

St. Patrick's Ward. John Rolph and Thomas Elliot, Aldermen. John Mackintosh and Joseph Tunton, Common Councilmen. St. Andrew's Ward. Tho's D. Morrison and John Harper, Ald. Alex. Armstrong and John Doel, C. C. St. Lawrence Ward. Joseph Cawthra & Peter McDougall, Ald. Lardner Bostwick and Wm. Arthur, C. C. St. George's Ward. John E. Tims and Edward Wright, Ald. Edward Perry and James Hunter, C. C. St. David's Ward. James Lesslie and W. L. Mackenzie, Ald. Colin Drummond and Franklin Jackes, C. C.—17

BRITISH WHIG.

IMPORTANT TO LENOX & ADDINGTON. The adjourned meeting of the Electors of Lenox & Addington, will take place at the Hallings near John Fralick's Inn, on Saturday the 12th inst. The chair will be taken about eleven o'clock.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. The long letter of *Cincinnati*, is unavoidably postponed. An *Electer*, is inadmissible on account of its personalities. The last letter from *S. of Hollowell* will appear on Friday. The *quester Q*, a *Subscriber* and *Timothy Quint*, are requested to read the following— Those of our correspondents who do not perceive the insertion of their favors, will readily understand the cause by perusing the underneath paragraphs, which have been continually published since our commencement. The columns of this paper are open to all parties, on certain conditions. First, that nothing libellous or irreligious be forwarded for insertion, of which the editor will be the judge; and secondly, that the real name and address of the writer be sent for the editor's private information. The postage of all communications must be paid. *All accounts of deaths or marriages to be authenticated.

KINGSTON, TUESDAY MORNING, APRIL 1, 1834.

The American Mail of this morning puts us in possession of London dates to the evening of Feb. 7th, and Madrid dates to the 13th of the same. Civil war is still raging in Spain, but the Queen's party is every where triumphant. Don Miguel's army has been reduced to less than 5000 men and his cause is considered as hopeless. The following item may be interesting to a few—

An explosion had taken place in the neighborhood of Geneva, being the attempt of a few Poles to establish a new Kingdom of Poland in the Mountains of Geneva. The attempt proved to be a signal failure, and the disappointed, reduced to 60 men, laid down their arms on the 5th of February.

From England we have nothing new. A ship had arrived at Charleston, which sailed from Ireland on the 13th, but brought no papers.

Mr. McKenzie in his last *Advocate*, tells us, upon the authority of a private letter, that Joseph Hume, Esq. is about to take the seals of office as Prime Minister of England! Mr. Hume is one of the most worthy and uncompromising men of this or any age; one of those bull dogs, who whether in or out of Parliament, are always defending the rights of the people from spoliation, but as fit to be First Lord of the Treasury of the British Empire, as he is to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. The very idea of the thing is perfectly ridiculous and out of all probability; the radicals may it is true gain sufficient lead to embarrass the Whig Ministry during the present session, but their power is not yet sufficient to overthrow them, and even if they did succeed in their designs, Mr. Hume, from knowledge of his total incompetency in financial affairs, would be the best man they would think of placing at their head. Henry Parnell indeed might be named with more probability; his ideas of finance although sometimes a little chimerical, are still the ideas of a statesman, whereas Mr. Hume has proved his ignorance of the common principles of arithmetic too often, to have any reliance placed in his numerical reasonings. In many respects he strongly resembles his eulogist Mr. McKenzie; both honest well meaning men, but not formed in nature's mould for statesmen.

A writer in the *Port Hope Warder* announces the discovering of the reappearance of Halley's Comet in 1844 which has usually performed its eccentric journey in about 75 years, and has been predicted to reappear in 1834. To discover the situation of Halley's Comet, the writer gives the following plain directions.

