

ARRIVED.

Nov. 14. The steamer Rideau Bowen, with large Trade in tow. Consignees—Armstrong & Greer, E. J. Binley, J. D. Bryce & Co. M. Runkle, Hill & Briggs, Noble & Duff, T. McNider, A. Foster, S. Forster, J. H. Greer, G. Armstrong, E. H. Hardy, Kingston; Shuter & Patterson, W. McCormack, Bryce, Buchanan & Co. A. Laurie & Co. Toronto; C. Calvar, J. Russell, Niagara; R. Weller, Humphys & Platt, Carrying Place; S. Warner, Wilton; A. H. Bard, Coburg; O. Hancock, Bath; E. Perry, Ernestown; O. Phelps, Wm. Kelly, S. Vandue, St. Catharines; D. McNabb, Parker & Co. Hamilton; J. Matheson, Brewster's Mills; T. Parker, J. Smith, J. Turnbull, L. McKenzie, Belleville; W. Lyons, Presque Isle; R. J. Chapman, Hallowell; Wood & Field, Port Hope; W. Crooks, Nelson; A. McNeil, Napans; J. Lawson, Grafton; R. Breeze, Concession; G. R. Frenchie, Dundas; S. Walton, Port Hope.

Nov. 17. The steamer Bytown & Margaret with large Irons and Engraving in tow. Consignees—J. D. Bryce & Co. D. Prentiss, J. McLeod, T. McNider, J. Stinson, Sergt. Chimo 24th Regt. J. Fraser, E. J. Barker, Armstrong & Greer, E. Thompson, Hill & Briggs, Kingston; A. Christie, W. Ware, Toronto; O. Phelps, St. Catharines; G. Hall, J. Wallis, Peterboro; B. F. Davy, Bath; Howard & Thompson, J. Crawford, Port Hope; R. E. Elliot, Seymour; J. Reynolds & Son, Belleville; Wood & Field, Coburg; C. W. Taylor, Newburg; E. Bochus, Hallowell; A. McNeil, Napans.

SAILED.

Nov. 18. The steamer Bytown, on her last trip to Bytown. The Proprietress of the U. C. Herald is requested to tell her printer to give the proper credit to the matter he publishes from the Rideau Canal Reports of this paper.

Commercial.

REMARKS ON THE MONTREAL MARKETS.

MONTREAL Nov. 10th 1835. ASHES.—There has been a steady demand for both sorts since our last report, and prices have fluctuated considerably. On Monday, Pots were sold at from 31s. 6d. a 31s. 9d., and to day 32s. has been paid. Peas brought yesterday, 33s. 3d., and this day, as high as 41s.

Flour.—The business done in Flour since Saturday, has been limited, at our last quotations.

Wheat.—A cargo of 13,000 bushels Foreign, recently imported at Quebec, from Hull, has been sold at 3s. 9d. per 60 lbs. 4 months, deliverable here. Another lot of about 7000 bushels Flour, has been placed—the exact price has not transpired. For 600 bushels Upper Canada, of middling quality, 5s. 1d. per 60 lbs, 90 days, has been paid. The market is very sparingly supplied by the Lower Canada farmers, and the quality of what is brought in varies so much that it is impossible to make a quotation.

PROVISIONS.—For Pork there has been a good demand from the retailers, at our quotations. Butter is dull, and so is Lard.

WEST INDIA PRODUCE.—With Sugar the grocers appear to be pretty well supplied, and the demand for Upper Canada having slackened, the business done has been upon a moderate scale. We have not heard of any speculative purchases, but were sales in quantity attempted to be forced, it is probable that a reduction would have to be submitted to. Jamaica Rum is quite dull, and plenty. With Leeward the market is not overstocked, and a fair business has been done.

SALT.—The supply of Liverpool (cargo) is short, and an important advance has taken place in this article, which is in few hands. The holders demand 2s. per minim, which price has been realised in small quantities, and large lots could not be bought much, if any thing, under that rate.

