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*** Advertisers are particularly requested to send in their Advertisements early in the Afternoon, to ensure publication early next day.

The BRITISH WHIG (Daily and Weekly) has by far the largest circulation of any newspaper in this part of Canada West.

Special Rates.

Special Business Notice,	0	10	0
Marriage Notice,	0	5	0
Notice of Birth,	0	2	6
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To Subscribers.

The large class of Subscribers, who forget or neglect their obligations to pay the small sums due for their Newspapers, are respectfully reminded that remittances can be safely and without any inconvenience sent by Post.

Cattle Shows---1853.

Napanee Fair—Napanee, Sept. 6th.
Adams—Three 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.

"Opifer per Orbem Dicor."

MONDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 5, 1853.

Etchings by the Way. ..... No. XI.

BY THE SUB-EDITOR.

Steamer Rowland Hill,
Cacouna, Thursday, Aug. 25, 1853.

My dear Whig,—Ha! Ha! Bay, where I closed my last etching, is a wide capacious body of water, but the surrounding scenery, excepting a portion lying to the westward of the village, is scarcely worthy of notice.—The prospect on the eastern side looks extremely barren, dead trees staring you in the face, like ghosts of departed forests that had been frozen to death during the continuance of some hard winter, which drove the vegetation fathoms deep into the soil, and paralyzed the roots of the forest trees. These give it a bleak appearance, but one can stand a little dulness after being gorged with so much beauty on the way hither.—For my part I would have preferred going to Chicoutimi, and had I been a bird, able to visit two places at a time, should most assuredly have done so; for I have been informed that there is some attraction at that place, while at Ha! Ha! nothing but the Bay itself, with its sudden terminus, is worth seeing. At Chicoutimi there is a waterfall and a very extensive lumber station; and on the way up a dangerous reef of rocks, requiring the guidance of a well-informed pilot to take the vessel up. Ha! Ha! Bay is not a bathing place, and what people go ashore for I cannot tell, for the landing is accomplished after a most wretched fashion, for want of a wharf reaching into the deep water; the bathing places are at the villages of Murray Bay, Riviere du Loup, and Cacouna, and are fast becoming fashionable resorts. Both wharves and other necessary conveniences they will ultimately have; the different landing places on the route where formerly wharves were myths are now being properly provided with this necessary adjunct to the wants of travellers and the prosperity of the places interested. At Cacouna and Riviere du Loup they still have to land and embark in boats, but all these difficulties to the comfort of invalids and the pleasure of curiosity hunters will be surmounted in good time. They must be, in fact. The increase of travelling to the Saguenay is astonishing, considering that it is only little more than three years since public attention was first directed to this glorious country. The Rowland Hill is the pioneer steamer on the route, but, with all her good accommodations, not sufficiently commodious for the immense crowd she is sometimes compelled to carry. But all that mortal man can do is done by Capt. Ryan to enhance the comfort of his passengers.—We had a great many Americans aboard, who, tired of visiting Niagara, Caledonia, Saratoga, the White Mountains, Newport, Portland, and all the watering places, fashionable and otherwise, from Cape Cod to Florida, have turned their attention to the Saguenay; and for every one who comes this year, ten will be sure to follow next.—The Americans, who are a great travelled and travelling people, conversant with the finest scenery on the continent, invariably speak of the Saguenay as the most astonishing and delightful region they have ever seen. Indeed it needs but a visit to assure any one with an eye in his head of the truth of this. There are hotels now at both Cacouna and Riviere du Loup; the charges at the three watering places are not high, and there are plenty of other houses independent of the hotels, where visitors can be well and comfortably accommodated if they desire to remain. The following appropriate remarks are from a number of the 'Pilot' of last year:—"What tourist can now tolerate Rome with its worn-out Carnival—or Naples with its lousy fishermen? A new spot on the face of this foot-trodden earth is something worth travelling for, and such a spot is the Saguenay. What wonder then that hundreds of jaded men and women, and pallid-faced children, pining for want of nature's freshness, have hurried this season, and are still hurrying to the Saguenay—for, in truth, where are they to go? Your *fashionable* watering-place is not your *healthy* watering-place. Your buck and belle who go to Newport and Portland would scorn the idea that *health* was the object. It is excitement they want—excitement which, alas! is killing them: killing the entire American race, with the help (be it candidly admitted) of the quack doctors and pill-venders." Volumes have been already written on the Saguenay; in a short time it will be as well known and as extensively visited as any of the most delightful regions on God's earth.

