MAIL FOR ENGLAND.

The Mail for England will be closed at the Kingston Post Office every Saturday morning at 5 o'clock.

Auction Sales This Day.

As Advertised in the British Whig.

☞ NO SALE this day.

Agents for the British Whig.

Montreal,.....R. Chalmers & Co., Booksellers.
Belleville,.....Mr. Michael Nolty, Auctioneer.
Coburg, ...Thos. Evans, Esq.
Toronto, ...Mr Thos. McLear, Bookseller.
Hamilton, ...John Brown, Esq.
New York.....V. B. Palmer, Tribune Buildings
Rochester, N.Y., Mr. G. S. Jennings.
And Postmasters generally of the Midland District

*** Agreements for advertising made by any of the above gentlemen, either for Cash or otherwise, will be ratified.

The Daily British Whig.

"Opifer per Orbem Dicor."

TUESDAY MORNING, SEPT. 17, 1850.

LITERARY NOTICE.

Godey's Lady's Book for September, 1850.—*Godey's Lady's Book for October*, 1850.—*Philadelphia, L. A. Godey, Subscription* $3 *per annum.*

Two numbers of this lady's Companion have accumulated upon our table. In noticing works intended exclusively for female perusal, we must be guarded in our observation, and avoid the sin of hypercriticism.—Ladies have peculiar tastes, and what captivates them has rarely the advantage of pleasing the sterner sex. Some exceptions are to be found, as in the masculine writings of Acton Bell and Curran Bell, that brace of literary amazons, who ape the peculiar style of man, forgetful of the softer attributes of woman. But this is wandering. Mr. Godey, the pains-taking publisher and editor of the Lady's Book, has had twenty years' experience in his exclusive calling; he knows the exact temper of the American lady, and he hits it to a nicety. His Book is prodigiously popular, for it is to be found in every nook of the vast U. States. Even in Canada, it is the most widely circulated periodical that crosses the line. But it is essentially a lady's book and nothing else.

The numbers before us have the usual variety of tales, anecdotes, illustrations, fashions, new music, stanzas, &c., &c., with several very elegant engravings. Neither of these numbers is what Mr Godey would call a show number, but they both are of the ordinary description, and form fair samples of the Book.—One tale, continued, deserves particular mention, entitled "Katharine Walton," or a Rebel's Daughter, by Mr G. Simms. It is cleverly written, so cleverly that it seems out of place in a LADY'S BOOK. To our fair readers we cordially recommend the Lady's Book, satisfied that it is the very best publication of its kind on the continent.

☞ SNOW IN HARVEST.—It snowed yesterday shortly before noon in the Township of Pittsburgh, within a couple of miles of Kingston!

☞ MONS. ADRIEN.—This celebrated Magician terminated a short but successful season at the Theatre Royal on Saturday night. He drew four capital houses.

For the British Whig.

PUNCH ON THE UNIVERSITY QUESTION.

Punch, to the Canadian Public, Lay and Ecclesiastic—Political and non-Political—Radical and Tory—Annexationist and Independent—Black and White—Bond and Free,—

