THE WEEKLY BRITISH WHIG.

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To Mrs. Jane Lake.

This Poem to the memory of her much-lamented Son DENIS FRANKLIN, is most respectfully dedicated by

A FRIEND.

Baby, thou art laid to rest,
All alone in cheerless gloom,
Carried from thy mother's breast
To the dark and silent tomb.

Scarcely had life's transient sun,
Decked with golden beams thy sky,
Scarcely had thy day begun
When it was thy lot to die.

O 'twas hard to see them lay
Thee, sweet babe, beneath the ground,
Hard to see the damp cold clay,
Close thy tender form around.

Friends do mourn, and tears do flow,
But their grief thou heedest not;
Thou art done with things below
Sharing now a better lot.

Thou art gone from care and strife,
From a world of grief and sin;
From the battle field of life,
Saved ere thou had'st entered in.

Thou art safe in heaven, sweet child,
Near thy great Redeemer's throne,
Breathing forth in accents mild,
Praises to that Mighty One,

Mother you have lost your boy,
And your heart is filled with grief,
He a while was all your joy,
But that while, alas, how brief,

Perished is your fragile flower,
Nipped by death's untimely hand,
Withered in an early hour,
Ere its beauties could expand.

Such a bud from your parterre,
'Reft so suddenly from view,
Leaves a vacant corner there
None can ever feel like you.

But, direct your thoughts on high,
Thither has your infant gone,
Cease to murmur and to sigh,
You are quickly following on.

Soon again his smiles you'll greet
Where no sad farewells are given,
Your embraces will be sweet
In the deathless clime of heaven.

Father, mother, sisters, all,
Do not mourn or fret for me,
I have left you at his call,
Trust and all is right with thee.

Then I'll be the first to greet thee,
And bid you all a welcome in,
There the glories you shall see,
Try, oh try, the crown to win.

There you'll clasp him to your breast,
Swell with him the song of praise,
Know that God's decree was best,
And approve his mystic ways.

The Perils of the Border.

While reading recently an account of the frightful massacre of several white families by the Black foot Indians, we were reminded of a thrilling event which occurred in the "Wild West," a short time subsequent to the Revolution, in which a highly accomplished young lady, the daughter of a distinguished officer of the American army, played an important part. The story being of a most thrilling nature, and exhibiting in a striking manner the "Perils of the Border," we have concluded to give an extract from it, as originally published, as follows:

The angle on the right bank of the Great Kanawha, formed by its junction with the Ohio, is called Point Pleasant, and is a place of historical note. Here on the 10th of October, 1774, during what is known as Lord Dunmore's War, was fought one of the fiercest and most desperate battles that ever took place between the Virginians and their fiercest foes.

After the battle in question, in which the Indians were defeated with great loss, a fort was here erected by the victors, which became a post of great importance throughout the sanguinary scenes of strife which almost immediately followed, and which in this section of the country were continued for many years after that establishment of peace which acknowledged the United Colonies of America a free and independent nation.

At the landing of the fort, on the day our story opens, was fastened a flat-boat of the kind used by the early navigators of the Western rivers.

Upon the deck of this boat, at the moment we present the scene to the reader, stood five individuals, alike engaged in watching a group of persons, mostly females, who were slowly approaching the landing. Of these five, one was a stout, sleek negro in partial livery, and evidently a house or body servant; three were boatmen and borderers, as indicated by their rough, bronzed visages and coarse attire; but the fifth was a young man some twenty-and-twenty years of age, of a fine commanding person, and a clear, open, intelligent countenance, and in the lofty carriage of his head—in the beam of his large, bright hazel eye—there was something which denoted one of superior mind; but as we shall have occasion in the course of our narrative to set forth who and what Eugene Fairfax was, we will leave him for the present, and turn to the approaching group, whom he evinced to be regarding with lively interest.

Of this group, composed of a middle aged man and four females, with a black female servant following some five or six paces in the rear, there was one whom the most casual eye would have singled out and rested upon with pleasure. The lady in question, was apparently about twenty years of age, of a slender and graceful figure, and of that peculiar cast of feature, which, besides being beautiful in every linament, rarely fails to affect the beholder with something like a charm.

Her travelling costume—a fine brown habit, high in the neck, buttoned closely over the bosom and coming down to her small pretty feet, without trailing the ground—was both neat and becoming; and with her riding-cap and its waving ostrich plume set gaily above her flowing curls, her appearance contrasted forcibly with the rough unpolished looks of those of her sex beside her, with their linsey wool bed-gowns, scarlet flannel petticoats, and bleached linen caps.

'Oh, Blanche,' said one of the more venerable of her female companions, pursuing a conversation which had been maintained since quitting the open fort behind them, 'I cannot bear to let you go; for it just seems to me as if something were going to happen to you and when I feel that way something generally does happen.'

'Well, aunt,' returned Blanche, with a light laugh, 'I do not doubt in the least that some thing will happen—for I expect one of these days to reach my dear father and blessed mother, and give them such an embrace as is due from a dutiful daughter to her parents—and that is something that has not happened for two long years at least.'