We passed Capes Trinity and Eternity, and indeed all the iron hills of the Saguenay, in the night time as we returned (there being no moonlight, unfortunately), and the first place I set my eyes on in the morning was Cacouna. Of a fine clear day, Cacouna presents a very pleasing appearance. Considering that it is a village almost of yesterday, there are a goodly number of houses strewn along its high bank; and, running eastward, a beautiful village stands invitingly on the slope, with well-tilled fields below, looking exceedingly rural, and presenting on the whole a really good view. This morning it rained pretty freely as well as during the night, and on leaving Ha! Ha! Bay; but the sun, like a good old fellow who can do the handsome when he pleases, determined to put a stop to this sort of thing, came out most gloriously, scattering the lazy clouds with his hot beams, and clearing away the mist from the distant hills and islands that lay many a league before us. About one hundred and fifty passengers came aboard at Cacouna—many entire families from Quebec and Montreal, returning homeward—and these added to the many who had come down from Montreal, most of whom, as the season was nearly over, returned by the same boat, made up no joke of a crowd to feed and stow away. "The more the merrier," thought I; and so it was. Arrived at Riviere du Loup, we learned that his Excellency the Governor General had gone overland from that place to Halifax. Here we lost some passengers, whom we could well spare; they were resigned without a sigh, not for the sake of the provender, but the deck room—for every body was on deck. The good steamer Rowland Hill was saluted with the discharge of a cannon as she approached the shore. The situation of this village is even better than that of Cacouna, that is, it presents a more picturesque appearance, the village sloping downwards along the shore to the water's edge, or to the bank. The hills in this vicinity are high, but flat and well wooded. Leaving Riviere du Loup we passed along a high bank, where the appearance of the fields would have pleased the eye of a Cincinnatus, and their pleasing cottages would have made a landscape sketcher have frequent recourse to his book. After this we encountered on the left occasional hills and bluffs, peering above the high bank, rising proudly and massively from the water, and islands green and glowing, more by contrast with the cliffs than from an excess of verdure; and on the right, mile after mile of hilly, barren land that seemed to be laboring under a curse. We met with a strong opposing breeze in crossing over to Murray Bay. This part of the river is much exposed, and though perhaps never dangerously so, is by far the roughest on the route, particularly when a stiff north wind is blowing, as was the case to day.—This is a really charming Bay, from the negligent but beautiful arrangement of its tree-clad hills and rich grassy slopes, that lend it a softening enchantment altogether alluring to those who come down to bathe. Here most of them remain, although the waters at Riviere du Loup and Cacouna are said to be by far the best. Murray Bay boasts of many goodly-sized houses—indeed it is far before its two rivals in this respect; besides, there is a good wharf at which passengers can embark and disembark with some pleasure. We took aboard about fifty more birds of passage at Murray Bay, and by this time we had enough on hand for ballast, could we have disposed of them ballast-like. But passengers will be here, there, and everywhere, being a privileged class of bipeds, and the consequence was that, as every one would be on the upper deck, the Rowland Hill, being a jocative old fellow, leaned a little now and then by way of variety, causing a screech and an exclamation, when again all was quietness and caution for a while, and fixed seats, and goings down below, until the rambling spirit came aboard again as full of mischief as a kitten. Considering the load she had—of sin and satin—the Rowland Hill did good service, and proved herself deserving of her name.

Although I have dated this letter at Cacouna, where I began it, it will be seen that I have added to it on the way up, although guilty perhaps of the unpardonable sin of repetition, for it is impossible to note down everything one sees at a single glance.—Murray Bay is far behind, and we are passing ground that seems to savor of positive enchantment: the dark-green wavy foliage of the trees; the partly embrowned and extensive slopes of grass, or fields denuded of their loads of grain; clusters of trees dotting the little hillock, or a mimic valley scooped out in the side of a hill over which ran rude fences, extending across large flat fields, marking the boundaries of these graceful plots of ground; with a cottage here and there to give it life, or a stray son of Adam wending his way along the beach or resting carelessly upon the bank dreaming of joy or woe, or more probably rejoicing in what the French call "the luxury of doing nothing." All the way from Murray Bay to Eboulements the landscape is excellent, and as for variety—'tis endless. I turned to take a last look—a last fond look—at the village on the hill, which I think I spoke of in my last letter. I don't know why, except it be from its extreme beauty and its delightful site, for there is no loadstone there that I am aware of—who knows?—but this village, both on passing down the river and returning, had a charm for me that village never had before. But I was not the only one who loved to look at it; our American friends were in raptures with it, and one of them sketched it—lucky fellow!—a Lilliputian-looking village that one could almost hug for its intrinsic beauty—a something seemingly in miniature, creeping, from very coyness and innate modesty, close to the green bosom of the maternal old hill for protection, as if it were lately enticed into existence, half against its will, or brought hither from a fairy isle by one simple rub of some Aladdin's lamp—a little gem of a village, which, did you strike it with a stone, looks as if it might be shivered into fragments as it were a porcelain vase. So it seemed to me, that village of Eboulements. I took another long last look at it—a last look at St. Paul's Bay, at the round hills that seemed to float upon the landscape; then sat down out of the way—not of the passengers, that was impossible—but of the landscape which I had seen before, and thought a good many things that filled me with divers feelings, and made me think still more. I am often a very slave to my thoughts, and sometimes feel as if I could choke them for their obtrusiveness, but don't do it. So much for being good natured.

