...British settlements, and to have reference to the Indians of Canada, in which it was stated that "in the city of Quebec contained the last of the Huron Indians; famine and gunpowder had done their work among them, and aggression and oppression had nearly completed what these had left undone." The motion was agreed to and the matter referred to a committee, to be named on the following day.

The political intelligence from the British capital is quite contradictory. There had been rumors of disagreements in the cabinet, which were about to lead to a disruption, and a change of administration. But the Courier of the 12th declares there was not the slightest foundation for the rumor.

On Monday evening, July 13th, after the order of the day had been moved by lord Morpeth, the following announcement was made by lord J. Russell;—"I have received his majesty's commands to state that he has been graciously pleased to place at the disposal of this house, for the purpose of the Irish church bill, all his majesty's interest in any benefices and ecclesiastical dignities of the church of Ireland."

A correspondent of the Cork paper, gives the following account of the effect of this message upon the respective parties in the house:—

"The announcement was received with the most deafening and prolonged cheers ever sent forth in the house. It is, in fact, an expression of the king's approval of the bill—the withholding or refusing to give which was the foundation of all the rumors during the last three days.

"There will be from henceforth, it is expected, nothing but plain dealing; I have great satisfaction in being able to close so gratefully a communication, which would be otherwise received with something of doubt, if not despondency, of coming events.

"The dismay of the tories is indescribable."

The Irish Church Bill was then read a second time, and ordered to be committed on Monday.

But notwithstanding this conciliatory course on the part of the King, and the exultation which it called forth from the ministerial benches, the Morning Chronicle of the 14th contained a lugubrious article—the inferences from which—unless it was prepared before the King's Message was known—is any thing but favorable to the O'Connell Ministry.

The Attorney General had given notice that on Thursday evening, (July 23d,) he would bring forward the bill to regulate municipal corporations in Ireland. There is good reason to believe that this bill will afford the fullest satisfaction to the Majority of the Irish representatives, and to the great bulk of the Irish nation.

So numerous were the applications made daily to Colonel de Lacy Evans for appointments in the legion now raising for the service of the Queen of Spain, that he was on the 14th of July, obliged officially to announce that he could not receive any applications from gentlemen who have never previously served, for the next ten days to come.

The Royal Tar steamer left the Isle of Dogs on Thursday, for St. Sebastian or Santander, having on board the first division of the troops destined to act under Colonel Evans for the Queen of Spain. They were 590 in number, well equipped, and in excellent spirits. Most of them have served in the British army, or in that of Donna Maria in Portugal. General Alava and Colonel Evans inspected them before the vessel departed. Their bounty-money was paid, according to agreement, & all their old clothes sold to some Jews.

BRITISH WHIG.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The letter of a "Canadian Whig" shall be properly attended to.

KINGSTON, TUESDAY EVENING, AUG. 25, 1835.

In addition to the Packet of the 16th July, we have had several arrivals from Ireland, some so late as the 19th of that month from Cork. Our extracts will be found in their proper places, and are of a more than usually interesting nature.

MELANCHOLY SHIPWRECKS.—A sad accident happened to the Schooner *Margaret*, of Hamilton, whereby three unfortunate fellow creatures met with a watery grave. As we had the particulars from the Captain's mouth, (Mr. McArthur,) we shall relate them in his own language.

"On Thursday night last, August 20th, about ten o'clock, while bound down the lake from Hamilton to Prescott, with a fresh breeze from the west, and being then to windward of the "False Ducks," a sudden white squall from the southward struck the schooner on her side, and instantly capsized her. All hands, five in number, including myself, made for the stern [illegible] but in the confusion the boat's painter was let go. In consequence of the schooner's capsizing, the boat filled and also capsized, and we all got upon the bottom and drifted a short distance from the vessel. Observing the schooner did not go down, I recollected, that as she was slightly laden, having only 24 barrels of potash in her hold, she would be safer to cling to than the boat, as the sea was then making. I therefore called out for all hands to follow me, and made for the schooner, which I speedily reached, and lashed myself to the main channels. One man only (John Griffiths,) succeeded in gaining the vessel, who secured himself in the like manner What became of the others I do not know;—I kept my eye upon the boat for full half an hour afterwards, but did not see any one about her. The sea soon began to run high, and it was with great difficulty we made good our hold. About two o'clock in the morning, a steamboat passed us going down, at some distance; we tried to make them hear, but without success. About five o'clock, the schooner *Comet*, of Oakville, also passed near to us. We were more successful this time, and were rescued from our perilous situation by her crew, and treated with great kindness. My companion, being an aged man, was much exhausted, but as for myself, I was not greatly injured. The *Comet* landed us at Kingston the same morning. The names of the three seamen who were drowned, are William Cullen, the mate, Samuel Sampson, the cook, and John McKenzie, a seaman. Neither vessel nor cargo was insured."

