

Miscellaneous.

MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR.—We are indebted to Mr. Morris, of the Philadelphia Inquirer, for this account of a singular robbery, at the Italian Opera, a few weeks since, that will excite quite a sensation among our citizens. It will remind one forcibly of the romance of Ebelino, the Venetian Bravo!

The following was related to us a few days since by a gentleman of New York. A singular robbery recently took place in our city, the circumstances connected with which have produced quite a sensation. One of the most respectable physicians of New York who resides in the upper part of Broadway, was, while attending the Italian Opera one evening a few weeks since, robbed of his watch. It was a family piece, and had been handed down from father to son for several generations—hence it was prized far beyond its real value. In order to regain it, if possible, the physician advertised for it in several of the public journals of the day, "offering one hundred dollars for its recovery, and no question should be asked to the person who should return it." A few days after the publication of the advertisement, he received a note through the post-office, stating that if he should appear in the bar-room of the Opera house at a certain hour on a designated evening, the watch would be returned. The physician laughed at the note, pronounced it a quiz, but, nevertheless so anxious was he to gain his watch, that he cherished the faintest hope upon the subject, and determined to attend the opera. Accordingly on the hour designated, he appeared in the bar room, and after looking round upon the company for a few minutes, without observing any one who seemed desirous of an interview, returned into one of the boxes. Still anxious however, he in a few minutes again passed into the bar room. It was comparatively vacant, but he had been there but a few seconds, when a fine, tall, genteelly dressed young man came up to him, and with a silvery voice and affable manner inquired the hour. The physician hesitated a minute, cast an inquisitive glance upon the stranger, and observed, with somewhat of irritation, that some scoundrel had a short time before robbed him of his watch. "Indeed?" coolly replied the stranger, and drawing an old fashioned gold watch from his pocket, he held it before the physician, and with a smile, observed "the true time, I believe Sir?"

The physician immediately recognized the stolen watch, and made an effort to grasp it. The stranger stepped back a few paces, and coolly observed that "he had attended the opera as a man of honor, expecting to meet a man of honor. You advertised your watch, he continued, and pledged your honor as a gentleman to reward with one hundred dollars the individual who should return it to you. We meet, therefore, so far as the law is concerned, upon neutral ground. My part of the contract is fulfilled, and I appeal to you as a gentleman to perform yours. The physician hesitated—was evidently confused and agitated. After a moment's pause he took the watch, stated that he did not expect to meet the author of the note addressed to him—confessed that he had not provided himself with money, but pledged his word, that if the stranger would accompany him to his residence, the reward should immediately be paid. "Without hesitation," said the stranger, and putting his arm through that of the physician, the two walked out of the opera house and up Broadway to the residence of the latter, who promptly handed the supposed robber a hundred dollar note. He politely bowed and departed.

It is further stated that the physician felt much curiosity to discover the stranger—converted freely upon the subject with his friends, and indeed endeavored to detect him in every way possible without having recourse to the police office. About a fortnight after the recovery of his watch, and on one of the stormiest nights of the season, the bell of the physician's door was rung with great violence. It was near midnight, the winds howled and the streets were flooded, the waters running above the gutters, and rendering even the side walks almost impassable. The servant, roused from his sleep, hurried down stairs, opened the door, and ushered an old man into the hall, who in the most pressing and startling manner demanded to be shown to Dr. S. in private. The Dr. was abruptly summoned, and expecting some urgent case demanded his immediate attention, had hurried down to his study, into which the old man had already been ushered. He immediately commenced stating a case extreme distress—said that his wife was subject to temporary fits of madness, and had just been seized with a paroxysm of the most violent character. He proceeded to give an account of the history of the lady, how she had entered deeply into details, threw off the cloak in which he was enveloped, and the wig in which he was distinguished, and before the physician as the stranger of the opera house—the fair faced young man from whom he received his watch. The physician started back with astonishment—the stranger continued, "I have chosen a stormy night for this visit, sir, but however calm my demeanor, youthful my features, or composed my manner, my life is necessarily one of storm. It is now a fortnight since we met, and have you redeemed your promise to receive your watch & property alone & not take vengeance upon the wretch, I know the meaning of the phrase—who was forced by his accused destiny to seem a thief? Can you, before God and conscience, affirm that you have acted a generous part? You cannot—I tell you here in this shadowy room—at the midnight hour—that you cannot. You have described me—my person—my appearance—my manner, to a hundred of your particular friends—have done every thing but visit the office of the police with a detailed account of my person and the whole transaction. You have forfeited your honor, and even now through your confidential representations, the minister of justice—the myriads of the police—are eager for my arrest,—are hunting me with the spirit fingers, seeking for a victim. Sir, beware! You provoke a desperate man when you make me your foe. I am no thief—I did not filch from you the watch that I restored to you. Again, I say beware. But villain as I may be, I may not be hunted down with impunity."

