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Cattle Shows---1853.

Napanee Fair—Napanee, Sept. 6th.
Adams—Taree United Townships—Belleville, N. Y. ..... Sept. 8th, 9th.
State of New York—Saratoga, N. Y. ..... Sept. 20, 21, 22, 23.
County Frontenac—Kingston, Sept. 20.
Township Pittsburgh—Barriefield, Sept. 22.
Lower Canada—Montreal, Sept. 27, 28, 29, 30.
Upper Canada—Hamilton, Oct. 4, 5, 6, 7.
Township Kingston—Waterloo, Oct. 12.

The Daily British Whig.

"Utilis per Urbem Fluor."

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 3, 1853.

Letters and Telegraphs Received.

J. S, Toronto; F. A, London, England.

The Provincial Penitentiary.

The Annual Report of the Inspectors of this important Provincial Institution has just been printed, and is now undergoing a thorough investigation by the Press. No great fault seems to be found with the matters of finance, as the procceds of the Institution appear nearly to equal the expenses. The Report forms a book of upwards of one hundred pages, and contains those of the Inspectors, the Warden, the Chaplains, Surgeons, Teacher, Matron, Architect, and an able document on Houses of Reformation, by A. Dickson, Esq., one of the Inspectors, who, in this Report appears to very great advantage, notwithstanding his late Report on the Goals of Canada West. His Report on Houses of Reformation will be read with interest by every person who knows how rapidly juvenile vagrancy and crime are on the increase in this country, and who realizes the importance of arresting crime in its early stages, before it is irrevocably too late. We have no sympathy with Mr. Dickson's political sentiments, but we are satisfied, brief as this Report on a House of Reformation is, that he has laid down principles for its management and sketched out a plan for its construction, which will materially aid the Government in any steps they may take in the matter.

It appears from the Report of the Inspectors on the Provincial Penitentiary that a very serious antagonism has sprung up between them. Something of this kind has been whispering that they could not agree. The facts of the case, the real ground of their difference are now manifest.

Dr. W. Nelson, of rebellion notoriety, who is the Inspector for Canada East, seems to have constituted himself the sole Inspector of the Prison, and to have threatened to stop the business of the Institution unless Mr. Dickson succumbed to his views, and consented to sign a report which the Dr. had compounded in Montreal, and which he strenuously refused to alter even in the least matter to suit the views of his colleague, although it bears unequivocal evidence of having been modified to suit the views of others,—officers of the said Prison. Mr. Dickson gave way, but appended a special Report of his own, expressing the grounds of his dissent from certain parts of the Doctor's prescription, or production. How Mr. Dickson could have yielded to put his name to a document containing such an amount of nonsense, it is not easy to conceive. His own report proves beyond question the silliness, the downright absurdity of the Dr.'s effusion. The proper way would have been for Mr. Dickson to have declined appending his name to Dr. Nelson's startling manifesto, and to have made out a full Report of his own. It is, indeed, too evident that Mr. Dickson sacrificed a great deal for peace He should have repelled the tyranny of Dr. Nelson with indignation, and said, "Forward your Report, Sir, and I will forward mine." Doubtless this was intended by appointing only two Inspectors, that if they could not agree, they might report separately; but it never could have been intended that one should act the despot over the other, and force him under the threat of stopping the business of the Institution, to give his sanction to what he knew was not only silly, but false. The despotical conduct of Inspector Nelson towards his colleague shews how unfit he is to have the well-being of nearly 600 convicts subjected to his caprice

The subject on which the antagonism arose was the vexed one of education. Dr. Nelson has allowed himself to be made the tool of Jesuitism, and was therefore determined to break up the instruction, both secular and religious, within the walls of the Prison, and thus leave the convicts without the light of intelligence or religion, deprived of every means of reformation. Had we time to analyze the Dr.'s Report, it could be shewn to be as replete with contradictions, as it is full of absurdity. In one place he objects to the amount of secular instruction, and then, in the next page, to the Sunday School, where much religious instruction is given! In another place he proposes to break up the Sunday School, because it interferes with the silent system enforced there, and then proposes to carry the silent system into effect by gathering the convicts together on Sunday to "sing psalms all day!" His brightest idea, however, would appear to be that the officers of the Institution are subjected to the silent system, for in speaking of the Sunday School, he says, "the crafty teachers" may be talking, and thus, "The discipline of the Prison is broken in upon by the first officers of the Institution!"

The whole Report of Dr. Nelson but too palpably demonstrates his almost total ignorance of the Institution over which he presides. It is a most singular fact, too, that his hostility to the Sunday School finds no support from the officers of the Institution authorized to Report. It is also worthy of being noticed that the Doctor aims his remarks chiefly at the Protestant Sunday School, and insists that it is pernicious, and that he can prove it by referring to the "guards and keepers," notwithstanding that the Warden, Chaplain, and Teacher report in its favour! So Mr. Nelson, who is awfully terrified at the very idea of a breach of discipline, proposes to maintain it by quoting "the guards and keepers" against the first officers of the Prison! In carrying out this new mode of discipline, we are informed that he went to one of the keepers, and without the knowledge of his colleague, got the said keeper to forward to the Inspectors a letter or report against the Sunday School! Verily, the Dr. is a splendid disciplinarian!