EXCHANGE.—The Bank of Montreal has just received Bills on London which continue scarce, have been negotiated at 10s 10d, mostly at 10s.

\* The Proprietress of the U. C. Herald is requested not to write "begging letters" to the advertisers in the British Whig.

IRISH FEATHERS,

MADE up in Beds, Bolsters and Pillows. Just received and for Sale by Nov. 17, 1835. PATRICK EGAN.

CASH! CASH!! CASH!!!

THE Subscriber will pay ready Cash for any quantity of Hides, Calf and Sheep Skins, Flax & Grass Seeds, Tallow & Butter, at his Leather Store.

LEATHER

Of every description, for Sale at Wholesale & Retail, cheap for Cash, or the above mentioned Produce. W.M. FORD. N. B. \$5. per 100 lbs. paid for Hides. Market Square, Nov. 17th 1835.

JUST RECEIVED,

AND for sale at the Subscriber's Stores, Front & Store Streets, a very extensive supply of the following articles, viz:—

- East India and refined Sugars, Muscovado do, Green and Black Teas, Green and ground Coffee, Hollands Gin, Fine flavoured Jamaica Rum, Cognac Brandy, White and red Wines, Bordeaux Vinegar, Molasses, Fine Cod Fish, No 1 North Shore Herring, Digby ditto, No 1 Mackarel, Poland Starch, Liverpool Soap, Fig Blue, Spanish Float, Rice, Raisins and Currants, Soft shell Almonds, Russian Quills, Fine Durham Mustard in Jars, Nutmegs, Cloves and Spices, Warren's Blacking, liquid and paste, Ditto Lampblack, Cut and wrought Nails, Window Glass, of different sizes, Putty, Plug and Paper Tobacco, Glazed Pipes, Bath Brick, Shoe and Scrubbing Brushes, Black Lead, Maccoboy, Rappee and Scotch Snuff, Black Lead Pencils, Fine Foolscap and Letter Paper, Wrapping do, Salt and Saltpetre, Sal Eratus, Brimstone and Sulphur, Ground and Root Ginger, Oatmeal and Barley, Epsom Salts, Cream of Tartar, Gunpowder and Flints, Whisky, best quality, American Cheese, equal to English. Tavern Keepers and country dealers are requested to call and give this Establishment a trial. JAMES WILLIAMSON. Kingston, Nov. 17th, 1835.

TO TAILORS AND SHOEMAKERS.

TO BE LET at Wilton, Township of Ernestown, opposite the Post Office, a small and convenient Shop, suitable for either a Tailor or Shoemaker.—Any industrious and sober man may be certain of having constant work in either trade. Apply to S. WARNER. Wilton, 16th, 1835. 31

RAGS! RAGS!! RAGS!!!

THE highest price in Cash paid for Rags at this Office. British Whig Office, Kingston, July 21, 1835.

time of hundreds, who were soon drawn together to witness this uncommon spectacle. After making the tour of the market place three or four times, he went into the Woodpack-yard, had his swinish cat unharmed and taken into a stable together, where they were regaled with a trough full of beans and wash. They remained about two hours while he despatched his business as usual at the market, when they were put to the car and driven home again, multitudes cheering him. This man, it is said, has only had these animals under training six months. A gentleman on the spot offered him fifty pounds for the concern as it stood, but it was indignantly refused.

"I wonder how any person can eat his breakfast before reading a newspaper," said an old borrower of this article. "I wonder how any one can eat his breakfast after reading a borrowed paper," said his more conscientious wife.

A person, on whom the Temperance Reformation had produced no effect, entered, in a state of exaltation a temperance grocery, in a neighboring town. Mr. ———— exclaimed he, "do you—keep—any—thing—good to take here?" "Yes," replied the merchant, "we have some excellent cold water—the best thing in the world to take." "Well, I know it," replied the Bacchante, "there's—no one thing—that's done so much for navigation as that."

