Market was occupied by the troops by half-past 3 o'clock, and the persons assembled warned to disperse to their homes by the attendant Magistrate, to whose firmness and promptitude upon the occasion may be justly attributed the preservation of the peace of the City, during the night. Such, so far as we have been able to learn, are the facts connected with the death of Finnell. We have our readers to draw their own conclusions from them, but we believe that none of them would, under similar circumstances, have acted otherwise than Mr. Colburn did.

Since writing the above, we have learnt the result of the Coroner's inquest upon the body of Finnell—the Jury were unable to arrive at a verdict. We shall endeavor to give a report of the proceedings in our next issue, but, in the meantime, although the evidence taken before the Coroner does not entirely sustain the above account—and that of Mr. Ward, the gentleman in whose house Mr. Colburn ultimately took refuge, would lead to the belief, that he (Mr. C.) fired previous to his receiving the blows which prostrated him on the ground—we shall not cancel it, as we have reason to believe that it is substantially correct—that Mr. Colburn fired when on *the ground*, and that Mr. Ward misunderstood the account of the transaction given him by Mr. Colburn.

The following is the decision of the jury:

We find that the deceased, James Finnell, came to his death by a pistol-shot wound, inflicted on his body by one Charles Colburn, in defence of his life.

Wm. Dickinson, Foreman,	James Smith,
C. Cooper,	John Buxton,
William M'Donald.	

We, the undersigned Jurors, assembled at an inquisition on the body of James Finnell, to return a verdict of wilful murder against one Charles Colburn.

M. Hughes,	L. Vadebonceur,
A. Watson,	Neil Doherty,
Ben Hayes,	Edward Murphy,
Mich. Farmer.	

ANOTHER MAN SHOT.

We give in another place the result of the Municipal Elections, held yesterday in the different Wards of the city, which we deeply regret to say did not pass over without rioting and bloodshed. This is the natural consequence of the infamous proceedings of the Hincks and Drummond party; who, by the confession of the *Pilot*, seek to disfranchise the citizens by bringing bands of armed and organized canal-men into the city, for the purpose of carrying out elections by force. We long ago warned those unprincipled men and their subordinates in iniquity, of what must be the result of such conduct on their parts—that the people of Montreal would not tamely submit to the insolent interference of strangers with their rights, but would openly and manfully meet force with force: they have done so, and the late elections have proved how nobly.

The rioting yesterday, was, we believe, entirely confined to Griffintown, which we need not mention is the strong hold of the Hincks-Drummond party and their friends from the Lachine Canal.—A good deal of struggling between the contending parties took place at the poll during the morning, and parties of Canallers were stationed throughout the various byestreets to attack and prevent the electors from coming up. In the afternoon, however, the Loyal Protective Society, mounted and on foot, came to the aid of the voters and soon cleared the way for them. Then commenced attempts at cowardly assassination, by firing upon the citizens from the windows and cellars of the houses occupied by the rioters—many were severely wounded, and one brave and estimable young man, a son of Mr. Johnston, cabinet maker, was murderously shot down—he fell dead, having received three balls in his body. The house from which he had been fired upon—inhabited by a man named Brennan—was immediately surrounded, and, but for the presence of the troops a fearful vengeance would have been exacted from its inmates. As it was, it and the neighboring houses were taken possession of, and the following men made prisoners, committed to jail, and will, we trust, meet with that condign punishment which their ruffianly and murderous conduct so richly merits:—

William Cullen, Patrick Larkin, James Lree, Thomas Gleeson, Michael McGuire, William Ellis, Martin Brennan, William Brennan, Frances Waters, Mathew Dooley, Peter M'Shane, James Dooley, John M'Keon, Michael Finnell, John Malone, Daniel Ferns, Daniel Reynolds, James M'Shane, Robert F. Berrill, William Bell.—*Ib.*

Another Outrage.—We are told that another outrage was perpetrated yesterday morning on a gentleman who was going to Church at about 11 o'clock. As he was passing the main guard, he was attacked by several ruffians and severely beaten, his face being much disfigured. We understand that he attempted to take refuge in the guard house, but that the officer on duty would not allow him to remain near the place, and ordered the sentry to turn him off. We can scarcely believe this, for the protection of any person of the Crown we should conceive to be one of the first duties of the Military as well as the civil authorities.—*Montreal Courier.*

Novel Proceedings.—A number of respectable and influential inhabitants of the District of Gore, presented a requisition to the Sheriff, to call a public meeting—

"For the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety of bringing before the notice of the Government the importance of connecting the head of Lake Ontario with Owen's Sound on Lake Huron, by a good road, and also the unfinished portion of the Dundas and Waterloo macadamized road, and the joining this road to the Hamilton and Brantford macadamized road, by a plank or macadamized road from Mr. Bradley's Hill to Dundas; and also that you will invite the co-operation of the inhabitants of the Wellington District."