We cannot occupy more of our space with Dr. Nelson's vagaries, nor should we have alluded to him at all, had he not evidently been aiming to defeat the great purpose of our Provincial Prison, viz., the instruction and reformation of its inmates. Mr. Dickson has raised in the public estimation by the stand he has taken, and by bringing forward so many interesting and solid facts, to expose the futility of the Doctor's arguments. The Government has acted wisely in taking no notice of the Doctor's recommendations, so that but little fame or advantage is likely to accrue to him from his very extraordinary production.—[Church.

The Saguenay---Capes Eternity and Trinity.

[So many typographical errors having occurred in the Letter No. X. on the Saguenay, it is deemed advisable to re-publish the following portion of it descriptive of Capes "Eternity" and "Trinity."]

This morning the air was cool and bracing, and about nine o'clock we weighed anchor and started anxiously for the Great Saguenay. The fog was soon dispelled; the sun came out, like a strong steed anxious to run his course, and accompanied us with the glowing face of a boon companion, smiling upon the landscape, and bathing it in a perfect flood of golden light that made the mountains and the leaping playful waters glisten again. We soon entered the mouth of the Saguenay, between these two ridges of granite that frown upon the darkling waters on each side of the river. Bluffs—bluffs—bluffs; nothing but iron granite to feed the eyes on, sometimes bare as if denuded of greenness by the blasts of mid-winter or the heat of the tropics, and again here and there studded with patches of stunted evergreens, giving a little of life to the otherwise barren rocks that completely surrounded us. On approaching the establishment of the Prince of Lumberers, Mr. Price, at L'Ance l'eau, where the steamer landed, two small whales, about twelve or fifteen feet in length, were observed swimming about, sunning themselves in the water, diving down and again appearing playfully above the surface, as if exhibiting themselves for the pastime of the visitors; and then as if deeming the performances worth one solitary cheer at least, which they did not get, they turned their backs on the audience and crossed the river, diving into and emerging from the water incessantly until they disappeared in the distance. Their antics gave much satisfaction to the passengers who watched them anxiously. At this station, where the steamer remains but a few moments, in addition to the Saw and Grist Mills there are something more than a dozen houses, besides stores; but few in number as they are, they are accompanied by the never failing church, rearing its thin bright spire towards heaven. This is a barren looking spot to reside in, and reminds one of Byron's the expression: "Years, all Winter," for excepting the few evergreens springing up from between the rocks, and the water flashing at the foot of the crag, below which the houses stand, it looks as if perpetual winter were there, barring the snow, such a lack is there of wholesome vegetation. Still the spot is interesting, from its very barrenness, and was doubly so to me from the fact of my first having seen a whale here, albeit a young one. Besides the two whales, something looking like and said to be a grampus, made its appearance twice. We also saw a very fine seal farther up the river. Leaving L'Ance l'eau to do the best it could for itself, and to take care of the juvenile whales till we returned, the Rowland Hill pushed up the Saguenay at a good pace. At every turn of the steamer the prospect became more stern and interesting. Here we were hemmed in by high granite hills, blackened and embrowned by the suns of many centuries ere the eye of man looked on their wild sterility and startling grandeur, with not a shbre to prevent the water from breaking against their iron sides! The river became darker in color as we proceeded, until, from its great depth, and the increasing height of the bluffs, it assumed an inky blackness. The scene was grand indeed; and much as had I heard of and expected to be delighted with the Saguenay, I was not prepared to witness this unimaginable, startling wildness—to see so many immense and solitary looking, heaven-reaching bluffs, as are seen in passing up this stupendous river. Pile upon pile of solid rock, gaze where you would, incessantly met the untiring and delighted eye; hills crowded upon hills, of every conceivable shape, in as reckless profusion as the flowers upon the Rice Lake plains. And not a single habitation for miles, to speak of life; no living being in view, except the wrapt crowd upon the deck; a solitary sea-gull sometimes hovered above our heads silently and gently, or floated idly at the base of some mighty rock, but did not care to break the eloquent repose that appeared to hang over this charming river and above the eternal rocks that loomed far into the blue heavens around us, and that seemed to present an impassable barrier to our egress in front. But as we neared their polished sides their adamantine gates were flung open as by some magic power, and closed again in our rear after we had passed through. One of the most striking of these immense boulders is the strong mountain-rock known as Tete de Boule, standing in mid stream apart from its fellow bluffs with a kind of human pride or love of solitariness and isolation. I dare say that among the Indians—men like these rocky wilds themselves, of stout bold crests and granite wills—there are many strange legends connected with the most noted localities on this river. The phenomenon of the whale pursued by a swordfish, which is supposed to be distinctly traceable on the face of the Tete de Boule, probably had its origin in one of these wild poetic legends prevalent among the red men, who, in pity be it spoken, for a noble race they were, are fast passing away from earth, leaving nothing behind them but the history of their great deeds, with a few stray gems of their legendary lore, which the white man has redeemed from obscurity by the advantages attendant on superior mental cultivation, and the enlightened character of the age in which he lives. Where is the place more likely than the Saguenay to be haunted by and associated with legends as wild, solid, and imperishable as the rocks it laves, or as appalling and grand as the granite-mailed mountains that raise their imperial crests—great monarchs as they are—in awful majesty above the subject hills that sentinel their feet and guard them upon every side? For great distances these mountains are bare and barren, many of a reddish-brown appearance, as if scorched by fire, as they have probably—a flash of lightning, the friction of the dry branches of the trees during a storm, may have been the cause; for the presence of neither white man or Indian is not always a necessary attendant on these conflagrations in the wilderness—and here, in this wilderness of rocks, the red lightning seems to have flashed over and scathed their adamantine brows with the fire of its white-hot breath. In other places the mountain boulders are covered with stunted pines and cedars, with here and there a birch tree, and sometimes several, attesting to the attempt made by kindly nature to keep up or redeem her good name, even amongst all this barrenness and sterility. Again, they are densely clothed with evergreens, as you proceed upwards, and an occasional beech is seen to invite the tired wayfarer to land and set his sinful foot upon the hallowed soil. At length we came in sight of a solitary house, looking like a child's toy, far up in a quiet bay on the left that slumbered at the foot of two high rocks, from which a narrow valley extended back among the hills. This was opposite to the entrance of the river known as St. Marguerette's. A little below this point is St. Louis' Island, one of the few that are passed after leaving that stupendous island rock, the Tete de Boule. The mountains now on the left bank (which are the most attractive throughout) were covered with light green foliage, thickly interspersed with dark pines, and then again, as if the sun shone on them in vain, or nature had become tired of her fruitless attempts to clothe the entire hills with verdancy, dark, heavy beetling cliffs uprose from the black water, stern and bald, as if their green youth had departed, and old age had settled down upon them long ages ago. The "Little Saguenay" was now passed; it is one of the lumber stations of Mr. Price, of Quebec, and runs up far into the country—a narrow-looking stream, as seen from the steamer, but probably of great width. A ship lay at anchor near the shore. There is an excellent bay here, with deep water, which particularly adapts it to the uses to which the far-seeing lumber merchant has assigned it.