On Saturday, the Steamer *Queenston* went in search of the schooner, but in consequence of the weather, did not get farther than South Bay, where she anchored. On Sunday morning she proceeded again, and fell in with the wreck nearabouts where the accident happened, and towed her into this harbor yesterday. This day she was placed between two vessels, lying windbound, and once again raised, and the water pumped out. The schooner does not appear much injured.

On the same night that the above accident happened, the schooner *Napoleon* of Sacketts, was capsized off Stony Point, and being loaded with stone sunk. The crew took to the boat and were picked up by the *Oswego*, steamboat. At least report says so, for the particulars have not been accurately stated to us.

Reminiscences of our Gallipot Days.

CHAPTER II.

Although far from being in a good humor to-day, we shall nevertheless continue our story. The writing of a tale, to have a continuous interest, is by no means so easy or pleasant a task as some folks may imagine. To the mere editor of a newspaper, whose whole time and attention are devoted to the literary duties of his profession, it is comparatively a less difficult undertaking, than to the unfortunate individual who to one office adds another infinitely more annoying and perplexing, that of proprietor. To the latter, it becomes a work of toil and trouble. It is one however of our own seeking—no one asked us to be writing "love tales and sonnets;" and if we find out after we begin, that we have ventured beyond our depth, we know whom we have to thank. We may make fools of ourselves, but we have no right to play the fool with our readers. The story therefore must be continued, but under the more modest appellation of "Reminiscences."

The third dramatic character we shall introduce to notice, is our late opposite neighbor, the Cook Shop Keeper. Has the reader any idea of a London Eating House? Let him answer in the negative, and thereby afford us an opportunity of describing one.

In all great cities, the convenience of getting a dinner to eat when hungry, is multiplied ad infinitum. In London, it is particularly so the case. No man who has money in his pocket, from sixpence upwards, need long remain with a hungry belly. The leading streets and crowded thoroughfares are full of Taverns, Chop Houses, Cook Shops and Coffee Shops. In the large windows of all these places, and in several others of less notoriety, the appetite is tempted, and the eye regaled by luscious displays of such meats, cooked and undressed, as Englishmen only are capable of appreciating. The noble sirloin, weighing full half a ton, is exposed to the gaze of the epicure many a day before it is cooked; and the equally noble "buttock of beef," destined on some future day to satisfy the raging appetites of several score at a public dinner, is carefully displayed ere it is put in pickle, that passers by may know the quality of the victuals served up at table. There are so many varieties of the London Eating House, that we cannot generalize them; they must be described, each by itself.

Ordinaries and Tables D'Hote are not in common use in the Metropolis. On Sundays in the environs of the city, such things are sometimes heard of, but in general, each man takes his dinner by himself, at what place and at what hour he pleases. It is so much the custom for the man of business to dine from home, that his absence from the dinner table is a thing of course. In consequence of the size of the town, he has usually several places of favorite resort, into one of which he pops when hungry. Should he be a man of fashion as well as substance, he probably chooses a Tavern.

Taverns in London are not what are known by that name on this continent. They are expensive places of public entertainment, and have no accommodation for persons of little means. They are not even numerous, and those in existence are chiefly used for private and public dinners, balls, concerts, &c. When a hungry man enters one of these houses, any time between the hours of three and six, he seats himself at one of the elegant covered tables, and calls for the bill of fare. He makes choice of his dishes, which are placed before him separately; he eats what he likes, washing down his viands with never less than a pint of wine; and when he pays his bill, thinks himself lucky to receive the smallest change out of his half sovereign. He gets for his money a dinner—a plain dinner we grant—but such a dinner, and so cooked—the very recollection makes our mouth water.

The Chop House. This place of entertainment takes second rank in the scale of Eating Houses. It is not so much used as a place of dining, as of lunching. The wholesale merchant, rich trader, stockbroker, stranger on business, and others dwelling in the fashionable squares at the west end, or in some of the numerous villages on the outskirts of the town, lunch in the city and return home to a seven o'clock dinner. Here the gorgeous beef steak, only to be had in London, the glorious mutton chop, or the splendid veal cutlet is cooked for each customer as he enters; and such is the diligence used, that in less time than he can properly prepare himself for the delicious repast, the tempting cookery is placed before him—smoking hot and served in water plates. As these houses have always a publican's license, the infinite varieties of malt liquor, such as London Porter, Brown Stout, Half & Half, Home Brewed, Intermediate, Scotch and other Ales are brought into requisition. Sometimes, though rarely, elderly persons may be noticed indulging in a "tass of Brandy," or a "go of Gin,"—Drinking ardent spirits during hours of business is not a vice of the English gentleman, and gentlemen only are frequenters of Chop Houses. These places are not very expensive—half a crown will go further than half a sovereign at the Tavern; and although the kind of refreshment furnished is different and somewhat inferior, yet it is not to be grumed at; more especially by one who never stayed elsewhere, than at an American or Canadian Hotel. Here you have plenty it is true, but of what kind, and how cooked! [illegible] House in St. Paul's Church Yard with any of the splendid "Lunches" in the City of New York; and then find the man who would dine twice at the latter, could he possibly have his choice of the former.