'But I don't mean that, Blanche,' returned the other, somewhat petulantly, 'and you just laugh like a gay and thoughtless girl when you ought to be serious. Because you have come safe thus far through a partially settled country, you think, perhaps your own pretty face will ward off danger in the more perilous wilderness—but I warn you that a fearful journey is before you! Scarcely a boat descends the Ohio, that does not encounter more or less peril from the savages that prowl along either shore; and some of them that go down freighted with human life, are heard of no more, and none ever return to tell the tale.'

'But why repeat this to me dear aunt' returned Blanche with a more serious air, 'when you know it is my destiny, either good or bad to attempt the voyage? My parents have sent for me to join them in their new home and it is my duty to go to them, be the peril what it may.'

'You never did know what it was to fear!' pursued the good woman, rather proudly. 'No,' she repeated, turning to the others, 'Blanche Bertrand never did know what it was to fear, I believe!'

'Just like her father!' joined in the husband of the matron the brother of Blanche's mother the commander of the station, and the middle aged gentleman mentioned as one of the party; 'a true daughter of a true soldier. Her father Colonel Phillip Bertrand God bless him for a true heart! never did seem to know what it was to fear—and Blanche is just like him.'

'By this time the parties had reached the boat; and the young man already described—Eugene Fairfax, the secretary of Blanche's father—at once stepped forward, and, in a polite and deferent al manner, offered his hand to the different females, to assist them on board. The hand of Blanche was the last to touch his—and then but slightly, as she sprung quickly and lightly to the deck—but a close observer might have detected the slight flush which mantled his noble, expressive features as his eye for a single instant met hers. She might herself have seen it—perhaps she did—but there was no corresponding glow on her own bright, pretty face, as she inquired in the calm, dignified tone of one having the right to put the question, and who might also have been aware of the inequality of position between herself and him she addressed:

'Eugene, is everything prepared for our departure? It will not do for our boat to spring a leak again, as it did coming down the Kanawha—for it will not be safe for us, I think, to touch at the shore between the different forts and trading-posts on our route, this side of our destination—the Falls of the Ohio?'

'No, indeed!' rejoined her aunt, quickly; 'it will be as much as your lives are worth to venture a foot from the main current of the Ohio—for news reached us only the other day, that many boats had been attacked this spring, and several lost, with all on board!'

'No one feels more concerned about the safe passage of Miss Bertrand than myself,' replied Eugene, in a deferential tone; 'and since our arrival here, I have left nothing undone that I thought might possibly add to her security and comfort.'

'That is true, to my personal knowledge,' joined in the uncle of Blanche; 'and I thank you Mr. Fairfax in behalf of my fair kinswoman. There will, perhaps,' he pursued, 'be no great danger, so long as you keep in the current; but your watch must not be neglected for a single moment, either night or day; and do not, I most solemly charge and warn you, under any circumstance, or any pretence whatsoever, suffer yourselves to be decoyed to either shore!'

'I hope we understand our duty better, Colonel,' said one of the men, respectfully.

'I doubt it not,' replied the commander of the Point; 'I believe you are all faithful and true men, or you would not have been selected by the agent of Colonel Bertrand, for taking down more precious freight than you ever carried before—but still the wisest and the best of men have lost their lives by giving ear to the most earnest appeals of humanity. You understand what I mean? White men, apparently in the greatest distress, will hail your boat, represent themselves as having just escaped from the Indians, and beg of you, for the love of God in the most pitious tones to come to their relief; but turn a deaf ear to them—to each and all of them—even should you know the pleaders to be of your own kin; for in such a case your own brother might deceive you—not wilfully and voluntarily, perhaps—but because of being goaded on by the savages, themselves concealed.—Yes such things have been known as one friend being thus used to lure another to his destruction; and so be cautious vigilant, brave and true and may the good God keep you all from harm!'

As he finished speaking Blanche proceeded to take an affectionate leave of all, receiving many a tender message for her parents from those who held them in love and veneration; and the boat swung out and began to float down with the current, now fairly entered upon the most dangerous portion of a long and perilous journey.

The father of Blanche, Colonel Philip Bertrand was a native of Virginia, and a descendant of one of the Huguenot refugees who fled from their native land after the revocation of the edict of Nantz in 1665. He had been an officer of some note during the Revolution—a warm political and personal friend of the author of the Declaration of Independence—and a gentleman who had always stood high in the esteem of his associates and cotemporaries.

Though at one time a man of wealth, Colonel Bertrand had lost much, and suffered much, through British invasion; and when, a little after the close of the war, he had met with a few more serious reverses, he had been fain to accept a grant of land, near the Falls of the Ohio, now Louisville, tendered him by Virginia, which then held jurisdiction over the entire territory now constituting the State of Kentucky.