DAVEY CROCKETT'S LAST.—The Colonel was present at the splendid rattle lately given by Gen. Green, at Washington, and was induced to dance, in a quadrille. The figure was intricate, and the Colonel got off the trail. Turning to his partner—a laughing, fun-loving girl, he apologized for his error, and remarked, with characteristic drollery of expression, that he "wasn't much educated in dancing, although he could stand up to the plain work mighty particular," but," continued he, "when you come to put in the scientific links, I squat."

A GOOD CUSTOMER.—A certain runaway couple were recently married at Gretna Green, and the smith demanded five guineas for his service.—"How is this?" said the bridegroom, "the gentleman you last married assured me that he only gave you a guinea." "True," said the smith, but he was an Irishman; I have married him six times before; he is a customer—you I may never see again.

DISASTERS ON LAKE ONTARIO.—On Tuesday morning the steam boat Cobourg left Toronto on her trip downward; the weather being then quite moderate she reached Cobourg on the evening of the same day; the weather still continuing the same she left Cobourg at 10 o'clock, but had hardly gone ten miles when a heavy gale from the north-east began to blow, and continued to increase until 3 o'clock the next morning. The wind then suddenly chopped round and blew a perfect hurricane from the north west. At 4 o'clock saw a schooner on her beam ends, about half a mile from the Ducks, floating, it was supposed, in fifteen fathoms water. Two men were seen clinging to the wreck; one of the schooner's crew was stuck in his head, at the top of which was attached a handkerchief, which he waved as a signal of distress. The state of the weather, however, was such that the Cobourg could render no assistance. The sea at this time was washing over the decks of the Cobourg in every direction, and breaking into the cabin through the deck windows. Captain Paynter was therefore reluctantly obliged to leave the unfortunates to their fate. The schooner, from the appearance of the hull, was supposed to be the Ontario, belonging to Oswego. A short time afterwards saw another schooner about two miles from the Ducks, also all on her beam ends, but no appearance of any living creature was seen about her; it was supposed all had perished. The Cobourg, for five hours, suffered the extremity of the gale, during that time her bows were almost constantly buried in the mountainous sea which foamed around her, and she shipped at intervals some heavy seas. On arriving opposite to Kingston, where she had to land 13 cabin and 15 deck passengers, such was the violence of the storm, that she could not possibly approach the port; she therefore had to carry their down with her to Prescott, and land them at Kingston on her return.—Chronicle.

FOR THE BRITISH WHIG.

MR. EDITOR.—I should sooner have noticed the certificate of Peter Davy, J. P. of Bath, published in your paper some time since, containing so serious a charge against me as well as himself, had I been before possessed of the following affidavit, which was manufactured, with a few others of a similar character in 1824, for the special purpose of preventing my appointment as surgeon to a Militia Regiment.

Midland District, } Personally appeared before me, TO WIT, } George Ham, Esq. one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace in and for the Midland District, Peter Davy of the town of Bath and District aforesaid, yeoman, who being duly sworn, maketh oath and saith, that George Baker of the town of Bath and district aforesaid, surgeon, has from time to time since the late war with the United States of America, harbored Wm. Johnston, who is called a pirate and traitor to his Britannic Majesty, who deserted to the enemy, and is said to have guided in their incursions into this country during the late war, who is said to have robbed his Majesty's mail during late war, and this deponent further says, that said Johnston informed him since the war, that Baker had harbored him (said Johnston) during his incursions into this province with contraband goods, in war time, after he had deserted to the enemy. (Signed) PETER DAVY.

Sworn before me at Bath this } 18th day of Feb. 1824. } (Signed) GEORGE HAM, J. P.

There is a counter affidavit of Johnston in the possession of the government, not only denying the admission which Davy alleges of my harboring him during the war, but declares that I did not in fact do so. I think no one will deny hereafter that at least he is entitled to as much credit as Davy. I obtained the commission and supposed the matter at an end; but lately it has come to the knowledge of Davy, that I was to receive lands as surgeon of a sloop of war; and not having known, or rather sworn to sufficient to effect his object in 1824, now, after a period of nearly 12 years, certifies he was personally knowing to that which he then only heard from another. Had the matter contained in this certificate come to the knowledge only of such persons as had long and best known both of us, I would withhold a comment here being willing to abide their opinion of its value; but since it has gone to the public at large and inferred to be truth, because not contradicted, I am compelled to make such explanation of the thing as Davy has himself enabled to do, with a hope he will be satisfied therewith. GEORGE BAKER. Nov. 17th, 1835.

