

Judge Byrant and Judge Hyde, one an editor, the other a lawyer of our city. Houses costing \$100 to \$1,000, sprung up like the story of Aladdin's times. Fifty varas lots, without any improvements, sold from 100 to 1,000 Mexican dollars. Merchants, lawyers, blacksmiths, carpenters, etc., became owners of snug little houses. Many sent home for their families; all were doing well. Mechanics obtained four to eight dollars per day; even some of the volunteers came in for a large share by the well timed and prudent permission of their officers, while they performed their duty to government. Lawyers, \$50 a fee: the merchant made 100 per cent; clerks and schoolmasters 500 to \$1,000 per annum. Every one appeared happy and contented, making money without trouble, like a Californian, imagining Providence had taken them under special protection.—When all this was in the full blast of successful operation, and no probability of its being brought to a close—*presto!* some one proclaimed that there was, on the branches of the Sacramento, 'gold for the gathering.' This cry, I believe, began from the Mormons; immediately the most thoughtless, the most sanguine, took horse or launch for the rivers of wealth. In less than one month they returned to Yerba Buena, now San Francisco with a few hundred dollars of gold dust, worth in the States, \$17 per ounce. The whole mass of foreign population struck, not for higher wages, but for none at all—spades and shovels rose from \$2 to \$10: tin pans and cups, to unheard of prices; a few considerable turners and blacksmiths remained to make spades and picks, and turn wooden dishes to wash out the sand. These few are now making \$20 to \$40 per day; cooks and boatmen demand \$30 per month. The result, in a few words, is that more than half, I think three fourths of the houses, in some towns, are vacated. A passage in the launch rose from nothing to 4 dollars, to 8 dollars, to 16 dollars. Every one brought more astonishing news of this El Dorado of rivers whose bottoms were gold, only requiring to step in, scoop up a handful of black sand, move the hand a few minutes in the water, and there remained the pure thing itself—Rivers, whose banks glittered with the fine black sand, impregnated with quantities of gold that glistened still more until the 'eyes ached.' Pans and shovels sold for \$30 on the spot; 20 dollars a day was demanded by one to spend a day to go to the nearest rancho for a quarter of meat, or 20 dollars a day to cook for a mess of ten men, 2 dollars a man. This, they say, was submitted to for a few days. Whether these golden stories of rivers of gold were true or false, could not immediately be known. This much was seen. No one from the gold regions had any time to stop to talk or spin street yarns; but with more tools, tea, coffee, flour and crackers, paid for in gold dust itself at 14 dollars per ounce, they were off again. There was no waiting for what the Germans call a stand point. No hesitation—no more misbelief—by the most skeptical; all must go; and, truly, in some towns, all have gone. Near two hundred houses in the town of San Francisco are closed by the owners.

Benicia, a small town of a year's growth, situated forty miles from the entrance of San Francisco Bay, had but two men left who were earning 30 dollars a day by the ferry. Monterey is showing strong symptoms of the gold fever, its inhabitants, in general, thinking they are sufficiently rich, can afford for a few days longer to let well enough alone; but onward goes this fever, raging strongly in the brains of all, depopulating towns, carrying off men, women, and children. A six year old child can gather 2 or 3 dollars a day; a man 10 to 30 dollars, old and young ladies in proportion, according to how they admire to stand two feet deep in the water, or can dig with shovels, roll round a wooden dish or basket.

MUTINY AND MURDER.

The New Orleans *Bee* of the 14th gives the following particulars of a Mutiny:

"The ship *St. Louis*, Capt. Haley, left Vera Cruz on the evening of the 21st ult., for this port, with a crew of eight men before the mast, two of them being Spaniards by birth, one named Antonio Chapedor, the other Pedro Vauntena; both of them came to Capt. Haley on the evening of the 28th ult., and said that the crew intended to throw them overboard and drown them, and asked permission of Capt. Haley to allow them to sleep aft, as they feared the crew would carry their threat into execution, which privilege the Captain granted them.