GREETING:—

Punch always greets his friends—with a smile. Punch's friends always greet him—sometimes by pulling his nose. It is, indeed, a sad a grievous matter that brings Punch from his retirement; a question of vast importance (to himself) that compels him to resume his pen. Such, Punch considers the University Question to be; and Punch is right. This is an universal fact, admitted and cherished even in revolutionary *la Belle France*, where nothing and are nobody right, except Louis Napoleon and the *Charavari*, both of which are decided "all right," so long as they are kept in funds by the French nation. It is a fact, which wise men have not failed to observe, that Punch never thinks of his own interests, in inwardly (or outwardly) digesting any grave or stupendous questions, in which the public *alone* (meaning every body and every thing) is interested. Toby in his wisdom insists that this University Question is a huge bone; and that he has a perfect right, as a loyal dog, to assist in the picking of it; in the vain hope of getting some of the marrow, for injury done to his loyal teeth during the process. Toby (like Punch) is right. The University Question *is* a bone—*of contention*. A sad, sad bone, at which all parties have been picking ever since his blessed Majesty first threw it amongst them; as a mischievous gentleman threw red hot coppers amongst a number of school boys, that he might have the pleasure of seeing them burn their fingers in picking them up. Ay, this is the game our Solons have been playing with this particular question; occasionally burning their fingers, poor fellows! Over this long question, have they spent the people's money in large sums, playing at the juvenile game of making soap bubbles, and scrambling for the bone, "tooth and nail," alternately. To-day, a Tory Demosthenes comes out in a brilliant oration over the bone; showing the vast picking his party may expect from it, if they will but send him to make bubbles (with the public pipe, and the people's soap) in *that* house, where he expects to lead quite "a dog's life" of it, over the bone, and during the bubble season, when so many sad dogs get worried most unmercifully for daring to smell the bone. To-morrow, a red-hot Radical makes the same merciful promises to *his* party, assuring them that they will get all they marrow, when the bone is boiled. How long is this bone to be a rallying-cry for these two parties—for ever?—Punch says yes; if the matter be not settled as hereafter and herein proposed, by the united wisdom of himself and Toby, who have descended from their senatorial dignity, to examine this weighty question, for the public good. Neither of them, he it known, belongs to either of the above squads—either of the Boney-parties. Punch thinks that a much better and more appropriate rallying-cry would be: "How are you off for soap?" It would better agree with these pipe-ing times, when bubbles are all the go, and bubble-blowing a most profitable business. See, for instance, how Mr. Hincks pays himself from the public purse for making bubbles. Ah! Monsieur Francois! You are a knowing dog, and have made the best of the bone. As for the course of the studies to be pursued at the University, Punch would be exceedingly generous in regard to *them*. Let every student study *what* he pleases, and *when* he pleases. But if Punch might be permitted to suggest a thing or two, he would say, let the study of Theology be continued at all risks; varied at times with a course of botanical studies, Yankee Phrenology, *Phiziology* and Bone-ology—Lessons in Robinson Crusoe—the Wandering Jew—Old Bluebeard—the Leather Stocking Tales—Tom Hood's Comic Annuals—the Pickwick Papers—Tom Thumb—the Arabian Nights' Entertainments—Sam Slick on State Government, and his Bubbles from Canada—The Art of making Soap—St. Germain's Messenger—Radical speeches on Artful dodging; and the back numbers of Punch. Punch would also recommend that all the Classics (except Ovid,) be laid on the shelf for the present; using instead, the excellent History of Tom Jones—the Complete Songster—the latter day Pamphlets—Hudibras—Old King Cole—the Radical Newspapers—the Governor General's "Replies"—the Literary Garland, and Vanity Fair; with an occasional dip into the writings of Mr. Angelo Titmarsh, Harry Lorrequer, and Major Richardson. With such a course of studies, no well constituted mind could find fault.