To this requisition the Sheriff replied—

"Nothing could afford me a higher satisfaction, under ordinary circumstances, than an opportunity of adding the influence of my office to measures of public interest, and especially to one of so useful a character as that now proposed; but absorbed as my mind continues to be with the cruel and vindictive action which I have lately sustained, in an endeavor to preserve the public peace, in connexion with the proceedings of a public meeting; and, convinced by bitter experience that, in this conducting public affairs, I am left to sustain all the responsibility, and all the injury to my character or my purse, in which a single false step, under circumstances of difficulty, may involve me;—I can come to no other determination than to decline lending myself to such onerous duties, and refer you to the other course pointed out to you by legislative enactment, viz: to call a Public Meeting, by Requisition to two or more Magistrates of the District."

Some of the requisitionists have therefore appealed to Messrs. Ewart, Holt and Racey, three magistrates in Dundas, and they appointed Saturday last for holding the meeting in Dundas.

☞ Fire in Galt.—At about half past nine o'clock on Monday night last, the large two story frame Store and Dwelling House, at the corner of the Town Square, occupied and owned by Mr. R. B. Gordon, Merchant, was discovered to be on fire. An immediate alarm was given, and in a few minutes the engine of the Galt Fire Company was on the spot, when the spectators, who by this time numbered several hundreds, immediately formed themselves into a double line, from the engine to the river, and a sufficient supply of buckets being soon procured, the Fire Company were enabled to commence operations with little or no delay. Short, however, as had been the period since the commencement of the fire, so rapid had been its progress, that the utmost and well directed efforts of the assembled crowd were unable to arrest its course. The whole building soon became enveloped in one sheet of flame, and all hope of saving it being abandoned, every exertion was made to rescue the houses in its immediate proximity from becoming a prey to the subtle element. The stone Office of William Dickson, Esq., which adjoined the burning premises, and was known to contain papers of the highest importance to the Township, claimed the first attention, and every exertion was made to save it. The stone walls, however, alone remain; but all the papers and documents, being secured in an iron safe, were preserved uninjured.—*Dumfries Courier, Nov. 23.*

☞ Accident.—On Saturday last, while a number of men were "raising" the frame of a new building at Morgan's Mill, Athol, one of the "posts" fell upon a man named John Carmen, and broke one of his legs in several places.

Correspondence of the British Whig.

DEER STALKING.

To the Editor of the British Whig.

CHAPTER I.

Monseigneur,—We have been "out"—not in '45, with the broad claymore, on the hill side, as was the custom of some of our forefathers a hundred years ago—we have been *out*, but not when the new risen sun of Canadian constitutionalism had burst the clouds of time, and careered to its place in the *Heavings*. "We came when father's were dying, and mothers were weeping over them—when the wife was binding up the gashed bosom of the husband, and the maiden was wiping the death damp from the brow of her lover"—ma conscience! Our heads have been so full of elections, and stump speechifyings, and glorifications over the fallen and catankerous enemy, and grinding the heel down upon his windpipe, until the breath of him was made to whiz again So full have our heads been of lofty periods, withering sarcasm, strait-forward invective, to say nothing of a little bit of wholesome ruffianism, reaching almost to blackguardism, excuseable in times when men are crying out jubilate! at one moment, and tearing their hair with the demoniac expression of countenance, resulting from being well beaten and trodden under the hoofs of clowns, the next. So intent has the world been, at least the most enlightened, the most exalted, the most pious and respectable portion of it—to wit, Canada, and the territories of the Jonathans—witness their Millerisms—their Mormonisms—their Joe-Smithisms, and their Doctor "Shade-of-a-virus" Ryersonisms, not mentioning anything about their Lynching the King-of-Jerusalem-ism on the one side, and their pulling-Captain-Bobadil's-nose-ism, on the other. So intent has this world been in sending men to some out of the way place, there to meet in prayer meetings for the benefit of their own breeches pockets, if they have any breeches worth mentioning in a scientific essay like this one—or to form combinations for the robbery of us all. Ah! Heaven help us! the truth is we have become so long-winded since the affair came off called an election, that we scarcely know when to cease firing in order to retire behind the smoke of the counter-blast, to begin over again, and go on more smoothly, perhaps, on the other tack, from whence we have been diverted for the express purpose of giving vent to our indignation, scorn and defiance, and to throw down the gauntlet—take it up, he who may.

Possibly before proceeding to inform you who has been "out," and to what we have been about, you will like to know what may be our opinion of the rivals of this country beyond the St. Lawrence, of whom it has been our wont periodically to speak. We have no time, and will content ourselves by quoting the language used by the Admiral of France in Edward the Third's time, of brave and poisonous memory, with regard to the Scotch—applying it, as we have a right to do since the battle of Chrysler's farm, to our foolhardy and aforesaid rivals, the Yankees—he, the Admiral, wished that the devil might catch him if he ever got caught among the caterans again, "for so evil people, and so false traitors, and a more foolish people in feats of war," he never saw before, and never wished to lay his eyes on again. So be it, and now we proceed to the first order of the day, beginning at the eleventeenth chapter and first verse in the last edition of the Book of Mormon, edited by E. Ryerson, D. D. & A.S.S.

