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The British Whig,

AND GENERAL ADVERTISER FOR CANADA WEST.

"OPIFER PER ORBEM DICOR."

VOL. XVIII. KINGSTON, CANADA, FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 25, 1849. NO. 20.

Extracts from late English Papers.

From the Edinburgh Mercury, March 5.

GARRISON THEATRICALS—THEATRE ROYAL.

On Friday evening the officers of the garrison gave a dramatic entertainment for the benefit of the Royal Infirmary, and their efforts were ably recorded by the public, for every part of the theatre was occupied at considerably enhanced prices. The box circle presented a most lively appearance, and the uniforms of many gallant warriors heightened the brilliancy of the *coup d'œil*. The half of the pit nearest the stage was marked off into stalls, a number of which were occupied by the pupils of the Naval and Military Academy. Before the performances commenced, and when the whole house had been wrought up to a high pitch of curiosity and excitement, one of the gallant amateurs—Captain Verner of the 21st Fusiliers—came forward and spoke a witty prologue with happy effect.—The performances commenced shortly after eight.

The first piece was "Charles the Second," the subject of which is a nocturnal adventure of the merry Monarch, and the witty Rochester. Captain Verner played the King with much spirit and considerable dramatic effect, and Mr. Verner acted the part of Rochester very creditably. The old Inn-keeper, Capt. Copp, was played by Mr. Dickens, and sustained with an equality and a completeness in the part we could hardly expect in an amateur. His acting was natural, lively, and free from awkwardness, or even the appearance of effort, and in excellent keeping with the character. With a well assumed nautical spirit, he combined the jollity of mine host, as was just such as we would like and expect to find in real life, although perhaps without the artificial dash often given on the stage. The next performance was an interlude, full of domestic incident, called "My Wife's Second Floor," and the many little jealousies and cross purposes that follow in such rapid succession, occasioned no little fun. In this piece Mr. Dickens played Jacob Close, and here he assumed the part and station of "boots" with great apparent ease and gave excellent comic effect to this humorous but tactium character. Captain Spring, as Captain Topheavy, and Mr. Verner, as Mr. Felix Toddle, the artist, played with much spirit, and in this as well as in other pieces the gallant amateurs vastly improved as they gained increased confidence. The last was the well known farce of "The Irish Tutor," and Mr. Shawe's Terry O'Rourke alias Dr. O'Toole, was a most humorous and well sustained bit of comic acting. The brogue was given with all the liveliness of accent and vivacity of a native, and the petulance and admirable self-possession of the so-called doctor, who with an education for the table, pared his wit with as much coolness as if it had been the wisdom of the chair, and shewed more aptitude as a "Jack of all Trades," than "Jarmin," for a master of arts, were given with keen humor and effect, and provoked incessant laughter. The flagellating pedagogue, Dr. O'Flad, was given very successfully by Captain Adye, while the other parts were well filled by Captain Spring and Mr. Barnard. The ladies who supported the military amateurs gained no small share in the honors and applause. Miss Coveney's performance of Mary Copland in the first piece, was sprightly and clever, while in the second, the impetuous and agitated Mrs. Topheavy and Fanny Maylove were played by Miss Clever and Miss Vavasch, with great vivacity and point, and in the last Mrs. Evanns and Mrs. Webb, both sustained their parts with becoming effect. The audience were in good spirits throughout the evening, scarcely one having left to the conclusion, and really the whole went off better than we could have anticipated, and was more free of those superfluities and deficiencies that are generally found, although gratuitously considered in amateur efforts of this kind. The liberality of the officers in devoting the proceeds, which will be very considerable, to the Royal Infirmary will no doubt be fully appreciated, while the success of their entertainment must be highly gratifying to themselves, and we doubt not they will join with Portia's generous sentiment, "He is well paid who is well satisfied."

At the close of the performances, the amateurs and the officers of the garrison, boys, and artillery, adjourned to Tait's New Royal Hotel, where an excellent supper was provided by Mr. Tait. Mr. James Bennett, of the Theatre Royal, whose laudable exertions in support of the object for which the performances of the night were set on foot we feel great pleasure in recognising, was among the guests. After the usual loyal toasts were drank, Captain Verner proposed the health of Mr. Bennett, and after adverting to the praiseworthy manner in which he had proffered his services, and the great benefit and assistance derived from him by the performers, presented him in the name of the amateurs with a very handsome silver snuff-box, manufactured by Mr. Marshall, 41, George Street, for the occasion, with the following inscription:—"Presented to Mr. James Bennett by the amateurs for his kind and disinterested assistance on the occasion of Garrison Theatricals in aid of the funds of the Royal Infirmary." Edinburgh, March 2, 1849. To this Mr. Bennett responded in a feeling and appropriate speech. The health of the ladies who assisted that evening was then proposed by one of the amateurs, who requested Mr. Bennett to convey to them the expression of their thanks for the patient and kind attention they had throughout displayed, and for their zealous cooperation, to which they felt the kind reception they had met with was in a great measure owing.