On—on over the black waters, ploughing our way through the openings made for us by these gigantic boulders as they push aside their massive gates, that loom like startling impediments in front—huge granite knots which no human ingenuity could undo—until we come to St. John's Bay, as well as the river of that name, where the hills meet and lie in clusters, mingling in a soft embrace—for who can speak of the deep loves of these old and reverend hills! Again, all is overpowering solitude and eternal majesty and grandeur, and Cape Eternity stands before us, covered from foot to summit with large pines and rising two thousand feet above us, the water at its base a hundred fathoms deep. Of all the mountains on the route, Cape Eternity, with its appropriate name, stands pre-eminently forward. Every eye is fixed upon its lofty sides, upon its tree-clad summit, and every voice is mute, save now and then as some of the finest prominent and overpoweringly-beautiful undulations of the vast Cape stand out imposingly from its noble heights, a low still note of heart-felt exclamation passes lightly from the lips of some passionate admirer of the beautiful and the sublime; and again all is startling and impressive silence. Point after point of this gorgeous Cape is passed; here, swelling onwards in thrilling beauty—there, rising upwards with passionate sublimity—jutting forwards and diverging backwards in soft green swells and airy slopes, and wavy gracefulness or stern and massive boldness—a mingling of soft, wild beauty with rich and picturesque sublimity, of which none but those who are fortunate enough to feast their eyes upon it can have the slightest conception. And thus, until it slopes down gradually and gracefully at last, ending in Trinity Bay, just before which a pleasing waterfall playfully dashes down the rocks from an immense height, does this majestic Cape awe and please, excite and beautify the mind, from the very first look directed towards its distant top, that aspires to touch the skies. It seems as if the Imagination had gone wild, and a vast Ideal Wilderness of Beauty were passing before the mind, of which the Reality existed not in this shamefully-abused matter-of-fact world, Earth. Past Trinity Bay, then comes that stupendous mass, "Trinity Rock," the commencement of the Cape which bears that name. It is absolutely overpowering to a mind intensely sensitive to such wonders of nature; the whole weight of the towering rock seemed to crush into my brain, leaving its iron impress there forever. I will not pretend to describe the sensations it produced in me; the pen in my poor hand is too weak an instrument for such a task. Of equal height to the Cape we had just passed, it had more of startling grandeur, being for the most part denuded of vegetation, raising its vast perpendicular granite front, bold and naked before the eye, revealing as it were the fearful Samson-like anatomy of its huge form, and laying bare its thews and sinews, that its great power might be seen; while the waters at its base are actually fathomless. There are no names of ambitious youth notched in that rock. Here Ambition falls prostrate and worships, and Adoration rises, filled with a glory that the fool-hardy can never know. There is more foliage upon this Giant of the Capes after passing this particular point, and an occasional waterfall comes trickling feebly down the rock like tears of gladness down a giants face, affording a singular contrast between its puny minuteness and the immensity of the bluff down which it rolls. Waterfalls are rare here just now, the intense heat of this summer having dried them all; at some seasons they are very numerous along the route, and must add greatly to the beauty of the landscape. They have not been so rare for the last fourteen years as they are this season. In many places deep seams or fissures are seen extending from top to bottom of this rock, as if Vulcan had hurled upon it the flaming bolts of Jove, but failed to rend it. Trinity Rock is positively awful from its iron massiveness, and so overwhelming from its great extent and wonderful dimensions that the brain reels and staggers beneath the weight of the first look, and does not recover from its delirium until the scene is past. Then it recurs to you like a dream, a fearfully-lovely dream, full of wild thoughts and thrilling earnestness. If Mont Blanc be the "Monarch of Mountains,"

