

community would only come forward, and endeavour to form some kind of a Literary Institution, for the better employment of their winter evenings.

I certainly do feel much surprised, that among so many enlightened young men, there does not appear to be one (Amicus excepted) desirous of forming a Literary or Debating Society. They cannot be alive to the advantages that would immediately accrue from such a society, or otherwise, I think, they would bestir themselves. Although I have sojourned upwards of 15 years in this place, yet I perceive year after year passes on without the slightest effort being made on the part of the young men to form any society, having for its object their intellectual improvement; in fact, I believe they would much rather spend all their spare time at the card table. There appears to be no difficulty in raising a party at blind hokey or loo. To my knowledge there are certain individuals who assemble at the card table almost nightly, not a hundred miles from this place, among whom may be seen frequently, a few men of families, who ought to show a better example—I think Sir, you will join me in saying that they might spend their time in a more profitable manner.

If my poor services will be of any use to Amicus in forwarding any useful institution, I am at his service.

I am, Sir, Your obedient servant, AN OBSERVER.

Chatham, December 3, 1844.

Mr Pierce,

Sir—I take the liberty of sending you a Puzzle, which if you think worthy of a place in your valuable paper, you will please insert. I have not so much vanity as to suppose it equal to some of those which have appeared in the Gleaner of late, but when I inform you, that I am a boy under twelve years of age, you will perhaps be inclined to view it more favourably than you might otherwise.

Your obedient servant, J. S. P.

Kouchibouguac, November 28.

I am a word of 18 letters—my 18, 17, 1, 16 3 and 2 is an instrument that has benefited mankind (in some instances) more than military or civil power—my 9, 12, 11 and 6 is what every individual has a right to, and what no law can prevent his possessing—my 7, 8, 9, 4, 5 and 6 is an article of dress worn by ladies—my 13, 14, 15, and 18 denotes wonder—my 10, 17, 18, 6, 15 and 2 is the effect of a pinch of snuff—my whole is the name of a Literary periodical. What am I?

Editor's Department.

MIRAMICHI:

CHATHAM, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7.

EUROPEAN NEWS.—In the absence of more important matter, we have devoted a large space to-day, to miscellaneous extracts from British papers, received by the last mail. Among them will be found a lengthy and interesting description of the Royal Exchange, of London, recently opened with much pomp and ceremony, at which our beloved Sovereign and Prince Albert were present. It appears that the Londoners suspended all business, and enjoyed a perfect holiday. The pageantry must have been a very splendid one; and the gorgeous display of wealth exhibited could not be excelled in any other city in the world.

A SAD PICTURE.—The village of Woodville, on the Mississippi, was visited by the yellow fever during the past season. The Editor of the Republican, published in the place, gives the following melancholy account of the ravages of the epidemic:—

“Our heart is heavy and almost desolate, our spirits die within us, as we sit down and think of the scenes of the last few weeks. We have just crawled from the brink of the grave, and pausing in feebleness and exhaustion not far from its door-way, we look around for the ‘old familiar faces’—but we see them not. The eyes that beamed upon us in joyful welcome, will look upon us no more. The voices eloquent and harmonious, to which we loved to listen, are still; and the hands that spoke the warm heart's friendship in their manly pressure, stiff and cold, are crossed upon those faithful bosoms, whence we have been accustomed to derive counsel and encouragement, now as stiff and unfeeling as the clouds that lie above them.”

NOVASCOTIA.—The Lieutenant Governor has appointed (provisionally) the Hon. E. M. Dodd, to be Solicitor General of this Province.

SEASON AT THE SOUTH.—The Charleston Mercury gives the following glowing account of the past season at the south:—

“This fall has closed beautifully, bringing everything in the vegetable kingdom to full maturity. The Sea Island crop is a good one. The orange trees have borne well, and present a healthy appearance. We are presented from Beauford with magnificent pomegranate. We gathered on Edisto, three days ago several branches of full grown olives from a tree loaded with the ripe fruit, and though we have had frost, the daily roses round it were in full and fresh blossoms.”

NEW PAPERS.—Last week we obtained the first No. of the Reporter, published at Fredericton, by Mr James Hogg. It is neatly got up.

We perceive the Head Quarters has been much enlarged, and its new Editor has come out boldly in defence of what is styled “Liberal principles.”

Mr R. Nugent, formerly Editor and Proprietor of the Nova Scotian, has declared his intention of publishing a paper in St. John, under the title of “The Atlas.” Liberal of course.

BLACK LIST.—We perceive that the Editor of the Fredericton Loyalist has commenced publishing a Black List—that is, inserting the names of parties who have taken his paper two years and upwards, without rendering to him any equivalent for the same. We wonder how a number of our patrons would like to see their names paraded before the world after this fashion? We have been frequently tempted to shew up some of them who have robbed us of from three to five years subscription.