A minute more, and the doctor was alone in his chamber. The young robber is yet at large.

BEH AVING OF LORD ALTHORP ON THE CORONER'S BILL.—The grand point was to get up a thorough tale of horrors, in order to scare away the senses of the House of Commons. A regular raw-head-and-bloody-bones story was to be fabricated, and terror and alarm were the order of the day. To propitiate the House, also, the affair was committed to Lord Althorp's charge; for, although Mr. Stanley has a reputation for talent, his prudence is not deemed of the highest, and it was thought of the utmost consequence to conciliate the Commons. Lord Althorp, more than any other person, possessed their confidence; and they would consequently view, with less jealousy, any obnoxious measure which came recommended by him. The grand field-day arrived; the bill was brought from the Lords, and the Commons were in great excitement and expectation. At length Lord Althorp rose to move that the bill be read: and it was plain the members on the ministerial benches, and the Tories also, were like the women who went to see Mrs. Siddons,—prepared for floods of tears. The ladies, on those occasions, commenced operations on coming into their box, by arranging fan, shawl, and pocket-handkerchief, which were always carefully displayed, and unfolded to be ready for immediate use. The gentlemen settled themselves ominously. They all, in sailor's phrases, pulled long faces; got up a gravity, and seemed to obey Antony's directions. "If you have

that a scene had been prepared, and was just about to be enacted. The Noble Lord began in his usual hesitating, unimpressive, common-place manner. The pocket-handkerchiefs were evidently ready; but as yet there was no excuse for crying. The Noble Lord proceeded, and at last began his eulogiums at horror creating. They who came to cry began to feel awkward. There was evidently no cause for tears. It is a role given us by Horace, "if you wish to make me weep, you must first weep yourself." The Noble Lord's acting never reached this point, no man ever seemed further from tears. He did not, indeed, seem pleased,—he felt that he looked very silly. The taunting cheers of the Radicals were not calculated, as restoratives, much to aid him. The Noble Lord tried his hand at rhetoric—it would not do; as a last resource, he remembered he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and that figures were consequently his weapons, not figures of speech, mind, good reader, but regular mits and tens, so he opened his official box, and drew from thence a statement. Instead of hurrying the House with vivid descriptions of atrocities, he coolly ran over the number of murders, &c.—murders, so many,—ditto, in the day-time, so many,—so many burglaries,—so many ravishings, and so on. The House came to cry; they now were inclined to laugh. The official people below the bar were terror-stricken; they shrugged their shoulders, and turned up their eyes. Mr. O'Connell crowded again, his eyes sparkled with pleasure, and his cheer became triumphant and deafening. Poor Mr. Stanley! he was as pale as a ghost: he bit his lips, put his heels, like a Yankee, on the table, close by his noble colleague; and at last, in his rage, fairly snatched the box of papers out of his hands, shut it with a loud bang, and locked it; as much as to say, "You shall not spoil excellent materials; you are ruining us." The Noble Lord seemed startled by this angry proceeding, and hastened to the close of his speech. When he sat down, the House was a dead blank; there was a painful silence among the great majority, who wanted an excuse of horrors for their intended votes, and who felt that this afforded none. During the whole night the debate laboured on against this painful disappointments; and not till both Mr. Stanley and Sir R. Peel had properly dished up the horrors could the House forget the statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

KING LEOPOLD'S PENSION.

