to putting up the walls was done by himself. From the products of his farm he was enabled, at his death, to make a handsome provision for two daughters by a second Marriage. This was before the days of lumbering and speculation commenced.

The next farm was owned by Mr. Michael Smith; in some things the opposite of his neighbour, regardless of the smiles or frowns of fortune, he kept on the even tenor of his way, always satisfied, always thankful. The farms of James and William Upham, Esqrs., formerly belonged to Joseph Blackmore, and Edward Neal, Soldiers, both long since dead.

The next Proprietor was Captain Jacob Smith, the greater part of whose extensive and valuable property is now owned by Mr. George Bull, and on the upper part is situate the village of Woodstock.

(To be Continued.)

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Reader, if you owe nothing for the *Sentinel*, don't read any more of this article than just to receive the expression of our thanks for your honor and promptness. If you do owe, we appeal to you for help. We are in want of money and must have it, and our reliance is solely on you and others who have not yet paid for their papers. Will you listen to this appeal and help us? We will be obliged to travel during the coming inclement season for the purpose of collecting arrearages that are scattered all over the County—every dollar that is transmitted by Mail will not only help to relieve our necessities, but will save time and expense in making a personal call upon those who owe. Don't wait, therefore, to be called upon for it. Besides subjecting us to expense, it would put too far off the receipt of the needed money; but send it forthwith and we will thank you as a good soul who don't wait to be dunned a second time before you can hear the call of a friend who is so punctual and prompt every week as to send the paper without fail.

Those of our subscribers owing for the present volume only, will lay us under lasting obligations, by forwarding the amount of a year's subscription at as early a day as they can make it convenient.

It is the first time we have made such a call as this, and we would not do it now, were it not that we have heavy demands to meet in a few days. We hope this appeal will not be in vain.