The longer we live, the more convinced are we, of the necessity of adopting the plan almost exclusively pursued in Britain and the United States, of requiring payment for newspapers in advance. Until this be resorted to, publishers never will obtain more than a tithe of their outstanding debts. This it is which retards, and must still continue to impede improvement in the Colonial Press, and render it less efficient than it ought to be; for it deprives the proprietors of the means of making improvement in the mechanical appearance of their journals, curbs their energies, and prevents them from devoting the time that is necessary for its supervision, and Editorial Department. We trust the time is not far distant, when the Editors and Proprietors of the periodical press in this Province will adopt the plan of our British and American cotemporaries, or some one as efficient, to put a stop to the present vicious system, by which the honest subscriber is made to suffer for the delinquencies of his dishonest neighbour, by receiving a more inferior article than he otherwise would, were all who obtained newspapers paying for them.

THE SEASON.—Since our last, we have had an abundant fall of snow, which has made most excellent sleighing. The ice on the river is still very unsafe, even for foot passengers; and as the ice was of slight consistence before the snow fell, it will require several very severe frosty days before it will be prudent for parties to venture on it with horses and sleighs.

Since the above paragraph was written, we learn that a horse got in the ice last night, on the road leading from Chatham to Dixon's ferry; and early this morning, in the same place, a horse with a sled load of oats broke through, and instantly disappeared.

ACCIDENT.—A lad of 11 years of age, son of Mr. T. T. Smith, of Fredericton, was lost by breaking through the ice while skating on the river opposite to that town, on the 28th ult.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

Saturday last, being St. Andrew's Day, several of the more loyal and patriotic sons of “fair Scotia,” with their Guests, assembled early on that evening, to do honor to the memory of their tutelar Saint. The place selected for this purpose, was the large room in the Hotel of Mr William Little, in Chatham. We regret that we are unable to give publicity to anything like a correct report of the Toasts given from the Chair, or of the loyal, and admirable prefatory addresses delivered by the Chairman. As we entered the room, an excellent but “thrifty” Repast, was “reeking” (we must be Scotch too, at times) on the Board. The Blessing of the Almighty having been asked on the Meeting, and the food before us, the subjects under consideration, having been well discussed;—and when the Wine—whose quality was only excelled by the quality of the good humour, and ready repartee which it elicited—went merrily round; the President began the more important business of the evening, by announcing the first Toast, which was “The Day, and a’ who honor it.”

The Chairman introduced the next Toast—“Our Queen”—by a speech of some length, and in a most loyal and eloquent manner:—“He reminded us, first, of the gratitude we owed to the God of Providence, seeing we were all the subjects of that Mighty Empire, whose Christian Light and liberty adora her every action; an empire, upon whose Colonies the sun never sets; and to whose Institutions, the great and the good of every land, looked up with admiring gaze;” and concluded by affirming, that over this “lovely land, there reigned in our day, a still lovelier Queen; a Queen around whose brow flourish the laurels of fame; in whose right hand is held the Olive Branch of Peace, and at whose feet rot the shackles of the slave.”

In giving “Auld Scotia,” the Chairman first remarked, that “love of country is a feeling implanted in the breast of man by his Maker, and is more or less possessed, according to the disposition and character of the possessor,” and having illustrated this assertion most happily, he next invited his countrymen “to bear him company, on the ‘wings of imagination,’ across the ‘wide world of waters,’ to ‘their own, their native land,’ and each one with beating heart, having ‘kicked in’ at the door of his childhood,” having roamed awhile among the “bonny blooming heather,” and ran down the brae to the Burnie,” upon whose bonny banks they oft have pined the gowans fine, and danced among the Daisies;” Mr President then recalled the wanderers from “Auld Scotia dear” to the home of their adoption, and concluded by stating that “his Fatherland is ever the land of the good man's affections.” “We love,” said he, “the willow that weeps over the grave of our ancestors, not because that willow bends more gracefully, or looks more lovely than willows around us; no! but simply because it weeps over the remains of our kindred! We love the soil of ‘Auld Scotia,’ not because that soil is more rich or fertile, than the soil of New Brunswick; no! but because in it lie mouldering the bones of our Forefathers; its very dust to us is dear.”

If in the preceding ramblings among the hills and dales of Caledonia, we could not be supposed to enjoy ourselves so rapturously, as many around us, we can boast of as lively a participation in the burst of applause which succeeded the next prefatory address:—“I rise,” said the chairman, “to propose the health of a venerable old man, who has grown grey in the service of his country. Like the old English oak, ‘monarch of the wood,’ over whose gigantic head, the wild blasts of a thousand winters have beat in vain, save to sink it deeper in its native soil—this good old man, the older he has grown, and the longer tested and tried, has sunk the deeper into the heart of every true British Subject.” Having concluded a touching address, the President gave—“The Duke.”

In giving, we believe, the 13th Toast, the Chairman said—“That with the view of avoiding anything like the introduction of politics, I shall not advert to the circumstances, which brought into office, the present ministry of England; suffice it to say, that by unskillful seamanship, the ‘Ark of the British Constitution’ had been allowed to get upon a lee shore; the storm raged with alarming fury! Dark was that night, and dismal the prospect, when Sir Robert Peelsprang on board—new manned the bark, and took command! Sir Robert is an able and experienced pilot; long accustomed to steer his course by a certain star in the east called ‘truth and honesty.’” Having set up his rigging, hoisted a press of canvass, and got all snug, he put the helm a lee, ran up his colors; the noble bark then stood out to sea, and is now booming along before a favorable breeze—“far from danger free.”