The day on which King Leopold ceased to be an English subject, he, of course, ceased to fill any station, whether of rank or office in English society. As respected England, he was restored to precisely the same position in which he stood before he set his foot upon our shores. The consequence is inevitable, that, from the moment in question, he ceased to have any claim as a public person, and that, as we have here seen, is the only moral claim he ever had. We are, therefore, driven to the conclusion that neither for the payments of his debts, nor for the payments of pensions, whether granted by him or by the Princess Charlotte, nor for the keeping up of Claremont or Marlborough house, was he entitled to a single shilling. With respect to his Majesty's debts, the amount of which has excited so much astonishment, they were the personal engagements of an annuitant, which had been suddenly cut off, the nation would not have been bound to discharge, and, in fact, would not have discharged, as we may be very sure. But how is the nation more bound to pay these debts, because the Prince has been removed, not by death but alienation? If otherwise, that is, if the Prince be undebted, the pension ought not to have been paid. That the debts were valid engagements it is not necessary to dispute, because though bidding the Prince in honor and conscience, they do not bind the people of England. Upon the hypothesis that we would not be bound to pay King Leopold \$3,000, if undebted, it is clear that a change which has greatly increased his wealth does not bind us to pay him \$3,000, in discharge of debts which the nation never guaranteed and could not have guaranteed, because it neither knew of them, nor suspected their existence.—Where is, we must declare, in this matter of the debts a mystery which we are unable to pierce. There was nothing in Prince Leopold's mode of life, while amongst us, to create an opinion that his expenditure equalled, much less exceeded, his income. The debts may be bona fide debts, but it is difficult to believe that such debts have been incurred by the bona fide expenditure of a reserved single gentleman of habits the reverse of expensive, enjoying an income of 50,000, per annum. If these debts are bona fide debts, incurred by a bona fide expenditure, we must allow ourselves lost in admiration of the economy of the several monarchs of the royal family, many of whom are married and have children, all of whom maintain a more splendid state than ever Prince Leopold did, and none of whom has the half of 50,000, per year. But are the debts bona fide debts? We shall believe it when we see a schedule of them, and a statement of Prince Leopold's expenditure during the fourteen years and more than he resided in this country. In our present state of ignorance we cannot help suspecting that some of the money may have been employed in those Belgian intrigues which have shaken the foundations of European peace.

The ex-King of Spain (Joseph Buonaparte) resides at Marden Park, Surrey, where he frequently enjoys shooting. The Count orders all his gates to be thrown open to sportsmen. His park affords a ride of some miles, equal to the beautiful turf or Epsom Downs. His intention is to be in the United States in June.

LIVERPOOL AND MANCHESTER RAIL-ROAD.—This rail-road is thirty-seven miles in length, and is the greatest work of the kind now in England. Beginning at Liverpool, this road enters an open cutting twenty-two feet deep, with four lines of railway, and leading to the mouth of the great Tunnel, which is twenty-two feet wide and sixteen high. The sides are perpendicular for five feet above the floor, and surmounted by a semi-circular arch. This tunnel is cut through a strata of red rock, blue slate and clay, and is 7750 feet, or above a mile in length. The whole extent of this vast cavern is lighted with gas, and the sides and roof white-washed, to give a greater effect to the illumination.

The road in the tunnel curves and begins a gentle ascent towards the east. At this extremity, the road leads into a wide area, forty feet below the surface of the ground, cut out of the solid rock, and surmounted on every side by walls and battlements. From this area a small tunnel returns towards Liverpool. Proceeding eastward from the area, the traveller finds himself upon the open road to Manchester, moving upon a perfect level, the road slightly curved, clear, dry, free from obstruction, and the rails firmly fixed upon massive blocks of stone. After some time it descends very gradually, and passes through a deep cutting under large stone archways. Beyond this the road leads through the great rock excavation of Olive Mount, which is seventy feet deep, and only wide enough for two trains of carriages to pass each other.