The wood-nymphs, and hama-dryads, and hob-goblins of that fair and shadowy valley through which that most classical of Canadian streamlets, the Sam Brash, meanders winsomely, have been driven from their haunts by the wild music of the lost huntsman's reverberating halloo by night, or the echoing crack of his murderous rifle by day. Of course then we have been *out*, and the matter was ranged and arranged methodically between Mingo and Cinna, before starting, all in black and white, in form and manner following, viz:—Required for the scout aforesaid, by the parties aforesaid, one good blanket each for sleeping under a tree withall—one hatchet of Scraphin Bertrand's stamp, for the encountering huge "b'ars" and wolverines—one knife for the belt, finely tempered and keen, wherewith to maintain the dignity of Canadian woodcraft, in case of meeting with any of the Jonathan tribe possessing desirable rifles, or a sufficient and savory stock of dried meats, and with whom debate might arise on the first principles of government, or on the law of parties laid down by Mr. Patch—Marcy, that to the "Victors belong the spoils of the vanquished"—one cow pass each, to save one hooting one's self hoarse when last miles away on a deer track—powder, bullets, lead, percussion caps, bullet-moulds, matches, pipes, tobacco, and spunk, both around the region of the heart, and in the eye, and sinewy limb, as well as for fire raising among the Lunatics—for eatables, hard biscuit and salt, with enough meat for two days consumption, lest starvation should stare us in the face before reaching Sam Brash, or our eyes be so far distended stomachwards as to prevent that nice precision of aim requisite to bring *him* down after rousing *him* up.—Tea completes the equipment, and "down with grog swarzling among hunters" being the popular cry, Mingo being brow-beaten and abashed since General Riley came out with his diatribes on priest-craft, and rum-craft, and old pump-handle-craft, he carried no pocket-pistol this time for the edification of Sam White and all his genus. He will never carry Galinfort and Mencilly's best any more, I'll be bound, on such occasions, for fear of the General.

Soon after that glorious fall of snow which we had on the 1st ult., we marked down our line of operations, embracing an extent of territory of ten square miles. Mingo was to depart for James Keeler's, a true man of the right stamp, with a keen eye, and steady aim for holding out his Scotch rifle—which said rifle is however too light in the barrel for the heavy lead it carries—from thence he was to take to the bush through the middle of the blue swamp to Covell's, another successful deer-stalker, residing far from any inhabitants, and only two short miles from our favorite streamlet—Cinna was to meet him here, after having obtained Elihu's attendance, a famous wood ranger, who had agreed some time previous to devote a week to this favorite sport. We accordingly departed on our different routes betimes one bright morning, and after a ride of eight miles, Cinna halted at a comfortable house in a rich farming concession, and enquired if his friend Elihu was at home. He was down at the shop. That was enough. Tom was accordingly sent home with the cutter, and the shop was presently afterwards entered with a perfect looseness of the accoutrement of the intruder. Elihu was swinging an enormous sledge larger than his own head, which, being set on a pair of shoulders of no common dimensions, and elevated some six feet from the ground, is saying something or another, probably:

"Ha! Mastiff!" quod Cinna—"I have catched you—I can shoot farther, and louder, and sharper, nor you, and can kill more deer for miles before Sam White's on Sam Brash, to-morrow, than you ever sin' you were born." I declar', I swar', that you ar," quoth Elihu, with the fire of elation gleaming from his small, sharp eye, and he advanced on Cinna, swinging around his head his sledge hammer, looking like an anvil, for intimidation as it were, and in indication of annihilation. But Cinna drew his tomaxe, whereupon Mastiff stood at bay, until his eye fell upon the keen, bright weapon. Then the generous rivalry of the artist overcame all his frolicksomeness—he threw his sledge in one corner, took the axe for right friendly, vice-like grasp, the hand which had held it, saying—"How do, Snow Storm—how do Weeyum!—this axe ar' made by Barthram of the Ferry. I can beat it, and the knife—hand out—they am both good, but mine are keenerer than any coldness, and of better stuff than broad cloth—you shall see them. What speechifier have you got now? ha! old Mozambique, short, heavy and spiteful. I know you righteous! and I can shoot you, squar' and fa'r;" thereupon he stepped to the door, singled out a clump of snow 200 yards away on a stump, drew himself upright, feet together, (Cooper missed a figure in making his leather-stocking in shooting stretch his legs a yard and a half apart—this won't do, a man is more steady if well set on his pins,) his arms were drawn as close to his breast as was compatible with holding the rifle, to brace the muscles, and prevent any quiver, then the small dark eye, rolled over the barrel, and Mozambique gave tongue with ease and loudness. Of course the snow fell. "Sound I call ye, Mozambique, sound and pleasant," quoth Elihu, "I love such preaching, I larnt it in youth, and know my catechis. George, you may go to the stable thar, harness up the mares in the pleasure sleigh to take us out, and be short about it—step, you Sir. Now come in and see my kit, let me get my deer shirt, and then—Sam Brash!"