The grant had decided the Colonel upon seeking his new possessions and building up a new home in the then Far West, and as his wife had insisted upon accompanying him on his first tour, he had assented to her desire, on condition that Blanche should be left among her friends, till such time as a place could be prepared which might in some degree be considered a fit abode for one so carefully and tenderly reared.

Blanche would gladly have gone with her parents; but on this point her father had been inexorable—declaring that she would have to remain at the East till he should see proper to send for her; and as he was a man of positive character, and a rigid disciplinarian, the matter had been settled without argument.

When Colonel Bertrand removed to the West, Eugene Fairfax, as we have seen, accompanied him; and coming of age shortly after, he had accepted the liberal offer of his noble benefactor, to remain with him in the capacity of private secretary and confidential agent. On taking possession of his grant, the Colonel had almost immediately erected a fort, and offered such inducements to settlers as to speedily collect around him quite a little community—of which as a matter of course, he became the head and chief; and to supply the wants of his own family and others, and increase his gains in a legitimate way he had opened a store, and filled it with goods from the Eastern marts, which goods were transported by land over the mountains to the Kanawha, and thence by water to the Falls of the Ohio, whence their removal to Fort Bertrand became an easy matter. To purchase and ship these goods, and deliver a package of letters to friends in the East, Eugene had been thrice dispatched—his third commission also extending to the escorting of the beautiful heiress, with her servants to her new home. This last commission had been so far executed at the time chosen for the opening of our story, as to bring the different parties to the mouth of the great Kanawha, when the reader has seen them slowly floating off upon the still, glassy bosom of "the belle of rivers."

The day, which was an auspicious one, passed without anything occurring worthy of note, until near four o'clock, when, as Blanche was standing on the fore part of the deck gazing at the lovely scene which surrounded her, she saw a seemingly flying bird suddenly leave a limb of a gigantic tree (where mighty boughs extended far over the river) and near which the boat was then swayed by the action of the current, and alight with a crash upon the deck of the boat, not more than eight feet from her. One glance sufficed to show her what the object was, and freeze the blood in her veins. The glowing eyes of a huge panther met her gaze. The suddenness of the shock which this discovery gave her was overpowering. With a deafening shriek she fell upon her knees and clasped her hands before her breast. The panther crouched for his deadly leap, but ere he sprang, the hunting knife of Eugene Fairfax (who, with the steersman, was the only person on deck besides Blanche) was buried to the hilt in his side, inflicting a severe but not fatal wound. The infuriated beast at once pursued Eugene, and a deadly struggle ensued. But it was a short one. The polished blade of the knife played back and forth like lightning flashes, and at every plunge it was buried to the hilt in the panther's body, who soon fell to the deck, urging the dauntless Eugene with him. On seeing her protector fall, Blanche uttered another shriek and rushed to his aid; but a distance from stouter arms were at hand. The boatmen gathered round and the savage monster was literally hacked in pieces with their knives and hatchets, and Eugene, covered with blood, was dragged from under his carcass. Supposing him to be dead or mortally wounded, Blanche threw her arms around his neck and gave way to a passionate burst of grief. But he was not dead—he was not even hurt, with the exception of a few slight scratches. The blood with which he was covered was the panther's, not his own. But Blanche's embrace was his—a precious treasure—an index of her heart's emotions and affections. It was to be for his whole future life, as will be seen in the progress of our story.

Slowly and silently, save the occasional creak, dip, and plash of the steersman's oar, the boat of our voyagers was borne along upon the bosom of the current on the third night of the voyage. The hour was waxing late, and Eugene, the only one astir, except the watch, was suddenly startled by a rough hand being placed upon his shoulder, accompanied by the words, in the gruff voice of the boatman:

'I say, Cap'n, there's trouble!'

'What is it, Dick?' inquired Eugene, starting to his feet.

'Don't you see there's a heavy fog rising that'll soon kiver us up so thick that we won't be able to tell a white man from a nigger?' replied the boatman—Dick Winter by name—a tall, bony, muscular, athletic specimen of his class.

'Good heaven! so there is!' exclaimed Eugene, looking off upon the already misty waters. 'It must have gathered very suddenly, for all was clear a minute ago. What is to be done now? This is something I was not prepared for, on such a night as this.'

'It looks troublous, Cap'n, I'll allow,' returned Dick, 'but we're in for't, that's sartin, and I s'pose we'll have to make the best on't.'

'But what is to be done?—what do you advise?' asked Eugene, in a quick, excited tone, that indicated some degree of alarm.

'Why, if you won't be skeered about the young lady, and it won't so dead again the orders from head quarters, my plan would be a right easy one—I'd just run over to the Kentuck shore, and tie up.'

'No, no,' said Eugene, positively; 'that will never do, Dick—that will never do! Would not think of such a thing for a moment! We must keep in the current by all means!'

'If you don't,' replied the boatman; 'but when it gets so dark as we can't tell one thing from t'other, it'll be powerful hard to keep it. And if we don't run again a bar or bust a bore morning, in spite of the best on us, it'll be the luckiest go that ever I had a hand in. See, Cap'n—it's thickening up fast; we can't see either bank at all, nor the water nyther; the stars are goin' dim, and it looks as if there was a cloud all round us.'