Any person who wishes to see this Comet, may find its situation in the Heavens by attending to the following directions. There are seven bright stars in the Northern constellation of Ursa Major, usually called Charles's Wain, two of these are called polar pointers, on account of their standing in a right line with the polar star; the altitude of the star elevated of these two will at any time in the evening, be nearly the same as that of the Comet; before turn your eye from that star, at the same elevation until you look due East and, if the stars visible, you can hardly fail of seeing the Comet rising a triangle with the sixth magnitude.

The *N. Y. Com. Adv.* of the 24th ult. contains an account of the St. Patrick's Dinner in that city. Among the guests was the British Consul, J. Buchanan, Esq. who upon the health of the King drank, spoke to the following effect.

Being honored as your guest from being his Majesty's servant, I beg leave to express the satisfaction I feel at the continued warmth with which it has been received, and as your countryman, I beg on this occasion in vindication of the Irish character, to observe, that the charges of crime and infamy against us are unfounded. I appeal to the facts which I felt due to my countrymen to publish in the *Courier and Enquirer*, which is a proud contrast as to the number in the gaols state prisons enumerated. Offences we admit, "yet our crimes are mainly crimes;" those arising from deep bad malignity of heart are few, if ever, brought against us. The ardent indignation of the head hurries us into offence, but these are of malignant continuance. As to disloyalty, dealt to the manner the King's health has been proved here this evening; I might also appeal to the reception of his late Majesty on his visit to London. We make free with our King, but we bow to his present Majesty visits Ireland he will find occupants of the poorest cabin in the country to divide their last potatoe with him, and can the most devoted loyalty do more.

Yesterday afternoon, an attempt was made to launch the new Boat, *Thomas McKay*, which has been built by Messrs. T. Vanalstine and Bennett, to run on the Rideau Canal. To some accident, the boat stuck, and notwithstanding the assistance of the Steam Boat *Kingston*, all attempts to get her were unavailing. To-morrow, another steam boat will be brought to help her, and we trust their united efforts will be successful.

In the vicinity, we took an opportunity of examining a beautiful modelled steamer now building under the direction of Mr. Gildersleeve. She is perhaps as elegant a vessel as has ever laid down in a Kingston ship yard.

Her extreme length is 144 feet, and her breadth of beam (including guards) 38 feet. She will be worked by two engines of 35 horse power each, and is intended to be launched on the 20th inst. Her name is variously stated, *Cataragui* or the *British Sovereign*; the former name is decidedly the most appropriate, considering the place she belongs to, and the trade she is to be engaged in; but as we think so, the latter cognomen may be considered as settled. Whatever name she is to be called by, the new boat will take her station in the highest rank of steam vessels.

The beautiful Steam Boat *Kingston*, which was built last summer, and in speed was allowed to take precedence of every other craft on the Ontario waters, has lately been finished with great attention. The promenade deck extends now nearly the whole length of the boat and has been widened very considerably. A number of state rooms have been erected for families, and accommodation provided for persons to live on board who may be either unwilling or unable to pay cabin prices. The *Kingston* is now decidedly the most beautiful vessel of her size, that belongs to this port.

We understand that she is destined to run in conjunction with the *Brockville*, between this and the head of the Long Sault, provided she is able to steam the rapids, for which an immediate trial is about to be made. She sails to-morrow, under the command of Captain Ives.

That noted Steam Boat *Perseverance*, (the old *Toronto*) which like my Grandmother's knife has had three new blades and two new handles, has lately had an additional blade in the shape of an entirely new promenade deck, covering the extreme length of the vessel. This great improvement combined with the extensive repairs which the boat underwent late last Fall, has completely renovated her and she looks no contemptible rival even alongside that Prince of Steam Boats, the elegant and swift *Kingston*. We hear, that it is in contemplation to restore the original name of *Toronto*, in place of the barbarous and unmusical sound of *Perseverance*, which she received last spring. The boat is almost ready for starting on her usual trips from Prescott, to the head of the Bay.

The beautiful new boat the *Brockville* arrived here on Sunday afternoon and left on Monday for the head of the Long Sault, the two extreme points of her destination. We had not time to examine her, but shall take an early day to do so in detail.