CHAPTER II.

Elihu came out to the "pleasure sleigh," where I had ensconced myself after viewing his knife, his axe, his belt and bullet-pouch, his horn and hunting shirt, and "rousing" rifle, but instead of seeing him in hunter's trim, he was wrapped in a large camlet cloak, with an immense cape, a broad brimmed beaver being set jauntily on one side of his head.

"What man! you a hunter, and wrapped up in your Sunday go-to-meeting cloak? Look at Snow Storm, he is loose and like. You am sick or going to the singing school. Hilloo! you stifle me to look at yer. Go to singing school," ejaculated your most obedient, humble servant, in green-wood phrase.

"Fa-so-la—mi—hem!

"Some love to roam o'er the dark sea foam,
Where the shrill wind whistles free;
But a chosen band in a mountain land,
And a life in the woods for me."

I can sing, Snow Storm, low or loud, to suit the gals. My voice is deep as a caravan. Hem:

"Some love to dash through the great Sam Brash,
Which the old buck swims so free,
But I like a raft to follow aft,
And keep dry shod, d'ye see."

Them's mine, in prompt; or these:

"Some love to go it, in a brown capote,
With a jooseness frank and free,
But a camlet cloak, a cigar to smoke,
And the singing school for me."

Or in this style:

"I like to go o'er the gleaming snow,
With the "Snow Storm" by my side,
For then the b'ar had best take cur',
And the deer and wolves go hide."

He here strode into the sleigh magnificently, smothered me in yards of camlet in taking a seat by my side, and away we went, George holding the ribbons, and the shining, well fed mares stepping off with a good will and deftly.

"Well! Snow Storm, this camlet cloak of mine ar' not the thing for beech ridges—you don't car' a ——— in going through the country, but I do. I'm electioneering for Town Council, wherefo' this cloak, but old deer hide is under, and I come out round and small at Sam White's."

At Sam White's, a sort of house of entertainment, we arrived by 2 p. m. It is situated on the banks of Sam Brash, in a wilderness. Sam White is one of the best hunters in these parts. He has a small house full of deer horns. He is a little fiery-eyed fellow, born on the soil; generous and open-hearted, a good shot, but too fond of drinking new whiskey and old cider to compete with Elihu, although he also likes to mix himself a good tumbler. We entered Sam's premises. There were eleven children and some eight or ten visitors around a bad fire, over whom Sam was lord paramount, drunk as a corporal of militia.

"Ha! blast me!" cried Sam, on our entering, and he rushed for the door, against which he put his back—"Now, Elihu, where's that knife you promised to make me? I have been waiting for it six mon'."

"Never mind, Sam, you shall have the knife," quoth Elihu, making his way among the children, until he espied a damsel in the distance whom he nodded to familiarly, designating her by the name of Eliza, when I fancied a some badly flourish was given to the cloak, the but at the same time being a taken more nearly over the right ear.

"The same old story," said Sam wildly, as men are apt to say, when their poor weak stomachs are filled with the murderous fire-water; "but may I be hooked on a pike-horn, if I do not throw this cup at your head, unless you give me my knife."

"O! no you won't, Sam, you know better"—said Elihu, doubtingly, taking his seat by the fire, with the broad leaf of his hat guarding his face.

"I will, 'pend on it, I will, 'kas you show me old hatchet."

"Now, if you do throw the cup Sam, you'll be sorry for it, I tell you," said Elihu, half threateningly. Hereupon there was a rush made upon Sam by the "vixen," who hustled him into another room, from whence he came out pacified, after half an hour's vituperation and screeching from a number of shrill voices. Sam had probably got his lesson, and perhaps the glass of whiskey, for he was certainly much mollified, and now addressed both of us rationally, enquiring all about us, and how the world used us, &c.

"Tollable, Sam—and how is it with you?" retortured Elihu. "Hard—hard—but its all the same in this house. I keep moving—saucy but not able."

"Well, Sam, we have come out to see if the deer are plenty in these parts—now don't lie, how many have you killed?" enquired the mastiff.

Sam held up all the fingers of one hand and three of the other, looking knowingly over the tops of them.

"Ha! you have, ha—well, I am in good time—large ones, Sam?"

Sam here clustered all the fingers of his hands together in imitation of a bucks horns, during which his eyes began to dilate, as did those of Elihu.

"And I saw'ar I have more to tell you, seeing its you and the Squar."

"Pull it out then Samuel," said Elihu, with some excitement.

"Thar ar' b'ar hyar—"

"Whar?"

"In the blue swamp down thar. I started two this week with Watch. Their tracks war longer than any Indian mocassin you ever see."