THE CANADIAN QUESTION IN ENGLAND.

From the London Times, April 23.

Were we disposed to surrender our unqualified credulity to the rumors and vaticinations of the Canadian journalists, or of their brethren in the United States, we should at once pronounce that Canada was on the verge of another insurrection, and that the moment of her final separation from England had all but arrived. We are too well acquainted with the fervour of colonial journalism, and the imaginativeness of American ambition, not to deduct much from the exaggerations of Transatlantic description and abate more from the menaces of Transatlantic prediction.

Still, taking the most moderate and the most inoffensive view of the crisis, we must admit that it is a very striking, even it is not a dangerous one. We are accustomed to be regarded steadily and boldly by our adversaries, especially by the advocates "responsible government for the colonies." It is a dilemma such as illustrates the difficulty of colonial policy more clearly than any could have done. It shows the liabilities of faction, made more bitter by the susceptibilities of race; a constitutional right compelling to a factious triumph, and a constitutional triumph announced as a provincial insult. It is aggravated by exhibiting a state of storm, extending to our Indian Islands, which, so far as we can judge, promptness and unity their bitterest foes, and such readiness to forget passed Lord Elgin's offences that the election seems to be certain.—*London Times.*

[illegible] IT SOUND.—A country postmaster showed a friend of ours the other day a parcel just received from Montreal, containing printed copies of an introduction or exemption in the enactment. Neither can it be said that its authors have trenched upon the prerogatives of the Imperial Executive. It is a money bill of the Provincial Legislature, proposing to appropriate provincial funds for provincial purposes. There is not, on the face of it, a constitutional pretext for the Governor's withholding his assent. Whatever be its ultimate end—[illegible] mischief, it presents no tangible grounds of imperial disallowance. Yet, though this be the case—though the success of the bill is the simple fruit of parliamentary privilege exercised in the ordinary way—it has thrown the whole colony into a fever of turmoil, tumult, confusion and dismay. The beaten party avenges by violence out of Parliament the defeat which it has sustained in Parliament. Mobs are assembled in the streets of Toronto and Montreal; members of the triumphant faction are assaulted and burnt in effigy; monster meetings are held, at which resolutions, of more than Irish "vigor," are passed with more than Irish enthusiasm; the English city cry out that they are handed over slaves and victims to a French cabal; loyalists exclaim that they are betrayed into the hands of democrats and annexationists; and, by way of mending their grievances, loyalists and Englishmen call for a separation from the English Crown and annexation to the American Republic.

We have already shown that those who have introduced this bill for indemnifying the East Canadians for the losses which they suffered in the rebellion have not acted without a precedent. A measure precisely similar to this was carried under Lord Metcalfe's government for indemnifying those who had suffered the same loss in Upper Canada West. So far the proposal is one of apparent fairness and justice. But there is a striking distinction between the two cases.—The majority of the inhabitants of Canada West were loyal; the majority of those in Canada East were disloyal. The indemnity in the former case was awarded to those who had fought on the side of the Government; the indemnity in the latter will be granted to those who fought against it. This is not easily to be avoided; for, though the taken in arms and convicted of sedition will be specially excluded from the benefits of the act, still its provisions must, perforce, include many whose heartiest sympathies, and, in some cases, open assistance, were given to the avowed enemies of the British Crown. Nor is this the worst point of the case. The act does not merely contemplate paying loyal money to unconvicted rebels, but it further contemplates paying English money to a French faction. This is, after all, the rankling and galling fact. A compromise might have been effected between two extreme English parties; but what compromise can be effected between two hostile and alien races, cooped up in the angry form of one legislature? The antipathies of race long survive the antipathies of party. It was hardly to be expected that even a wise and politic measure, like the union of the two Canadas, would bring forth its expected fruits at once. Sooner or later some cause of dissatisfaction must have arisen; sooner or later a trial of strength must have come; sooner or later a lesson of mutual forbearance must have been taught to each by some tough and desperate struggle. In our opinion, far greater danger would have arisen from its delay than from its precipitation. As it is, the collision occurs ere time has augmented the numbers, consolidated the strength, confirmed the prejudices, hardened the antipathies, and organized the resources of the two contending parties, beyond all hopes of reconciliation and all means of compromise. Difficult as this latter are, they are not as yet impossible.

There arise two questions of immediate importance:—What will Lord Elgin do?—What will the Canadians do? Lord Elgin had not given his assent to the bill when the packet sailed. It was said he waited for instructions. His dilemma is at once strange and ample rant. If he objects the bill he affronts his Parliament, and contravenes the constitution of the province. If he sanctions sanctions it he affronts the aggregate majority of the people, and offends the loyalty of the English. Should he hesitate trace in the management of his majesty any deliberate scheme for involving the colony in a fresh insurrection, or an underhand plan for disgusting the English inhabitants, and thus compassing a "repeal of the union" between the eastern and western provinces, he will be fully justified in exercising the power of the veto, and dismissing his ministry. If, on the other hand, he believes the measure to be honest, just, and necessary, then he must encounter all risks of unpopularity, and even of civil tumult, rather than break his pledge as the representative of a constitutional sovereign, and neglect his duty as administrator of constitutional government.