'Indeed so!' exclaimed Eugene, excitedly. 'Merciful Heaven! I hope no accident will befall us here—and yet my heart almost misgives me!—for, Dick, I believe, the most dangerous part of our journey—the vicinity where many of our foes have been captured by the savages.'

Saying this, Eugene hastened below, where he found the other boatmen sleeping so soundly as to require considerable effort, on his part, to make them stir; yet in them fairly roused, he informed them, most in a whisper, for he did not care to disturb the others, that a heavy fog had suddenly arisen, and he wished their presence on deck immediately.

'A fog, sp'n?' exclaimed one, in a tone which indicated that he comprehended the peril with the word.

'Hush!' returned Eugene; 'there is no necessity for waking the others, and having a scene. Up! and follow me without word!'

He glided back to the deck, and was almost immediately joined by the boatmen, to whom he briefly made known his hopes and fears.

They thought like their companion that that the boat would be safest if made fast to an overhanging limb of the Kentucky shore; but frankly admitted that this could not be done without difficulty and danger, and that there was a possibility of keeping the current.

'Then make the possibility a certainty, and it shall be the best night's work you ever performed!' rejoined Eugene, in a quick, excited tone.

'We'll do the best we can, Cap'n,' was the response; 'but no man can be sartin of this here crooked stream in a foggy night.'

A long silence followed—the voyagers slowly drifting down through a misty darkness impenetrable to the eye—when, suddenly, our young commander, who was standing near the bow, felt the extended branch of an overhanging limb silently brushing his face. He started, with an exclamation of alarm, and at the same moment the boatman on the right called out:

'Quick, here, boys! we're agin the shore as sure as death!'

Then followed a scene of hurried and anxious confusion, the voices of the three boatmen mingling together in loud, quick, excited tones.

'Push off the bow!' cried one.

'Quick! altogether, now! over with her!' shouted another.

'The devils in it! she's running aground here on a muddy bottom!' almost yelled a third.

Meantime the laden boat was brushing along against projecting bushes and overreaching limbs, and every moment getting more and more entangled, while the long poles and sweeps of the boatmen, as they attempted to push her off were often plunged, without touching bottom into what appeared to be a soft, clayey mud from which they were only extricated by such an outlay of strength as tended still more to draw the clumsy craft upon the bank they wished to avoid. At length, scarcely more than a minute from the first alarm, there was a kind of settling together, as it were, and the boat became fast and immovable.

The fact was announced by Dick Winter, in his characteristic manner—who added, with an oath, that it was just what he expected. For a moment or two a dead silence followed, as if each comprehended that the matter was one to be viewed in a very serious light.

'I'll get over the bow, and try to get the lay of the land with my feet,' said Tom Harris; and forthwith he set about his not very pleasant undertaking.

At this moment Eugene heard his name pronounced by a voice that seldom failed to excite a peculiar emotion in his breast and now sent a strange thrill through every nerve; and hastening below, he found Blanche, only dressed, with a light in her hand, standing just outside of her cabin in the regular passage which led lengthwise through the centre of the boat.

'I have heard something Eugene,' she said, 'enough to know that we have met with an accident, but not sufficient to comprehend its nature.'

'Unfortunately, about two hours ago,' replied Eugene, 'we suddenly became involved in a dense fog; and in spite of our every precaution and care, we have run aground—it may be again the Ohio shore—it may be against an island;—it is so dark we can't tell. But be not alarmed, Miss Blanche,' he hurriedly added; 'I trust we shall soon be afloat though in any event the darkness is sufficient to conceal us from the savages, even were they in the vicinity.'

'I know little of Indians,' returned Blanche; 'but I have always understood that they are somewhat remarkable for their acuteness of hearing; and if such is the case, there would be no necessity of their being very near, to be made acquainted with our locality, judging from the loud voices I heard a few minutes ago.'

'I fear we've been rather imprudent,' said Eugene, in a deprecating tone; 'but in the excitement——'

His words were suddenly cut short by several loud voices of alarm from without, following by a quick and heavy tramping across the deck; and the next moment Seth Harper and Dick Winter burst into the passage, the former exclaiming:

'We've run plum into a red nigger's nest, Cap'n, and Tom Harris is already scalped!'

And even as he spoke, as if in confirmation of his dreadful intelligence, there arose a series of wild, piercing, demoniacal yells, followed by a dead and ominous silence.

So far we have followed the love's heroine and her friends in this adventure; but the foregoing is all that we can publish in our columns. The balance of the narrative can only be found in the New York Ledger, the great family paper, which can be obtained at all the periodical stores where papers are sold. Remember to ask for the 'Ledger,' dated May 22nd, and in it you will get the continuation of the narrative from where it leaves off here. If there are no book-stores or news offices convenient to where you reside, the publisher of the Ledger will send you a copy by mail, if you will send him five cents in a letter. Address Robert Bonner, Ledger Office, 44 Ann street, New York. This story is entitled 'Perils of the Border,' and grows more and more interesting as it goes on.