Before closing this, my last letter from the Saguenay, I would add another tribute, trifling though it be, to Captain Ryan, and in speaking for myself—personally, return him my sincere thanks for the many kindnesses and attentions I received at his hands; I am sure that all without exception who sought to acquire such information as was at his disposal, will unite with me and cheerfully endorse what I have said. The pilots too, on the 'Rowland Hill' this year, are intelligent men, fully acquainted with the chief points of the route, and willing to impart their information to the passengers. This is as it should be. Fair weather wait on the 'Rowland Hill'! and may her courteous and gentlemanly skipper long wear the laurels he has earned while in command of her.

The 'Rowland Hill' arrived at Quebec at nine o'clock on Wednesday night, at which time, but for the stiff land breeze, we should have been well on our way to Montreal. Glad were we to reach a landing place, for the fifty passengers taken aboard at Murray Bay, and the one hundred and fifty at Riviere de Loup, were found too many for the provisions, and great scrambling was there to get anything to eat, for the crowd. The skipper was completely eaten out of house and home, and had very sensibly retreated to his room—probably with some vague remembrance of Don Juan's Tutor having been eaten at sea—for I verily believe that, had the voyage lasted four and twenty hours longer, without a fresh supply of provisions, we should have picked the ribs of the 'Rowland Hill,' in addition to those of her good hearted skipper. But the passengers bore up like stoics. As for the sleeping department, the jam was not in any way calculated to put me in great good humor. For the first time, I slept beneath the famous fortress at Quebec, so frequently the theatre of action, from the time when Sir David Keith took possession of it in 1629, up to the last battle upon the Plains on the 13th September, 1759, where fell the two brave Commanders of the rival Armies, where the proud spirit of ambitious France was forced to bend beneath the strong arm of Great Britain. Slept! quotha! No—that's not the word. I lay there, 'tis true; lay there through the lone long night, but sleep was out of the question, and Nature's sweet restorer came not at my bidding. The cause was on this wise: Opposite to my berth in the lower Cabin, occupying two different beds, one above the other, lay two French Canadian damsels—heaven knows how they got there, or why they beseiged the place. Morpheus was no companion of theirs, Mota had given them up long ago; they slept not, neither did they try to sleep, but kept up such a running fire of talk, talk, talk, gabble, gabble, gabble, from nine o'clock until two, that the mere thought of sleeping was an absurdity, and sleeping itself a downright impossibility at best. I opened the curtains and peeped out. Young la Belle France, in the lower berth, was getting up in superbly-tempting dishabille—a kind of Nun's dress, (I suppose it was—I know nothing about these things) to snuff the candle. What brilliant eyes! what healthy cheeks! what well turned ancles, and such a pretty foot! Oh, Lawrence Sterne! where would have been thy Tristram's philosophy had he been here where poor Pilgarlie lay, as quiet as an oyster in its shell? In his head—No! I thought of the evening when good harmless Corporal Trim was, with all the gallantry of an old soldier, explaining the mysteries of the fortifications to the fair Mistress Bridget—when the ramparts fell! I was fairly besieged. To attack and conquer young France with my British arms, would have been the work of a moment—but the Nun's dress popped into bed again, and the candle went out.—Why was the old she sentinel in that upper berth? I thought of what Richard III. said to Lady Anne, and thinking I went to sleep. The consequence of all this was, that I awoke next morning with no joke of a headache, and not in the very liveliest of moods.