After leaving this, it approaches the great Roby bank, stretching across a valley two miles in width, and varying from fifteen to forty-five feet in height. Here the traveller finds himself mounted above the tops of the trees, and looks around over the wide extent of the country. After some further curves, and passing some other banks, bridges and cuts, the road is carried into the city of Manchester. The track is double, the rails are of wrought iron laid on a bed of stone, but the foundations are

GREENLAND TRAGEDY.—The Greenlanders believe the sun and moon are sisters and brothers. They, with other children, were once playing in the dark together, when Auinga behaved rudely to his sister Malina, she rubbed her hand to the soot-bath she the extinguished lamp, and smeared his face that she might discover by daylight who was her tormentor; and thus the dark spots on the moon had their origin, for she struggling to escape out of his arms, soared aloft, and became the sun.—He followed up into the firmament and was transformed into the moon; but as he has never been able to rise so high as she, he continues running after in the same hope of overtaking her. When he is tired and hungry in his last quarter, he sets out from his house a seal hunting, on a sledge drawn by four dogs and stags, several days abroad to recruit and fatten; and this produces the full moon. He rejoices when the women die, and Malina, in revenge, rejoices when the men die; therefore, the men keep at home during the eclipse of the sun, and the women during the eclipse of the moon. When he is in eclipse, Auinga prowls about the dwellings of the Greenlanders, to plague the families, and steals provisions and skins—nay, even to kill those persons who have not duly observed the laws of temperance. At these times they hide their most precious goods; and the men carry kettles and chests to the top of their houses, and rattle upon them with cudgels, to frighten away the moon, and make him return to his place in the sky. During an eclipse of the sun the men skulk in terror into the darkest corners, while the women pinch the ears of the dogs; and if these cry out, it is a sure omen that the end of the world is not yet come, for as dogs existed before men, according to Greenland logic they must have a quicker insight into futurity. Should the dogs be mute, (which of course they never are, under such ill treatment) then the dissolution of all things must be at hand.

United States

SHOCKING HOMICIDE.—One of the most singularly atrocious murders of which we ever heard or read, was committed recently at Lafayette, Missouri. A woman who had passed as the wife of one Leland Tromley, then on trial for murder, was called as a witness in his favor. Having told her own story, she refused obstinately to answer any further questions. For this contempt of the court, she was ordered into the custody of the Sheriff and confined in a private room, having her child, about ten months old, with her. In a very short time she called to the people in the street to come and hang her, for she had killed her child. Upon going into the room, it was found that she had murdered her child sure enough, by strangulation! The reasons she gave the Sheriff for this horrid act were, that her mother had turned her out of door, her sisters would not speak to her, and as Tromley, the father of the child, was about to be hanged, she had no means of taking care of it. Tromley was afterwards convicted and sentenced to be executed.—Cour. & Enquirer.

"Westward Ho!"—This seems to be the rallying word—to the West our population is moving almost en masse. The Steamboat United States carried towards the promised land, not less than 1500 on her last two trips—and many more from this region have undoubtedly taken passage on other vessels.—When this emigrating fever will abate or what will be its effects upon this section of country, it is impossible to foretell, but we hope before our county becomes entirely de-populated.—St. L. Republican.

By the following article from the British Whig, it appears that the steam-boat United States has been unnecessarily detained at the port of Kingston, U. C. through the unaccommodating spirit manifested by the Collector of the Port. We must confess that we are much surprised at this intelligence—for we have frequently heard Mr. Kirkpatrick spoken of by gentlemen of our acquaintance, in terms of commendation, for the friendly feelings he evinced towards American skippers, by obligingly attending to their calls at all hours of the day or night. We are very confident that he must be indebted to the act of a subordinate to the unaffectionate conduct that has been attributed to him, and have no doubt that, upon proper application to him, the evil complained of will be remedied,—as his duty requires of him to conduct his office upon principles of reciprocity, agreeable to the treaty existing between the two Governments, by which no heavier tax or duty may be legally levied by one, than is imposed by the other; and the detention of a steam boat of the size of the United States, for nearly six hours, is an enormous tax, which we should be very sorry to see imposed, by any retaliations upon the British boats, as it would be a very serious injury to the owners of them, as well as the travelling community generally,—while it would benefit nobody.—[S. Harbour Courier.