"Who crowned him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow,"

so is Cape Trinity the Monarch of Bluffs, standing apart from the rest of his swarthy brethren that guard the shores on both sides of this watery pass, crowned with a triple diadem of solid granite, the acknowledged sovereign of these startling solitudes, before which Cape Eternity itself bows the head in doing homage to its immensity. So greatly has this regal Sampson of the Saguenay impressed and tamed me, that I do verily believe were I set down before it (I am not very largely endowed with the divine spirit of Forgiveness), and asked to forgive my greatest enemy—one who had robbed me of the sinless joys of life, crushed my man's heart when it most needed to be comforted, and trampled on my dearest hopes, feelings and aspirations—I would kneel before that vast triune bluff, remove the hardness from my mind, and pluck the rancor of deep hatred from my bleeding heart and cry "Forgiven!" As it was, I could have wept tears of gladness, shouted for very joy in the transport of my emotion; but my feelings were forced back upon me—had I given them vent, I would have been laughed at for a fool. I would have given worlds to have stood above its awful front, and startled the deep echoes of the surrounding hills, that answer only to the thunder's voice, flinging them from rock to rock, while I sang the praise of the Great Architect of Nature, in a place where, as Coleridge says of the Vale of Chamouni, in his wildly-religious Hymn,

"All the hills and mountains shouted—God!"

I looked around on the passengers upon deck; all eyes were fixed on the great bluff, all tongues were eloquent in its praise. I have stood and gazed upon Niagara; watched its fearless and overwhelming impetuosity; saw its tortured waters curling and hissing on the brink, then plunging swiftly down the steep precipice with frantic terror, dashed into minute fragments in the deep greedy gulf below; and I have thought of the poor victims who year after year have been immolated at its shrine to satisfy its longing thirst for blood—for human blood—for the life so sweet to youth; there was the Poetry of Sound and Motion in their fullest extent. But on arriving before Trinity Rock the feeling is widely different, though not less terribly appalling. Here, there was no noise—all was deep, profound, unbroken and religious stillness; here was the eloquent Poetry of Silence, as if God sat enthroned upon the summit and the silences of the wide universe had gathered to worship in speechless adoration before Him. Both Niagara and Trinity Rock are overpowering—both strike the beholder with an inexpressible awe; but the one calls up associations of human agony, of immortal souls hurried precipitately and prematurely to judgment; while the other suggests the most tranquil ideas of peace and reconciliation—humbleness and adoration—goodness and eternal truth. After the first wild excitement wore away, a dread, yet holy, a sweet and soothing stillness, crept into my soul, and set a seal upon my lips; my heart knelt in thankfulness before the Omnipotent Ruler of the destinies of all men and things—The true language of thanks giving lies deep within the heart, and does not find a tongue until the King of Bluffs is fairly lost to sight. As I said before, the weight of this immense mass of granite seemed to sink into my brain, and to have left its impress there for ever; for from first to last I looked upon it as one of the great seals of God set upon the world to mark it for His own.

The "Tableau," further down, is a steep rock pointed out by Pilots as being twenty-one miles from Ha! Ha Bay. It is a high mass of granite, the surface of which for some distance above the water being perfectly smooth and glossy gives rise to its name.—I omitted to say that what to me seems to have suggested the name of "Trinity Rock" or "Trinity Point," as it is called by some, are three huge steps of granite at its lower side rising one above the other from the water and extending nearly to the top.—The hills on the right side of the river are completely lost in the grandeur of Capes Eternity and Trinity, although under different circumstances worthy of especial note.