PORT OF QUEBEC.

ARRIVALS.

Nov. 7. Ship City of Waterford, 27th Sept. Waterford. Schrs. Gaspo Packet, 15 days from Gaspo. Nov. 10. Barge Aloua, 18 days Halifax, 4 settlers. Nov. 11. Bark Endeavour, 8th Sept. Liverpool. Bark Endeavour, 3d Sept. Liverpool, 7 settlers. Brig Nonpareil, 20th Sept. Hudson's Bay. Schrs. George Henry, 32 days Halifax. Nov. 12. Schrs. Rowena, 18th Oct. Boston. Bark Ottawa, 6th Sept. London, 25 settlers.

"The Sandman" is a translation from the German, and is only liable to the objections which it is well known may be generally applied to German romances. The heat sickness as we dwell upon the visionary and ridiculous accounts of the supernatural and mysterious workings of imaginations, and we start back with an undelimited horror from associating with walking automations endowed by the skill of man with speech and motion. Tales, to be pleasing, must be executed according to nature, and to be useful, should be kept within the bounds of common sense.

We have this moment received the first number of the "Mirror of Literature," published monthly at Prescott by Buckford & Bayley, and have only time to notice it in general terms. The Mirror is devoted to general literature, and contains a great variety of selections from European and American writers, which cannot fail affording a rich treat of amusement to the reader. The selections, as far as we have glanced over them, appear to have been judiciously made and arranged with good taste.

The Mirror contains about thirty-four pages of reading matter, and may be bound in volumes to suit the fancy of the reader. The terms are only fifteen shillings per annum when sent by mail; which is indeed cheap, considering the quantity of valuable reading afforded. We wish the proprietors success in their undertaking.

To the Printer of the British Whig.

SIR.—You will please to mention to the readers of the Whig, that all the bridges between Kingston and this place are down. In coming to Bath yesterday, I had to go round by the York road, and came on the Front again by McGuin's Mills. I had my labor for my pains, for I found the Floating Bridge at Parrott's Bay destroyed by the heavy gale of Wednesday last. I had then to go round a distance of some miles, and it was not before I got here. This Floating Bridge is the one for which the House of Assembly voted £400 last session, but which the Legislative Council subsequently vetoed. As the bridge will be expensive to repair, and there are no funds to do it, the country people will be deprived of the means of coming to Kingston until the ice makes in the bay. What they are to do next year, heaven only knows.

John Johnston, the man who was stabbed a few days ago, is not dead, but is expected to recover. The wound (in one of the small intestines) puts on a healthy appearance, and although still highly dangerous, has an appearance of doing well. Wounds of this nature generally prove mortal. Great credit is due to Messrs. Steward and Elsworth, the medical gentlemen who have the poor man in charge. They have been unremitting in their attention, and have sat up night and day with him. A good deal of excitement is created with respect to his recovery.

With regard to this place, I find but little difference in its appearance. A good deal of business is done here, but it is done very quietly. Several thousand bushels of barley have lately been shipped from hence to Oswego, affording an instance of the shortsightedness of the party in the House of Assembly who wished to lay a duty on American grain imported into the province. I cannot omit to mention, that Benj. F. Davy, the enterprising yeast merchant of Bath, is doing an extensive trade, paying cash for every kind of produce. He sports two stores—the one for cash, the other for credit; but I leave you to judge which has most custom.

THE EDITOR.

Bath, Nov. 13, 1835.

TO CORRESPONDENT OF MR. JEFFERS.

If I should say there is a which in the ocean, would my not telling the exact spot prove that there is not one there? If the question is not from Shakespeare's play do tell in what other author it is to be found?