That splendid vessel, the *United States*, will commence her routes on the 13th inst, touching at Kingston, on Mondays and Fridays as usual. See advertisement.

If the intelligence communicated in the accompanying extract, taken from the London items of a Montreal paper, be correct, the system practised by Mr. Stainer of being paid by the newspaper proprietors for the postage of their papers will have to be abandoned. Under the expectation of some such important alteration, we have not collected the postage from those of our country subscribers who have paid us in advance.

"The Post Master General has determined on abolishing the whole of the privileges enjoyed by the Post Office Clerks as regards the transmission and dealing in newspapers, English or Foreign. The privileges are to cease, as regards the circulation of the United Kingdom, on the 4th of April."

The *Minerva* of 24th ult. contains a very fair hit at the *Montreal Herald* of the previous day. The latter paper in speaking of the death of the *Canadian Courier* took occasion to say, that it died from the effects of cold water, alluding to its strenuous advocacy of the Temperance Society. The *Minerva* in reproaching the insulting insinuation, tells the *Herald* that there is little probability of its dying the same death, since most of its articles appear as if written under the influence of some more exciting fluid.

In answer to the very polite question in the *Settler* of 27th ult. we have to say, that although by nature of an extremely retired and unassuming disposition, yet since our entrance into this bustling political world, we have observed so many instances of self-praise passing for recommendation, particularly in the columns of our wash tub contemporary, that we have unconsciously fallen into a habit, of which we fancy we are grown too old to break ourselves. It is very hard to be twitted with our falling by one whose example we have copied in more instances than the present. The *Settler* railing at the *Whig* for vanity, is like the pot calling the kettle black bottom.

The *Chronicle* presumes to censure the letters of a Farmer to Mr. Cartwright. Does the sensitive aspirant to senatorial honors begin to wince already? are his withers wrong? In our opinion Mr. Cartwright gets no more than he richly deserves; he has chosen to come conspicuously forward in direct opposition to the wishes of three-fourths of the inhabitants of Lenox and Addington, and if he discovers too late, that it had been better for him to have staid at home, he merely endures the fate of far better men than himself, that of being ridiculed and scoffed at. We trust the *Farmer* will persevere and complete his series of twelve letters (as promised), which will with management last until in the election in June; that is, if the gentleman to whom they are directed should live so long; a matter of much doubt, considering the highly sensitive nature of his temperament. A strange query comes across us. Should the letters kill Mr. Cartwright, will the *Farmer* have to stand his trial for manslaughter? He had better look to it.

What does the *Chronicle* mean about *rotting*? Is it because we have done that which was more naturally expected of him, that he brands us with an undeserved epithet? We are Whigs, not republicans.

The quarterly examination of the pupils at Miss Isham's Infant School took place this day in the school room, attended by a great proportion of the ladies of Kingston. To those who have not witnessed the prior examination of the scholars of this lady, the sight would be as novel as entertaining; to see children, some of them not three years of age, repeat the numerous songs and verses taught them by their Teacher, astonishes every one, not previously acquainted with the capacity and retention of memory of mere babies, if brought into early cultivation. The children were examined in Sacred History, Astronomy, Arithmetic and Geometry, and gave pertinent answers to the various questions asked. Some of them repeated set speeches for the occasion, and all of them exhibited marks of being well taught. The next term commences in about a fortnight, of which due notice will be given by advertisement.

We have not yet heard of the result of the city election at Toronto, but rumor says, that a large majority of elected Aldermen and common Councilmen were on the liberal ticket.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Kingston, March 29th, 1834.

Mr. Editor,—In your excellent remarks on the bigotted conduct of the York officials, who broke their engagement to dine at the St. Patrick's Dinner, on learning that the Hon. John Elmsley, who had lately turned Catholic, had been also invited, I regret your designating the last mentioned individual as an *Apostate*. Is not the protestant's rule of faith the scripture, as understood by every man of sound judgment? How then can any one following that rule, whatever creed his judgment may lead him to adopt, be justly styled an *Apostate*? Mr. Elmsley has only acted up to this liberal principle. Let those then who censure him, point out by what other criterion he should have regulated his belief? If by human authority, that of the learned Archbishop of Strasbourg may not unreasonably have seemed to him as sure a one to abide by, as ever that of the Venerable Archbishop of York.