What will the Canadians do? It is easy to gather from the Transatlantic journals that, notwithstanding this victory, the French party is as discontented as the English; its plans have not been uniformly successful; its leaders have failed in carrying their reform of the representation, on which they counted for increasing and confirming their predominance, and talk loudly of the perils which threaten their "nationality." They call out for their own laws, habits, and government; they bemoan the destiny which subjugates 700,000 Frenchmen to the Saxon yoke, just as loudly as the 750,000 sons of British race complain of their own subjection to French insolence. While the French clamour is "Repeal the Union," the British thunder out "Annex us to the States." The French forget that, were the union repealed, it would be no such easy matter to raise an indemnity of £100,000; and the British shut their eyes to the glaring certainty that the loyalty of which they are so proud would suffer more from Yankee Annexation than it ever has from French amalgamation. We suspect, indeed, that the vehement inconsistency of these clamors, and the unregulated fervor of this excitement, may be attributed to no inconsiderable fusion of the Irish element. This suspicion is rather confirmed than otherwise by occasional intimations which we receive of visits with which Canada may expect to be favored by independent and unauthorized troops of extra-provincial sympathizers. Certainly, to those whose blustering menaces were so indiscriminately delivered last autumn in Ireland an opportunity like this, of getting up a little war on their own account, in a province but scarcely provided with troops, must be amazingly tempting. But, unless we are mistaken, they will find their match, and more than their match, in the province. Notwithstanding the temporary retrangement and discussions to which commercial stagnation and the changes in our own fiscal system may have mainly contributed, we are convinced that the majority of the English (if not of the English and Irish) population in Canada are attached to the imperial crown and English institutions; we are convinced that they will secent and resist any attempts to dismember the province or the empire; and that they appreciate aright the fears of those who talk of some 700,000 French *habitans* establishing a perpetual dominion over the growing and expanding body of English colonists. For the rest we must trust to the discretion of Lord Elgin and the resolution of the English Parliament.

A GHOST IN LOVE.—The *Abeille Canadienne* tells the following story:—"A few nights ago a worthy farmer, living near Yeoux, who has lately become a widower, was aroused at midnight by the loud barking of his dog. On going to it the animal displayed extreme terror, whereupon the farmer took his gun and proceeded to an inspection. All at once he saw a horrid phantom, clothed in a white sheet, rise behind the hedge. The farmer turned deadly pale, and his limbs shook with dismay. He, however, contrived to ejaculate, 'If you come from God, speak; if from the Devil, vanish!' 'Wretch!' exclaim the phantom, 'I am your deceased wife, come from the grave to warn you not to marry Marie A——, to whom you are making love. She is unworthy to share your bed. The only woman to succeed me is my bed. Marry her, or persecution and Hennie B——. Marry her, or persecution and eternal torment shall be your doom!' This strange address from the goblin, instead of dismaying the farmer, restored his courage. He accordingly rushed on the ghostly visitor, and, stripping off its sheet, discovered the fair Henriette B——here it appears that the girl's trick, too had the bans [illegible] excessively foolish. It is said that the affair [illegible] ing, the girl's trick, too had the bans submit to [illegible] ringe with her." and in the press [illegible] generally found in the house—house? Why,

☞ AN INSOLVENT'S LUXURY.—Last week Mr. W. H. Curran, one of the Commissioners of the Insolvent Court, Ireland, remanded a petitioner, because he had not paid his subscription for his Newspaper—at the same time ruling "that a Newspaper was a luxury."—The Insolvent was about to be sent to prison, when he explained that there could be no luxury in the case, the Newspaper in question being the *Standard*. The Commissioner at once reversed the sentence, and discharged the poor man with many expressions of heartfelt compassion.—*Punch.*

☞ NEW YORK RIOTS.—Verdict of the Coroner's Jury.—The Jury in the case of the unfortunate victims who fell during the Astor Place riot, after a long consultation, have rendered a verdict that the persons killed came to their deaths by gunshot wounds, fired by the military during the riot before the Opera House, on the evening of 10th May, inst., by order of the civil authorities of the City of New York, and that the circumstances existing at the time justified the authorities in giving the order to fire upon the mob. They further believe, that if a larger number of the Police had been ordered out, the necessity of the resort to the military might have been avoided.

BRITISH WHIG.

"Opifer per Orbem Dicor."

TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 22d, 1849.

A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

NO. II.

TORONTO, May 12, 1849.