Provincial.

The coroner was called to examine on Saturday in the English burying-ground, St. John's Suburbs, the body of a child found in a box at Wolfe's cove, floating on a piece of ice in the St. Lawrence. A jury being summoned, it was soon perceived that the bones of the cranium had been carefully saved, and that the contents of the box were the remains of a professional dissection. The jury were in consequence dismissed, and the box ordered to be interred. Several occurrences of a similar character have within a year or two been offensively brought to public light. Not disposed to withhold from the profession the necessary advantages of dissection, the most scrupulous attention ought nevertheless to be given to withdraw from the public gaze objects so universally revolting to the feelings of mankind; and where negligence in that respect is established, punishment ought to be inflicted.—Quebec Gaz.

The first boat for Kingston by the way of the Rideau and Greenville Canals left this city yesterday afternoon, the Greenville Canal having been opened the previous day. The boat is of a construction perfectly capable of navigating the lakes, so that we may now boast of an uninterrupted inland navigation hence to Sandwich. Still there is great room for improvement. New Cuts must be made, Canals widened and deepened, and obstructions removed from our rivers before our inland navigation will be complete; however that which we now announce is a great step gained,—a decided era in our internal trade. The boat in question had many passengers.—[Mon. Daily Advertiser, April 30.

Yesterday evening the steamer Great Britain left Messrs. Crane, Hooker, McCutcheon & Co's. wharf precisely at 5 o'clock, overtook the United Kingdom three miles below Brockville, fell in company with that proud, saucy flirt, the Brockville steamer, which with all the pomposity of a British frigate, came along side, bantered our good mother Great Britain to a race. The Brockville close to the shore, off they go—cannot tell which is which—fight ploughing—pretty much alike—oh! the Great Britain gains! still gains! the Brockville is dropping fast astern! Some one is pacing the quarter promenade deck at the Brockville, apparently under some trouble of mind! The Brockville keeps her distance—plenty steam—the Britain grows, the Brockville snorts—close running! The Great Britain gains fast!—Oh! the Brockville is clearly and fairly beaten!!! Hurrah! round go hats, bonnets and wigs. Huzzahs cheering!!!—louder still!!!—still louder!!! Huzzahs throats to-morrow we guess! Trumpets blowing, bugles sounding, the big drum booming, the band playing "See the conquering hero come."—[Mon. Daily Advertiser, Brockville edition.

Britain—Great mistress of the Ocean!!! Thump! thump! goes the Brockville with clear madness against the Great Britain, crushes her own young one!! breaks some of her ribs!!! In compassion, the Great Britain lets her pass, what shaking of hands! jumping, dancing, cheering, and even whistling! every tongue crying out, the Brockville is beaten! beaten!!! We guess Captain Whitney has got more shakes than coppers. The Prescott people are drunk with joy. "Go the ropes; she is now safe alongside the wharf; the band is landing—now playing "See the conquering hero come;"—going to Col. R. D. Fraser's, plays a Scotch tune—gives three cheers—the band enters—takes a drop of comfort, with some bread and cheese—gives three cheers—returns in merry mood, embarks on board our good old mother Great Britain. She now sheers off—returns in good season to Prescott.—Pleased with the voyage, every one returns to his home, singing and shouting "See the conquering hero come." It would take us a full hour to relate every occurrence which took place on this pleasant chivalric voyage.

Oh! for a Robby Burns, a Scott, or a Byron, to herald this never-to-be-forgotten experimental voyage, to generations yet unknown. Success to the Great Britain. Long life to the Hon. John Hamilton, Captain Whitney, &c.