Suppose I allow you, that turn does not agree with guardian in the nominative, what then? Would that prove the sentence incorrect?

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

□ In the absence from home of Dr. Barker, it may be permitted to observe, it must be highly gratifying to his vanity to see two provincial newspapers (the Spectator and Belleville Intelligencer) solely occupied in lauding him, to the exclusion from their columns of general and useful information.

□ Several schooners and their crews are reported to have been lost in the late tremendous gale of Wednesday last. So many rumors are current, that in the absence of authentic intelligence, it is deemed best not to mention rumored particulars.

□ Mr. John Murphy, Clerk to Mr. J. Mathewson at Brewster's Mills, Mr. Wm. Brady, Lock Master at the same station, his wife, and two other persons, whose names we have not learnt, by some unfortunate mischance fell into one of the locks on Sunday night, and all, with the exception of the female and one man, were drowned. Particulars on Friday.

□ A very wicked though abortive attempt has been made by one George Cartwright Strachan, whom that immaculate personage George Garnett, calls "a gentleman of long and most respectable standing," to injure the Farmers' Bank at Toronto, by circulating falsehoods concerning the President of that Institution. This Strachan has been obliged to confess himself a vile detractor, and so the matter ends.

STREET DIALOGUE.—"V' pill, how the devil do you know the Morris of Watford?" "Know him! v' should n't know him?" responded the most ill looking of human beings. "Vell but Bill, I say—how do you know him?" "Know him, v' vas't I in the watch us with him 't'her night."

A GOOD JOKE.—A correspondent at Charlestown informs us of an amusing occurrence, which took place in that town on Saturday. A mechanic had been employed by a sportsman to make him some decoy ducks; which, when finished, were placed on the top of a three story building in the rear of main street, for the purpose of drying the paint. Very early in the morning, a citizen observed them through the fog, and supposing them to be genuine, resolved to have some of them for his dinner. He accordingly borrowed a gun which he loaded very heavily, and having stationed a friend near by, on the ground to bring down such as escaped on the wing, he went up through the scuttle of an adjoining house, and fired into the midst of them. He was thunderstruck to find that most of them moved, and had about made up his mind that he had killed them all so dead that they could not even flap their wings, when a loud and hearty laugh from the bystanders, who had collected to witness and enjoy the joke, informed him that he had made a slight mistake.

On yesterday, a boy staid on the Carolina side, just below the bridge, discovered something floating down the river near his bank, which excited his curiosity. He secured the object and found it to be two children, about 15 or 14 months old, tied up in a large cloth—the eldest with marks of violence on its back and thigh—and both in such a state of mutilation and putrefaction, that the sexes were not distinguished.—Augusta (Geo.) Courier.

JUST THE THING FOR GRASS.—Arthur Adlington, of Providence, advertises in the Journal of that city—that he has invented a machine which he calls a "spark catcher," and which possesses the sine qua non of such an invention, viz. the property of "detaining" them after they are caught.

The most fatal of all diseases, consumption, is not confined to the human species. In the Zoological Society's Gardens it has been discovered in the tiger, the Persian lynx, the genet, the civet cat, the cheetah, the Nessel bear, the American talix, the elk, in various monkeys, the Esquimaux dog, and in the lungs of the Python tigers. "In all these animals," says Dr. Clark, "the morbid appearances presented, on examination, a close analogy to those observed in man."

HOGS IN HARNESS.—A novelty was seen at St. Albans the other day which proves that pigs are not of such a dolish material as admits of no improvement. A man who holds a small farm near St. Albans, made his entry into the latter place, mounted on a small car drawn by four large hogs. He entered the town at a brisk trot, amidst the acclama-

tion direction, and taken an immense number of soundings, I found its greatest depth to be only ninety-one feet. The bay below I found to be eighty-two feet. Now as the lake is about one hundred and sixty feet above the level of the bay, it follows that the bottom of the lake is one hundred and fifty-one feet higher than that of the bay.