The day has opened most delightfully; Point Levi is partly obscured by the morning mist, and looks as if viewed through a thin veil, giving the scene a somewhat aërial appearance and a very pleasing effect. But the strong bright sun comes rolling up the East, like a flaming chariot of fire; the mists gather round about him and disappear, furling themselves up like gaudy curtains, or climbing the Golden Ladder of the Morn formed by the sun's red beams, until they finally disappear. Now gaze upon Point Levi. The eye glows with the fire of animation; the strong old fortress throws its shadows down its massive sides, and a deep sense of protection fills the mind of the admiring crowds below that tread the decks of the vessels, or throng the busy wharves. After breakfast I went ashore, and a few moments afterwards stood upon the "Platform" that extends along the brink of the fortress. Here I had a famous view of Point Levi, of Indian Cove, the north bank extending towards Montmorenci, and the high grounds in the direction of Beauport. Bulwer in his Chapter on House-Tops in that pleasing family picture, "The Caxtons," winds up with: "O, Art! study life from the roof-tops!" Here, from the Platform, you are above the house-tops, and I know of no better place than this to read the Chapter alluded to, so as to appreciate its excellent roof-top philosophy. The old roofs of the ancient looking lines of houses in the lower town, green and mossy with age, are not less interesting than the more picturesque portions of the surrounding country. Leaving this eminence, I proceeded up the town, and soon found myself in the Governor's Gardens, where stands the Monument erected to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm, after which I proceeded with all the locomotion my limbs were capable of through St. Louis Gate, and thence to the Plains of Abraham, where Wolfe, in the cheering hour of victory, breathed his last. The monumental pillar now on the ground is plain and neat. It was erected by the British Army in Canada in 1849, during the administration of Sir Benjamin D'Urban, to replace that built by Governor General Lord Aylmer, in 1832, which had been broken and defaced, and is now deposited beneath the present pillar. This is recorded on one side of the monument; on the other is a black slab, containing an inscription, which every man of truly British feelings should have by heart:

HERE DIED
WOLFE,
VICTORIOUS,
SEPT. 13TH,
1759.

It is perhaps well to keep these things before the British Canadian public, although that portion of the population of Canada need nothing of this nature to keep alive their deep-rooted adherance to the British Crown; but even they cannot be too often reminded of the hard struggles that England had to undergo, to preserve these her fair Colonial possessions, or of the blood spilt by her fearless heroes in sustaining her supremacy against the French in the early history of these Provinces.

We left Quebec at eleven o'clock, sharp, on Friday morning, meeting a countless array of villages between that City and Montreal. Cap Sainte is very gaily situated on the right, folded as it were in the soft arms of the high bank, and enlivened by the trees which almost entirely surround it. On the left, at the Plateau, is a high point overhanging the water, on which stands a most romantic looking residence, almost completely embowered in rich foliage.—L'Avenir, on the same side of the river, is a thriving village, with its two Churches, and the banks along the shore, in some places, are white white with cottages. A great many rocks and shoals are then passed, when another village, on the right, the name of which I have forgotten, presents itself; after which, St. Pierre is passed, the long line of poplars in its front being a welcome relief to the eye—the first I remembered having seen since leaving Montreal. Here, again, a very high bank, and a church gracefully raising its spire above the red roofed houses of the village. We landed for the first time at Baptisteau, one of the most delightful places on the route; its light sandy beach, covered and beautified with that most graceful of all Canadian trees, the elm, coupled with several white tents pitched along the beach, making up as charming a scene as one could desire. The tents were accounted for by a party of the north shore Railroad Surveyors, who have progressed thus far with their labors, coming down to the shore in their red shirts, a little before the steamer left. Chambly was then passed, the next landing place being at Three Rivers, which lies half way between Quebec and Montreal. I did not expect to find so large a town here—it is sometimes a pleasure to be agreeably disappointed. Between Three Rivers and Sorel I saw nothing, having, as it was getting dark, housed myself, for the purpose of resting my marrow bones.—This latter place, forty-five miles from Montreal, we reached at eleven o'clock; and on the morning of Saturday landed at the Vandal City as early as five o'clock. At eight I had arrived at Lachine, and got aboard the steamer 'Lady Simpson'—of which more anon in my next and last etching. Your readers have been bored enough, and I have still a little conscience left to feel for them.

C. S.

For the British Whig.

Kingston, Sept 1, 1853.

Ogle R. Gowan, Esq., Toronto.

Sir,—A friend of mine who was present at the Orange meeting lately held at Newton, in the County of Durham, informs me that you there stated publicly, "*that John Flanigan and Henry Armstrong brought jars of ardent spirits, or caused them to be brought to the late meeting of the Grand Lodge, for the purpose of treating members to vote for Mr. Benjamin, and that they had repeatedly called members out to drink, until your friend Mr. Allen had to put a stop to it.*" I would not have noticed the matter if I had not also heard that, at the meeting in this city, on the 23rd ult., you repeated the same story. Now, sir, the statement, as far as I am concerned, is false, and I verily believe you knew it to be so when you stated it. I saw neither malt liquor nor ardent spirits in or about the Lodge Room; neither did I, during the two days the Grand Lodge met here, see a member of it taste ardent spirits, except once only in my own house. If some of your Toronto friends disgraced themselves among our city taverns, that is no reason you should lay the blame on me. I did not canvass for Mr. Benjamin; and I could not vote for you, as I consider you a very unfit man to be at the head of the Orange Institution.

I am, &c.,
HENRY ARMSTRONG.

Sir,—I also wish to state, that your remarks, with reference to my bringing ardent spirits of any sort to the meeting of the Grand Lodge, are entirely false; and, further, that I could not vote for you for the reason stated above by my friend Armstrong.