Toronto is a most magnificent city; not so much so on account of its size or population, both very respectable; but from its situation, its buildings, its enterprise, and its riches.—King Street is a street that may vie with any in America, Broadway alone excepted; few are so regularly built, and none are longer or straighter; not even in that right-angled city of brotherly love, Philadelphia. It is upwards of seven years since I was last in Toronto, and I found at every step so much novel to admire and gaze at, that when I sit down to pen what I have seen, I hardly know where to begin.

The ruins of the recent fire cover a large space in the very centre of the city. Unlike Kingston and other towns, where the debris of a like devastation remain on the ground for a generation to wonder at, workmen in every direction are busy rebuilding what has been destroyed, and in less time than can be well imagined, the whole of the space of four blocks will be covered with first class elegant buildings. A fire in Toronto does not seem to be looked upon as any thing very remarkable, and it scarcely excites the attention of a crowd. Yesterday in the middle of the day, a fire took place at the edge of the vacancy created by the recent conflagration, at which five houses were burnt down to the ground. There was no excitement in the city; the tradesmen and laborers at the new buildings continued at their work; the cabs and carts plied in the streets as usual; and the ladies in King Street continued their shopping—all this while, a fierce and active fire was raging in full sight, scarcely three streets off! The cels get used to skinning, and the Torontowegians, in like manner pay little attention to fires. I saw a few lines about the fire in one of to-day's papers, but I have scarcely heard a syllable about it in private conversation.

Hotels for travellers in Toronto are not numerous. There are but three first class houses in it; the Wellington Hotel, Iste Ontario House, the Western Hotel, and the American Hotel. The British Coffee House, the North American, and Macdonald's Hotel are all shut up or discontinued as Hotels. Mr. Inglis keeps the Wellington, Mr. Rennie keeps the American, and Mr. Murphy keeps the Western; they are all three good houses and appear to be well kept—the American particularly so—and are a credit to this rising city.—Of other houses of public entertainment, there are a great many—the Phœnix, a species of Club House; Mr. Beverley's Cigar Divan, Mr. Hayward's Lyceum, and others. There is certainly no want of public accommodation in this, the most thoroughly English town in all British North America. The shops are more like London shops than any I have met with out of the great metropolis, and every thing here tends to remind me of Home. Even the carts and the cabs are different in shape from those of Montreal and Kingston, and are English in appearance and usefulness. It would be an excellent thing if the Kingston Corporation would take a hint from their Toronto Brothers, and compel the Kingston Carters to furnish themselves with vehicles like those of Toronto. The Toronto carts are stronger and better adapted for the conveyance of loads; and the cabs are lighter, handsomer, and much easier to draw. The lighting of the shops and streets with gas gives a brilliant appearance to the city at night; an advantage which I trust will be soon shared with Kingston.

The reproach of vandalism so long bestowed upon Toronto, for want of a Theatre, is now at an end, for Mr. Hayward, of the Lyceum Saloon, has recently leased a very elegant and convenient place of public amusement in King Street. At present it is tenanted by the Company performing lately in Kingston, but the same causes which prevented their success there, will hinder them from doing well here. The people of Canada want and will have better actors than those who stroll from Yankee land; and it is not sufficient that one or two good artists should be in a Company, but that all should attain mediocrity at the very least. Let this be attended to, and dramatic performances will become as much in fashion in Canada, as they are in London or New York. The Hauser Family of Vocalists are in Toronto. They have given three Concerts to crowded houses here, and are now on the wing for Coburg and Kingston. These singers are Tyrolese and warble the native airs of their own mountains with much sweetness. I can prophesy that and draw better than more accomplished musicians. They are five in number and consist of three men and two women, all young people. Like all the Tyrolese, they sing well together, keep most accurate time, and blend their voices very prettily. One of the young women (Miss Teresa) possesses an excellent soprano voice, & does the yodeling of the Tyrol music very charmingly; she is a great favorite here, and her songs have been nightly encored. At the Concert given by these folks at the Temperance Hall last night, all the world was there—the Chief Justice, the Sheriff, the Mayor, and all the big people; and as a matter of course, the Hall, large as it is, was crowded to suffocation. When the same folks sing at the Court House in Kingston, who knows but that thirty or forty may be the audience? I think however, differently, and as I said before, they will prove a great attraction. They propose to sing in Kingston next week.