Retribution.

Mr. Vansittart has unwittingly incurred the odium of Orangemen in Canada—we will quote the retribution meted out to him, by the article in question, in the 'Orange Lily.' He is there termed "the renegade," described as having an "addle head and Judas heart;" to be treated with "indignation and abhorrence;"—he is termed a "deserter"—"the traitor"—"the recreant Vansittart"—and compared to "an old Harridan, ten times more disgusting than a young courtesan;" he is said to have prostituted himself," and the epithets, "bastinadoed elephant"—"political hate"—"black as perdition and infamy"—"disgraceful direlection of principle"—"such base, such miserable, such contemptible apostacy"—"cringing sycophant"—"arrant knave"—"miserable, degraded, humbled wretch"—"miscreant"—are liberally applied to Mr. V. The article in the 'Lily' says:—"Mr. Vansittart's organ states that he is a liberal Conservative; this is fine play upon words—can a man of integrity be liberal of his honor, or a woman of her virtue?—who ever heard of a liberal Robber, or a liberal Swindler? Very fine, Mr. Vansittart. You have placed yourself by your recent act in the position of the lady who, as Curran said, 'humbled herself that she might be exalted.' Dean Swift says there are three methods 'to encourage all aspiring adventurers'—the Senate—the Ladder—and the Stage itinerant. Now Mr. V., take care that you do not yet make your exit to the land of forgetfulness on the ladder—and die as better, far better men have in their shoes. The 'Lily' then asks, "Was it the prospect of a dinner that made Vansittart recant his recantation? was he hungry and thirsty and way-worn and careworn? So it appears. He has sold his Birthright for Bacon and Cabbage, Gingerbread and Red Herrings, and mawkish Canada Whisky.—Not Sneyd's old 1811, nor Page's Port, nor Calvert's Butt, nor Parson's Black Champaigne—but 'Sour Crout and Sour Beer." We beg to ask the Orangemen of Canada, if this low language and category of abuse, is accepted as argument by their Order. Mr. Vansittart very readily leaves such language, such arguments, to the estimation of the public. If Orangemen accept them as their own, Mr. V. is sure that such requital for any error, or unpremeditated offence he may have offered to Orangemen, will recoil upon the heads of those who make themselves parties to its infliction.—*O. Lily.*

*** Mr. Vansittart winces terribly at being so shamefully blackguarded by the 'Orange Lily,' but did Mr. V. wince when he as shamefully blackguarded Mr. Hincks? when he journied 400 miles to pick up accusations against Mr. Hincks, which he must have known, from the infamous character of his informant, were false and fabricated! Mr. Vansittart richly deserves all the abuse he receives, not because he has changed his opinions, but because he sacrificed both honor and principle in going out of his path to raise up scandal against one of the best Ministers of the Crown Canada was ever blessed with.

HARVEST PROSPECTS.

England.

Since our last we have had an uninterrupted succession of the finest weather, most favourable to the filling of the grain and the ripening of all kinds of crops. The change in their appearance is wonderful.—The harvest has commenced in the south, but it will not be general in Lancashire for another fortnight, though some grain will be cut next week. A large crop is not likely after so bad a seed time, so cold a spring, and so wet a summer; but if we should have a continuance of the present delightful weather, it will be a very fair one.

The general weather of the past week has had a most beneficial influence on the grain crops in the west, and the wheat harvest has commenced in many parts of Devonshire under the most cheerful auspices. On the 5th, in the Exeter market, some prime samples of this year's wheat were exhibited. If the present fine weather should continue, there is every probability of the harvest being a most abundant one. The crops, generally, are in fine condition. The barley in many places looks as promising as could be wished. The potatoe disease has attacked the leaves and stalks in many instances but the tubers are not materially affected, and the crop being exceedingly abundant the loss has been very immaterial as yet.

Ireland.

The weather continues splendid for agricultural purposes, and, with an isolated complaint, all the accounts of the condition of the potatoe represent the crop as having so far escaped the fatal disease of 1846. The great majority of our harvest reports continue in the most encouraging tone, and each day that we now advance without the manifestation of the potatoe blight, adds materially to the security which people feel on the subject.

It has been already mentioned that a few complaints of the reappearance of the fatal pestilence in the potatoe crop had come from certain districts in Cork, Kerry and Clare. As regards the first named locality, the reports since the close of the last week have been rather more unfavourable, and from the concurrent testimony of private letters and local journals there seems but little room to doubt that a portion of the crop has been attacked by the old enemy.

Wales.