I am, &c.,
JOHN FLANIGAN.

To O. R. Gowan, Esq.

Kingston Races.

The Races commence on Wednesday next, and will continue for the remainder of the week. If the trouble taken by Mr. Shipman meet with its deserts, these will most assuredly be the best races that have come off on the Kingston course for many years. The purses are open to all horses. As Mr. Shipman has been to great expense personally in giving the purses and getting the track in good order, it is but right that the citizens subscribe liberally, if called on to assist Mr. S. in this undertaking.

Child Run Over.

It is altogether impossible to keep young children off the street; but it is possible for drivers in passing through the City to keep their eyes open. A little child was run over on Saturday in front of this Office, not from furious driving but from slight inattention on the part of the driver, to whom on the whole no great blame can be attached. The child was but slightly hurt; but it might however have been killed. A little care would prevent these occurrences.

Mr. Wolfolk, late sheriff of Tioga County, committed suicide a few days since by hanging. But a few days before this his father hung himself; but three years ago his grandfather ended his own life in the same way.—It is a strange illustration of "hereditary taint," or of that and the power of association combined. They were all wealthy men in the most happy circumstances.

Items of News.

THE MINISTRY.—Mr. Sicotte having declined the situation of Commissioner of Crown Lands, the following changes have taken place:—

MR. MORIN, Crown Lands Commissioner.
MR. CHAVEAU, Provincial Secretary, in place of MR. MORIN.
MR. DUNBAR ROSS, Solicitor-General, in place of MR. CHAVEAU.

CALIFORNIA.—John Dennis, Esquire, brother-in-law to the Reverend H. Mulkins, of this city, has recently returned from California, bringing with him a fair share of "the dust," giving a favourable account of the climate and country, and stating that the gold in the quartz rock and also in the rolling sand plains, is positively inexhaustible.

EVENING EXHIBITIONS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Crystal Palace Committee announces that the building is to be thrown open to the public in the evening, for the first time, on Friday, the 2nd instant, when the exhibition will be kept open till ten o'clock, P. M.

This a very judicious move—judicious for the treasury of the concern, and judicious, also, for the public at large. It is a hard matter to draw our people off from their business pursuits during the business hours of the day—but evening entertainments are a very different matter. The evening is just the time that our people seek repose and recreation and enjoyment, and we have no doubt they will avail themselves of this opportunity of seeing the Palace and its treasures of industry and art.

OSWEGO, Thursday, Sept. 1st.

There is a moderate business doing in grain at the improved rates, and the sales we note are 7800 bushels of mixed Ohio wheat at 107 cents, 2800 do. white Ohio at 118 cents, 1500 do. do. do. at 119 cents, 2700 do. white Michigan at 119 cents, and some 24,000 do. Toledo and Cleveland on private terms, part to arrive. Canadian is held at 112½ a 113 cents, in bond, without sales. The samples of new on the market this season are of excellent quality.

In corn there is but little enquiry. We hear of a sale of 2900 bushels at 70 cents.

The 'Royal Forester' of the 26th ultimo, publishes a letter of Colonel Prince's, dated the 12th of August, contradicting the report which has been circulated, of his being promoted to the Bench, and also of Mr. Stephen Richards being made the representative of Essex.

TWO MEN DROWNED.—We learn from the Montreal Herald, that a fatal accident happened at Point aux Trembles on Saturday evening last. Mr. Alexander Talham of Varennes, N. P., who had been engaged at the former place for some time back as organist and teacher of singing, visited the Point on that afternoon, and left at about six o'clock for Varennes in a canoe. Mr. Nazere Vertefeuille, who accompanied him, was standing up in the canoe when they started, and after they had gone some ten or twelve arpents, lost his balance and fell into the water. Mr. Talham sprang to his rescue, but unfortunately failed in the effort, and both were drowned. Several canoes put off from the shore to save them, but reached the place too late.

THE HARVEST IN CANADA.—The Toronto Leader of Tuesday says:—The general character of the late harvest is now pretty well ascertained; the yield is almost without exception excellent, the condition is, in general, very good, most of the wheat being in milling order, but some of the farmers have evidently housed their crop before it had acquired sufficient hardness in the stock. The shipper has also to be careful to avoid getting smutty samples into his hands, as certain localities appear to be much troubled with this unwelcome visitor. Good wheat brings 5s. readily; 5s. 1d., or 5s. and market fees are given for the best loads.

EXPELLING AN EDITOR.—During the performance of Spalding and Rogers' at Cornwall, says the Constitutional, the proprietor of the Freeholder received a severe drubbing, and an expulsion to boot, by a few of the circus men for being caught in the act of throwing dust and filth at one of the performers.