I have the honor to be, Sir, Your obedient and humble servant, Wm. P. McDONALD, Vicar General.

DR. BARKER, Editor of the British Whig.

meaning. We wished our readers simply to understand, that we had no particular affection for Mr. Elmsley, because he had changed his religion; and that we had taken up the subject only, because in our opinion, the ill usage he had received from his former associates, amounted to something like persecution. We should have expressed ourselves in the same terms had he changed from catholicity to calvinism; having as we said before, an inherent dislike against changes of every description, whether political or religious. Men sometimes change from conviction, but so rarely, as to make exceptions to the general rule, a matter of unusual occurrence.

For the British Whig. Mr. Editor,—After my letter to you of this day week, you were doubtless much surprised at seeing me figure away so largely in the *Chronicle* of Saturday; but however much your surprise was excited, it did not greatly exceed my own, as I will shortly relate. Although as I said before, I am a very foolish fellow, still I have but one fault, but that fault I confess is a blunder—I lift my hand too often to my head, that is to say, I am occasionally in the habit of getting drunk, and when in this state as a matter of course, I neither understand nor recollect what I say or do. On Friday last, I spent the evening at a tavern in the Market Square, and have a faint remembrance being in company with the runner to the *Chronicle*, but recollect nothing more. This morning upon calling at the office, to enquire into the cause of my letter being published, I was shown a MS. written by the said runner, but bearing my signature, and which I was told has been indicated by me at a time when I was incapable of doing anything more than sign my name. This acknowledgement, however ignominious it may make me look in your eyes, is still nevertheless due to the public and myself, since I know not what stuff may appear hereafter, bearing the signature of March 31st, 1834.

KINGSTON.

For the British Whig. Mr. Editor,—A few days ago, I was much gratified with the perusal of the Chairman's and Secretary's report of the 5th inst. called by the friends of John Solomon Cartwright, Esq. particularly with that resolution conveying the thanks of the meeting to the chairman. The resolution emanating as it did from supporters of those high minded, independent and enlightened members, Messrs. Bidwell and Perry, and breathing forth the honorable principles possessed by the reformers in this and all the other counties, the force of it caused a deep and thorough enquiry to take place in my mind, the result of which made me almost shudder at the bare thought of ever having applied to me, as a badge of political distinction, the word *Tory*. And why this horror? Because the resolution, together with my enquiry, carried with elective force to my soul, the all-important truth, that the cause of reform is sacred, and that it must and will prevail. In my examination, I found that the reformers have the mighty barrier truth for their shield; that they march straight forward like the impetuous trunk, sweeping all before it, and yet like the gentle rivulet rendering benefits to the deserving, and honor to whom honor is due.

It is well known that Allan McPherson, Esq. is a moderate tory, has presided at political meetings, and has been twice returning officer, and on all occasions in his public capacity, has demeaned himself in such an impartial manner as to gain the confidence of both parties, and I am convinced possesses a great share of those honorable principles, so constantly manifested by the reformers. It would be a heart cheering gratification, could I say the same of the rest of the office holders in this province. The great majority of these gentlemen so far from copying the example set them by Mr. McPherson, by practising in their public acts a strict forward course, pursue that low servile path that leads to wretchedness and woe.

It is well known that the office of the officials in this district, take them as a body, are about as good as those of any other district, descend to the lowest, base and abuse, under the vain imagination, that by such an unallowable course, they shall deter the unassuming peaceable and loyal subjects of His Majesty from asserting their just rights and privileges at the foot of the throne, where they would be speedily redressed, and bring infamy and disgrace on their oppressors, the tyrants of this otherwise happy province. But Mr. Editor, their mighty power is tottering, their day of miracle is fast going by, and the selection of Solomon as a candidate by the tories, shows clearly the desperate state of their game. It is no difficult task, to foresee the speedy downfall to those who oppose the official lords, which the tories have endeavored so profusely to lavish in certain families upon time serving adherents, without the least regard to the ability or moral rectitude of the persons who receive the office; for so that they could grab the word *loyalty*, it mattered not if in every other respect they were perfect blackguards.