The Brockville is a smart hussy—rather too proud and co-coited; she did her best, consequently deserves credit. She is, we believe, a match for any other boat on the lake; but the Great Britain is the conquering heroine. Every person we met with in the streets of Brockville looked tory fashion—solemn and sour, as if he had the heartburn or tooth ache, except a few jolly paddies, who cared not a farthing whether the wind blew.—Greenville Gaz.

CHURCH AND STATE.—From a petition to the Legislature of the Island of Prince Edward in the Gulph of St. Lawrence, which we give in another place, it appears that Canada is not the only colony threatened with a privileged priesthood. The subject of glebes as set apart to the clergy of the Episcopal Church are commented on with great freedom in the petition, and evidently show that the spirit of the present age is not disposed to support one religious class of the population to the detriment of all others possessing as British subjects equal claims to consideration.—[Brockville Recorder.

Wednesday night.—We are informed that the district magistrates refuse to give up the use of the city any part of the court house. A compliance with the application of the City Council would have saved the public a large income for the improvement of the streets.—[Tur. Advocate.

ST. LAWRENCE CANAL.—The commissioners met at Prescott on Tuesday, when the President of the Board submitted a communication from His Excellency Sir John Colborne, stating that the commissioners could receive £12,000 monthly, commencing on the first of June, until £70,000 were expended. Nothing now remains to be done, but to decide upon the route, and to give out contracts—the commissioners will do with as little delay as possible. But as there appears to be a great public feeling in favor of adopting a different plan from Brownell's Bay to Milleroche, than that recommended by the engineers, contracts will not be given out quite so soon as we anticipated, for we understand that the commissioners, feeling the responsibility of the undertaking so great, have determined upon calling in the assistance of other engineers to examine the whole route from the head of Long Sault to Cornwall, and have applied to the Lieut. Governor for permission, for Colonel Wright and some other officers of the Royal Engineer department, for that purpose. This is as it should be, for all depends upon a proper and judicious location of the canal,—a work of such great magnitude, in which hundreds of thousands are to be expended, should not be entered upon, without the closest examination of the route and without having obtained the concurrent opinion of three or four engineers of the first standing, other than those who made the survey—this would avoid any censure from being thrown upon the commissioners, should the location prove hereafter to be injudicious.

We feel persuaded that upon examination, it will be found, that instead of excavating from Brownell's Bay to Milleroche, a distance of upwards of three miles, the better course would be to keep the channel of the river, for by damming across from the head of Milleroche to the island, the water will be thrown back to the foot of the Long Sault, so as to give us a sufficient depth of water, and will make by far the best navigation upon the whole line of the canal. Sir John Colborne (Governor) besides a sum of at least £30,000 in the construction—this is a great consideration and well worthy that attention which it appears the commissioners intend to give it. In justice to the engineer, Mr. Mills, who made the survey, we are told, that he would have adopted this plan in the first place, were it not for the reports of individuals, who, no doubt, were interested in a section a little above Milleroche, that no dam could be erected that would withstand the operations of the ice. This we are told from the best authority is totally incorrect, and must have been circulated for the purpose of leading the engineer astray. It is said that the commissioners are determined, if possible, to break ground by the first of June, when no doubt the greatest joy will be manifested upon the interesting occasion, and the work ushered in with that pomp and ceremony which so splendid and magnificent an undertaking is worthy of commemorating.—[Cornwall Observer.

The Halifax and Lower Ports papers to the 16th, reached us yesterday. The Parliament of Nova Scotia has been protracted by his Honor the President, and a most flattering yet well merited, tribute to his public worth, has been presented to Mr. Jeffrey in the form of an address, from the House of Assembly. The arrival of Sir Colin Campbell, the successor of Sir Peregrine Maitland to the government of Nova Scotia, is immediately expected, and the consequent dissolution of Mr. Jeffrey's official connection with the people of that most loyal, happy and contented portion of British America, has called forth this expression of public confidence.—[M. H.