Extract of a Letter to the 'North American'—

"The "Canadian Department" is a theme to be got rid of as quick as possible. There is one "brick," however, which will give you a good idea of the entire "house," and I, therefore shall place it "on exhibition."—The City of Kingston, as many of our readers will recollect, took up the subject of the Crystal Palace with great spirit. Meetings were held, and vigorous resolutions adopted; the Corporation voted money, and, if I am not mistaken the Mayor and two or three Aldermen were appointed a Committee with plenary powers to carry out the magnificent conceptions, and patriotic resolves of the—"City of Kingston." The mountain laboured, and it brought forth a "ridiculous mus," sure enough;—to wit, one plough and a barrel of peace! "Ex uno disce omnes." I have asserted, and shall stick to it, that Canada is not represented at the Exhibition."

The Royal Agricultural Society's trial of reaping machines was terminated, in Berkshire, on the 17th. Five competed, viz:—Bell's, McCormick's, Hussey's improved, McCormick's improved, and Crosskill's.—Prizes were awarded to Crosskill's and Bell's.

Reynard, the Frenchman charged with offering to assassinate Louis Napoleon, has been tried and acquitted, the jury considering it a mere attempt to extort money from the Prince de Joinville.

Who would think it? The husband of "Fanny Fern" has recently got a divorce from her. So says the Milwaukie News.—The name of her late husband was Farrington, and he resides at Chicago.

NEW YORK TRADE SALE.—The fifty-eight New York trade sale of books, stereotype plates, stationery, &c., will be commenced in the spacious sale rooms of Messrs. Bangs, Brother & Co. on Monday next, the 5th of September, and continued daily until all the invoices are disposed of. The catalogue fills a large octavo volume of four hundred and sixty pages, and enumerates invoices, from more than one hundred and fifty houses.—Mentioned in the list, are the popular school books of Newman & Ivison; the multifarious valuable publications of Harper & Brothers; the many entertaining and useful books published by A. Hart; the numerous medical and other works issued by Blanchard and Lea; the miscellaneous, scientific, and richly illustrated publications of Doctor Appleton & Co.; the various theological works bearing the imprint of Stanford & Swords; the many excellent books of Gould & Lincoln; the elegant editions of the poets and authors, by Ticknor, Reed & Fields; the varied religious publications of M. W. Dodd; the useful agricultural books of C. M. Saxton; the standard and popular works issued by J. S. Redfield; the copious publications of G. P. Putnam & Co., Lindsay & Blakiston, C. S. Francis & Co., and other well known firms. The unusual attractions in the city this season will probably induce a larger attendance of the trade from distant parts of the Union than there has been at previous sales. Many desiring to see the Crystal Palace will come to make their purchases in person, instead of through agents. It is also likely that some will remain to attend the convention of librarians.

We have been requested to state, that Mr. William Geralds has resigned his office of Chief Constable to the Corporation, having been appointed a Preventive Officer in the Customs; and that Mr. Hugh Anderson has been chosen by the Council to succeed Mr. Geralds as Chief Constable.—[Pilot

Domestic News.

ACTION IN MONTREAL.—At last active steps have been taken in Montreal, to bring the guilty to justice. Despairing of any movement on the part of the government, the Protestant vigilance committee have arrested Mr. Wilson, the Mayor, and three of the men said to have taken part on the attacks on Zion church, have also been taken up. Their names are Barry, Moses, and Bouillard. The latter appears from his name, to belong to the French Canadians. The priest of St. Athanase, whose singular motions are reported in an article of the Montreal 'Gazette,' republished elsewhere, will find now, that all Frenchmen are not so bad or so good as he thinks them. The Protestants of Montreal are doing their duty quietly and calmly, but boldly. They deserve the support and sympathy of every Protestant in the country.—[Globe.

THE BISHOPRIC OF KINGSTON.—We learn that the Diocese of Kingston is immediately to be organized, and that the venerable the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, has promised £2,000 sterling towards the endowment of the See.

Many reports are current, touching the individual who shall be appointed to fill the new Episcopal chair, but we refrain from specifying any of them at present. It is devoutly to be hoped that the party to be chosen, may be sound in the faith, apt to teach, and possessed of that frankness and amiability of manner, and warmth of heart, which are so essential to an effective discharge of the Episcopal functions. If called upon to cite a model, we should at once refer to John, Lord Bishop of Toronto.—[Hamilton Gazette.

FIRE AT TORONTO.—On Sunday night about 10 P.M., a house on the west side of Spadina Avenue, occupied by Mr. Carr, Carpenter, was discovered to be on fire. The fire appparently originated in some lumber at the rear from which it extended to the house itself. The family were at the time so soundly asleep that it was necessary to break the door before they could be aroused, but fortunately they all escaped unhurt, altho' there was no time for them to put on their clothes. Some portion of the furniture was saved but the house itself, which was of wood, was soon entirely consumed.