Why was not Mr. McPherson selected for a tory candidate, instead of going to that tory hole, Kingston, for Solomon? A man whose declarations at a late political meeting in his own town, were sufficient to disgust every thinking supporter of the people's rights, and almost totally blast his hopes of success as a candidate for these counties, viz. that had he been in the house, he would have supported that infamous bill, called the Summary Punishment Bill, and who is highly in favor of Hagerman, that noted trampler on the people's rights and an abuser of his Majesty's Ministers.

Allan McPherson Esq. is a gentleman in possession of a fair share of those generous and liberal principles which adorn the man and make him a useful and worthy member of the community; his extensive knowledge places him above the sordid desire of supplanting the present very worthy members, who he knows he would have severely and profusely to lavish in certain families upon time serving adherents, without the least regard to the ability or moral rectitude of the persons who receive the office; for so that they could grab the word *loyalty*, it mattered not if in every other respect they were perfect blackguards.

How has it turned out with our worthy friend George McKenzie Esq.? This able and eloquent lawyer had not taken, nor did he wish to take any active steps in politics for some years. He might have been called a moderate whig or a moderate tory, so perfectly impartial was he in regard to political matters; and how is he now? He stands out against all the treaties of the tories to attend a meeting in these counties. No argument could penetrate his determined heart, or induce him to become an advocate for a cause he despised, or lend his powerful eloquence to shackle the rights of the people. But alas! Like Sampson in Delilah's lap, he could not stand against the plausible enticements of his fair-in-law; his tender heart was penetrated, and he consented to make his appearance at a political meeting; but not without visible sorrow and dejection depicted in his countenance. Of this misguided political career, I shall at present say no more, believing he is now making a noble and manly effort to extricate himself from the meshes in which he was hurried.

I fear Mr. Editor, that the dullness of Solomon's intellect will not enable him to make so good a meeting in these counties. The odds are fearfully against him, he having commenced his career by groveling in the dark, where he will continue to grovel, till the good principles of which he is in possession, become totally eradicated from his very feeble mind. The lavish use of his money, which I am not as yet ready to commence, will only secure to him an increase of tories at his dinner parties, (composed of nobles and late-made real hot little fellows of swamp beach notoriety,) so that at the next meeting he may be able to get twenty persons, voters or not, who may be considered sufficient respectable to share his repast, without having to go a begging into the ranks of the opposite party, to find four persons to make up that number for a treat. The scene at the breaking up of the dinner party at the Napier's, was highly ludicrous in the extreme. The growling propensity of the tories was then making the mere being of the tories was evident, and we seem to stagger into the muddy road and take horse, and lamentable fall, after being seated on their horses, and some of the commissioned dignitaries fell prostrate into the mud before they reached the length of the bridge, from which they were rescued by some humane reformers.

If Solomon continues to squander his money in this way, forgetful of the awful calamity, "cursed is he that putteth the cup to his neighbour's mouth," I shall be under the necessity of reporting him to some worthy clergyman, or to the committee of the Temperance Society. In conclusion, I also recommend him to remember his ancient proverb, "God and his money are soon parted." A MODERATE REFORMER. Camden, March 20th, 1834.

LETTER II FROM MR. PETER PRY, OF CREAMVILLE, TO JOHN KETCH ESQ. LONDON.

Creamville, March 1st, 1834.