—The names of de Foe, Sue, Cooper, Hood, Dickens, Fielding, Carlyle, Baldwin and Co., Butler, Bruce, Thackeray, and Punch, would at once do away with the stereotyped phrase of "The Godless University." Punch is perfectly willing to fill a chair, in any of the above departments of study, for a mere "trifling consideration,"—say £7777, 17s 7d. per annum. Should this plan not be adopted, Punch has another sheme in his mind, equally grand. The making of political bubbles is still a favorite pursuit with those of our M. P. P.'s who are particularly and justly celebrated for their over-grown juvenility. To carry on this game on an extensive scale, will require a large quantity of soap. Not soft soap, be it understood; we have had a surfeit of that already. It has flowed from the lips of Members, and stomachs of Messieurs, like a strong smelling fluid from a horse pond; and the foolish people have quaffed it in large draughts, mistaking it for honey, whereas it savored strongly of the flavor of the wafers of Marah. Punch would recommend, then, that the Clergy Reserves be sold to the highest bidder, and that the proceeds be applied to erecting an immense moveable Chandler's shop, that would follow the Seat of Government up and down, as its guardian spirit. Here the article of soap could be manufactured; the members might make bubbles to their heart's content; and when weary of so herculean a performance, the same article could be applied to washing away the political sins of both parties, until they were thoroughly cleansed from their iniquities.—The tax for soap would then cease, and the people would be freed from a burthen as weighty as that which Christian carried with him into the slough of despondency.—Candles might also be made at the Government Chandlery, which could be used in shedding a *new* light on many important questions now lying in utter darkness. Gas is also a humbug; candles—even tallow candles—would be preferable; we have had too much gassing already. The University could be closed, and the students could improve their minds by getting up and going through imitations of Tom Cribb, and the Tipton Slasher; go a fishing; be permitted to shoot deer at all seasons, in defiance of the Act; or amuse themselves in any other way they pleased; having a learned Professor (of nothing) with them, of course, whose duty it would be to cry out at all seasons—"Go it ye cripples!"—for which arduous service he might be paid £500 a year. The goslings would fly much earlier than if kept at their present studies; and not have more real verdancy than they now have. If this plan suits not, Punch of the fertile imagination, has still another. It is a last resource. But the "Reserves" must be sold: Punch and Toby having the proceeds equally divided between them, as a reward for their patient and untiring devotion to the University Question. Punch, in return would assist Messieurs in making bubbles, while Toby would bark in front of the residence of all Radical Governors General for all time to come; biting the heels, and slitting the bottoms of the trowsers of all pressing Tories; or *vice versa*, when the tables were turned—"*pro bono publico*." Thus would the bone be picked—picked clean, and all the marrow extracted—the scrambling for the red-hot coppers would cease; and bubbles would be of an entirely new pattern altogether. If either of these valuable suggestions meet with the approbation of the public, and Messrs. the Bubblers, Punch would further suggest that, at the next meeting of Parliament, Shakspear's famous Play of Macbeth be got up and acted on the floor of the House. Punch will play Macbeth, choosing the Independent Prince of the Sandwichers for his antagonist, Macduff. Mr. Christie as Lady Macbeth; Messrs. Hincks, Lafontaine and Nelson as the three Witches, with King Baldwin as Hecate. The minor characters to be chosen from amongst Mr. Christie's dumb Corps of Repotters. During the incantation scene, Toby will run in with the Parliament Grant of the Clergy Reserves; and popping it into the Witche's Chaldron, bark his way out again, to the great amusement of the audience, who will witness the singular fate of the bone. This would be the best place for it after all. It must be thrown into the Witches Chaldron sooner or later. Thus one, great bubble will have been burst—the rival of the magnificent South Sea bubble of yore. But Punch would advise Messieurs to reflect on this grand division scheme, whereby the Godless University will be entirely and for ever excluded; a scheme in which Toby wisely con-curs. Punch promises to put his share of the spoils to a good use, and Toby has also made a similar protest. However, Messieurs, keep your bubble scheme going if you will—cherish your bone while there is any hope of picking it to your advantage; inflate it with your patent parliamentary humbug bellows, until it becomes a perfect monster, a "*Rara Avis in terris*;" but every time the beast is summoned from his lair, the people at whose expense you make bubbles, who pay for the soap, and furnish you with pipes, will continue to exclaim "*c'est sa le diable!*"—there is the devil! and the tawny *gargons*, taking up the cry, will reiterate the exclamation, adding very significantly:, "Oh! *our bone! bone!*" Gentlemen, how are you off for soap?