"Thus, then, it appears that the Lake of the Mountain does not derive its supply from Lake Erie, that its source is to be found in its immediate neighborhood, that it is not unfathomable, and that its bottom is not lower than that of the Bay of Quinte."

After some time spent in examining and viewing this singular lake, I prepared to descend the mountain, not however until I dwelt with renewed pleasure upon the beautiful scenery which lay spread before me. From the height of the mountain the prospect is indeed enchanting. Far beneath my feet lay the Bay of Quinte in tranquil and silvery slumbers enriched by the golden beams of the setting sun which was just then sinking in the west, and casting over the scene her mild and lingering rays of departing light. On the opposite side of the bay lies the township of Adolphustown, and its rich and flourishing settlements, comfortable farm houses, and extensive orchards, meet the eye and enliven the pleasing prospect. To any person possessed of a poetical imagination, and fond of contemplating the beauties of nature, this delightful spot would afford a rich retreat. It had its mystic influence even over me, though my fancy has long since been chilled by the engrossing cares of business, and I lingered on the hallowed spot until the shades of evening obscured surrounding objects, and admonished me of the necessity of taking my leave of one of the most romantic places I have seen in Canada.

The viship of Marysburg is yet in a rough and somewhat unsettled state, and my extreme desire to get into the upper and more cultivated parts of the district prevented my improving this opportunity of forming a more intimate acquaintance with this township.

The hasty manner in which I have scrawled this little sketch, renders it impossible for me to pay much attention to either method or style; and I can only compensate the reader for the want of interest of which he may complain in this number, by promising to pay more attention to, and bestow more labor on the future chapters of this ride.

We have been somewhat amused in noticing the late political wanderings of the once loyal Chronicle & Gazette, and think that at the very least they deserve a passing notice. During these few weeks past, the present editor has been labouring under occasional fits of liberal feeling, and appears to have forgotten that the Chronicle has ever professed to be the uncompromising organ of Toryism, the devoted admirer of the powers that be, exerting its energies in defending indiscriminately every act of the existing administration. Quite forgetful all this, our brother has been coining grievances, and regaling his readers with frequent repasts, quite unlike their former fare! One moment we find him figuring bravely among the radicals—the next grasping his way back to the ranks of the Tories! In one number of the paper he rails at the administration for the "baneful influence" (Oh! how this sounds of a delay in obtaining the royal assent to certain parliamentary bills; and in the same article, gives us quite a lecture about the superior state of things at Oswego; and in referring to the miserable state of things with us, connected as we are with the mother country, he declares that there must be something "rotten in the state of Denmark." In a subsequent paper he gives a random shot to the magistrates of the town for neglecting to inquire into matters connected with the burning of Livingston's Tannery!! Again, he thunders away at our trusty and well beloved Governor, for neglecting to answer certain addresses from our magistrates that have remained undelivered at Head Quarters!! Verily disaffection could no farther go, and without searching for other specimens of disloyalty, we may say, finis coronat opus. These are indeed, quite equal to the usual slang of the McKenzie and O'Grady school. We have a shadowy recollection of an old fable, which is so applicable to our brother of the Chronicle, that we give it below, hoping that he will take the moral to heart, and cease to blow hot and cold. The evident falling away in point of talent in the late conducting of the Chronicle is quite bad enough, but this compromise of sentiment is still worse.

THE SATYR AND THE TRAVELLER—A FABLE.

A satyr in his rocky den, Liv'd distant from the haunts of men; Though half a goat he seldom ran; To revel in the train of Pan; But led a quiet, sober life, With one fair Dryad for his wife; And she, engrossed by household matters, Prepared his soup, and bred young satyrs.

It happened on a wintry day, A traveller had lost his way; And stiff with cold, and drench'd with rain, He joy'd the satyr's cave to gain. He peeps,—and midst recesses inner, He sees his horned host at dinner: He halts, and near the entrance lingers, And, blowing hard his aching fingers, He frames apologetic speeches, To 's landlord with the shaggy breeches: But, ere he could excuse begin, A hoarse rough voice exclaims "come in! If you can dine without a cloth, Stranger, you're welcome to my broth."