Elihu started up, threw off his cloak, folded it nicely, hung his broad brim on an out-of-the-way peg in a corner, drew his broad leather belt from his napsack and fastened it round him, in which he stuck his long knife and tomahawk. We at once loaded our rifles—Elihu placed his small hunting cap of leather on his head, where it looked like a night cap on the dome of St. Pauls, or your wife's thimble on the head of your bull terrier, and with a kind of singing-school bow to the divinity of Sam Brash, Eliza, with whom he left his cloak in charge until his return, he shouldered on blankets and provisions and strode forward, followed by Sam, with whom he conversed in the Indian tongue on matters pertaining to our enterprise. Sam was however too drunk to accompany us, and with a promise to come over to us in the morning, he returned, while we continued our way down the right bank of the stream to the old haunts with which we had long been familiar.—The wind came up in a perfect hurricane—trees falling on all sides—the rain and sleet drifted around and over us, borne on the wistful surges of the blast—but "never mind—forward manfully" we determined, and forward it was. Now such a sudden storm as this is the very best thing that can happen a deer stalker. We had gone three miles, and were on the verge of the deer grounds. I knew enough to keep my rifle dry, and called upon Elihu to slacken his pace.

"I know we are coming to the beaver marsh, but the afternoon looks wild—we had better push down to Lovey's for to-night"—he said.

"Yes, but go steady man, we shall run over some deer—they have been out to day, and this storm will keep them standing at gaze—look to your rifle."

"Never mind, it is aching for work to do" he replied, and on we moved at by far too rapid a rate. We came to the beaver meadow, stumbling forward in the rain, and started three deer within six yards of us. They bounded off slowly, Elihu's pack flew off his shoulders like a bomb-shell descending. I awaited steadily my chance at the largest, and as she bounded over a fallen pine, fired done. Elihu had snapped thrice at them, thinking a wet cap might be exploded by overhauling. All nonsense, he ought to have kept his powder dry, and he a professor of wood-craft, even had he swam the Sam Brash. I commenced re loading, while Elihu advanced slowly to the top of a ridge. I saw him look steadily over, thinking wisely that the deer would stop in the dell beyond. His rifle then was brought slowly to his face, but no report came except that of the cap. The powder in the rifle had become wet. He at once retreated a few steps down the ridge, and beckoned me towards him.

"Thar' ar' two, side and side by that huge pine over beyond, go and try 'em, my gun is doused, they are frightened into a stand still, give 'em it; that doe is yours, I saw her tail whisk as you fired," he said.

I crept softly up the ridge, but no deer were there. We followed on until my steps were arrested by my companion.

"Are your nerves steady, Snow-storm? enquired he, "I can give you a long shot if you like, don't you see't?" I could discover nothing on all sides "Hyar, down in that swale—do you see his ears over that log," said he, pointing far down the dell. Then I could barely make out the two large ears of the deer thrown towards us. "He is watching us, can you bring him?"

"Rather tickl'sh that, try Mozambique yourself."

"Not I, my gun won't go, and I won't miss my first shot."

"Will he let me get nearer?"

"Not he, fire up from the mark."

I drew my rifle down between his ears, a thing unusual, for we generally take it up to the level, and discharged it carelessly

"You have hit either him or some other, for I saw a pair of heels take a devil of a twist in the air. This is good luck. The ball opens well."

"All chance," said I, "and I think I must have hit some other deer."

On going up we found a fawn lying with a bullet hole through the loin and it was not assuredly the one with the large ears.

The storm increased apace, and the night was coming on with the rush of a thunder cloud—Something was to be done, as it would not be safe to sleep in the woods for fear of falling trees. We at once made up our minds to push for an old lumber shanty two miles away. Elihu tied the four legs of the fawn together and swung it over his shoulders—we found his pack, with which I encumbered myself pedlar fashion, and casting a look at the track of the doe at which I had fired, where we found a trail of blood, we lost no time in proceeding towards our place of destination, leaving all other matters for the morrow. We got lost in the point of a swamp, and such huge labor as I had with the pack, I never wish to find in the woods again. Night found us in the midst of the fastness, toiling over fallen trees and through perfect sloughs of despond; Elihu beginning to get angry, and to call down all manner of bad luck upon the fawn on his shoulders, and on his own thick head, eyes, and all else beside. We were finally obliged to halt, but not in despair. Our blood was getting up, and if we travelled until dawn, we were determined not to be overcome by circumstances. A good determination: test it ye who are beginning to despond, and drink yourselves dead with brandy, new whiskey, or any other grist with which you can supply your mill. We took refuge under the lee of an old upturned root, and prepared to examine our compasses. By obtaining the dry inside bark of the cedar, we soon lighted a flambeau with a conveyve match, and ascertained that the wind had changed, and that we were penetrating still deeper in a horrible swamp known to us of old. The plan we now adopted was for one of us to sit stil facing the northward, while the other advanced some two hundred yards, and by calling to each other often we could keep the one in advance in a right direction. Well for us this expedient was resorted to, as even Elihu made some most unaccountable hitches in his course, sometimes even doubling on his track. In some two or three hours unheard of labor and vexation we at length heard the rushing waters of the "*branch*," and soon afterwards found the dilapidated old shanty. It was merely roof-ed, and you might throw a dog through any of the interstices between the logs Our blood was however up, and we looked upon its accommodations with grim defiance. We attempted to light a fire, hewing down the inside of the shanty, with our tomahawks for the purpose. We had it all nicely kindled, and were about congratulating ourselves on this mine of good fortune, when something like a whirlwind came on—the kindled brands were taken up over the roof while Elihu was assaging them, and he himself appearing to go up in the general conflagration. In fact I might have supposed him in some place over the shanty, making a sky market of himself in the fitful illumination, had I not heard directly afterwards a harsh grating of the teeth, a passion-ate scrimble for his tomahawk, and then a repetition of the most astounding strokes ever witnessed outside the limits of an Indian ambuscade. All would not do. We could not light no fire, and after partaking of our dinner in silence and silence, save the sound of the sweeping night wind, and the distant crash of falling timber, we prepared to lie down in our blankets.