The same fierce steamboat Opposition which prevails at the lower end of the lake, is in equal activity at the upper. Tickets from Toronto to Oswego, Rochester, Niagara and Hamilton, in first class vessels, are sold for a song, and when they can't be sold, they are given away. The *New Era* left for Hamilton yesterday morning with crowded decks, taking away with her, as one of her officers said, "all the passengers;" but when the *Eclipse* left some few hours afterwards for the same place, she was if possible, more crowded with human beings than the *New Era*. Proving very clearly, that if steamboat owners will but reduce their fares to the capacity of the public purses, they will soon change the stay-at-home Upper Canadians into a travelling community. I feel persuaded that these important gentry, the aforesaid steamboat owners, have been all wrong in the framing of their steamboat tariffs; they have striven to obtain the greatest amount of profits, and they have adopted the principle of buying off opposition, and putting on high fares; instead of allowing as many boats as possible to run, and by encouraging travelling, earn more money. And the danger now is, that when the present quarrel terminates, the growing passion for travelling will be checked for years to come, by the reimposition of extravagant rates. I met to-day an old Kingston friend who has settled in Toronto, and I asked him when he meant to re-visit his old friends. "I would go down this summer," he said, "were I sure the present opposition would last; I could afford to pay two dollars a head, for self and wife, servant and 3 children; but with my limited income, I can't afford to pay twice that sum, and so, I shall probably have to stay at home." Hundreds agree in the same opinion; and Messrs. Bethune, Hamilton, Dick and Sutherland would do well to take this subject into their most attentive consideration. If with low rates the steamboat owners can gratify themselves and the public, at one and the same time, they are very blameable if they do not do it. I am no advocate for depressing rates, or senseless opposition; but I am firmly of opinion, that a permanent low Steamboat Tariff would be the best for all parties concerned.

Toronto abounds in Cathedrals, Churches, and Chapels of all denominations; I counted twenty-two in number, and probably I missed some. The population is less than twenty-four thousand, which is one place of worship to every eleven hundred souls of men, women and children. Many of these churches are very elegant edifices, and contribute greatly to adorn the city. The people must either be very pious, or very wicked—there is no medium. The old city of London within its small limits contains 97 churches, while many a rural population in the West of England, of the same extent has scarcely a couple of clergymen and as many churches to take care of all their souls. But this church building mania is a mere matter of taste, and if a weakness, is pardonable. The cathedral of St. James, now in ruins, will not be re-built on its present scite; that location is to be sold in lots, and the new church put up in the rear of where it stood. When completed, it will be one of the most imposing buildings of its kind on this continent. The principle of a Public Cemetry, like that of this city, might be adopted in Kingston with great advantage. About five years ago, the Congregation of St. James bought sixty-five acres of land, within a mile of the city. It was bought on a credit of ten years. It was then divided into a certain number of lots, eight feet square, some of which are sold, and most of the others are for sale. Fees were paid for casual interments, and the result is, that the lot of land is quite paid for, several buildings erected, and many improvements made. Only fifteen acres are used as the Cemetry, the other fifty acres being a Reserve. I had these particulars from Mr. Harris, the perpetual Church Warden of St. James, and he assured me, that a similar thing might be got up in Kingston without the outlay of a single shilling, and it certainly would prove of immense benefit to the community. Public Cemetrys are becoming quite common in all well regulated cities, and the desecration of a Church by the immediate vicinity of a charnel house would be no longer tolerated.

Judging from my own personal experience, the want of money is as severely felt here as in other places. All persons complain, and none look forward to any amendment of the times. The consequences of the Montreal Riots are deeply felt, and will be felt everywhere; for the blow to Canadian credit given in that turbulent city, has been the greatest disaster the Province has experienced for many years past. It will be but a proper retribution, if the Montrealers be locally taxed to make good the losses sustained, and when that is done, to add the taking away the Seat of Government to some better disposed and more peaceable locality. And with the per Province may once again assume its proper position in the affairs of Government, I conclude this long and tedious letter.

E. J. B.

A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

NO. III.

HAMILTON, May 16th, 1849.

* * * I went to Brantford yesterday, more for the purpose of seeing the far-famed country west of Hamilton, than for any legislative business. The day was particularly fine, the season delightful, and the drive altogether was one of the most pleasant ever enjoyed. The distance between Hamilton and Brantford is 24 miles, and the road thereto is partly macadamized and partly planked. The road for the first five miles lies under the mountain, as the heights round about Hamilton are so termed, and this portion of the country is certainly the richest, and apparently the most fertile, of any in this vicinity. About four miles from town, the road divides itself, one branch to the flourishing town of Dundas, seen very clearly in the valley below, and the other towards the mountain to Ancaster, one of the most romantically located villages in all Canada.—It is but three miles from the fork to the village on the top, all which length the road is ascending, and passes over ravines, and under hanging cliffs and rocks, of a very terrific nature. This portion of the road is macadamized, and is certainly very well made, but at a first prodigious cost. £10,000 are said to have been expended to Ancaster alone, and the remaining five miles, at £2000 per mile, a sum more than double what is now asked for like distances on ordinary levels. For instance the road from Hamilton to Stoney Creek, to the eastward, is now being macadamized, and its 7 miles are contracted for £7000, are one very difficult and troublesome piece has to be crossed on the way. The road to Ancaster is about as well made as that road to Stoney Creek appears to be infinitely better to Napanee from Kingston; but the new road graded the esther. The stone, or metal laid on these roads is of various kinds; granite, sandstone, limestone and shingle, the latter most abundant; but judging from occasional roughness, no kind, except the granite is preferable to the hard limestone used on the Napanee road.