The Cook Shop, proper. This house of refreshment, although not the most fashionable, is by all odds the most frequented of any. Imagine a large shop; in the spacious window a series of small stoves, on which are placed immense pewter or tin dishes, filled with the finest roast and boiled joints of beef, veal, pork, mutton and lamb; also ham, pig, turkey, goose, capon, beef steak and pigeon pie—each dish well garnished with its appropriate sauce and gravy. Every delicacy of the season is here displayed, and in the course of the dinner hours, from twelve to four, several removes of the same dish may be observed. Different kind of soups are here also found, kept hot in metal tureens about the size of a boiler to a small steam engine. "Mock Turtle," (the real kind is a cut above the Cook Shop, and confined to the Tavern exclusively,) "Gravy," "Pea," "Ox tail," "Beef a la mode," and other soul absorbing titles are labelled on their huge repositories, in characters that all who enter may observe;—while plum puddings, custards, apple pies, currant and damson tarts, with other specimens of the handiwork of the pastry cook, grace the neighboring shelves and spare corners. But the great attraction of the Cook Shop to a Londoner has yet to be described. It is the boiled 'buttock of beef.' Reader, did you never partake of the third cut of a 'buttock of beef' cook-ek as it ought to be? No. Then you are a Goth, and as bad as a Cannibal, and never knew what eating is. Nay you are worse than the Abyssinian, for he does eat of that dish, often even when the bullock is alive. But if you have indulged in the delicious edible, a morceau for the true epicure, then you may form some faint idea of the degree of perfection to which London professed cooks have attained in the preparation of this, their customers' favorite dish. It is perfection itself, and only can be eaten at a London Cook shop. Even Ude, with all his gastronomical knowledge in the art of made dishes and other kickshaws, sinks into insignificance alongside Williams of the Old Bailey. Without hyperbole, the fate of the wretch condemned to be hanged before his door, might be envied, were the criminal permitted to partake of one glorious meal off 'buttock of beef' ere he died. But we talk to unbelieving savages, and our words are wasted. The description of the dainty beggars our skill, and the pen is thrown down with mortification. Such is the shop window of a London cook on ordinary occasions; but on gala days, high days and holy days, additional delicacies are added, that defy recollection.

It is a well known physical fact, that the smell of cooked meats received into the stomach, will stay the most raging hunger for a time. No wonder then that the outside of a cook shop's door and window should be crowded with indigent wretches, who might otherwise dine with Duke Humphrey. An anecdote of one of one these gapers crosses our recollection. A fellow who had been lounging for some time about the shop of a noted Cook in the Strand, entered and thus accosted him. "Landlord, I was coming in to dine with you, but I stayed so long considering which dish I should partake of, that I find my appetite gone. As you have therefore saved me the price of a dinner, I could not do less than come in to thank you. I wish you a good day." "Halloo, my fine fellow," cries the Cook, "not so fast if you please; if you have filled your belly at my expense, you shall pay for your dinner," and so saying, he laid hold of the intruder. The dispute waxed warm, and was referred to the arbitration of a bystander.—"Gentlemen," said the umpire, "there is a great deal in what you both say; you," addressing Duke Humphrey's friend, "have filled your belly at this man's expence, but it is with air; you must therefore pay him in the same coin: bring two plates, put the price of your dinner between them and jingle the money under the landlord's ears until he is satisfied." The crowd applauded the decision, and Cooky sneaked away.

In the midst of his smoking viands, like a living Cornu Copiæ, stands the priest of the Temple, in the shape of a huge fat man, (all cooks are fat,) with a white nightcap on his head, and linnen apron round his waist, and wielding a knife, two feet long in the blade. He never stirs from his post, but as the waiters bring his customers' plates to be filled, apportions to each its allotted quantity, about six ounces, his long practised eye and keen knife serving in place of scales. Not but a pair patent balances are in readiness, to satisfy any obstropulous customer, who might be dubious of receiving his whack. The Cook shop Keeper has but one fault, but that is a whopper. He lies like Tom Dalton. His falsehoods however have this mitigating quality—they are lies of interest. Take an instance. "What have you hot, waiter?" "Every thing you can call for, Sir." "Bring me some lamb." The plate is brought, but it proves to be veal. "This is not what I ordered—I want lamb, Waiter." "Yes Sir, but the veal is hotter than the lamb, and Master says he can recommend it." "Oh! very well." The fact is, the lamb was the best of the two, but was wanted for particular customers. This habit of lying in the way of trade is much too generally practised by all classes. Let us moralize!