PUNCH.

To the Editor of the British Whig.

My Dear Sir,—

"A Clergyman of the Church of England," desires to be furnished with a key to my letters uncertain whether my *attack* is directed to himself or the "man in the moon."

My object in writing was threefold: First and principally to show that his professions of *toleration* were entirely *one-sided* and *exclusive*; Secondly, that the *unrestricted* use of the Bible has not produced, on the peace and social character of mankind, the happy effects contemplated by the vivid imaginations of the early Reformers: and Thirdly, that our own church is tumbling to its base through the *contradictory teachings* of its ministers.

The *first* has been proved; the *second* needs no proof; the *third* is rapidly proving itself.

How, for example, can we safely believe ourselves on the high road of *Truth*, when we hear our own Bishop and one of his Clergymen teaching doctrines so essentially different, that the latter gentleman marks the contrast by comparing them to the opposite properties of "galvanism and granite?" Are we surprised that such a Bishop should *condemn* our Educational Institution, from which "*the service of the Deity, and the voice of Prayer and of Praise are excluded*," and that *such* a minister should consider it the best of *all* places for bringing up youth in sound principles of "*christian civilization and religion?*" These are startling questions that come *directly* home to the mind, and require neither key nor commentary to explain them.

The Reverend gentleman in *cutting up* my first *essay* wonders how one could write so much and express *nothing*. I have looked over the paper again and and he is right. It does indeed express nothing, and yet he has wasted an immense stock of learning, of profound erudition and deep research, to prove to the lovers of science, that *nothing is nothing*. Not content with monopolizing the *Daily Whig*, for upwards of three weeks, to the exclusion of all other matter, he has lately *winged* his flight through time and space to satisfy his own mind that *naught is nothing*. The ashes of every Prophet, Sage, Saint, and Sinner, from Moses down to Joe Smith, have been carefully scraped up to obtain a correct solution of this abtruse problem; and that no shadow of doubt should remain, he has made a tedious excursion round the moon, to be fully assured that *naught* is really *nothing*.—Among the host of authorities adduced in this difficult case, I was surprised at the omission of that distinguished philosopher, Tom Payne;—but the genius of the old Atheist is completely thrown into the shade, by the effulgence of *our new* system. By roaming a little at will through the "higher Provinces of tho't," we are enabled to demonstrate what Payne and co-infidels not even dreamed of, viz.: that "christian civilization and religion are *best* studied in a public college or school, from which the service of the Deity, and the voice of prayer and of praise, are excluded by (penal) statute."

And now, my dear sir, I am getting sick of this angry about display *nothing*, and must give up. My sluggish immagination refuses to bolt off at a tangent, from its narrow boundary, and dashing with wild impetuosity through infinnity of space, return at my bidding to illumine the world with its blaze and threaten a universal conflagration. No, I am none of those *terrific balls of fire* which some times frighten old women to death, but a plain humble clod of earth, reading my lessons in my own way, from the every day occurrences of life. I find that although Religion must exist in its purity somewhere, there is everywhere mixed up with it a large alloy of hypocrisy and deception. I have even detected *godly* men, whose thoughts, they tell us, are ever fixed on Heaven, slyly peeping downwards, as if seeming to admire more

"The riches of Heaven's pavement,
Trodden gold, than aught divine or holy."

And I have been informed that if our, otherwise, kind-hearted Bishop could soften his *national* predilection for the *shining virtues*, and exhibit a little more liberality in the distribution of the 'loaves and fishes,' the "Godless College" had *still* wanted a *willing* champion, and his own forthcoming University been allowed to pass as a thing not exceedingly *hurtful* to the "march of christian civilization and religion."

But some people do say and tell such strange things, we should never believe the half of them. Hear, for instance, what has been said about yourself: To call the '*Whig*' an "infidel"—mercy upon us, how shocking! Now, this very naughty and very low habit of calling people out of their names, is handed down to us by the bad example of men from whom we are entitled to something better.—I have been called a "marauding Arab;" an "amphibious animal;" a "flattering butterfly;" and many severe doings besides, but they have caused me neither anger nor pain, seeing that *some* of the ministers of *our* church are unable to settle two words of difference among themselves, without openly alluding to the *cloven foot*. Will you be so kind as to inform we if this means "christian civilization," and if it is the Bible or what it is, that confers the license to fret & fume & spur every *animal* and thing that cross our path? For mercy's sake! if they cannot afford us a consistant Faith, let them, by their example, teach us good manners.