NEWS OF THE MORNING.

Washington, Sept. 1.

Woodward, the murderer of his wife, was executed this morning. He made no confession, and met his fate with apparent indifference.

AUBURN, September 2nd, 1853.

In the case of Edymoin, charged with obtaining his pardon from the State Prison by forged papers, Judge Humphrey decided this morning, that he would go behind the Governor's pardon, and that Edymoin must be discharged.

NEW YORK, September 2nd.

The World's Temperance Convention had a large audience last evening. Effective addresses were made by Miss Lucy Stone, P. T. Barnum, and Horace Greely.

Ole Bull's concert for the benefit of the New Orleans sufferers, last evening, was so densely crowded, that there was no seats for two-thirds of the audience, and hundreds were turned from the doors unable to obtain admittance.

CINCINNATI, September 2nd, 1853.

Mr. Hall, who was shot last night by Dr. Ames, is exceedingly low and no hopes are entertained of his recovery. Ames is in jail—bail having been refused. The community is much excited.

New York Markets.

New York, August 2du, 1853.

Ashes.—Market without change. Sales 30 bbl 4,87½ Pots, and 5,25 Pearls.

Flour, &c.—The unusual tendency in our market continues demand quite active on the spot and for future delivery, and prices have advanced 12½ cts.—market closing buoyant with a disposition to sell for future delivery. A large portion of the sales are for forward delivery. Better grades in good demand at the advance.—Canadian scarce and nominal at $6. Sales of Western Canal are 14,500 bbls at 5,75 a 5,81½ for common to straight State; 4,75 a 5,94 for mixed to fancy Michigan, Indiana and Wisconsin; 5,81 a 9,54 for common to good Ohio. Other sales are 8000 bbls, were taken at 5,62½ a 5,75 for September; 5,75 a 5,81 for October delivery. Rye flour better. Sales 150 bbls at 3,81 a 387½ for fine.

Grain.—There has been the most active demand in our wheat market since 1847. Demand mainly for export, and prices are 2 a 3 cts. higher.

CUSTOM HOUSE REPORTS.

FURNISHED BY MR. CHARLES OLIVER, C. H.

Imports.

Sept. 3.—Steamer Roston, Ogdensburgh—9 bales hemp, J. C. Cooper. Steamer Lady of the Lake, Cape Vincent, 1 case, 1 package, W. P. Palmer; 1 bbl, 1 box, S Holmes; 6 bbls fruit, Ro s. Steamer Cataract, Oswego,—barrels ales, J. Boyce; 1 box harness, J. Wycott; 3 bales, 4 boxes; 2 trunks, J. Fraser; 2 boxes glassware, & Bowes; 1 set tombstones, Brown Hartt; 24 bbls apples, J. Hilliard; 14 baskets peaches, J. Brock; 12 baskets peaches, 1 bbl apples, J. Meagher; 2 baskets, Mrs. Brown; 1 box, Jas. Culvert; 37 bbls apples, James L.

Exports.

September 3.—Schooner Mary, Oswego,—sixty-five thousand feet board feet sawed lumber. Globe, Oswego,—forty cords lath. Schr Adventure, Oswego,—[illegible] feet sawed lumber.

Arrived at the British American Hotel.

September 3—Mrs. Redeout, Toronto; Two Miss Rideout and Mr. Rideout; J. W. Brenard, Sydenham; J. J. Connelly, Oswego; F. [illegible] Blue; John Cameron, Moan, Y[illegible] Potter, No. 42 John st., New Brockville; McQuaig, Montreal; D. P. York; [illegible]; E. H. Hotchkess, Mandeville, Kellogg, [illegible]

Arrived at the City Hotel.

September 3rd.—W. Jackson, Syracuse; [illegible] do.; P. Striker, New York; A. [illegible] Hobart Town; J. Chatterson, W[illegible] Howard, and lady, Amherst Island; N. Martin, Belleville; Mrs. Anderson and daughter, Huntingdon; Miss McPherson, Amherst Island; J. Leahy, do.; Mr. [illegible]enton; A. S. Quinton, Hamilton; [illegible]d, Ogdensburgh; P. S. McQuin[illegible]; J. P. Wallace, Rochester.

DIED.

Yesterday, the 4th instant, at 3 o'clock, P.M., Mary, the beloved wife of John O'Conner, aged 34 years.

Friends and acquaintances are requested to attend the Funeral from the residence of her husband, Barrie Street, at the head of Bagot Street, this day at 4, P. M.

TO CABINET MAKERS.

A GOOD WORKMAN can have employment and fair wages from
ANTHONY J. O'LOUGHLIN.
Sept. 5, 1853.

SHERIFF'S SALE OF LANDS.