Lies of interest are very various, and more excusable and less offensive than any others. The pale and ragged beggar, who, to add to the effect of his or her ill-looks, tells of the large family which does not exist, has a strong motive to deceive in the penury which does exist; and the tradesman, who tells you he cannot afford to come down to your price, because he gave almost as much for the goods you are cheapening, is only laboring diligently in his calling and tolling a falsehood which custom authorizes, and which you may believe or not as you choose. It is not from persons like these that the worst or most disgusting marks of falsehood are found. It is when habitual and petty lying profanes the lips of those whom independence preserves from the temptation to violate the truth, and whom education and religion ought to have taught to value it.

But where are the guests placed all this while? These are divided into two classes—common people are shewn to long narrow tables, ranged in rear of the window, while better kind of folks are ushered up stairs to the Dining Saloons. A difference in the price of the plateful regulates the place of eating it. A man at one of these houses is not required to pay a specific sum for his dinner, but is charged for each article he may order or use separately. Listen to an ordinary settling scene. "Waiter." "Here, Sir." "What's to pay?" "What have you had Sir?" "Mock Turtle." "Sixpence." "Buttock of Beef." "Sevenpence." "Potatoes, carrots and cabbage." "Three pence." "Apple pie." "Three pence."—"One bread." "A penny." "And a pint of porter." "Three pence; altogether one and ten-pence Sir." "There's two shillings—keep the change." "You're a gem'man." The waiters at these places are very attentive; they have no wages from their employers, and depend entirely upon the gratuities of the visitors. As three hundred persons sometimes dine at a single noted Cook Shop, allow but one penny from each, and it would amount to a handsome sum, even divided among three or four waiters. No person would be wise in dining twice at the same place, without feeing this class of personages.

Some time ago, an Eating House Keeper, who had a soul above his trade, took it into his head to make an innovation in the mode of doing business. He considered it vastly ungenteel to charge his customers per mouthful, and therefore advertised Dinners at one and sixpence a head. He was not long without queer customers. A herring-gutted fellow, having the appearance of Dando, the Oyster Eater, entered his Dining Room, and called for "Buttock of Beef." Plateful after plateful was demolished, and yet the gentleman's hunger was not satiated. At length the landlord came himself with the last plate ordered. "Fine round of beef you have in cut, landlord," cries the fellow, "faith 'tis cut and come again." "It may be cut," cries Cooky, looking woefully askance at his ugly customer, "it may be cut, but d----- me if ever it shall be come again." We need not say, he soon abandoned the idea of charging per head.

The fourth and last description of an Eating House, is the Coffee Shop. As much difference exists between Coffee Houses and Coffee Shops, as between any two trades that could be named. At each is sold a liquid that is called "Coffee," but in that consists their sole resemblance. The first is the place of meeting and residence of foreign and other gentlemen of the highest rank;—the last is the resort of vagabonds of the lowest description. The "London Coffee House" on Ludgate Hill, is a splendid mansion, frequented by travelling families of distinction. The "London Coffee Shop" in Ratcliff Highway, is a receptacle for thieves, prostitutes and persons in the lowest grades of society. All Coffee Shops are not so bad as the one we have particularized. At these latter places, provisions of the cheapest and coarsest kind are prepared for their frequenters, who unable to dine at a Cook Shop, contrive to make a more humble meal at the Coffee Shop, where he washes down his crude repast with [illegible] quality of the article, that [illegible]

Several other kinds of Eating Houses may be enumerated, such as the "Ham and Beef Shop," the "A la Mode Beef House," the "Oyster Rooms," and the "Soup Cellars." All these have their peculiarities and excellencies, but we have said enough for one day. We set out with the determination of finishing a "Love Adventure," and have written in lieu, an "Essay on Eating Houses." We may, peradventure, do better as we get along

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

☞We notice an advertisement in certain papers of this province of comparatively small circulation, regarding the sale of Indian Lands on the Grand River, whilst it is withheld from others known to be more generally read. It is notorious that the *Correspondent & Advocate* has a larger circulation than any other journal in Upper Canada, and yet Mr. Hepburn, whose name is to the advertisement, would not deign to publish in it. Are we to attribute this to political prejudice, or to a desire to keep the sale concealed from our numerous readers? Or are we to consider Mr. Hepburn as acting in obedience to or violation of his orders? It is not from any mercenary consideration we bring this trifle before the public, but to exhibit the unrelenting hostility to the liberal portion of the press, carried into such contemptible detail by the hirelings of government."—*Correspondent.*