Dear Jack, I beg leave to address you again And send, as I promised, good news, or'er the main, From this happy region, where a kind nature's hand Showers blessings, in baskets full, on the land. Dear friend, if some morning you'd step aboard ship, And, for good of your health, take a salt water trip, To our fine woody country, you soon would detect Your smoky old city, and live in the west. But if you should come sir, to sure that you fetch, Immediately with you, my dear Mrs. Ketch; 'Twould heighten her beauty, as Doctors declare, 'Tis nothing for ladies like taking the air; Besides, she would fret and be still on the fidget While you were from home—and so bring along Bridget. She'll be so delighted with us we have here; With trees, and with stumps, and with bears, and with deer, And hungry wolves howling still by the night— Oh what wonderful stories London she'll write! And lo! how she'll giggle when first in a sleigh I'll drive her round town, with my high trotting grey; We'll wrap up in furs and as snug as you please, Then a fig for the frost, while we sit at our ease And fly along gayly o'er hill and through hollow, Though with one horse power only, yet swift as a swallow; And the sleigh bells will merrily ring in her ear Like the church bells in London when christmase is near.

And harkye, in secret I tell you dear John, Mrs. Ketch if in Creamville would soon lead the ton. But dear sir, it appears that some impudent puppy Broke open my last and so flitch'd him a copy, And sent it to press, oh confound him I say, For now with our genta we've the devil to pay. Doctor Sneak, when he saw it, turned pale and got sick, But soon rousing himself took a pill and 'cut stick,' And ne'er look'd behind him, for fear he might spy Some wicked hobnobbin sent on by P. Fry. Poor fellow! 'tis pity he so should be teased, Why not cut a dash, like the rest, when he pleased? Why should he not go when he wish'd to the ball, And show himself off to the wonder of all; For he's staidy, and comely, and starchy, and trim, And, my eye! with the ladies there's no one like him. A dozen are storming and swear by the skies, That if Peter's name 'em they'll blacken his eyes, Or pound him to jelly, or knock out his brains; But Peter such idle vagaries disdains, And so they may whistle and spare themselves pains; For, that people hereafter may know one another, I'll sometimes review them, in spite of their pober. And now I've a right of all people to speak, As I was made censor of Creamville last week, And so by my office am bound to discharge The duty I owe to the public at large: But this is a letter and not a review, (For why should I show all our follies to you) 'Tis only to banish your notions romantic Of manners and men on this side the atlantic. My office I keep at a corner well known In the midst of the town though it stands all alone; A snug little box about fourteen feet square, Three windows supply it with light and with air, From which when I please I can stilly look out And see what the people are stirring about. Some few nights ago, our great chivalry all Assembled again in the ranks of the ball A legion of beaux of the first cut and fashion, 'In best bib and tucker' did gallantly dash on, Determined, the ogling rascals no doubt, To win ladies hearts by a buckish turn out. There a few of nymphs, who with Venus might vie, 'Rain'd influence' sweet on each lace-loving eye; Their clustering ringlets of bright sunny hair And tresses of raven and flaxen and fair, Their eyes black as midnight, yet flashing a light That would dazzle your own and bewilder you quite— But I ne'er could describe them, for language would fail To give but the half of their charms in detail. How heav'd every breast and how thrill'd all their toes, When a strain of loud music voluptuous arose, The clarinet, hautboy, the horn and bassoon Burst forth all at once in a sweet jingling tune. Then fairly an entire carch of dance To a simpering march did boldly advance, And landed her out to the waltz or quadrille With more than great Brummel's or Beau Nash's skill. A seven foot dandy, a dashing young rogue, From the land of potatoes, here stud'd in the brogue, The finest young fellow you'd see in a million, How graceful he mov'd in the waltz and cotillon, His name I forget—but it sounds rather rough And in Connaught I know it is common enough. But which of the nine will my noble inspire To rhyme the exploits of the jumping young squire? So neatly he footed it, all were amaz'd And ladies delighted applaudingly gaz'd, For surely he never was equal'd before By any that hopp'd on a Creamville inn floor. The smirking, the smiling, sweet Misses— Came down from the country to kick up their heels, And sylph-like to glide through the graceful quadrille— Oh what hearts they set beating—and beat for them still; For surely that man must be lost in a trance Who unmov'd could behold those bright nymphs in the dance. The eldest Miss Mac, a most charming brunette, With dark rolling eyes and long tresses of jet, A figure majestic, both slender and tall, Eclips'd all the beauties that shone at the ball. Oh could I but sing as I wish my dear Jack, I would roar out her praise till my windpipe would crack. In soul moving sonnets her beauty would note, And die like the swan with a song in my throat. But all spent the night in high spirits and glee, And the ladies, sweet creatures, retired about three; But to wind up things stily, there was a few Of the gentlemen stay'd for a rubber or two At whist or perhaps at three-half-penny loo. Now you see, my dear fellow, we've every thing here That can pleasure the eye, or can tickle the ear, Beside we're not hamper'd in dark narrow lanes, Where the daylight can hardly peek through the panes, But bless'd with wide streets and abundance of air—