I have done; unless you think it an advantage to "keep thought flowing," and to keep the *Whig* a-going, in which cause I have no objection to slip in a word occasionally. You can fancy the effect by conceiving a lighted match applied to a flask of gunpowder. Verily, those thin-skinned people should keep to their *beads*.

Yours truely,
A LAY MEMBER.

Sept. 16.

THE ADJOURNMENT OF CONGRESS AND RECIPROCITY.

It will be seen by our usual summary of American extracts, that the House of Representatives at Washington, has, at last, fixed the day for its adjournment. With the last day of this month the House will close its unusually long session for the year 1850. It is now time to ask our Canadian Ministry what has become of the celebrated Reciprocity Bill, which they were so certain of getting carried. We think it was about this time last year that our ambassadors were running all over the continent, now to Halifax, anon to New Brunswick, and soon after to Washington, to negotiate this measure, upon which the President of the Council was supposed to have planted one foot of his political reputation; the other leg being supposed to be, in like manner, supported by the great air balloon scheme of economy; and the whole *corpus* being in danger of toppling over if the prop were removed from either side. We are inclined to think it fortunate that the Reciprocity Bill has failed as well as the gassy bubble of Retrenchment. By this means each half of the Minister has come down about equally, and we presume that it is due to this equality of sliding that the general balance is preserved; but there stands the statue still.

In the meantime the country has not got the talked of reciprocity. The mission to the Lieutenant Governor at Halifax, might as well have been addressed to the largest cod on the Great Bank of Newfoundland. The ex-Minister Cameron, in spite of all his letters in the *Pilot* and the *Globe*, was just as little use at Washington, as his more fortunate colleagues who still keep office, and who preceded him the year before, to the White House and the Capitol. All the envoys seem to have realized Chesterfield's *bon mot*, as the witches say the Lord's prayer—backwards. If they have not lied abroad for the good of their country, they have done something very much like it at home for their own good.—Every one of our diplomatic agents with one exception—Mr. Tiffany—has kept up the old reputation of diplomatists for throwing dust. But they have not so much thrown dust in the eyes of the Yankees, as they have attempted to throw dust in the eyes of their principals. Mr. Tiffany made no secret of the fact, that reciprocity would not be obtained. The *Herald* was one of the first papers to publish that fact, which was sent down by its Toronto correspondent, immediately after Mr. Tiffany's return. The Inspector General, in spite of the well known fact, when hard pushed in the House, declared that there was yet reason to believe the reciprocity bill would pass. The bubble has now burst; and we shall shortly see the very ministerial organs, lately the loudest in their praise of the sagacity of the Government which took the great scheme in hand—loudest in their declarations of the enormous benefit which it would confer on our farmers—we shall see these very journals most active in alleging that reciprocity is a humbug and a delusion.

By this time Mr. Merritt is used to it. His retrenchment scheme was declared to be foolishness, as it was evidently a stumbling block. This time he will be like the eels.—The *Globe* and the Inspector General, and the *Pilot*, and Mr. Leslie, will soon be stripping down his skin. However, the Canawl is still raging; so there is daylight yet for the Chief Commissioner of Public Works.—*Mon Herald.*

LAUNCH.—On Thursday last, the new and beautiful steamboat, 'Woodman,' was launched at Port Perry, on Scugog Lake. Several hundred persons from Whitby, Cartwright, Mariposa, and Ops, were present to witness the proceeding. The day was very fine, and those who attended were well repaid by so agreeable an excursion. The 'Woodman' is over a hundred feet in length, and altogether a 'perfect beauty.' She is destined to make daily trips between Port Perry and Lindsay, and can, if required, go to Fenelon Falls and down the back lakes to Mud Lake landing, within seven miles of Peterboro'. We wish the enterprising proprietors every success.—*Peterboro' Despatch.*

POTATO ROT.—We regret to hear that the rot is showing itself in almost every potato field in the County of York. In many places the farmers have turned their hogs into the fields to *save* what they can eat. From the appearance of the tops it is believed that the rot will be more general and more destructive than in 1847 and '48. We hear also that the yield of wheat is not so abundant as was expected before the matter had been tested by the Threshing machine.—*Examiner.*

ENORMOUS WHEAT CROP.—A correspondent of the Detroit *Daily Tribune*, writing from Rome, Michigan, states that Ira Phelps of Bruce, Macomb county, last week harvested and threshed from two acres of ground, one hundred and twenty-four bushels of wheat. The wheat crop of Macomb county, and indeed of all Michigan, will be unprecedently large.