Mr. Chapell had fallen asleep about ten minutes, and Capt. H. was partly in a doze, when he heard Antonio Chapedor jump to his feet, and saw him stab Mr. Chapell (a passenger) with a large carving knife under the ribs in the right side, to the depth of seven inches: at the same time making a plunge at Captain Haley, stabbing him in the right shoulder, penetrating to the bone, the force of which turned the point of the knife. He then made an attempt to stab the mate, without causing very great injury in consequence of the point of the weapon being in a bad condition. Mr. Chapell exclaimed, at the time when he received the wound, "My God, what have I done that they should murder me?" and ran away. Capt. Haley followed him to the cabin, when he fainted away from the loss of blood.

Mr. Chapell breathed his last about twenty minutes after receiving the wound.

Capt. Haley says, when he was about sailing from Vera Cruz a steamer came to him and delivered a package of money to Mr. Chapell, which the men saw,

which was no doubt the cause of committing the murder. They were immediately secured, and given in charge of the U. S. Marshal, yesterday, on their arrival in this city."

VESSEL BURNT—TWENTY-FIVE LIVES LOST.

Canada papers mention that circumstances have occurred to leave little doubt, that a similar catastrophe to that which befel the *Ocean Monarch*, has taken place on Lake Huron. Several portions of a Steamship, including deck, masts, yawl, &c. charred by fire, have been driven ashore at Pine Point, and Kincardine.—The account details also the finding several articles of cargo &c., and thus concludes:

"There is too much reason to fear that the unfortunate ship first caught fire and then blew up; for the various parts of the wreck that we have seen, indicate that the timbers have been driven asunder by explosion. No bodies have been yet discovered, which leaves us the faint hope that, as these vessels generally hug the American shore, the men may have saved themselves by taking to the boats.

The Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser* says, that the Steamer referred to, was the *Goliath*, and that all on board, about twenty-five in number, perished. She had upwards of two hundred kegs of gunpowder, as cargo, and after catching fire, was blown up before the passengers and crew could take the boats.

MURDER.—A man by the name of Neil McFadyan who has lived for some time at the Blue Mountains, was arrested last week on a charge of murder. The circumstances on which the charge is founded, as near as we can learn, are as follows:—

Some time in June last, he left Restigouche, N. B., where he had been working during the winter, in company with a young man named Carr, who was coming to Pictou, as is said, to purchase a team of horses, bringing with him a sum of money for that purpose. When Carr had been sometime from home, his Father becoming anxious about him, wrote to an individual at the East River, with the request to make an inquiry for him. This person accordingly questioned McFadyan as to whether he knew where the young man had gone, and received for answer that he knew nothing about him, as they had parted at Miramichi. It subsequently became known, however, that McFadyan and Carr had been seen together by a person who was acquainted with them both, as far on their way home as Wallace, and also that a person answering the description given of Carr by his father, was seen in company with the suspected murderer at the East River, the day he arrived there. Upon these circumstances being made known, McFadyan was arrested, to undergo an examination before the magistrates; and shortly afterwards the body of a man was found in the woods near the prisoner's house, with the skull broken and bearing evident marks of violence, but decomposition had so far advanced, that it was scarcely possible to identify the remains. Several articles of clothing were found in the prisoner's possession, agreeing with the descriptions given by Mr. Carr, senr., of the clothes worn by his son when he left home, and also a cloth cap with the name of the missing man in the inside. McFadyan is now in jail, waiting his trial at the Supreme Court which sits here on Tuesday the 17th inst.—*Pictou Eastern Chronicle*.

A RARE CHANCE FOR THE POOR.—Such has been the catch of Mackarel within the past month at various points between this Harbour and Prospect, that hands have not been found sufficiently numerous to save the fish, and we are credibly informed that the parties owning the nets and seines are offering a BARREL OF MACKAREL for a day's labour. In the prospect of a hard winter thus is an opportunity offered to the industrious poor, to make some provision therefor.—*Halifax Sun*.

THE EXAMINER.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1843.