As long as you live in that dingy old place, Where smoke everlastingly puffs in your face. So, all things considered, I think the best plan, Is to come out to Creamville as soon as you can. But now I must end as my pen's almost dry So good night says your quizzical friend PETER PRY.

John Ketch, Esq. Old Bailey, London. DEPART. In Niagara, on Monday morning the 24th instant, after a short but painful illness, James Muirhead, Esquire, for many years a practicing Physician of this place, in the 60th year of his age.

FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBER, 100 Boxes Window Glass, 7 1/2 x 8 1/2, 7 x 9, 8 x 10, 10 x 12. Raw Linseed Oil, 4s. 9d. per gallon, Double Boiled Linseed Oil, 5s. per do. Best Dry White Lead, 40s. per cwt. Venetian Red, Spanish Brown, Red Lead, Yellow Ochre, Lamp Black, Spirits Turpentine &c. &c. A complete assortment of Painters Brushes, Whiting, 10s. per cwt. London Putty, 4d. per lb. Best quality White Paints, in Kegs of 28 lbs. each. THOMAS HARDY, Upper end of Stone Street.

Kingston, March 31st, 1834. 16

NOTICE

THE subscriber having relinquished business in Kingston, requests all those indebted to him either by Note or Account, to settle the same, between this date, and the first of May next, as all remaining then unsettled, will be given into the hands of an Attorney for collection. ROBERT GLENDINNING. Kingston, 29th March, 1834. 16

STEAM BOAT NOTICE.

A FURTHER instalment of Ten per cent, upon the Stock subscriber for the Steam Boat now building at Prescott, to ply between Prescott and Montreal, is required to be paid into the hands of A. Jones, Esq. Treasurer, Prescott, on or before the 10th day of April next—also, a further instalment of Ten per cent. on or before the 20th day of April next.

By order of the Building Committee, H. NORTON, Secretary. Prescott, 20th March, 1834. 16

FOR SALE

BY THE Subscriber, 50 barrels of Queenston Apples. JOHN BOYES. Market Place, Feb. 21, 1834.

CASH Paid for Grass Seed, by HUGH SCANLAN.



LAKE ONTARIO. THE STEAM BOAT.

(Propelled by two powerful low-pressure Engines.) Capt. J. R. VAN DEWATER.

HAVING had her cabins and accommodations for Passengers enlarged and improved, will start from Ogdensburg on her regular trips for the season, on the 13th of April next. The Proprietors, determined that nothing shall be wanting to promote the comfort and convenience of Passengers, have omitted appointing Agents authorized to contract for freight, although they will be desirous of carrying it whenever they can do so, consistently with a due regard to the accommodation of passengers.

GOING UP. She will leave Ogdensburg on Sunday, at 5 o'clock P. M. " Kingston, U. C. " Monday 6 A. M. " Sackets Harbor, " Monday 12 M. " Oswego, 10 P. M. " Rochester Landing Tuesday 8 A. M. " Toronto, (York,) U. C. 9 P. M. Arriving at Lewiston early on Wednesday morning, giving passengers all the day to visit the Falls, and return by the Montreal on Saturday, visiting on the route, Rochester, Oswego, Sackets Harbor, Kingston, Brockville and Ogdensburg, passing that most interesting part of the scenery on the River St. Lawrence, from the Lake to Ogdensburg, by day light. March 24th, 1834.