SAULT ST. MARIE CANAL.

We see by the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser*, of the 9th, that the bill, granting land to the State of Michigan, to aid in the construction of a ship-canal round the Falls to Sault Ste. Marie, passed the Senate on the 2nd inst. This important communication between Lake Huron and Lake Superior, opening up an extensive district, abounding in mineral wealth, will be of the greatest advantage to Canada. By the survey made some time ago, under the auspices of Government, by Captain Boxer, R.N., the entire length of the canal will not be more than three-quarters of a mile; it will require two locks, and may be constructed at a probable expense of £37,000. The prosecution of this work will benefit the proposed railroad from Toronto, at least 50 per cent., by opening up an immediate communication with the mining districts, and gives a direct route to Minnesota, a large and rapidly settling territory, which received 25,000 settlers in five months. By this route, were the Toronto railroad opened, Minnesota would be reached from New York or Boston in about 72 hours. From Minnesota, through the Southern Pass of the Rocky Mountains, the Pacific would be reached in 72 hours more. This would then become the great highway to China and India, and would effect a saving of 35 days from New York, by the quickest steam conveyance. It is impossible to overlook the fact,—or even to overrate the importance of it,—that the proposed Ontario and Simcoe Railroad is the connecting link in the chain of that great and most important thoroughfare.

JENNY LIND.—The Jenny Lind Concert last evening was a complete triumph. The crowd outside and inside was immense. Everything passed off pleasantly. When she first appeared, the house rose to receive her, and it was some time before she was able to proceed, so great was the enthusiasm. She was attired in white satin. Casta Diva was the opening piece, and brought down thunders of applause.

At the close, Mr. Barnum was called for, who made an announcement which formed a a thrilling and interesting climax to the scene. He stated that Miss Lind had declined to receive a farthing of the profits of this concert, of which her share would be at least ten thousand dollars. The whole sum she wished might be appropriated to various objects of charity, as follows:—

Fire Department Fund	$3,000
Musical Fund Society	2,000
Home for the friendless	500
Society for relief of indigent females	500
Dramatic Fund Association	500
Home for colored and aged persons	500
Colored Orphan Association	500
Lying in Asylum for destitute females	500
New York Orphan Asylum	500
Protestant Half Orphan Asylum	500
Roman Catholic Half Orphan Asylum	500
Old Ladies' Asylum	500

EDWIN FORREST.—Edwin Forrest was arrested yesterday, on complaint of his wife, and held to bail for $10,000. It is said she was fearful of an assault from him.

PORTS ON LAKE ERIE.—We are happy to see, in spite of the loss of the reciprocity bill, that our American neighbors are determined not to confine their good offices to champagne and snuff boxes. We lately had occasion to complain of the closing of the ports on Lake Erie, by which our forwarders would have been practically excluded from the transport of much railway iron for the western works.—Our readers will see by reference to our usual summary of United States items, that this disability is in process of being removed, by "the bill to authorize the Secretary of the Treasury to load or unload at such places, in any collection District in the United States, as he may designate." This bill was ordered to be read a third time on the 9th, and from the information we have received from good sources, is likely to pass. The time, however, is short, and the season precarious. We are pleased to be able to impute this prompt action on the part of the United States authorities, to the activity of those who have charge of British and Colonial interests in Canada and Washington.—*Herald.*

MORE BERMUDA CONVICTS.—The schooner Crocodile, Captain Young, from Bermuda, arrived at the Quarantine on Thursday evening, having seven convicts on board, and the Capt. hearing of what had occurred in the case of the Swan, came into Town to surrender himself, give bail for the offence, and undertook to carry the convicts back. Before however, he arrived, the mayor had intelligence of the precious importation, and sent down some police officers to take care of them and lodge them in the Tombs, till the departure of the Crocodile. This is just the way to serve the rascals.