Ancaster is a village of some five hundred inhabitants, in the midst of a most beautiful district, famous for its growth of wheat. It is not uncommon to see field after field, of 40 acres in extent, sown with Fall wheat, and comparatively early as the season is, to see these fields in perfect state of luxuriance, the green blade being from six to twelve inches high. Very little Spring wheat is sown hereabouts, the farmers complaining of its rusting, and looking upon the Fall sown grain as certain of a crop. The Ancaster Mills here are the property of James Russell, Esq., once of Kingston, and a most noble property they are.—The stream on which they are built is but a mountain torrent, but in its passage down the side of the mountain, it turns the machinery of several large establishments, the outside of which alone I had time to look at. Mr. Rosell owns a large Cloth Factory, with Carding Machines, and Fulling Mills, almost as capacious as Mr. McKechnie's at Cobourg, besides several minor affairs of a like nature; and his Grist Mills are two in number, one with three run of stones for manufacturing, and another with two run of stones, for custom work. These Mills, by the way, are for sale or lease, the infirm state of Mr. Russell's health arising from his recent severe misfortunes preventing him giving them that attention which their importance demands.—Ancaster has several taverns, two Churches, a Post Office, and all the etceteras of a Canadian village. The view from the top of the mountain towards the opposite heights, Flamboro' West in the distance, is really superb, and deserves all the encomiums so amply bestowed upon it. People from Hamilton and Toronto make parties of pleasure for the purpose of viewing this prospect, and I admire their taste in so doing. It is ten times as magnificent as the fashioned view from Richmond Hill, nearer home; and at this season of the year, when all nature is bursting into life, is almost as pleasing. The lovely villas which adorn the Thames are alone wanting to make it fully so.

From Ancaster to Brantford, 17 miles, the country is level, well settled, well cultivated, and imparts particularly rich. The soil is of a sandy, gravelly loam, with clay lands intermixed. I did not see a single piece of limestone along the whole route. The road crosses a piney and ridgy district, about 7 miles in extent, abounding in pines, and comparatively poorly cultivated; but really the difference between it and other parts of the country had to be pointed out to me before I could perceive it, when it became visible enough. This once formed part of what is still called "the Grand River Swamp," which when wholly cleared and settled, will be one of the best portions of the Gore District. The road for eleven miles hereabouts is planked, and the rest macadamized. This Plank Road is villainous, and travellers should be paid to travel on it, instead of paying for the privilege. Owing to imperfect grading, the planks are loose and nearly all afloat in mud and water; and although a horse and buggy can get over them very well, yet the springing of the planks and the splashing of the water and mud on the horse, vehicle and traveller, are enough to destroy all pleasure, and even to make one regret the occasional mud of the common road. About three miles of this road towards the Brantford end, are better, the soil being sandy; but the whole line of road requires to be re-planked, and the grading made more perfect. I paid several tolls between

Brantford is a handsome, large, and well laid out town, of between three and four thousand inhabitants, and built immediately on the banks of the Grand River. It is an incorporated town, but not a District Town, tho' evidently ambitious of the latter distinction. It seems to have more than the usual number of churches, and possesses a very neat Town Hall. Its chief advantage is a commercial point of view, is the Grand River and the Canal adjoining and connecting, which give a direct navigation to Buffalo and Lake Erie. At Brantford, the Grand River is narrow and shallow, but twelve miles lower down, if so long a circuit may be so termed, the stream is navigable for small steamers and barges. The Canal is made to connect this navigable part with Brantford, and the bend of the river is so tortuous, that to reach these twelve miles, it only requires about a mile and a half of canaling. From Brantford to Dunnville, at the mouth of the Grand River, which is also the Lake Erie entrance to the Welland Canal, the distance is 60 miles. There are no steamers regularly plying on this route, for business, even in this land of fertility and twlight, is so bad, as to check every thing like enterprise in new undertakings. I can say nothing of Brantford, that could not be said of other towns in like situations. It is larger than it is populous; the houses are scattered and the lots capacious. The country about it cannot be excelled anywhere; and its trade, though now depressed, must revive when the markets once again are up. One matter though trifling, I ought not to omit noticing were it but to stir up a little emulation in other country towns. Brantford possesses an excellent Amateur Brass Band, consisting of twenty good musicians. Not a common Brass Band, playing out of time and tune, like the Band, which visited Kingston from Oswego, some two summers ago, but a body of musicians who [illegible] music to all [illegible] ornament of the town, and during the year entertains the inhabitants with Chamber Concerts, and Public Music on the Promenade.