Boot and Shoe Manufactory. (RESIDE THE CHRONICLE OFFICE, BACK STREET.) WILLIAM C. GIBSON returns thanks to his friends and the public for past favors, and begs leave to inform them, that he has now on hand a general assortment of Gentlemen's, Ladies', and children's boots and shoes, to answer the season, manufactured under his immediate superintendance, which he can confidently recommend for durability. *All orders punctually attended to on the shortest notice. Kingston, April 1st, 1834.

C. HATCH, Chair-Maker, KINGSTON. UPPER CANADA.

Commercial Intelligence.

REMARKS ON THE MONTREAL MARKETS.

There is certainly not much to notice in the state of the Markets, but such as there is we offer to our readers. In Wheat we have not heard of any transactions here, but we are enabled to state what prices have been paid in Upper Canada. In the Niagara district and at the head of the Lake, the highest price we have heard of is 4s. 4d. and the lowest six York shillings or 3s. 9d.; at the last named price but very little has been purchased, the bulk of the winter contracts having been made at 4s. 4s. 3d., hence we should say that 4s. 1/2d. is the average cost of wheat in that part of Upper Canada. In the lower districts of Upper Canada contracts have been made at 3s. 6d. but our informant states that the lower priced wheats are wholly unfit for shipment. In Ashes the price shows a disposition to advance as the shipping season approaches, but we hear of no transactions of any consequence.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES.

	s.	d.	q.	d.
ASHES, Pot, 1st sort, per cwt.	21	0	2	0
Pearl.....	22	0	2	0
BREAD, Piout, cwt.	22	6	25	0
Newfoundland.....	17	6	0	0
Crackers, lb.	0	0	0	4 1/2
CANDLES, Tallow.....	0	2	0	0
Sperm.....	2	0	2	9
COALS, Newcastle, Chaldron.....	25	0	27	6
Liverpool.....	22	6	25	0
Scotch.....	22	6	25	0
COFFEE, Jamaica, lb.	1	3	0	0
Inferior.....	0	55	0	0
COFFER, Bolts, lb.	1	6	0	0
Sheet.....	1	2	1	0
CORDBAGE, Russian, cwt.	35	0	0	0
Canadian.....	35	0	0	0
FISH, Cod, dry, cwt.	12	6	17	6
Herrings, No 1, brl.	0	0	22	6
No. 2, brl.	12	6	14	0
Smoked, box.....	4	6	5	0
Mackerel, No. 3.....	30	0	22	6
Salmon, pickled, brl.	0	0	55	0
Inferior.....	0	0	27	6
ASSORTED SUGAR, 100 lbs.	0	0	27	6
F. F. P. 100 lbs.	0	0	23	9
Fine.....	0	0	27	6
Middling.....	0	0	0	0
Pollards.....	22	0	22	6
Rye Flour.....	0	0	0	0
Indian Meal, per 168 lbs.	19	0	20	0
Oat Meal, cwt.	11	0	12	6
FRUIT, Almonds, soft shell, lb.	0	9	4	0
Currants, Zante.....	0	4	0	0
Figs.....	0	4	0	0
Notre, Barcelona.....	0	4	0	0
Prunes, French, per lb.	0	0	0	0
Raisins, Muscatel, box.....	15	0	17	6
Brooms.....	9	6	10	0
Malgas, lb. cask.....	0	3	4	0
Bottles, Beer, Gross.....	30	0	32	0
Wine.....	30	0	35	0
Window, 7 1/2 x 8 1/2, 100 feet.....	0	0	0	0
7 X 9.....	0	0	30	0
8 X 10.....	32	6	35	0
GRAIN and SEED, Barley, bushel.....	3	6	3</	