LOVE.—An exchange paper says:—At three years of age we love our mothers; at six, our fathers; at ten, holidays; at sixteen, dress; at twenty, our sweethearts; at twenty-five, our wives; at forty, our children; at sixty, ourselves.

LIGHTHOUSES.—An article in the Daily News, on the Lights and Lighthouses of the Colonies, gives the following list for Canada: 32 in the Gulf and River St. Lawrence—12, Lake Ontario—12 Lake Erie—1, River Detroit—1, Lake Clair—1, Lake Huron (Goderich.)

RAPID INCREASE.—The population of Buffalo, which, in 1840 numbered twenty-nine thousand, is now reported by the United States Marshall, to be fifty thousand

DIED.

On the 24th ult Mrs. Robin, widow of the late Philip Robin, Esq., aged 79 years.

At Galt, on the 6 inst., Pierre Frederick Dansc, aged 86 years. Pierre had been a soldier for many years under Napoleon, and crossed the Alps under command of that world-renowned general.

In Hamilton, on the 10th instant, after a short but painful illness, Sarah, wife of Mr. Scott Land, aged 27 years.

In Hamilton, on the 9th instant, Sarah, Anne, sister of Mr. Duncan McNab, in the 18th year of her age.

At Oakville, on the 2nd instant, of inflammation of the lungs, Captain Peter McCorquodale, aged 43 years—a native of Scotland.

Announcements of Births and Marriages are not inserted unless duly authenticated and paid for.

Forty-Five Dollars Lost!

LOST this day in or about Princess Street, the sum of about Forty-five Dollars, or a little upwards. There was one ten dollar bill and the balance in five dollar bills, mostly of the Montreal Bank. The finder will be liberally rewarded by leaving said money at this office.

Kingston, Sept. 16, 1850. 218

By Magnetic Telegraph.

Last Night's Report.

Arrival of the Canada.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

Monday evening, Sept. 16.

The steamship 'Canada' arrived at ½ past 9 this morning. She left Liverpool Saturday the 7th inst. The steamship 'Pacific', from N. York, arrived at Liverpool Wednesday morning the 4th inst., at 11 o'clock. Cotton had declined ⅛ per lb. Sales for the week, 30,800 bales. The Harvest has all been secured in good order; no change in wheat or flour—full prices obtained. Indian Corn had declined 6d per quarter. The steamship 'Cambria' arrived at Liverpool on the 2nd instant. The London money market continues easy.—Consols 96¾; nothing of importance doing in American Stocks, prices nominal.

New York, Sept. 16.

Ashes market firm; fair demand for pots—sales 5000 bbls at 6, 12½. Pearls 6,00.

Flour market for Western and State in fair demand; for export, particularly for the low grades, up State and fresh ground, which are scarce. The receipts of those grades are not equal to the demand. The better grades dull, without sales. Canadian fair demand, and we hear of sales 1300 barrels, 3,75c for sour, 4,75c for fresh ground. Sales domestic 7000 barrels, 3,87c a 4,12c for No. 2 superfine, 4,50c for old State and Western, 5,62½c for fresh ground State, 4 68¾c a 4 75c for new Western and common to straight state, new 5 00c a 5 12½c for pure Genesee.

GRAIN.—Fair demand for Wheat, and the market is firmer; sales 3800 bushels prime Genesee, 1 16c, and 1400 bushels common Ohio, 90c. Southern and Canadian scarce and wanted.—Rye firmand in good demand for distilling; sales 3900 bushels at 70c.—Corn opened heavy with a moderate demand, but at the close easier, influenced by the steamers news; sales 23,000 bushels, 63c a 63½c for Southern, 62c a 64c for Western mixed, 65c for Western yellow, closing at easier figures.