MELANCHOLY AND FATAL ACCIDENT.—The Obituary columns of our contemporaries, this week, are unusually crowded with sudden deaths. It is our melancholy task to swell the number of these sad recitals by relating a fatal and distressing accident which took place near this Town, on Saturday the 26th inst. Robert Macnab, son of A. N. Macnab Esq. had gone out shooting in company with another youth.—In attempting to cross a small stream it is supposed he placed the stock of the gun suddenly on the ground as a support, which caused the discharge of the gun, the contents of which passed through his body and produced instant death. Life was extinct before the other lad, who was some rods distance, could reach him. Both lads were 13 years of age, and the gun was a small fowling piece, without a guard, and went off at half cock.—[H. P. P.

PORT HOPE AND RICE LAKE CANAL.—In our last we noticed a meeting of the petitioners of this Canal held at the Exchange Coffee House, on the 19th inst., at the same time, we promised the Engineer's report and estimate, on the practicability of such an undertaking, this week we have much pleasure in redeeming our pledge by giving the official documents (which will be found in our second page.)

When in our humble way we advocated the natural advantages of Port Hope, the superiority of situation which she possesses over most towns in the Pro-

tion of fortresses in case of war, her romantic varied and beautiful scenery, the salubrity of air, the purity of water, the advantage of building materials on the spot,—a large safe and commodious harbor sufficient to shelter any number of vessels likely to be found on these waters. When we set forth these advantages and laid them before the public eye, enemies and rivals attempted to hush, or rather to awe us into silence, but without effect, and we again repeat, that Port Hope possesses all we have stated and more we could name; but we cut short as on the present occasion to enter more fully on this pleasing subject would be superfluous, our remarks being superseded by the Engineer's report, which we most earnestly recommend to our readers, hoping at the same time that it will carry home to the breast of every impartial reader that just weight and importance for which it is pre-eminently distinguished, and will we have no doubt be favourably received, by all those who desire the future prosperity of Canada, and who are in any wise interested in the improvement of the Newcastle District. Not long since the idea of cutting a Canal from this place to connect the waters of Lake Ontario with those of Rice Lake, was laughed at by one, said to be impossible by another and a third more wise than either, said it was only a wild chimera that had its origin in the unfruitful mind of the silly and venal Editor of the War-der, but all these prejudices have vanished before the irresistible light of scientific knowledge and experience, as the dew passed away before the morning sun, and we are now informed on authority not to be doubted, that such an undertaking is not only possible but practicable, the difficulties to be overcome are few,—the sum required for its completion small when compared to the benefits anticipated, and the distance shorter than any other proposed for connecting Ontario with the Rice Lake.

The rout has been explored, surveyed &c. &c. by Robert A. Maingy, Esq. Civil and Mining Engineer, assisted by John Huston, Esq. Deputy Provincial Surveyor.

At a future period we shall return to this subject and review the different items in the estimate, for the present we class it under six heads as follows, viz:—

Excavation	£73501	10	10
Lockage including guard gate, coffer dam and waste weirs &c.	13755	0	0
Embankments	2082	4	2
Road Bridges, Grubbing clearing &c.	670	0	0
1622	0	0	
Raising mill pond dam, clearing out dead timber and making tow-paths,	545	0	0
	£92205	15	0
To which add for unforeseen contingencies 10 p. c.	9220	11	0
Total,	£101426	6	6

By private letters from Sorel, we learn that that borough has most fortunately escaped from what once threatened to be a most serious conflagration. On Saturday evening the west wing of the Barracks was consumed by fire; and though the wind blew from the north west, and bore the flames towards the river Richelieu, yet numerous sparks and cinders were conveyed in a southerly direction and endangered the town. It is not known how the fire originated, but it is generally supposed to be the result of accident.

We also learn that on Monday the 14th, the large building at Hull known as the Columbia Hotel, the property of Philemon Wright, Esq. and occupied by Mr. Thomas Brigham, was discovered to be on fire at the roof. Although the fire had made but little progress, when first discovered, and a single bucket of water was sufficient to extinguish the blaze, yet the interior of the roof being very dry and combustible, and the wind blowing strong from the south west, all the exertions of the neighbours proved unavailing, and the whole building with a shed 150 feet long containing sixty five cords of wood, and an out building for hay were entirely consumed. The furniture destroyed is estimated at £250, and other goods in the premises at £150. The fire was communicated by a spark from the chimney lodging upon the roof.—[Mon. Gazette.