"This is a shanty, I tell ye," growled Elihu, with the gruff voice of his mother in the most ill.—"but if the cussed place is not jammed down into sogdologies before morning, and us under it, I will blow it sky high with a half canister of powder, burn up what remains of it, and dance on its ruins, or else I'm a Dutchman."

I attempted a sickly laugh but could not make a finish, and wrapping myself in my blanket, with one point drawn over my head, I soon dreamed away all trouble, and awoke from a wolf's howling at the dawning, refreshed and invigorated to follow out the destinies of another day.

If this account does not satisfy you, Mr Editor, I will give you another *time as long* when we return from another trip, on which we set out to-morrow. Mingo runs, tell you the remainder of the last.

CINNA.

Prescott, 2nd December, 1844.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE.

The Principal of the Upper Canada College has deemed it necessary to publish the following notification:

Toronto, *November* 27, 1844.

As the scarlet fever is prevailing in town, and has within the last few days made its appearance in the College Boarding-House, it has been considered right, in compliance with the unanimous recommendation of the medical gentlemen in attendance, to close the College for a time. But *four* cases of scarlet fever have recurred in the College Boarding-House: one proved fatal: the other three were mild attacks—a proposition sincerely hoped, when it is considered that in *single families* great numbers have been attacked and fallen victims to this epidemic.

The late one is, I believe, the only instance of death from any cause, which has occurred among the pupils on the College premises, during the *fifteen* years the Institution has existed, in which period *nine hundred* boys have been entered on the books.

I here feel myself bound to state, in the most unqualified terms, that the thanks of all are due to the Master and Matron of the Boarding House, (Mr. and Mrs Cosens,) for their unceasing and personal attention to the invalids. Each boy must have felt from the first moment till the last, that the Boarding-House was to him, all through his illness, a home, second only to the paternal roof.

Of the reopening of the College due notice will be given in the public newspapers.

(Signed) F. W. BARRON,
Principal, Upper Canada College.

☞ Fire.—On Friday evening, the 22d ult., about 6 o'clock, a fire broke out in the house of Mr. Laidlaw, Tailor, Dundas, which for some time threatened great destruction of property. The engine and fire company were quickly on the spot, and by their exertion the fire was prevented from spreading. Mr. Moxley's and Mr. Ross's house were in imminent danger, but fortunately escaped. The rear of Mr. Laidlaw's house was entirely consumed, with a considerable quantity of property. The fire originated by some sparks falling under the staircase, down an old flue.—The house is in such a dangerous state that no insurance can be effected upon it.

A daring robbery took place in Dundas during the progress of the fire. The Soap and Candle Manufactory belonging to Mr. Patterson, was entered through the window, by a man named Patrick Lambert. On the men returning from the fire, he attempted to escape from the premises; he was seized, he then feigned to be drunk. He was placed in Mr. Bamberger's during the night, and next morning lodged in our District goal to await his trial at the next assizes.

PUBLIC MEETING AT GANANOQUE.

At a meeting of the Inhabitants of Gananoque and its vicinity, held at Gananoque on the 19th of November, 1844, Wm. S. Macdonald, Esq., in the Chair, and Thomas L. Wood, Secretary of the meeting, to take into consideration the propriety of Petitioning the Legislature to improve the navigation of the Gananoque and Wiltse waters, the following Resolutions were unanimously adopted:

1st. *Resolved*, That the improvement of the navigation of the Gananoque and Wiltse waters so as to afford a free and easy passage into the interior for Steamboats of small size and other craft, would be a great Public benefit, by opening up the resources of a fertile tract of country in which are many excellent water privileges, at present in their inaccessible situation nearly valueless; it would bring into market and cultivation large tracts of wild land by affording an easy ingress and egress to and from them, which cannot be done by road, the section of country being so much cut up by lakes, which renders it admirably adapted for water communication and conveyance, it would open a direct, cheap, and easy conveyance for Lumber from the extensive forests in the interior, and a direct, easy route for the travelling community to and from the interior, afford a fair and reasonable prospect of using to advantage the valuable minerals supposed to exist in abundance in the immediate neighborhood of the proposed navigation and its tributary streams.