The hay harvest throughout the North Welsh district has been a very heavy one, but we regret that much has been spoiled and carried in bad condition, in consequence of the very wet and unsettled weather. The swathe was thick and luxuriant, and the crop would have proved a splendid one had not the severe rains so debarred field operations that haymaking could not be carried on. A great deal has, however, been secured in condition, while much will prove valueless. The cereal crops are looking well, and should fine weather be granted, a good harvest will be secured. The early sorts have not filled so well, but for the latter grain an abundant yield is anticipated. Large breadths of potatoes have been sown and until a short time ago all had escaped the disease. The scourge has spread, the haulms being generally affected. Fine weather will prevent the extension.

Scotland.

The weather in Scotland has been till the last week cold and boisterous, and since has become fine; and if it continues favorable, harvesting on the early soils will be general in a fortnight hence. Some wheat has been cut and found superior in quality to last year's produce. The yield of wheat in Scotland is expected to turn out below an average. Barley and oats promise fair crops. The potatoes are partially diseased.

The result of the wheat harvest is now generally known, and the returns from the districts which supply Paris are more favorable than was expected. In the neighbourhood of Montereau the wheat in the valleys was alone laid by the heavy rains, which may amount to 1-20th of the entire crop. The produce is satisfactory, both both as to quantity and quality, in the entire district from Montereau to Nemours, traversing Villemere, Dormelles and Tury-Ferottes. In Beauce the best wheat country in France, the heavy rains have caused great injury, and the produce is estimated at one-third less than that of a good ordinary year. On the other hand the barley and oats in these districts are unusually rich, and the produce is far beyond that of an average crop.

Accounts from Madrid, of the 4th instant, state that the crops throughout the country are most abundant, and the harvest saved with excellent weather.

Secretary's Office,
Quebec, Aug. 26, 1853.

His Excellency the Administrator of the Government has been pleased to appoint Port Trenton to be a Warehousing Port, under the Act 10 & 11 Vict. Chap. 31, sec. 23.

NEWS OF THE MORNING.

By Telegraph and Otherwise.

The Grand Trunk Line.

The Port Hope Guide says, a large party of workmen is now employed by the Grand Trunk Railway Company, in quarrying stone on the market block, in this town.—Port Hope is thus honoured by being selected as the point where the first ground was broken by the company in Western Canada.

Washington, Aug. 31.

DUEL AT WASHINGTON.—A duel took place yesterday, between S. G. Davis, member of the Va. Legislature, and R. Ridgeway, editor of the 'Sentinel of Liberty,' published in Va. Davis fired first without effect, when Ridgeway declined to fire, and the parties became reconciled.

Baltimore, Aug. 31.

TERRIFIC EXPLOSION.—A terrible explosion occurred at Wheeling, on Monday. Twenty kegs of powder exploded on the wharf, killing a drayman and blowing another into the river.

Napanee, Sept. 1.

The great Napanee Fair, on Tuesday, 6th inst., will, we think, come off brilliantly. The worthy farmers of the surrounding district will send in their fat beeves and sheep, melting in their own grease—and colts and fillies that fences could not hold. The rich products of the dairy, and many articles of ornament and use from the nimble fingers of our industrious country women, will appear in fair array, and not only find purchasers, but have the further effect of rousing the daughters of Canada to try what they can do. We expect trains of wagons groaning under piles of agricultural produce to be readily disposed of in a cash market—we look for a stirring affair, and trust that Tuesday 6th, will prove a Fair day indeed.

Brockville, September 1.

We stated last week that arrangements were likely to be made with Sykes & Co. to construct the Brockville and Ottawa Railroad. We have now the pleasure of informing our readers that these arrangements have been completed, and that Sykes & Co. have agreed to build the road from this town to Pembroke, with a line to Perth.—The agreement was entered into on Thursday last, when a stock book was opened and shares were subscribed, within an hour afterwards, to the amount of £381,775.—This sum added to the Municipal guarantee (£350,000) makes a total of £731,775 towards the sum required to build the road. It is expected that cars will be in motion between this and Perth by next fall, and the whole line is to be finished within three years. Stock-books are to be opened along the line of road, and we have no doubt the amount necessary will be speedily taken up. We think the 'Recorder' has done something towards this cheering result.

The 'Journal de Quebec' of Saturday mentions a rumor to the effect that we are to have a special session of the Legislature in November next, for the purpose of disposing of the clergy reserve and seigniorial questions.

Boston, August 29.

A terrific tornado visited Winchenden, Mass., on Saturday evening. It came from the south west, and its track was 120 feet wide and four miles long. The spire of the Baptist Church was blown down and the building damaged. Hon. Elisha Murdock had two barns blown down and his large pail and tub manufactory badly damaged. Many chimneys were demolished and houses unroofed in the town, and the orchards in the neighborhood were uprooted. In the village of Waterville, on Mille's river, hardly a building escaped injury. Winchenden, north village, also suffered considerably.—No lives were lost.