United Counties of Frontenac, Lennox, & Addington, To Wit: } ON Saturday the 10th day of December next, will be sold at the Court House, in the City of Kingston, at Noon, the following property, seized and taken under execution

Thomas Kirpatrick,
vs.
Henry Davis,

All the right, title and interest of Defendant in Lot Number Sixteen, in the Second Concession of Adolphustown, County of Lennox.

THOMAS A. CORBETT,
Sheriff, U. C. F. L. & A.

Sheriff's Office
Kingston, Sept. 3, 1855. } 200

SHERIFF'S SALE POSTPONED.

Robert Gillespie, George Moffatt, and James Blackwood Greenshields, Plaintiffs,
vs.
George Brown, William McMillan, Charles McMillan, and James A. McDonnell, Defendants.

ALL the right, title and interest of the above Defendant, in the East half of lot Number Five, and the West half of Number Six, in the First Concession of Fredericksburgh.

John Barry, Plaintiff.
vs.
William Barry, Defendant,

All the right, title and interest of Defendant in Town Lot Number One Hundred and Forty-Five, City of Kingston, is further Postponed until Saturday, the 10th of September, next at Noon, at the Court House.

THOMAS A. CORBETT,
Sheriff, U. C. F. L. & A.

Sheriff's Office,
Kingston, September 3, 1853 } 200

JOHN DUFF has received—

The Fawn of the Pale Faces; or Two Centuries Ago. By J. P. Brace.
Doyle's Pocket Ready Reckoner, for Timber, Plank, Boards, Saw Logs, Wages, Board, and 6 and 7 per cent interest. Tables, price 1s 3d.
Mark Hurdlestone. By Mrs. Moodie, author of "Roughing in the Bush," etc., [fresh supply.]
The Coming Struggle among the Nations of the Earth. Price 7½d fresh supply.

—ALSO—

Anglo-American Magazine, for September,
London Lancet,
New York Illustrated News, for Sept 3rd.
Dickens' Household Words, for do.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS indebted to the Late John Boyd, are requested to pay the Undersigned, and his Creditors are also requested to send their accounts for adjustment to

EDWARD BOYD.
(Care J. D. BRYCE & Co.)
For the Executors.
Kingston September 3rd, 1853. 200

CAUTION.

WHEREAS my Wife Charlotte Yourex has bargained in and bought and sold numerous articles to the disadvantage of herself and family, I hereby forbid all persons trusting her without my written order, as I will pay no such debts of her contracting.

JOHN YOUREX

Township of Kingston,
September 5th, 1853. } 200

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

Adams Mrs. Mary Ann
Adams James
Affice John
Aitken Mrs. James
Anderson G. Wm.
Anderson Mrs.
Aitk Nicholson
Bell Mrs. Margaret
Boyle John
Boyle Barnard
Boygoid Matilda
Bradley Thomas
Brennan T. W.
Brisen J. G.
Brown James
Burns Catt
Barle John
Burns Harriet
Burry Thomas
Cam T. D.
Carr William
Campbell William
Campbell John
Impran Louis
Nicholson Captain D.
Clark John
Coughlin James
Cockburn James
Coghill Robert
Connolly Susan
Comb F. P. & W.
Crilin Wm.
Cressell George
Cressell Edward
Cuzhendal James
Courtney George
Day D. F. W.
Donaghue Timothy
Doyle Budjet
Doyle Patrick
Dyon Mrs. Sarah
Eleron David
Ennis William
Fellowes W. H.
Ferris Cory
Ferris John V.
Ferrier Lewis
Finnegan Mrs. Rose
Fleit Nicol
Foreset Mrs.
Forbes David
Foster Joseph
Gannon Peter
Gorman William
George Mrs. Richard
Graves James
Graham William
Graham Alexander
Grant Miss Ann
Gray Dugald
Gibson Henry
Goderich C. J.
Grey B.
Hartley G. C.
Hamilton William
Hambleton George
Henderson George
Herrington James
Herriman Mrs. M. C.
Hortan Mr.
Howard Adela C.
Howe Mathew
Hutchinson A.
Hughes D. A.
Hughes Mrs. M. A.
Irwin Sarah
Irwin Robert
Indian Doctor
Keating Michael
Kennedy Alexander
Kelly Mrs. Margaret
Kelly Miss Bridget
Kew John
Kilborn Miss Mary
Kidd Jerome
Lane Charles
Leger Alexander
Lefever Joseph
Linch James
Lit J. T.
Lit Solomon
Lomer Gerhard
McAley Rea J. W.
McArthur Charles
McCutcheon Mr.
McDougal Major
McGeown George
McKenzie Alexander
McKim H. H.
McLeod Miss Mary
McGlougher John
McLean John.
McMullen James
Magee Henry
Maynard W.
Miller Robert
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