2nd, *Resolved*, That a humble petition based on the foregoing Resolution be presented to the different branches of the Legislature at its session, praying that Government may be pleased to direct a Survey of the said waters to be made by a competent person, and a report and estimate of the probable expenses of making the said waters navigable, and if found practicable that a law be passed authorising the work to go on.

3d. *Resolved*, That Joel D. Parmenter, John Hiscocks, and Ephraim Webster, be appointed to correspond with the inhabitants in rear of Leeds and Lansdown, Yonge, Bastard, and Crosby, acquainting them with the views and proceedings of this Meeting, and soliciting their co-operation in furthering the object in view.

4th. *Resolved*, That Joel D. Parmenter, John Hiscocks, and Ephraim Webster, be requested to draft the Petition alluded to, and procure signatures to the same; that they also be authorised to forward the Petition to Ogle R. Gowan, Esq., Member for Leeds, to be brought before the Legislature.

5th. *Resolved*, That the Brockville Recorder, and Statesman newspapers be requested to give the foregoing Resolutions an insertion in their respective papers.

Moved, that Wm. S. Macdonald, Esq., do leave the Chair, and John McEwen, Esq., take it.

Moved, that the thanks of the meeting be given to the Chairman and Secretary. Carried.

Signed, WM. S. MACDONALD,
Chairman.

Thomas L. Wood,
Secretary.

Chili.—We are in receipt of files of the "Gaceta del Comercio," from Valparaiso. In the latter numbers we find little of interest, but in looking over some of the earliest dates, we find an account of the festivities held on the last anniversary of the independence of the United States, by the American citizens at Valparaiso. The declaration of Independence was first read, and at the dinner which succeeded toasts were given in the memory of the great and good of our revolutionary sires. What, however, struck us among the many patriotic toasts, as bordering upon the ridiculous, was one, "to the memory of the immortal names of Washington, Bolivar, and O'Higgins." A decided sliding scale of immortality, in our opinion.—[*Philadelphia U. S. Gazette.*

Office of the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery,
Montreal, 30th Nov., 1844.

His Excellency the Governor General has been pleased to call to the Legislative Council of this Province, the Honorable John Neilson and James Morris, Esquire.

Crown Lands Department,
Montreal, 30th Nov., 1844.

List Number One, of Militiamen whose rights to the bounty awarded by the Proclamation of the 20th February, 1844, and the public notice of the same date have been admitted.

Tuesdays and Fridays, (to commence on Tuesday, the 10th December,) are the only days on which the delivery of Scrip will take place, from ten o'clock in the morning, till three in the afternoon.

The delivery will be confined to the cases comprised in the present list, or in such other lists as may subsequently be published.*

* Note.—The names will be found in the supplement to the Canada Gazette, of November, 30.

Secretary's Office,
Montreal, 30th Nov., 1844.

His Excellency the Governor General has been pleased to make the following appointments, viz:—

John B. Marks and Robert S. Atcheson, Esq's., to be Inspectors of the Provincial Penitentiary, in place of Etienne Perent and George Desbarats, Esquires, left the District.

Arrivals in Kingston.

AT DALEY'S BRITISH AMERICAN HOTEL.

Mr. Henry Bostwick, Montreal; Mr. Johnson, Montreal; Mr. Davidson, Quebec; Mr. Lord, Cobourg; Mr. J. Henry, Prescott; Mr. Sanderson, Brockville; William Notman, Dundas, C. D.; Mr. Courtland Freer, Quebec; Mr. Williams, do Mr. Strong, Niagara; Mr. W. Wakeman, Ogdensburgh; Mr. B. Hutchins, Montreal; Mr. Macdonald, Glengarry.

AT WEEKS'S LAMBTON HOUSE HOTEL.

John Henderson, Adolphustown; Thomas Henderson, Darlington; F. Douglass, Demorestville; H. McFaul, Demorestville; James Thompson, Oswego; D. Gudsell, Port Hope, J. Hammond, Montreal; G. H. James, Montreal; L. C. Bruton, London; Thomas Field, Dundas; John Howard, and Lady, Dundas; W. M. Burdon, Smith's Falls; Donald MacNee, Montreal; Thomas Putnam, Cape Vincent.

NOTICE.

A MEETING of the Committee appointed for furthering the means of opening a Road in the rear of this District to the Ottawa, and preparing Petitions to the Legislature, is requested to take place at the Court House on MONDAY next, at 12 o'clock.

JOHN R. FORSYTH,
Chairman.

Kingston, Dec. 5th, 1844.

IN BANKRUPTCY.

Midland District, } In the matter of
To Wit: } Joseph B. Hall,
a Bankrupt.

It is ordered that the adjourned Second Meeting of the Creditors of the said Bankrupt, advertized to be held this day, be further adjourned until *Monday, the sixteenth day of December next*, at the office of the Judge of the District Court of the Midland District, in the Town of Kingston, at 12 o'clock noon.