We have quoted the above for the purpose of letting the world and our learned brother at Toronto know, it is vastly easy to find fault with one public body, and at the same time pass over conduct infinitely more vile in another. Since the re-modelling of the Board of Directors of the Welland Canal Company, it often happens that the effects of a radical majority are experienced. When this is the case, it is amusing to behold the selections made of the vehicles for the advertisements of the Company. In this good town of Kingston, there are four newspapers published, and among these, the radical majority makes choice of the most insignificant, and of the least possible circulation in the province—"*Dirty Jack's*" *Journal*, alias the *Kingston Spectator*—a paper of so little consequence, that no respectable merchant or auctioneer is ever known to advertise in it; whose whose whole number of subscribers is known not to exceed two hundred, and whose proprietor returned to the Post Master in this town, not long ago, *six'een*, as the number of papers mailed weekly during the preceding quarter. We trust after this, that the *Correspondent* will be more guarded in his observations respecting "unrelenting hostility," lest he may gibe the shins of his dearest friends. Besides, he is unjust in saying that newspapers of "comparatively small circulation" have been selected by the Indian Land Department. Did he not see the advertisements in the *Christian Guardian* and *British Whig*, and has he the hardihood to call the circulation of these papers "small?"

We should be sorry if what we have said of "*Dirty Jack's Journal* should injure the little wretch. It is not much he gets from his radical friends, and we should be loth to make that little less. While hundreds of pounds are being daily placed in the way of the *Correspondent*, it is only occasionally that a bone is thrown for "*Jack*" to pick. However, if the scrub only gets "monkey's allowance," it is possible his employers have made the justest possible estimate of his value. In that case the disinterestedness of the blockhead is prodigious. Like *Mawworm*, he must have a vehement love of being despised.

☞We this day present our readers with the Hon. J. Elmsley's Address to the people of Upper Canada, on the subject of the Farmers' Bank. It is a plain document, and will undoubtedly remove the unjust suspicions and prejudices engendered by the perusal of Mr. McKenzie's letter. We shall not avoid making this remark. Mr. Mackenzie is a gentleman of too much importance to be treated contemptuously by any one, however high his rank may be. Mr. Elmsley should recollect this, when he styles a person, who has been the first Mayor of Toronto, and who is still fated to act a conspicuous part in the political drama of this province, plain "William Lyon McKenzie." Besides, a want of respect to one's opponents never strengthens argument.

We notice that the *Chronicle* of Saturday publishes Mr. M'Kenzie's letter as well as Mr. Elmsley's; and says it does so, for the purpose of contrasting the "vile scurrility" of the one, with the gentlemanly language of the other. Sheer Humbug! It publishes the two in order to pander to the malignity of the Chartered Institutions and at the same time, secure the advertising patronage of the New Bank.

☞A Montreal newspaper brags of having sixty editorial articles in one impression. Bah! We hereby undertake to supply any newspaper proprietor, who may be ambitious to cut a figure, with as many of the *like quality* as he may order, at sixpence per dozen.

☞The Editors of the *Commercial Advertiser* are so fond of "Watt's Hymns," that they are apt to misquote their favorite author,

"Man wants but little here below,
"Nor wants that little long"——

they call "well-known lines from Watts." Did they ever read the "Vicar of Wakefield"? Oh! These Yankees!

☞The Vice President of the United States, the Hon. Martin Van Buren, made a flying visit to this town, on Thursday last, in the steamboat *United States*.

☞Kingston is not the only place in the universe, where "gentlemen" take their "little amusements," as the following extract from a London paper will amply testify.

AMUSEMENTS OF MILITARY "GENTLEMEN."—Last week two officers belonging, to a detachment lying in Sheerness garrison, sallied out into the town for a "spree." They commenced their fun with rather "a dirty trick," by upsetting a night-cart in the High-street, and by attacking the two nightmen, who were busily engaged at their avocation. At this moment two young men passed, and perceiving that one of the party was an officer, one of them said "Oh! it is only a lobster in disguise." Upon which the officers left the nightmen and pursued the others, which led to further disturbance, and induced several of the inhabitants to rise from their beds and endeavor to quell the riot, which had arisen to a considerable height, in the course of which one of the officers struck a man named Jackson, a violent blow with a piece of wood he had torn from a fence—upon which the injured party so belabored the offending officer that he was obliged to be taken to the barracks where it is thought, he will be confined at least a month before he can appear on parade. During the scuffle with Mr. Jackson and his assailant, the other officer fetched a picquet from the barrier guard, one of whom wounded a constable on the head with his bayonet; but we understand, they did no further mischief, as they appear to have acted with more prudence than their officers. The latter have endeavored to heal the wounds they inflicted in their frolic, with a little *golden* ointment, but the parties, we hear, cannot come to terms.—*Kent Herald.*

ANOTHER STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION.—The Cincinnati Gazette mentions that the steamboat Rob Roy, on her way up from New Orleans, on the 19th ult. about fifteen miles from New Madrid, struck a snag, which caused her to twist in such a manner as to break one of her branch pipes, and scalded ten or twelve persons, of whom four had died, and two more not expected to recover—at the same time a number of persons leaped overboard, of whom three were drowned.