While my horse was feeding, a friend drove me to the Mohawk Village near the town. This is a Charitable Institution of the London New England Society, who maintain here a Clergyman, a Schoolmaster, a Sage intendent, and several master mechanics, for the purpose of instructing and teaching about fifty Indian children in religion, a common school education and the mechanical arts. This is done in several buildings, and the children in addition, are fed and clothed. The Institution however does not seem to be in the most flourishing condition; and like all other attempts to civilize the Indians, the intention to do good is more to be commended than the results. It is maintained at an expenditure of about £3600 a year, wholly defrayed by the Society before named. A small English Church is nigh the Institution and serves as it place of worship for the many Indian families settled round about. In the Church Yard I visited the resting place, I cannot call it tomb, of Capt. Brant, *alias* Tyendinaga, the famous old Indian warrior, whose memory is perpetuated in the name of the neighboring town. The body appears to have been deposited in a brick or a stone vault, which had once some wooden covering; but the whole has fallen in ruins and looks the picture of misery and delapidation. Surely an Institution which spends £3600 a year, and the inhabitants of a town like Brantford, might subscribe between them a few shillings to fill in the earth over the remains of poor old Tyendinaga, and place over him a stone to mark the spot! The Superintendent might do it himself with one day's labor of the men and boys under his charge! E. J. B.

"OUR WALK" CONCLUDED.

NO. VII.

Among the annual improvements and changes of a growing city like Kingston, we intend to take notice of a few of the more prominent, and with it conclude "our Walk of 1849."

THE GAS WORKS.—The necessary buildings at the Gas Company's Station in Queen Street are so far completed, that the Secretary has commenced advertising for tenders to do the requisite excavation in the streets, preparatory to laying down the pipes. This looks well, and shows that the Company are in earnest to have the city lighted by the fall of the year. Gas has become no longer a luxury but a necessary of life. In almost every city and every town of the habitable globe it is universally used; the exception being only in favor of those places too small, or too poor to pay the expense of creating it. Happily, Kingston is not one of *those places*, the exceptions, bad as the times are, and impoverished as are the people. Light must be procured, and the cheapest and brightest light is unquestionably the best. Gas possesses those advantages above all others. It is better than oil, tallow and lard, and much safer than camphine; and yields to wax alone in purity and brilliancy. But why should we utter rapid truisms? All the world acknowledges the usefulness of the article, and all the world will patronize the Company;—that is, all the little world of Kingston. Despite the scarcity of cash, the instalments on the shares of the Gas Company have hitherto been promptly paid up; and why? Because Gas Companies are known to be lucrative concerns, yielding a large per centage on the capital invested. Those who have money by them should reflect on this, and make inquiry of the Secretary, Mr. Weatherspoon, whether any shares are still unsold. From twenty-five to thirty-five per cent, when Bank Stocks only pay six per cent, is not to be lightly sneezed at.

HOTEL CHANGES.—PATTERSON'S HOTEL.—Mr. James Patterson, late of the British American Hotel, has taken that handsome hotel in Clarence Street, built by Mr. Metcalfe, and lately kept by Mr. Goodfellow. This hotel is one of the handsomest and best built houses in all Kingston, convenient to the Steamboat Landings, and in the very centre of the business part of the town. It is very elegantly furnished, the bedrooms clean and airy, and Mr. Patterson wishes it to be understood, that his Hotel is a first class Hotel, having all the conveniences and comforts of his late establishment; and as he is a worthy good fellow, kind and obliging to his guests, we see no reason why he should not participate in the good things anything from the unusual competition between the staged Steamboat Proprietors. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," a truism which Hotel keepers throughout the length and breadth of Canada West are beginning to find out. May they continue to reap the only benefits of Opposition—full houses, and to take from their guests the money saved from steamboat fares;—Mr. Patterson among the number. Kingston, until lately, was always able to maintain two first class hotels; we trust, now that "Patterson's Hotel" is entered among the number, that the good old city will redeem its character in the Hotel Line.

BAMFORD'S HOTEL.—Mrs. Bamford, the widow of the late Mr. Thomas Bamford, has recently sold out her interest in this well established house to Mr. Stenson, who has at some expense and more pains, put the well known old establishment upon an entirely new footing. The house has been rebuilt, almost from cellar to garret, the hotel newly furnished, and every preparation made to receive and entertain travellers in good old English style. Mr. Stenson has had much experience in the Public Line, and we feel persuaded, he needs no eulogy of ours to obtain that fair share of custom which the excellent situation of his house commands. Mr Stenson's old stand, near the Market Square, has been taken by Mr. Searle, the well known agent of the American Line of Steamboat Packets, who calls it, "the Commercial Inn." We should also make mention, that the Frontenac House has also changed hands; as also has Jo's opposite neighbor, O'Neal's old stand kept by Mr. Charters, of the Napanee road, and the latter by Mr. Peter Laidlaw, of Bath.