☞ The Sackets Harbor and Ellisburgh R.R. has just added thirty new freight cars to the rolling stock of the Company.

THE EARL OF ELGIN.—We observe that His Excellency, the Governor General, arrived at St. Johns, New Brunswick, on Monday afternoon last, 29th August, at 4 o'clock, and left again at 7½ for Windsor and Halifax, on his way to England.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 1.

Bishop Doane's trial is progressing. Among the charges made by Bishop McIlvaine, Meade and Burgess, is one of paying unlawful usury for money. After the presentment had been read, Bishop Whittingham offered a resolution to the effect that the charges therein continued, had been disposed of by a previous court—that the Diocese of New Jersey be now heard. Objected to on the ground that the motion was equivolent to quashing the indictment, which could only come from the respondent. Bishop Doane asked for time to consider whether he would make that motion.

New York Markets.

NEW YORK, September 2, 1853.

ASHES.—Market firm and demand fair.—Sales 40 bbls. $4,87½ for Pots and $5,25 for Pearls.

FLOUR, &c.—Market for Western and State flour quite animated—holders less desirous to to sell for future delivery and the receipts are not as large as yesterday, and there is a wid range. The advance since our last is 12½ cts. better for low grades. Canadian nominal at $5e 75. Sales of Western Canal are 25,000 bbls. at $5,44 a-$5,56½ for common to straight State; $5,50 a $5,62½ for mixed to fancy Michigan, Indiana, and Wisconsin, and common to good Ohio. Included in sales are 15,000 bbls. State at $5,50 a $5,56½ for September delivery; $5,56½ a $5,62½ for October. We not sales of Swan's Excelsior at $6,62½. Rye flour wanted at $3,75. Corn meal at $3 a $3,25 for Jersey.

CUSTOM HOUSE REPORTS.

FURNISHED BY MR. CHARLES OLIVER, C. P.

Imports.

Sept. 1:—Str. Arabian, Ogdensburgh, 2 boxes, J. Lewis, ten casks, one box, H. Fowler, five bales hides, J. Miller & Co., 3 boxes, A. S. Ramsay, one box, Northgraves & Madden. Str. Scotland, Montreal one case, W. Jones, 4 bales British goods, Bryce & Co., one cask, one case, S. Morley, one cask wine, John McAulay. Steamer Lady, Cape Vincent, one package, W. Keely, one do, W. Clarke, 2 barrels and 2 baskets fruit, Higgins & Co., one hen coop, H. L'Hoist, one box and one basket fruit, A. K. S., one basket peaches, owner. Steamer Ontario, Oswego, 3 well reels, W. Rudston, one box hardware, A. A. Campbell, twelve baskets peaches, E. Wheeler. Str. Lady, Cape Vincent, one box oysters, S. C. Edwards, one do. do., Searle & Winter, one valice, A. K. S., one package books, J. Duff, one box, H. Dumble.

2nd.—Schooner Taylor, Oswego, twenty bbls. water lime, 300 bags salt, J. Carruthers, 50 barrels and 200 bags dairy salt, T. Hendry. Str. St. Lawrence, Montreal, 3 bales British goods, W. Wilson, 6 bales do. do., Deykes & Co. Steamer Lady, Cape Vincent, nineteen bales, ten cases and 20 bales cottons, Browne & Harty, one stove, W. Radwell, one case, 2 bales dry goods, J. Hickey, 7 bales, one box, McNee & Waddell, 4 boxes, W. Allen, one box, S. Holmes & Co., 3 boxes, one basket, E. W. Palmer, 3 pumps, owner; 4 boxes R. Moon, 2 do, W. Rudston; one box, W. S. Winn, 3 barrels fruit, Wm. Brophy, 3 baskets peaches, Higgins & Co., one box and one barrel A. Campbell.

Exports.

Sept. 1st.—Str. Lady, Cape Vincent, 84 tubs butter, 4 barrels ale. Schooner Rio Grande, Toledo, 249 tons railroad iron.

2nd.—Str. Ontario, Sacketts Harbor, one barrel whisky and one box fish.

Arrivals at the British American Hotel.

Sept. 2nd.—General Hine, Syracuse; N. S. Hipe, do; C. Cumming, Trent; L. Waibridge, Belleville; R. S. Patterson, Cornwall; G. Hunt, Montreal; G. O. Bridges, James G. Murray, D. S. Pike, Prescott; R. W. Isaacson, Montreal; W. H. Madden, Belleville; G. C. Sadlar, Philadelphia; E. A. Palmer, do; L. H. Henderson, Belleville; C. S. Patterson, Picton; Mrs. Patterson, do; G. Boswell, Cobourg; G. B. Holland, Toronto; E. A. Glasford, Brockville.

Arrivals at Stenson's City Hotel.