The satyr, to satisfy his wife, inquired of the traveller why he blowed his fingers? He replied— "To please your wife Sir, I'll inform her, I blow my hands to make them warmer."

The mistress of the rocky cottage, Pours for his guest the boiling pottage; Who, to gulp down his mess the quicker, Blows, ere he tastes the scalding liquor.

Surprised at this, the satyr again asks his meaning, when the traveller tells him that he blows his broth to cool it; at which reply the satyr loses all patience, and fairly turns him out.

"Whilst I possess this vaulted roof, (And fiercely then he raised his hoof,) No mouth its mossy sides shall hold, Which blows at once both hot and cold."

Tell me ye vain, ye blust'ring Tories, Who love to boast of all your glories, Whom cunning state empirics please, Have you not met with mouths like these? Mouths which advance assertions bold, Blow sometimes hot and sometimes cold. When such mad follies meet the eye, Is't right to laugh—or mus we cry? Pray Tories! midst this shifting clatter, Why don't you imitate the satyr?

The Lady's Book, or Philadelphia Monthly Magazine for November, containing its usual variety of pleasing reading and some neatly executed engravings and portraits, has been received, and requires at our hand the compliment of a formal acknowledgment. We spent an hour rambling through its pages and found our attention well repaid by the amusement afforded. Some of the original articles are well written, and the selections are full of interest.

Two of the sketches, The Wedding and The Sandman, are however very exceptional. The former is, doubtless, the production of some young American writer who has not yet learned to correct the redundancy of his style, and like too many of his countrymen, ruins his writing by ridiculously striving for effect. The reader is immersed in an endless variety of words, while the mind strives in vain to become engaged with the narrative. There is a striking want of incident—the most common place occurrences are dwelt upon at great length; and smiling faces, suburb locks, and sparkling eyes dance through the labored page in bounteous profusion.

THE FARMERS' BANK.

To the Editor of the Courier of Upper Canada.

Sir.—Observing in your paper of yesterday, a communication from "A Shareholder," in which certain Questions are put to me in a direct and distinct shape; I beg as directly and distinctly to give the answer thereto—And this I do in order that silence may not be constructed into any admission of the malicious insinuation obviously intended.

Question.—"To the Hon. John Elmsley. "Did you, or did you not, some few days previous to affixing your signature to the Deed of Settlement—make over all your property, real and personal, in trust to your wife Mrs. Charlotte Elmsley?"

Answer.—"I did NOT." J. ELMSELEY.

Toronto, Nov. 6, 1835. The communication signed "A Shareholder" containing the interrogatory to which Mr. Elmsley has given the above decided negative, was written, and sent to us by a gentleman of long and most respectable standing in this City; and we allowed it to be inserted upon the credit of that respectability. If the fact insinuated in that communication were true, the public ought to know it; if untrue, it would enable the friends of the Farmers' Bank, to expose the falsehood and malice of its assailants; who would be prostrated by such expose. Mr. Elmsley gives the negative to the interrogatory of his assailant; if Messrs. Hagerman and Draper will do the same, to show our disapprobation of the conduct of "A Shareholder"—respectable as he is—we will immediately give up his name to Mr. Elmsley.

THE BRITISH WHIG.

KINGSTON, WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOV. 18, 1835.

A RIDE THROUGH PRINCE EDWARD AND PART OF THE MIDLAND DISTRICTS.

CHAPTER III. In which, if the reader expects to be much interested, he will probably find himself deplorably disappointed.