Dated this 23rd day of November, A. D., 1844.

(Signed)
STAFFORD F. KIRKPATRICK,
Associate Judge District Court, Mid. Dist.
C. A. SADLIER.

MASONIC FESTIVAL AND BALL,

St. John's Day, Dec. 27th, 1844,
AT THE TOWN HALL.

TICKETS WILL BE ISSUED BY THE COMMITTEE.

Reception to commence at 9 o'clock, precisely.

Dancing at half-past 9.

By order of the Worshipful Master,
Wardens and Brethren,
SAM'L SHAW,
Secretary.

St. John's Lodge No. 5, of Kingston, 2d December, 1844.

This early notice is given to enable Brethren at a distance to attend.

FOR SALE OR TO LET,

THE FARM, Lot No. 12, on the East side of the Great Cataraqui River, Township of Pittsburgh, within one mile of the Village of Barriefield; containing upwards of 100 Acres, 60 of which are in a state of cultivation. On the front of the Lot is a New Frame House, filled in with Brick, and painted: 33 feet by 22 feet. Also, a New Frame Barn, 53 feet by 32 feet.

Immediate possession can be given.

Terms can be known by application to the Subscriber, at Point Henry, or at the Office of the *British Whig*.

GEORGE HART.

Kingston, December 4th, 1844.

CAUTION.

ALL persons are hereby forbid purchasing a Note given by the Subscriber and his Mother to John McGann, dated about the middle of April last, for the sum of £33, as he has received no value for, and will not pay the said Note.

JOHN DOYLE.

Township of Kingston, Dec. 6th, 1844. } 3i-97

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

TO BE SOLD BY
PUBLIC AUCTION.

AT the Court House, in the town of Kingston, on SATURDAY the 16th day of November next, the following very valuable property, being that part of Lots numbers 2 and 3, west side of the Great Cataraqui River, containing by admeasurement of Publius V. Elmore, D. P. S., 104 acres, more or less, now in the occupation of Anthony Manahan, Esq.

Also,—Lot No. 41, Fourth concession, township of Kingston, containing 160 acres.

Lot No. 21 in the 6th concession, township of Loborough, 200 acres.

Also,—The centre 100 acres of Lot No. 4, in the 4th concession, and Lot No. 15 in the 7th concession, township of Kingston, Western Addition. Also all the right, title and interest of the said Anthony Manahan, in Town Lots Nos. 107, 110, and 395.

The entire of the above desirable property will be sold on the day appointed, without any reserve, and an undisputable title will be given.

Terms of payment made known at the time of Sale.

Further information as to particulars, may be obtained by application to James Morton, Esq., Charles Stuart, Esq. office at the Court House, or to the Subscriber.

THOMAS GREER,
Auctioneer.

Kingston, Oct., 30, 1844.

The above Sale is Postponed until MONDAY, 2nd December next, at the same hour and place.

T. GREER.

Kingston, Nov. 11, 1844.

The above Sale is further postponed until SATURDAY, the 21st instant, at the same hour and place.

THOMAS GREER.

Kingston, Dec., 3d, 1844.

GOVERNMENT NOTICE.

Commissariat,
2nd December, 1844.

TENDERS will be received at this Office on the 11th instant, until one o'clock, P. M., from any person or persons willing to enter into a Contract for Supplying and Delivering, subject to approval, the undermentioned Stores:

To be delivered within 6 days from the date of agreement.	For the Service of the Store-keeper's Department at the Ordnance Depot, Point Henry,—Kingston,	444 bushels Sea Coal.
	Hides, Black, light,	6
	Leather: Brown, heavy stout,	6

Timber, Boards, Pine, feet:	1 inch	10,000,
	3-4 "	5,000,
	5-8 "	3,000,
	1-2 "	5,000.

The Timber to be 12 feet long, and the Boards not less than 12 inches broad, of the best quality, (the heart cut of the tree not admissable) to be delivered within two months from the date of agreement, at the Ordnance Depot, Point Henry, Kingston.

Rates to be stated in Currency.

No Tender will be received that shall not be executed on a Printed form, which will be given on application at this Office, or that should not bear the actual signature of the party making it, as well as the real signatures of two persons willing to enter into a Bond with the principal for the due and faithful performance of such Contract as may be entered into.

Payment will be made by an Ordnance Draft on the Commissariat Chest, payable at the option of the Senior Commissariat Officer in Dollars at 5s. 1d. Currency each, or in Bank Notes at 21s. 4d. Currency per £ Sterling.

Whig, Chronicle, News.

WANTED.

A YOUNG MAN, as Salesman, at Haines, Foster, & Co.'s, Drapers, Princess Street, Kingston.

JOHN MARIA FARINA,

THE oldest distiller of the genuine EAU DE COLOGNE, 22, Rhine Street, Cologne, begs to inform the Public, that in order to prevent the frequent impositions which occur from the large quantity of imitation of his EAU DE COLOGNE which is shipped to the Colonies & Foreign Possessions