The following General Order has been issued this day by Lieut. General Sir William Eyre, K.C.B., Commanding the Forces in British North America, upon the embarkation of the Head Quarters of the 100th Regiment for Quebec:—

HEAD QUARTERS,
Montreal, May 6, 1858.

GENERAL ORDER.

The Records of the 100th, or the Prince of Wales Royal Canadian Regiment, being about to embark for Quebec; the Lieutenant-General Commanding, desires to express to the men his thanks for their obedience and orderly conduct in Barracks, under trying circumstances. The Lieutenant General is not only satisfied with the general conduct of the men, but also with the progress they have made towards discipline and order, without which a military body is a mere rabble. The Lieutenant-General has perfect confidence that the 100th Regiment will do honor to the noble service to which they belong, and sustain the character of the great Province which has thus so effectually contributed to the military strength of the Empire.

R. ROLLO, Lieut. Col.
Asst. Adjt. General.

The Ministry continue to hold their own, and from all appearances are likely still to hold it, in spite of the predictions of George Brown et hoc genus omne. They are not all that we could wish, or that the country at large could wish, but they are the best men out of whom an Administration could be formed—under existing circumstances. A venal House of Assembly must be purchased and managed, and the faults of the ministry are more owing to the shameful corruption pervading all classes of society in public Canadian life, than to any active principle of evil in the men composing the Canadian Government. If the people of Canada will still continue to send to Parliament, members who sell themselves for place or favor on the first opportunity, and will not act for the good of the country until purchased, it is idle for them to complain that Ministers are obliged to buy them.—Were Mr Brown to take the place of Mr Macdonald, things would go on just as they go, with this single difference, that not being personally so good or so able as Mr Macdonald, Mr Brown's premiership would be marked by more glaring acts of impropriety. Witness his tyranny, corruption and favoritism at Kingston, while Inspector of the Provincial Penitentiary. The root of the evil lies within the people themselves, and until they send honest men to Parliament, they have no right to find fault; and to confess the truth, they do not grumble much.

From all that we can gather, the Ministry will carry triumphantly through Parliament all the measures that they wish to see carried. Whether they sincerely desire to pass the Usury Bill, is more than we can tell. The Globe, from which we are obliged to copy most of the parliamentary intelligence extant, says that it is to be dropped, although it has had its second reading with a majority of nine. The bill would do much good; but the religious prejudices of the Lower Canadians are so strong as to preclude much hope that their representatives will consent to its being made law.

Messrs. S. M. Pettengill & Co's. Advertising Agency.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

ADVERTISING AGENCY.—There are none of our state contemporaries, we believe, who have not suffered materially from having advertised for parties abroad, who have not paid their bills, or received orders through agencies which have received the money paid, and appropriated it to themselves, instead of paying it over to those to whom it legitimately belonged. It is impossible for the proprietors of papers, in the country especially, to know the character and responsibility of all who send casual work for them to perform, either as principals or agents; and the best plan for them to pursue, in order to avoid being imposed upon in this respect, is to form a connection with a reliable agency, which will relieve them of all care and risk for a moderate compensation. We have for a long time availed ourselves of this advantage and have greatly profited by it. Messrs S. M. Pettengill & Co., of New York, who devote themselves entirely to this branch of business, are among those who have acted for us, and we have satisfaction in saying that we have found them all that we could expect and in recommending them to the confidence of those newspaper proprietors who may wish to follow the course we recommend. They sustain a similar high reputation throughout the country.

The Lecture of Major Constable.

Major Constable is a Lecturer of no ordinary celebrity. Wherever he has Lectured, and he has always done so under the patronage of the Mechanics' Institute of the several cities or towns, he has never failed to be received with the heartiest welcome and to have recorded, after his night's labor, a special vote of thanks in his favor. Among other places he lectured in Buffalo, before the Ex-President of the United States, and the elite of that great commercial emporium and we are happy to have it in our power to lay before our Kingston readers the subjoined testimonial in his favor:

Buffalo, January 29th, 1858.

MAJOR A. G. A. CONSTABLE,

Dear Sir,—

Having listened with great pleasure to your highly interesting and instructive Lecture, delivered at Kremlin Hall, on the "Past History, Present Condition, and Future Prospects of the British in India" and believing it to be a production abounding in information highly interesting to our citizens, we earnestly invite you to repeat the same at your earliest convenience, for the benefit of very many who had not the pleasure of listening to your first lecture.

Respectfully yours,

[Signed,] MILLARD FILLMORE,
GEO. S. HAZARD,
S. S. GUTHRIE,
REV. E. INGERSOLL,
E. R. JEWETT,
And Others.

The St. Lawrence Warehouse, Dock and Wharfage Company.