Sept. 2nd.—J. Avery, Toronto; T. B. McAdew, Hamilton; S. D. Shipman, Montreal; A. McMartin, Morrisburgh, C. W.; E. M. Scott, Norwood; E. Howard, Fredericksburgh; W. Howard and 3 ladies, Amherstland; J. Leahy and 3 ladies, do.; W. Welch, Toledo, Ohio; J. A. Irvin, Toronto.

LIST of Letters remaining in the Kingston Post Office, 1st September, 1853.

Adams Mrs. Mary Ann	Indian Doctor
Adams James	Keating Michael
Affice John	Kennedy Alexander
Aitken Mrs. James	Kelly Mrs. Margaret
Anderson G. Wm.	Kelly Miss Bridget
Anderson Mrs.	Kew John
Ault Nicholson	Kilborn Miss Mary
Bell Mrs. Margaret	Kidd Jerome
Boyle John	Lane Charles
Boyle Barnard	Leger Alexander
Borauld Matilda	Lefever Joseph
Bradley Thomas	Linch James
Brennan C. W.	Lit J. R.
Brisen J. G.	Lit Solomon
Brown James	Lomer Gerhard
Burns Patt	McAley Rea J. W.
Barley John	2 McArthur Charles
Burgers Harriet	McCutcheon Mr.
Buttery Thomas	McDougal Major
Caglin T. D.	McGeown George
Carter William	McKenzie Alexander
Campbell William	McKinn H. H.
Campbell John	McLeod Miss Mary
Cumpran Louis	McClougher John
Chisholm Captain D.	McLean John
Clark John	2 McMullen James
Coughlin James	Magee Henry
Cockburn James	Maynard W.
Coghill Robert	Miller Robert
Connolly Susan	Mitchell Mrs. Patrick
Comb F. P. & W.	Mitchell Eliza
Cellin Wm.	Mitchell William
Cressell George	Moore James
Cressall Edward	Minogue James
Cuzhendal James	Monagha James
Courtney George	Morton H. B.
Day D. P. W.	Moyer Peter
Donaghue Timothy	Mooney Patrick
Doyle Budjet	Muir Reverend Peter
Doyle Patrick	Murphy John
Dyon Mrs. Sarah	Murray Alexander
Eleron David	atten Captain
Ennis William	Ross Lieutenat 66th Regiment
Fellowes W. H.	
Ferris Cory	Robertson Charles
Ferris John V.	Rooney John
Fernler Lewis	Ross George
Finnegan Mrs. Rose	Robert J.
Flelt Nicol	Ruelle Joseph
Forcset Mrs.	Scheyler Lewis
Forbes David	Seward Eliza D.
Foster Joseph	Shea Ellen
Gannon Peter	Shaughenessy Michael
Garman William	Shannon J. A.
George Mrs. Richard	Simpson Mr
Graves James	Sills George E.
Graham William	Slavan Patrick
Graham Alexander	Smith Mrs. James
Grant Miss Ann	Smith Isaac
Gray Dugald	Smith Nelson
Gibson Henry	Stewart William
Goderich C. J.	Stark Captain Wm.
Grey B.	Stevens Thomas
Hartley G. C.	Stetson Charles P.
Hamilton William	Thompson Thomas
Hambleton George	Travers Serjt. Edward
Henderson George	Urquhart Robert
Herrington James	Vale Elijah
Herriman Mrs. M. C.	Vanluven Christopher
Hortan Mr.	Walker Mrs. Mary
Howard Adela C.	Waltman Peter
Howe Mathew	Weymark Mrs.
Hutchinson A.	White S. W.
Hughes D. A.	Willis James
Hughes Mrs. M. A.	Wilson Samuel
Irwin Sarah	Wilson Elijah
Irwin Robert	Whelan Patrick

ROBERT DEACON, P. M.

FALL TRADE.

A. & D. SHAW respectfully announce that they will commence opening out on

MONDAY, THE 5th INSTANT,

their Imports for the Fall Trade, which have arrived during the past month by the various vessels from Liverpool, London and the Clyde.

September 1st, 1853.

Midland District Building Society.

A MONTHLY LOAN MEETING will take place at the Office of the Society, King Street, on Wednesday next, the 7th September, at 7 o'clock, P. M., when the Directors will proceed to lend or advance the DISPOSABLE FUNDS of the Society, in the usual manner. The Secretary will be in attendance at six o'clock.

JOHN SHAW,
Sec. & Treas.

Kingston, Sept. 2, 1853.

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE by the Subscriber, at his Store Corner of Princess, and Bagot streets—

5 cases very fine Vinaigre de Tramboise.

—ALSO—

A few cases and casks superior Cherry Brandy, of the celebrated "Champion," Bordeaux Brand.

A. LIVINGSTON.

Kingston, 1st September, 1853. 199

RECEIVED at the Stores of the Subscriber—

Per steamer 'Novelty,'
48 barrels Whitefish,
30 half barrels do.
Per steam