There were about 15 Toasts from the chair; among which were “Old England,” “Erin go bragh,” “the Governor General,” our esteemed Governor, the memory of Wallace, Bruce, Abercromby, &c.; the memory of Burns, Byron and Scott, and last but not least “the Ladies of our Land.” Many volunteer toasts were given, among which were—success to Chatham, the Press, the Miramichi Foundry; and at a little past eleven o'clock, owing to the approach of the Sabbath morn, the chairman left the chair, and on his departure the happy party separated, after having enjoyed one of the most agreeable “feasts of reason and flow of soul,” at which it has ever been our lot to be present; and we only regret that the number of Scotchmen who attended on the occasion, was not thrice what it was. The “absentees” may rest assured, that they missed an entertainment, than which they have seldom seen its equal.

We may be pardoned for remarking, as a sequel to the imperfect sketch we have given—

that at a time like the present, when unhappily the black cloud of Republicanism—with its Repudiation, and other hateful features, is fast spreading itself over these long peaceful and happy provinces, there can be nothing better adapted to counteract its baneful influence, than the National Festivals of St. George, St. Patrick, St. Andrew, &c., if upheld and patronized by the influential men among us.

EDITORIAL MISERIES.—Waiting a whole day for the arrival of the Courier, with every prospect of his bringing an English Mail. He at length makes his appearance at 5 o'clock in the evening—12 hours after the proper period—and lo! he has brought with him only a portion of the Colonial Mails.

This was our lot yesterday. It appears that our Courier left the Bend at his proper time, but the St. John mail had not come up. The cause of delay in getting here, arose from his not being able to cross the Richibucto river on Friday night. Our share of the mail consisted of four papers—two from Halifax and the like number from Pr. Ed. Island. What has become of the remainder, we are unable to form a conjecture.

CANADA.—Intelligence from this Province by Kelley's mail this morning, states that Isaac Buchanan, Caleb Hopkins, Thomas Parke, and D. B. Viger have been raised to the Upper House.

Marriages.

At Blackville, S. W. Miramichi on the 24th inst., by the Rev. John Turnbull, Mr. JOSEPH KEENAN, to Miss ESTHER LEACH, both of the Parish of Blackville. At Little Branch, Black River, on Tuesday the 5th inst., by the Rev. Angus McMaster, Mr. THOMAS HUDSON CURREN, to Miss MARGARET ANDERSON, both of the parish of Glenelg.

Shipping Intelligence.

Port of Miramichi:

The schooner Henry Carman, McKay, of Prince Edward's Island, was cut through by the ice in the river, on the night of November 28, and lost a quantity of salt. She will be compelled to winter here. Halifax, November 27.—Arrived—schr Bee, Richibucto. 30th—schr Pearl, Hall, Miramichi.

NOTICE.—The Stated Quarterly Meeting of the Board of Education for the County of Northumberland, will be held at the office of the Clerk of the Peace, on TUESDAY, the 24th instant, at 12 o'clock, noon. JOHN McCURDY, Secretary. December 6, 1844.

AUCTION.

On SATURDAY, the 14th inst., at 11 o'clock, A. M. on the WHARF, of Messrs J. Cunard, & Co., (Lloyd's Agents) in Chatham, will be Sold by PUBLIC AUCTION, for the benefit of the Owaers Underwriters and all concerned.

The SAILS, Running RIGGING, STORES, and other Effects Saved from the WRECK of the BARK TWEED, of HULL, R. A. DIXON, Master, 447 tons Register. The Sale of the above Materials, was to have taken place this day, but in consequence of the articles not arriving in Chatham, the Sale has been POSTPONED to the above date. P. WILLISTON, Auctioneer. Chatham, December 6, 1844.

Surrogate Court, County of Northumberland, Province of New Brunswick, ss.

[L S] To the Sheriff of the county of Northumberland, or any Constable in the said county—Greeting:

Whereas ALEXANDER RANKIN, ALEXANDER KEY, and JOHN M. JOHNSON, Executors of the Last Will and Testament of ALEXANDER P. HENDERSON, late of Chatham, in the county aforesaid, Merchant, deceased, have filed an account of their Administration on the Estate of the said deceased, and hath prayed that the same may be passed and allowed,—

You are therefore required to cite the Creditors and next of kin of the said deceased, and all others interested in the said estate, to appear before me, at a Court of Probate, to be held at my office, in the parish of Chatham, on Tuesday the 31st day of December next, at eleven of the clock in the forenoon, to attend the passing and allowing of the said account of Administration on the said estate.

Given under my hand, and the seal of the said court, this twenty ninth day of November, 1844.

T. H. PETERS, Surrogate, GEORGE KERR, Register of Probates.