In calling public attention to the above establishment, we cannot do better than quote from the printed prospectus lately issued, the preface to which sets forth that

"This Company is established at South Quebec, for the purpose of connecting the Transit Commerce of the Port of Quebec, and the Grand Trunk Railway, with Ocean Steamers, and the important and increasing Ocean, Lake, and River Steam traffic.

"The Company provides deep water Wharves for Ocean Ships and Lake and River Craft, with suitable Storage for Flour, Grain, Ashes, Timber, Iron, Coals, Salt, &c., &c., &c., in immediate communication with the Grand Trunk Railway Station at Point Levi.

"The Establishment is situated between the Passenger and Goods Depots of that Railway, affording all the security of enclosed Docks and Warehouses.

"The Company have four thousand feet River frontage, with a Timber Dock capable of holding six millions of feet in the Raft; where Vessels of any class can moor in safety out of the influence of the strong tides, sheltered from the effects of those perpetual Easterly gales, which so frequently cause damage to shipping on the North side of the St. Lawrence.

"The site is so commodious as to leave no reasonable doubt that the undertaking will yield a high remunerative return."

From the facilities which the Company appears to possess for the loading and discharging of vessels and for carrying on the forwarding business, the admirable situation of their cove docks and warehouses and the character of the parties engaged in the enterprise, it seems evident that, while the public will have their business done in a safe expeditious and economical manner, the shareholders will receive a fair return for the investment of their capital.

PAPER AND STATIONERY WAREHOUSE.—From our advertising columns it will be noticed that Mr. J. Chalmers of Montreal, has associated with himself a partner in the above trade, and the firm is now composed of Messrs. Chalmers & Robertson. From a long business experience with Mr. Chalmers, we are enabled to assure our readers that the merchandize offered by the advertisers is of the most superior quality, as well of home production as of foreign importation. In addition to this, the business of this house is always conducted in such a punctual and honorable manner as to ensure entire satisfaction to purchasers. We are happy also to know that their assiduity and polite attention to the orders of their customers has secured the house a most extensive patronage.

The G. T. Railway into Kingston.

The Contractors are getting on famously well with their work, and by the end of the summer, the Track of the Grand Trunk Railway will be brought into the inhabited part of Kingston, across the shallow portions of the Bay above the bridge, viz. to the northern end of Ontario street. This will be a great boon, as well as a great convenience to the Kingstonese, since it will turn the Grand Trunk Railway from a positive nuisance, into a real benefit. The remainder of the purposed work, that of carrying the Track from the end of Ontario Street, partly along that street, partly in rear of its south side, and partly in front of the Market Battery, to the location of the intended Depot on Shaw's Wharf, is to be completed by the First of April next, a fit time for so foolish an undertaking.

Jobs are the great evil of Canada. It was a job that caused the purchase of Shaw's Wharf, and it will be a continuation of that job, the purchase and payment of the land to be occupied, and the many buildings to be pulled down necessary to take the Track to the place destined for its Terminus. As for its going any farther, viz through the city to connect with the Main Track near Collins' Bay, that is a matter to be left for the consideration of our great great grand children. No one now alive can expect to see the Kingston Side Track carried farther than Shaw's Wharf.

A question now arises whether it will not be for the permanent benefit of the City of Kingston, that the Depot of the Railroad should be located at the end of Ontario Street, instead of Shaw's Wharf. The advantages are many, and the disadvantages few. In the first place, the horrible expense, the consequent imposition, and the real nuisance of carrying the Track through its tortuous windings to Shaw's Wharf, would be wholly avoided. According to the present plan, not only those whose property will be deteriorated, are to be paid, but also those whose property will be benefitted. We all know what arbitrations are, and we all know what sort of justice an unpopular Company is likely to receive at their hands. The expenditure to be thus saved has been estimated, by those who understand the subject fully, at $100,000! In the next place there is an ample space of useless shallow water to be had for nothing whereon all the necessary buildings could be erected; and immediately adjoining this shallow water, just above the Draw of the Cataraqui Bridge, and in a line with the Tête de Pont, is the deep water of the Channel of the Great Cataraqui Creek, where the wharves could be built, and a dock of which the largest lake vessels afloat could load and unload. The expense here, including the filling up would not greatly exceed the sum estimated to be expended at Shaw's Wharf. The third great advantage, as well as blessing to Kingston, would be the converting of a shallow unwholesome sheet of putrid water, from which in the hot months of summer, arises malaria in abundance breeding fever and pestilence, into ground covered with buildings. On this point there is no necessity to dilate.

The disadvantages can be comprised under two items. Firstly, the Cataraqui Bridge must be removed and a Steam Ferry, like those of New York or Boston, established in its stead. This is a difficulty easily surmounted; for the Cataraqui Bridge must be removed sooner or later, and the question is one simply of time.—$40,000 bought the Bridge, and $40,000 might buy it again. The second disadvantage, or difficulty, is of still less amount, the resale of Shaw's Wharf, as being no longer needed. The Company did not pay a great deal too much for these premises, though their purchase was a job; and though they might lie on their hands for a time, yet they would ultimately be sold at an advance. Such establishments as that of Messrs Walker & Perry's are now needed at Kingston, and sooner or later, some Quebeckers or Montrealers would be ready to pay down the cash for premises so desirable. It would be a loss of interest only.