☞IMPORTANT FACT.—We are given to understand that His Majesty's Frigate *Pique* has arrived at Quebec, having on board the Royal Commissioners, to inquire into the state of the Canadas.

☞IMPORTANT SCRAP.—We have also learnt something about "a hostile message"—particulars on Friday.

☞We are sorry to record a sad accident, arising from the careless manner in which cellar doors are left unguarded in unfinished houses. As Mr. Gordon, of the Ordnance, was leaving Mr T. Wilson's in Brock Street, late last night, he had hardly got the length of a rod, when he had the misfortune to fall into the cellar of an unfinished house, near King Street, and severely injure himself. He was not immediately picked up, but when discovered, was conveyed to Mr. Wilson's, where he lay this morning in a very dangerous state.

☞We are pleased Tom Dalton reads the Whig so carefully. We hope he reads it of a morning—his head is then clearer, and its castigations are more likely to be felt, although apparently they do him so little good. Perhaps he is too old to be beaten into good behavior. Did we care for *Tom's* opinion, good or evil, we would point out the many falsehoods his *Patriot* of the 21st contains; but we pass them for what they are worth. He lies like a Trooper, and would not be believed, even on his oath. Apropos! while *Tom* was running about the country seeking for subscribers to his forthcoming catchpenny on banking, he left a somebody at home to do the *Patriot* and its readers. This individual we termed "the editor." *Tom* is angry at our having done so. How could we tell he had returned? We had seen nothing in the *Patriot* superlatively stupid for some weeks.

☞Rumors were very current during last week, that the Privy Council had allowed the Bills for Increasing the Capital Stock of the Commercial Bank, and for Establishing a Bank at Hamilton. Rumor also asserts, that Mr. Dunn, the Provincial Receiver General, now in London, will bring out with him the Royal Assent. Nothing is said about the "Provincial Loan Company."

☞We refer our readers to Mr. Joseph Trench's advertisement in this day's paper. The advertiser is the manufacturer and inventor of the "Vegetable Oil Soap" and "Imperial Renovator," two compositions, which owing to their own merit, and the persevering industry of Mr. Trench, have become celebrated in every part of this continent. We witnessed two experiments made with these compositions; one in removing grease from a piece of woollen goods, and the other in taking an extensive stain from a lady's silk dress, both of which were completely successful. It is perhaps beneath the dignity of the press to laud with such minuteness transactions apparently so trivial, yet we by no means think our own or our readers' time wasted in soliciting their attention to the advertisement.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BRITISH WHIG.

SIR,—As you were kind enough promptly to insert in your British Whig of the 18th inst. my Enquiries, and promised Answers, at length, to the queries proposed, in your next, I flattered myself that you would do so in the same spirit that the questions were asked, viz, Candor, and a desire to obtain and convey useful and interesting information—in which case my only object would have been attained. As it is, I have no other alternative than to pocket it, yet will I press you for an answer (whether candidly or otherwise as you may think proper) to my last question; which you omitted, perhaps by mistake, it having been addressed either to yourself or "Another Reformer" viz. "whether there is any virtue in the mere name of any thing &c."

To "Another Reformer" I may be permitted to observe (to be candid with him) that it was my opinion, as well as the opinion of every one I heard speak on the subject, that from the tenor of his communication in the British Whig of the 14th inst. addressed to a Canadian Reformer, if the truth were known, or his political creed and confession of faith could be brought out, it would turn out to be Tory, or at best that of "Tory Reformer" and he may rest assured, that his notice in the British Whig of the 21st inst. of my Enquiries, has not in the least degree lessened the suspicion. "Do not light a candle to put it under a bushel," "Let your light so shine that others may see your good works &c." are just and reasonable commands. Let those who choose to disobey the injunction, but they can't prevent comment and suspicion. Yours &c.

August 24th 1835. A CANADIAN FARMER.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—At the time we replied to the questions of the "Canadian Farmer," personally addressed to us, we had an idea that "Another Reformer" would have answered those addressed jointly to us both. His letter received after our article was in type, gave his reasons for the omission and forms our excuse. Although like him we do not acknowledge the right of "any nameless scribbler" to catechise us, yet as this controversy was in some measure provoked by us, we shall not stifle it in its infancy, through any points of punctilio. An answer therefore to his question is now furnished. We know of no merit or virtue in a mere name. What does Shakspeare say—"a rose by any other name would smell as sweet"; and consequently, if captious folks will call the "British Whig," the "Canadian Tory," why their calling it so, will not make it become such. If we knew to what purpose the query was directed, we might answer it more at length.