Some time has elapsed since the appearance of the second chapter of my tour through Prince Edward, and it is even now with some difficulty that I escape from the turmoil of business that besets me on every side, and seat myself in my easy chair to hold a few minutes tete-a-tete with the reader. It will be recollected that I closed my last chapter while on my way from Hallowell to visit the Lake of the Mountain, at which place I now resume the broken thread of my narrative. A pleasant jaunt of an hour brought me to the well known Stone Mills on the Bay of Quinte in Marysburg. These mills have been relinquished by Mr. McDonald, the former occupant, and have been resumed by the company that owns them; and McWorthe, the Postmaster of Adolphustown, who is, we believe, part owner, now acts as superintendent. The Ferry which crosses from the mills to Adolphustown, is still kept by Mr. McGuire.

After seeing that my horse, the only companion of my journey, was well fed, I clambered up the mountain, on the top of which is this singular lake, a curiosity well worthy of the attention of any person visiting that section of the country. The ascent in some places is somewhat abrupt; but after a few minutes toil I found myself standing on the margin of the lake above.

In giving the reader an idea of this natural curiosity, I feel that I cannot do the subject better justice than by copying largely from the description given of it by Mr. Ramsay in his highly descriptive letters entitled "Travels in Upper Canada." I am the more ready to avail myself of Mr. Ramsay's assistance, since the short time I had at my disposal did not admit of my making such particular examinations as would have enabled me to depend upon my own resources. In speaking of the lake the author says:—

"It is situated on the top of a lofty eminence, about one hundred and sixty feet above the level of the Bay of Quinte. The manner in which it is bounded is rather singular. In one direction it is only separated from the waters of the Bay below by a ledge of limestone rock, about eighty feet high, and by a precipitous embankment which extended half way around it. In every other direction it is skirted by a ridge which rises to the height of forty feet above the level of its surface. This lake is about five miles in circumference. Its waters are at present applied to propel only a grist mill and a fulling machine. An artificial canal has been cut, along which water is conveyed to the edge of the embankment, from whence it is conducted by a wooden raceway to the mills, which are situated near the margin of the bay below. The original outlet of the lake is at a few paces distance from the raceway. At this place the surplus waters formerly escaped through an orifice in the precipice I formerly mentioned, and after dashing over the rocks below, ultimately found their passage into the bay."

Various, strange, and contradictory opinions have been entertained as to the manner in which this lake is supplied with water, resting as it does upon the top of a mountain, unconnected with any tributary streams. The most prevailing opinion was, that it received its supplies by a subterraneous passage from Lake Erie; but Mr. Ramsay, who spent some time in making examinations, has furnished a satisfactory solution of the question at issue.

"Being determined to discover from whence this supply was derived, I proceeded along the east side of the lake for about a mile, upon the top of the eminence which separates it from the Bay of Quinte. I then entered the woods and began imperceptibly to ascend, until I found, by again coming in sight of the lake, that I had reached an elevation of a foot forty feet above it. Continuing to proceed at the same elevation for two or three miles, I descended in the same imperceptible manner, to the place from which I had at first set out. In the course of this journey, I crossed no less than five different water courses, four of which were dry at the period of my first visit, but all of which I have since seen pouring out very considerable quantities of water. The fifth is a beautiful stream, flowing into the lake over successive ledges of limestone rock, underneath the rich foliage of the trees by which it is over-arched. This stream affords the chief supply to the lake, and, judging from the appearance of its channel, it must be sometimes upwards of a foot deep. In the spring and fall, when the greatest quantities of water are discharged by it, I have distinctly heard the noise which it makes, while at a distance of two miles, and on the opposite side of the lake, as it dashes over the rocks. The whole of these rivulets proceed from two extensive swamps. That from which the largest arises is situated to the south west of the lake, and is about three or four miles in circumference.

"The depth of the lake next claimed my attention. Having procured a sufficient length of line, I pushed out upon its waters, in a small scow. For a considerable distance we distinctly perceive the bottom, which consists of dissolved, or rather corroded lime, so loose and light that with little or no exertion one may push the whole length of his oar into it. Continuing to look downwards upon the beautiful white bottom as we sail along, we start instinctively upon finding that we all at once lose sight of it, and that we gaze into a deep, dark, frightful abyss which is formed by the sudden appearance of a precipitous ridge, running right across the lake. "After having sailed over the lake in every diffe-