Any one of common sense, with half an eye, will readily perceive that what we have asserted is both reasonable and feasible—nevertheless, if the folly of carrying the Track to Shaw's Wharf is to be perpetrated, it will go for nothing. The good of the city and the general advantage of its citizens will weigh naught, compared with that to be gained by jobbery. All we hope is, that no influential person is interested in injuring the city, and that the Managers and Engineers of the G.T.R.R. Co. will re-consider the matter, and while they save the money of the Stockholders, do good to a place which the Company has deeply injured. Some trifling matters of detail on both sides of the question we have overlooked, satisfied, that where there is a will, there will be found a way.

ARRIVAL OF THE "VANDERBILT."

NEW YORK, May 10, 1858.

The steamship Vanderbilt arrived here at 9, A. M.

Parliament discussing India Bill.

The Stamp duty on bankers' cheques passed without debate.

The election in Paris resulted in the return of two Government and one Opposition member to the Legislature.

Sardinia passed the Conspiracy Bill.

A dispute has arisen between England and Prussia regarding Affghanistan.

MARKETS.

Flour dull but firm; Wheat ditto. Corn held higher, but buyers demand a reduction. Mixed Corn at Liverpool, 34s 6d to 35s.—No quotations given for ashes at London. Sugar and Coffee steady. Tallow firm.—Accounts from China report Teas advancing. Consols advanced to 97¼ for money, and 97⅛ to 97¼ for June. Money Market unchanged.

THE O'REILLY TESTIMONIAL.—The very elegant and chaste service of plate to be presented to Mr. O'Reilly, one day in the early part of next week, can now be seen at Mr. Ramage's, Brock street. The service consists of a Tea pot, Coffee pot, Sugar-bowl, Cream-ewer, Slop-bowl, and Cake basket.—They are all of solid silver, of very elegant pattern and chaste workmanship, and value for six hundred dollars. Each piece bears the family crest, and an inscription—"Presented by the citizens of Kingston to James O'Reilly, Esq., on his departure to Ottawa." Mr. Ramage was sent specially to New York to purchase the service; his selection does his taste very great credit indeed.

PORT OF QUEBEC.

ARRIVED—May 6.

Ship Primrose, Cunnion, 5th April, Limerick, order ballast.

May 7.

Ship Lady Seymour, England, 2d April, Liverpool, Henry Fry, salt.

Bark Larne, Lindegreen, 2d April, Leith, J. White coal and bricks.

Schr Maria Louise, Tremblay, with goods from the wreck of the Prince of Canada.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.—No. 85.

We have but little on 'Our Table' to-day to notice, and that little not particularly interesting.

The Westminster Review for April. Reprint of Leonard Scott & Co., New York. The City Book Store, Kingston. $3 a year.

Certain silly people in Canada are running a muck against this old established Review. Mechanics' Institutes are rejecting it, and religious newspapers, of various creeds, (the Echo, Guardian and True Witness) are writing long tirades against the pernicious tendency of its Articles. With due submission we regard this line of conduct as exceedingly injudicious. Of the four great English Reviews, the Westminster, tho' well conducted, has hitherto enjoyed the least circulation, showing that the reading public at large are not very sceptical. Such is, or would be the case in Canada, if the directors of public opinion would let it alone. It is bringing the Review into too much notice that may do the mischief they dread. Paine's 'Age of Reason,' though interdicted at Home, is published and sold in the United States. But how few read it, and still fewer, buy it? Re-commence a crusade against it, and readers and buyers would be found in abundance. Young folks read with the same avidity Voltaire's 'Works XIII,' and 'Tom the Greek,' as they devour his 'Jacquelide' and 'Zadig,' the charm of the narrative overpowering every other feeling, and they do themselves no harm. But when they are indiscreetly told, that the two former works are in excess, and the two latter dangerous, they greedily run over the latter again, in order to discover what at first escaped their penetration. Such is human nature. We have been led into those few remarks, because the 1st Article in the Northbrook is a dissertation on Auguste Comte's 'Religion of Positivism.' Let the ordinary reader peruse it, and he will throw it down with disgust, as we have done, wholly incapable of understanding its philosophy. But, if clergymen write against it, and parents and guardians interest it, it will be read again and again, until its evil be fully comprehended. To us, and to thousands other, it now appears a mass of nonsense absurdity, and how it ever could have obtained notoriety is an incomprehensible. The other Articles are Recollections of Shelly & Byron; China, Past and Present; Party Government; The Boscoel Tracts, Our Relation to the Princes of India; Medical Reform; Organization of the War Department; and Contemporary Literature; the whole very excellent and readable things, and utterly free from mischief.

Littell's Living Age, Nos. 724, 725, 726, 727 et 728. Littell, Son & Co., Boston; Stanford and Delisser, New York. $6 a year.