The rumours which have been prevalent relative to the removal of the 15th Regt. from this post are confirmed. They are to take the place of our old friends of the 66th, at Toronto the upper posts, and the latter are to return to Kingston. The detachment of the 15th to Amherstburg is to hold itself in readiness for an immediate movement; the one for Fort George moves after the 10th, and the headquarters are as follows: Major Grierson, commanding, stationed at Amherstburg, Capt. Colman, and Barry, Capt. G. D. Colman, T. Colman, and Barry, Lieut. Western, Ensign Grierson, and the Regimental Staff, with the exception of Asst. Surgeon Walcutt, at head-quarters, Toronto. Capt. Cutbert, Lieut. Wingfield, Ensign Walker, and Asst. Surgeon Wallace, at Amherstburg. Capt. Weston, Lieut. Parker, at Fort George. Lieut. Ingall, at Pentanguishine. No order has yet arrived for the relief of the detachment at Brockville, under Lieut. Pinder, and the one at Bytown, under Ensign Colman, Capt. Smith is on leave of absence at Quebec. It is mentioned as a singular circumstance, that a letter by the last Halifax mail to the commanding officer of the 15th Regt. from their agents in London, Greenwood & Cox, was addressed to York, instead of Kingston. This proves that the intention of removing the Regiment must have originated with the Home Government, and is, we fear, preparatory to a reduction of the Army in the Canadas.

The 15th, since they have been in this garrison, have been an exceedingly well behaved Regiment—not an instance of riot or drunkenness in the town having come to our knowledge. Their departure will be looked on with regret.—[Chronicle & Gaz.

REMARKS ON THE MONTREAL MARKETS.

Montreal, April 29, 1834. Within the last fortnight business has assumed some appearance of activity—a considerable quantity of produce having arrived from Upper Canada. Ashes—We do not hear of any material quotations as yet; dealers, however, are buying at our lower figures, and asking the higher. Grain—A very superior lot of Upper Canada white Wheat, from the Head of the Lake, was offered yesterday at 5s. 6d.—but 5s. 3d. only was bid for it, and refused. We therefore quote the price, 5s. 3d. buyers, a 5s. 6d. sellers. Flour—Has been sold at our quotations. Provisions—A sale of Prime and Prime Mess Beef and Prime Pork has also been made at our quotations. Two considerable sales have taken place this week, both of which have given some degree of spirit to the market. On Monday morning a lot of Fruits, &c. imported from New-York was sold, and the following in the result:—100 boxes Oranges, 20s. 6d.; 24 do. Lemons, 15s. 6d. a 17s.; 65 do. Bunch M. Raisins, 12s. 9d. a 13s. 3d.; 36qr. do. do in fancy boxes, 4s. 3d. a 4s. 4d.; 4 cases Prunes, in fancy boxes, 9d. a 10d. per lb.; 2 do. Liquorice Paste, 9d. a 9d. per lb.; 7 baskets Bourdeaux Oil, 19s. 3d. a 20s. 3d.; 4 hales Almonds, 8d. a 9d.; 1 Carroted Currants, 3qd.; 21 boxes Poland Starch, 5d.

On the same day Messrs. Simpson, Rhynas & Co. had a large sale, and the following are particulars:—A lot of Lee-wards Rum, the flavor of which did not please, brought 5s.; Sugars sold at 27s. 6d. a 11s.; Refined brought 12s. 6d. a 11s. 6d.; Cognac Bandy 4s. 3d.; Bourdeaux 3s. 4d.; Bourdeaux Wine 11d. a 1s. 1d. per gallon; 4s. 2d. a 4s. 1d.; 11 do. most however of very choice quality.—[Daily Advertiser.

REMOVAL.

D. H. BRADY, respectfully informs his friends & the inhabitants of Kingston, that he has removed his TAPOIRING ESTABLISHMENT from the Market Square to Store St. two doors below Mr. Watkins