One word as to the want of candor, whereof we stand accused. We do not feel ourselves guilty. To oblige our correspondent we have broken through a law, hitherto rigidly observed, and have published several letters from the same source without demanding the writer's name. We have answered his questions simply and without reserve (except in this last instance) and yet are called uncandid! There never was a more uncandid writer than Dr. O'Grady; a perfect sophist in argument, and one who admits no communication to appear in his journal, that in the slightest degree militates against the line of conduct pursued by him, and yet our friends find no fault. Our conduct is precisely the reverse and yet we are accused of want of candor, forsooth. What little we know or think, we give the public, often indeed without due consideration, and yet we are uncandid!

One more word. "Another Reformer" is no Tory, concealed or otherwise, but a sincere practical Reformer, known and valued as such; and we are happy to say, that men of his upright principles are plentiful in this land. With such to back him, long may the "British Whig" continue to florish.

MELANCHOLY.—The Mayside (Ky.) Eagle of July 30, states that a young man, formerly of that place, the son of Thomas M. Donovan, a much respected citizen, has become the victim of the excitement in Mississippi—and publishes the following affecting letter to his wife, written after sentence of death was pronounced:—

Livingston 7th July, 1835. "I write to inform you that this is the last you may ever except to receive or hear from me. I am doomed to die on to-morrow, at 12 o'clock, on a charge of having been concerned in a negro insurrection in this State, among many other whites. But I can say what few can say, that I can meet my God innocently. By the false accusation of both black and white, and some particularly who have come forward and sworn falsely to my prejudice, I have been condemned unjustly by their oaths. * * Now I must close by saying, before my great Maker and Judge, that I go into his presence as innocent of this charge as when I was born. I feel perfectly reconciled when the hour comes, both to face my accuser and my Eternal Judge. * * I must bid you a final farewell, hoping that the God of the widow and fatherless will give you grace to bear this most awful sentence. * * And now, may the Lord be with you henceforth and for ever. * * Farewell! farewell!

"P. S. I was arrested on Friday, the 3d, tried to-day, the 7th, and to morrow * * * *. The excitement is so great we are not tried by a regular jury, but by a committee of planters appointed for the purpose, who have not time to wait on any person for evidence. There are now seven or eight prisoners to be tried immediately, and they are bringing in others continually. There is one to be executed with me. Negroes are hung on the plantations.—Two white men preceded me."—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

ARRIVALS AT THE COMMERCIAL HOTEL.

August 19th. Col. Cameron, Toronto; Mr. McDonell, Cornwall; Capt. Perrault, Brantford; Mr. Trench, New York; Geo. Davies, Montreal; Mr. Stephens, ditto; Mr. Mills, Ancaster; Mr. Steele, ditto; 20th. Mr. Millar, Montreal; Mr. Banks, England; Mr. H. Hart, Montreal; J. G. Parker, Hamilton. 22nd. Charles Perry, Cobourg; E. Perry, do. 23rd. A. P. Hart, Esq. Montreal; Mr. Dick, do.; Mr. Macrider, Kingston; Mr. J. Cameron, Toronto; B. Gener, New York; Mr. Bacon, Ogdensburg; Mr. J. Scott, Scotland; E. McDonell, St. Johns; Geo. W. Long, New York; Evert A. ——, do.; B. Hart, Esq. Montreal. 24th. Mr. Richardson, Quebec; Capt. Needham, 66th Regt. lady and servant, Quebec; John A. McDonald, Esq. Hallowell; Mr. Greenshield, Montreal.

PORT OF QUEBEC.

ARRIVALS.

Aug. 16. Brig Percival, 2d July, Liverpool.
Brig Thomas and Joseph, 27th June, Dartmouth.
Bark Bongall, 28th June, Newcastle.
Aug. 17. Brig Mary, 28th June, Workington.
Brig Success, 21st July Newfoundland.
Aug. 18. Ship John Welch, 3d July, Liverpool.
Brig Procris, 14th July, Poole.
Brig Andromeda, 13th June, London.
Ship City of Waterford, 17th July, Liverpool.
Bark St. Leonard, 27th June, Liverpool.
Ship Francis, 18th July, Barbadoes.

THE SUBSCRIBER

ANNOUNCES to his friends and the Public, that he has removed to those very extensive premises in Front Street, next to the building formerly occupied by the *Commercial Bank*, where he offers for sale a very extensive and general assortment of

BRITISH AND FOREIGN

STAPLE & FANCY GOODS,

As well as the following:

100 Chests Tea, various sorts,
20 Hhds. refined Sugar,
20 " Muscovado do.
50 Kegs Plug Tobacco,
20 Boxes Cavendish do
Maccoboy and Rappee Snuffs,
Paint and Cod Oil,
Saltpetre, Fig Blue and Starch,
White and colored Paints and Black Lead,
Mustard in Jars,
Spermacetti Candles,
Tallow Candles, Spermacetti wick, (new article.)
200 Boxes Window Glass, various sizes,
Shovels and cut Nails,
Boxes I C & I X Tin.