Owing to a change in the place of issue, from Boston to New York, we ceased for a time to receive this, our favorite and most useful periodical; but the kindness of our old friend Mr. Littell has removed the inconvenience, and we got the above five Nos. on Saturday last, leaving no time to peruse them.

Ottawa, the Capital of Canada. Algar & Street, London. 12mo, pp. 24. Price 7d. With two wood cuts.

Hudson's Bay and the Red River Settlement. By Wm Kennagan, of Chicago. Algar & Street, London. 12mo pp. 16. Price 6d. With a map.

Both the above brochures were received by the last English Mail, the former is an advertising medium of the G. T. RR, and contains a full description of the City of Ottawa and adjoining country, including some Letters from the pen of our Missangster. The other pamphlet is by Mr Kennagan an occasional contributor to the British Whig, and is devoted to the complicated question, the Hudson's Bay Territory. It is quite evident that at present Canada don't want that Territory, and could ill afford to keep it; nevertheless, as it may at some future time be valuable to the Province, it is quite as well to keep up an agitation.

Labor's Political Economy, or the Tariff Question considered. By Horace Greeley. Wm. Weir & Co., Toronto. 12mo. pp. 16.

This is a reprint of Mr. Greeley's celebrated Lecture on Protection, and is published by the Association of Canadian Industry, at Toronto. Its ex-parte arguments are patent to every Protectionist; but as we are not friendly to the scheme, one only remark we shall make:—by levying oppressive duties on American manufactures, shall we not jeopardize the continuance of the Reciprocity Treaty, a boon granted to Canada by the U. S. Legislature, in consideration of the previous removal by the Canadian Parliament of the differential Duties on American Manufactures!

Report of the Medical Superintendent of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum, for the year ending, March, 1858. 12mo, pp. 24.

This is a very dippant Report by a man capable of writing one much better; it contains little or no information, not even of the statistical kind and is full of crude opinions, rashly put forth. Canada hitherto, has been very unfortunate in the selection of its Lunatic Asylum Superintendents, and the present incumbent seems to be no exception, judging solely from this very paltry Annual Report of a very great Institution. Instead of an Official Report it is to be laid before the three branches of the Legislature. Dr. Workman seems to have dashed off one of his old Editorials. The simple fact is, Canadian Officials are too well paid—it makes them lazy and unwilling efficiently to perform those duties for which they are so well remunerated.

Report of the Post Master General, for the Eighteen months ending March, '58. John Lovell, Toronto. 8vo pp. 216.

This is a work of a very different nature from the preceding though not on a more important Information. The labor of months is here devoted, by a man fully understanding his position, to the complete information of the Legislature on a subject that interests us all. Mr. Spence has performed his task well; but how, amid his multifarious duties, he found time to put together so much information is a puzzle to all, save to an industrious man with method. Mr. Spence has now left the Post Office but he has taken with him the best wishes of all who came in contact with him in the execution of his official duties.

The Canadian Merchants' Magazine.—Volume the 2nd, from October, 1857, to March, 1858. Wm. Weir, & Co., Toronto. 8vo, pp. 572 Bound.

We have again to thank the publishers of the Canadian Merchants' Magazine, for a copy of their 2nd Volume. As we have noticed each No as it came out, we have nothing more to say, than to wish Messrs. Weir & Co., continued success in their arduous undertaking.

The American Farmer's Magazine for May. J. A. Nash, New York. $2 a year.

The College Journal of Medical Science.—Cincinnati, P. C. Brown. $1 a year.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the above Magazines.

Blackwood's Magazine for April, Reprint of L. Scott & Co., New York. The City Book Store, Kingston. $3 a year.

The contents are—The Missionary Explorer; Food and Drink, Part 2, A few Words on Social Philosophy; What will he do with it? Part XI From Spain to Piedmont; Rambles round Glasgow; Mr. John Company to Mr. John Bull; and The New Administration. As every thing in 'Old Ebony' is still good, there is no necessity to particularize.

Peterson's International Ladies' Magazine for June. C. J. Peterson, Philadelphia.—$2 a year.

This is ever an early bird; it is always in advance of its contemporaries, but as it brings with it amusement and instruction, it is never an unwelcome visitor.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
TORONTO, 8th May, 1858.

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

Joseph Motherwill, M.D.
Alfred P. Touhouie, and
John H. Campbell, M.D., Esquires, to be associate Coroners for the County of Lambton.

George Henry Boulter, Esquire, M.D., to be associate Coroner for the County of Hastings.

Joseph Currier, Esquire, M. D., to be associate Coroner for the County of Essex.

Norman Baker, Esquire, M. D., to be associate Coroner for the United Counties of York and Peel.

Henry Beutell Jones, Esquire, M. D., to be associate Coroner for the County of Prince Edward.

William D. Ardagh, of Osgoode Hall, Esquire, Barrister at Law, to be Deputy Judge of the County Court of the