QUIGGIN'S STEAM FACTORY.—The greatest degree of enterprize exhibited in Kingston, for some time past, has been by Mr. John Quiggin, an intelligent and rising young builder and carpenter. Almost in the centre of the city, viz., in the northern end of King street, he has lately put up a most complete establishment for reducing the labor of all kinds of carpinters' and joiners' work. He has erected a Steam Engine of 12 horse power, and with it the saws plank, planes boards, makes sashes, and does such an infinite variety of such other work, as to defy the limits of our small Daily to recapitulate. The whole of this apparatus is enclosed in a capacious and handsome brick building, and we cannot recommend to our friends, particularly to those of the fair sex, an hour of greater enjoyment, than a visit to Mr. Quiggin's Steam Factory, when in full operation. If it delights and astonishes them as much as it did our humble selves, they will have to thank us for the hint. It is pleasing to see enterprize like Mr. Quiggin's shown in times like these; it shows a commendable reliance upon the goodness of Providence, in which confidence, we heartily hope he may not be disappointed.

PENITENTIARY COMMISSION.

It was stated some time ago by the Honorary Inspector General, that the proposed, or rather supposed savings in the annual expenditure for the support of the Penitentiary would amount to £2500, owing to the wise regulations of the Feather-breeched, and we have already informed our readers, that this was to be effected principally by a cessation from all building operations during the present year, so that although the public chest may be relieved of so much for a time, the Province will lose, by the want of profitable labor on the part of the Convicts, to a much greater extent. We have, however, heard of another source of revenue which has been discovered by the Commissioners, and which will be made available for the support of the Prison, the proceeds of which, although it will not pay the salary of the officers, will, no doubt, go far towards defraying the expense of the annual supply of wafers and matches. It seems that the Penitentiary authorities have lately purchased a few ounces of Cabbage Seed, and are now selling the plants raised from them at the rate of a shilling per hundred, and as everything is now done at that place on an improved scale, we recommend such of our readers as are fond of Ham and Cabbage to purchase plants without delay. In addition to this part of the Horticultural operations of the Penitentiary, we understand there is a good supply of other vegetables in the garden formerly cultivated by the late Warden, the sale of which will, no doubt, add much to the revenue of the Institution, although we think it more properly belongs to him, as he was at the expense of procuring the Seeds, Plants, and nearly all the Trees with which his Garden was stocked.

Among the comforts formerly enjoyed by the Convicts, when unfortunately sick, was the indulgence of a little new milk, to ensure which of a good quality, a Cow was kept for that purpose, as we believe is the case in all other Penitentiaries; but the Commissioners in their wisdom directed the sale of that animal, and the purchase of milk as it might be required; so that the sick and convalescent are possibly now furnished with an article adulterated with chalk and water, and very likely at great additional expense to the Institution. We have heard that within the last year there has been a greater mortality than usual among the convicts at the Penitentiary, and although we have no doubt that the best medical skill has at all times been used in promoting the recovery of the sick in that Establishment, yet we are sure everybody will agree with us in saying, that they would have been none the worse if every luxury consistent with which to notice a letter published in our paper of Friday last, the insertion of which, we trust, will prove to the public, that we are always ready to set any matter right in which we may unfortunately have erred. We did not say that Dr. Yates did not receive the full amount of the Surgeon's salary [illegible] year, but we said we had reason to believe, from information that had reached us, that half the amount went into the pocket of another, and therefore we should have been better satisfied if that gentleman had stated in his letter, that he not only received [illegible] per annum, while acting as Surgeon to the Penitentiary, but that he has always retained the whole of it for his own personal use and benefit, and until he shall assure us of this fact, we must still entertain the opinion that our information is correct on this point.

We have repeatedly mentioned that among the groundless charges brought against the late Warden was that of cruelty to the Prisoners, and one of the Convicts in particular was singled out as having unnecessarily punishment inflicted upon him, but since Mr. Smith was so unceremoniously removed from his post, without a why or a wherefore [illegible] culpit has been frequently [illegible] tions, and even confined to the [illegible] of correct as described in the evidence of the Commissioners to be of the most cruel description; but this of course was because it was authorized by the late Warden and Inspectors, although, under other auspices it is considered to be quite correct and proper. We understand that formerly solitary confinement in the dark cell never exceeded in the worst cases 48 hours, but now, we are told, that the time of such durance is very materially increased; so much for the cruelty of the late Warden and the humanity of the present rulers of this great Provincial Establishment.

[illegible] reproaches which the vile Tories cast upon his amiable Excellency, the Governor General, that unlike his noble and generous predecessor, Lord Metcalfe, he has not the manliness to ask the members of the numerous and various Deputations, who travel some hundreds of miles to present him with Addresses of Congratulation on the late melancholy events, to Dinner at Monklands. We can assure our readers that the reason why his Scottish Lordship withholds the customary right of hospitality is not on account of national stinginess, or a desire to remit home, the greater portion of his liberal stipend of £7,777, but arises from a far more hon