The last September Mail from England arrived at a late hour on Monday evening last—the principal matters of intelligence furnished by which will be found on preceding columns. We have waited several hours for the Mail which is now due; but, up to the present moment (Monday, 13 o'clock, p.m.) there is no appearance of the Packet. So frequent are now, however, the communications between the old and the new world, that the events of a week can add but few topics of great interest to the common stock of intelligence. The circumstance which will invest with more than usual interest the coming Mail, will doubtless be the anxiety to ascertain what progress has been made in the State Trials in Ireland, and whether any of them has been brought to a close. However unselfish and patriotic may have been the objects and intentions of the gentlemen who have been put upon trial—and however distinguished by talent and learning, it is nevertheless a patent and painful fact, that they committed a monstrous

blunder in beginning a war of independence, which they had neither men nor money to sustain, against one of the most powerful nations of the world. That Ireland has been and is abused, spat upon and oppressed to a greater extent than any other country by any other power in ancient or modern times—is a truth which the English people themselves are too honest to deny; and had she the power, as well as the will, to release herself from such a condition, and fling her shackles in the face of her oppressor, thousands who have no more in common with the Irish people than the universal sentiment of liberty, would rejoice to witness the exercise of that power, and would proclaim, as worthy the applause of mankind, the men who were foremost in directing it. The gentlemen who assumed, however, the leadership of the Irish people, have subjected themselves to the charge of incapacity and folly, by bidding open defiance to the Government, before they know whether they had a nation well armed and provisioned to follow them to the battle-field, and military genius to point the path to victory; and, (for they cannot hope for an acquittal—especially in a Court where partizan judges have been appointed to preside, and a partizan jury empanelled to try)—they will be extremely fortunate if the royal clemency permit them to escape with their lives, though we cannot but regret, that such men ever espoused such a cause, or having espoused it, they did not succeed.

THE WEATHER.—On Friday last there was a slight fall of snow, and hail—being the first positive indication this season of the approach of winter. The weather had been previously cold and rainy for an unusually long period; but since Friday it has been extremely mild and pleasant.

THE CHOLERA.—The last published account of the ravages of the Cholera in Russia, present an awful result of this scourge. This account is from nearly all the places in which it prevails, (being about sixty provinces) and embraces the period of one week only.—The total deaths from Cholera, during that short space of time, were seventy-eight thousand four hundred and seventy-three. English papers assert that the disease is travelling towards Europe at the rate of seventeen miles per day.

A PLOUGHING MATCH will come off on the 19th of this month, at which we hope to see the ability of the sons of the soil displayed to some advantage. It is to such like laudable emulation that we must look for the bringing forward of the talents of those who are experienced and enterprising in their profession. We have often brought before the Public the great importance of Agriculture is the employment of the principal part of the people of this Island; and with the Fishery as an auxiliary, we think that there is only enterprise wanting, to make us as prosperous as any part of the American Continent. Before we look for the advancement of Agriculture as a science we should see it put upon the same footing as the other branches of art, where a youth—when he wishes to be perfect in his business—serves an apprenticeship with a skilful master—and this could be best obtained at a Model Farm, which we have before now urged on the consideration of the Public, as one of the best means of perfecting the farmer in his business, and bringing under his notice, with the least loss of time and means, those improvements which are daily being made, in different countries.—*Gaz.*

HON. P. S. WHITE.—This gentleman, well known as the P. M. W. P. of the Order of the Sons of Temperance—whose eloquent addresses of last winter, in this city, will be well remembered by many of our readers—was to lecture last evening at the Mechanics' Institute, St. John, N. B. A correspondent writing from that city, informs us that he will prolong his visit there for a few days, in order to arrange some difficulties that have arisen in the Order. It is probable that he will then proceed to Fredericton, after which he promises a visit to Halifax. His ostensible mission is to P. E. Island and Newfoundland.—*Novascotian*.

POSTSCRIPT.

NO ENGLISH MAIL.

MONDAY EVENING.

The Mail Packet from Pictou was signalled at four o'clock this afternoon, just as our paper was being put to press. Expecting the English Mail, we waited until nearly nine o'clock this evening, at which time the Bags were delivered at the Post Office, but no English Mail had arrived. We have learned that the Packet has brought no Colonial news of any importance.