LIQUORS.

30 Hhds. Cognac Brandy, rich flavor & strong proof, Otard, Dupuy & Co. and other favorite Brands.
Bordeaux Brandy,
Schiedam, Geneva and Hamburg Gin,
Puncheons Jamaica Spirits, proof 1 to 2.
Upper Canada Whisky.

WINES IN WOOD.

Quarter Casks of old Madeira, approved Vintages, Blackburn & Oliviero & Co.'s Brand.
Xerxes Sherry,
London Particular Teneriffe, and the most extensive and general assortment of *RED* and *WHITE WINES*, worthy the attention of Country Merchants and Tavern Keepers.

BOTTLED WINES.

East India Madeira,
Brown and Gold Sherry,
Genuine Old Port,
Sparkling Champaigne, Jollie's Brand.

PORTER.

Hibbert's and Dunbar's Brown Stout,
In pints and Quarts.
Cases of Schiedam Gin.

STOVES.

100 2½ to 3 feet Stoves,
Cooking Stoves,
Liverpool and Montreal *SOAP*,
Florence OIL,
Mackarel and Herrings.

The goods enumerated and all his importations are peculiarly deserving the notice of the Public, and the advantages of the wharves and premises he occupies for the general purposes of trade and the terms upon which his stock is always laid in, through his friends in Montreal enable him to sell as low as the Montreal prices.

Advances will be made upon all consignment of produce for Sale here, or for shipment to his friends at Montreal. The charges will be found moderate.

THOMAS MACNIDER.

Kingston, August 22, 1835. 7tf.

LONDON BOTANIC, OR

VEGETABLE OIL SOAP, AND IMPERIAL RENOVATOR;

Or, the general Restoratives of Ladies' Dress and Gentlemen's Clothing, of every description of colour or quality, without the least injury to either.

The above COMPOSITIONS, so celebrated in Europe, and also in the principal cities and towns in the United States; the VEGETABLE OIL, for its superior quality in extracting oil, or grease of any kind; also, paint, tar, &c. from Gentlemen's clothing, and woollen of every description, restoring the same to their former condition. And is eminently useful to travellers, it possessing the singular quality of washing in hard spring or sea-water, as well as any other soap can do in rain-water.

TO THE LADIES.

The IMPERIAL RENOVATOR, for its extraordinary qualities in extracting spots or stains caused by grease, oil, or soil of any kind, from silks, satins, merinos, Canton crapes, bombazines, and fine woollens, of every description; restoring the same to their former condition, without doing the least injury ro either gloss, color, or quality, let the same be whatever it may; and in a very few minutes too, it may be left upon silks, or woollens of the most delicate colors, for whole months, with the greatest safety; and is now most respectfully offered for sale, for a few days only,

AT LEARY'S INN.

He respectfully invites the Ladies who may wish to satisfy themselves of the benefit to be derived to send their address, and he will, with promptitude and pleasure, wait upon them at their houses, and convince them of the invaluable qualities of these articles, and furnish them if required. And the most satisfactory proofs given that the practice of sending fine dresses, on account of such stains, to the dyers, may be in such cases dispensed with. It may be had at all times, by wholesale or retail, at the Subscriber's residence.

☞A very liberal allowance will be made to one person in each town, who may purchase to sell again.

☞None will be left for sale on commission.

J. TRENCH, *Inventor & Manufacturer*,
7tf No. 426 Broadway, New York.

Auction Sale.

PATRICK EGAN, being about to remove into the premises lately occupied by Mr. H. Scanlan, begs leave to inform the public, that he will dispose of his present stock, by Auction, in front of his Store, Market Square, on Thursday, Aug. 27th.

His stock consists in part of the following articles, viz:—

5 chests Twankay Tea, 1 chest Young Hyson do. 3 chests Black do. 10 boxes Muscatel Raisins, 10 boxes Poland Starch, 8 bags Cuba Coffee, 350 packages ground Coffee, Spices, &c. 6 boxes Lemons, 20 jars Maccoboy Snuff, 5 jars Rappee do. 10 bags English Walnuts, 4 blls. Lorillard's cut Tobacco, 2 blls. Lorillard's in half lb. papers, 20 doz. bottled Port Wine, 20,000 Russian Quills, 20 doz. Pasie Blacking, 30 sets of Measures; also, a large quantity of Stone and Tin Ware, &c. Rice, Barley, Pepper, Soap, Candles, &c. with many other articles in the Grocery and Provision line.

Those in the trade will do well to attend, as the subscriber is about to embark in another line of business, and will therefore sell without reserve.

☞Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M.

JAMES LINTON, *Auctioneer.*

Kingston, August 25th, 1835.