PROVISIONS.—Market is firm for pork and in some instances better prices are obtained; sales 400 barrels, 6 55c for sour, 9 68¾c for thin mess, 10 44c for mess, and 8 25c for prime. Beef in better demand; sales 4000 barrels, 7 25c a 7 38c for country mess, 8 50c a 9 50c for city do, and 10,00c for Chicago do; prime very dull, 5 00c a 6 00c.—Butter very plenty; common is very dull.—Cheese very plenty and quiet.

THE TURKISH AMBASSADOR.—This distinguished functionary received the visits of the city in the Governor's Rooms at the City Hall at half-past 12 o'clock to-day. He visited the steamer *Artic*, one of Collin's Line, and other places.

It is said that the Countess of Elgin returns to Canada to-morrow.

No more of the steamers news has been got over. She will doubtless reach Boston to-morrow afternoon. This is one of the very fastest passages on record and has created great talk this morning.

HAMILTON, Sept, 14th.

The price of wheat here, is nominally, 3s 6d. to 3s. 9d—but there is nothing doing beyond what is required for immediate use.

Kingston Imports.

Sept. 13th.

Str Ontario, Rochester, a general cargo, Owners.
..... Syracuse, Detroit, 1463 bbls flour, Hooker & Holton; 704 bbls flour, Macpherson & Crane, and other goods, Owners.

Sept. 14th.

..... Cataract, Ogdensburgh, 1 horse and buggy, Mr. Lyon.
Brig New York, Clayton, in ballast, Thos. Horne.
Scow Oddfellow, Cape Vincent, in ballast, B. Allen.
Barge Mammoth, Quebec, 1200 bars iron, H. & S. Jones.
..... Lilly, Quebec, 1153 bars iron, H. & S. Jones.
..... Corsaica, Montreal, 3348 bushels salt, H. & S. Jones.
Str Bay State, Oswego, 98 barrels apples, H. Huntington, and other goods, Owners.
Schr P. Coleman, P. Bay, 34,000 staves, Calvin & Cook.

Sept. 16th.

Str Ontario, Morristown, 1 basket peaches.
Schr Nile, Oswego, in ballast, L. Marks.
..... Nightingale, Oswego, in ballast, A. Fitzgerald.
..... Triton, Oswego, 50 bbls salt, W. Anglin.

Arrivals in this City.

ARRIVALS AT KENT'S BRITISH AMERICAN HOTEL.

Sept. 14th—Mr. Forster, England—Thomas Williamson, Mr. Waddell, Stoney Creek—J H Hazel, Newfoundland—J S A Estey, Ogdensburgh.

15—John McLean, Cornwall—Alex Maryonbanks, Henry P Adams, Syracuse—O W Philips, Sacket's Harbor.

16.—H G. Salture, Albany—T. B. Wragg, Montreal—John Wragg, Toronto—Geo. Francis, River Trent—G. D. Greenleaf and Lady, Napanee—Mr. Eastwood, Toronto.

United States Mail Line of Steamers.

For Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Chicago and Intermediate Ports—12 Hours in advance of any other line.

THE New and Splendid, Upper Cabin Steamer NORTHERNER Capt. R. F. Child, will leave Browne's Wharf, To-morrow morning, at 8 o'clock.

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For Ogdensburgh & Montreal.

Passengers by this Line will get to Montreal To-morrow at noon.

THE New and Splendid Upper Cabin Steamer CATARACT, R. B. Chapman, *Master*, will leave Browne's Wharf This Day at 2 o'clock, p. m.

Sept. 17, 1850. 218

ROYAL MAIL RIVER LINE.

THROUGH BY DAY LIGHT.

THE Royal Mail Steamer CANADA, CAPT A. O'CONNOR, will leave the Commercial Wharf on To-morrow (Wednesday) Morning, Sept. 18, at half-past 5 o'clock.

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EDWIN CROWN'S City Stove and Plough Manufactory, Bagot street, Kingston, C. W. 218

BAD PRINT