

THE NEW METROPOLIS OF CANADA.

(From the Quebec Gazette.)

Kingston, selected by Lord Sydenham as the seat of Government of Canada, under the re-union act, is situated on the St. Lawrence, about a thousand miles from the eastern boundary of the Province, four hundred from Quebec, and two hundred from Montreal, and about six hundred miles from the westernmost settlements of the late Province of Upper Canada.

The town is nine or ten miles from the United States' side of the St. Lawrence, but the American territory is not visible from Kingston, the shore being low, and concealed by Wolf or Long Island, (Grande Isle.)

The town occupies a point of little elevation, formed by the bay of the Catarqui stream to the north-east, and an indentation of the shore to the south-west. Point Frederick is a low point on the other side of the Catarqui Bay, with a number of extensive and substantial stone buildings, for the use of the Naval department; back of it, at a distance of nearly a mile from Kingston, is Point Henry, rising about a hundred feet above the level of the water, crowned by Barracks and military works, which are being increased. Point Frederick is joined to the town by a long, heavy-built, decaying wooden toll-bridge. To the south of this bridge, on the Kingston side, is the site of the old French Fort, Frontenac. This site is still occupied by the military, who have on it strong built stone barracks, surrounded by a wall with loop-holes for musketry. Further up, to the north, at a short distance, is a large space of rising ground, occupied by the artillery, and a Union flag is here kept hoisted on an eminence. To the west and north of the town are three or four wooden block-houses, on stone foundations, erected during the late American war.

The substratum of the whole site of the town is limestone, which in many places appears in horizontal beds, near the surface, while in other parts there is a depth of a few feet of clay loam, with boulders of granite on the surface.

The town consists of four main Streets, viz:—Store Street, running from the mail steam-boat wharf, about north-west; Brock Street, on the eastern side of the market square, and Front Street and Church Street, called King's Street, to the east, running in a south-westerly direction across the point. There are several other inferior streets on both sides of the foregoing, running nearly parallel to the aforementioned Streets.

The houses in the main streets are well built of limestone or brick, painted red, generally one or two stories high, but there are some of three stories, and the shops in those streets are respectable and well filled. The whole resident population may be about 5,000 souls. Store Street and Church Street may have good houses for a distance of a quarter of a mile on each. In the west and rear of the town is a number of scattered buildings, on streets laid out, but not yet distinctly formed; to the south-west is a large field of between 10 and 20 acres, serving as an exercising ground, and lately purchased by government from the heirs, Murney, for £10,000; beyond that, out of the town limits, at about half a mile from Store Street, is the ground which belonged to the late Rev. Mr. Stuart. Here is the General Hospital, (now Parliament House,) a stone building of rather a sombre appearance, three stories in height, about 60 feet by 105—and a costly edifice erected by the present Archbishop Stuart, at a short distance to the north, now occupied as an hotel, with a number of small buildings to the front of the Hospital. On a point, at the water's edge, is the humble one story wooden mansion of the late Rev. Mr. Stuart, the first Minister of the Church of England in Upper Canada, with a few pine trees of small growth to the west, and an orchard and garden enclosed by stone walls, falling to decay. This property, it is said, has been purchased by Government; about a mile further, is Alwington House, the residence of the Hon. Charles Grant, now occupied by Lord Sydenham; and a little further is the Penitentiary, both invisible from the town. Between Alwington House and Mr. Stuart's farm, is the farm said to be purchased by Government, at the price of £25,000 sterling. It has rented heretofore for a mere trifle.

Great speculations on real estate have been going on since it was supposed Kingston would become the seat of Government. The trade of the place has recently increased, and a great many buildings are now being erected in town, and new wharves formed or improved. At the west end of Wolf or Long Island, is the main opening of Lake Ontario, (the British side,) and vessels or steamboats are generally seen in the distance, coming in or going out. The principal business of the town is forwarding.—The country, back and along the river, is poor for a distance of nine or ten miles, where the land begins to improve: the inhabitants have markets on the Bay of Quinte. The works of the Rideau Canal, which have cost the British Treasury about a million and a half of sterling money, begin about six miles to the north of the town on the Catarqui Creek, which has been dammed up at a place called Kingston Mills, at the head of the shallow bay, east of the town. Here are four locks rising 46½ feet: they are 33 feet wide, all of excellent workmanship. The depth of water is five feet; unfortunately, some of the Grenville Locks on the route to Montreal are only 20 feet wide, the same, I believe, as the Lachine Canal. Beyond the Locks at Kingston Mills, there is the appearance of a lake with the most uninviting shores, and the country through which the Canal passes is represented as very poor for a great distance. Small steamboats leave Kingston by the Canal, daily, and get down to the Lachine in two, three and four days, according to circumstances. The daily steamboats from Kingston downwards to the head of the Long Sault, about a hundred miles, are principally for the conveyance of passengers, and the mail. Many Durham boats go down by the St. Lawrence and come up by the Rideau. The whole distance from Kingston to Montreal is—to Bytown, 126 miles, Bytown to Montreal, 120—246. By the River it is about 40 less.

The inhabitants of Kingston appear to be industrious and well-behaved. They are obliging to strangers. There are four or five churches or chapels, well frequented, viz:—Church of England, Scotland, Catholic, Methodist, &c. Temperance has been making good progress. The Court-House and Jail are under the same roof, forming a very respectable looking building, with a cupola. The old Catholic Church is small; it was rebuilt in 1808, and its patron is St. Columban. There are three Banking establishments or branches in the place, and three newspapers: and four printing-offices.—Mechanics are getting from 6s. 3d. to 10s. a-day, at present. Labourers about 3s. a-day, finding themselves. Servants' wages, rents, provisions and board are high, and have risen in consequence of the place being the

seat of Government. It is possible that they may over-do things at Kingston, as has happened at other places, when great gains were expected.

The Police of the town wants improvement.—Pigs and Poultry are the principal scavengers, but do not carry away all, and cows, &c. are straying in the streets all day long. The streets are encumbered with building materials and repairs; but this is excusable. They are wide. The appearance of the best streets is spoiled by projecting signs, &c. Persons in the last stage of intoxication are to be met with, lying exposed to public view; the worst water from the Canal and the harbour is allowed to be taken up for the inhabitants; and the condition of the poor and destitute to be met with in the streets or about the wharves and emigrant sheds, does not figure well with the shewy attempts of others to imitate real wealth and grandeur. Kingston, however, once called a tory town, is now decidedly a reform one, and it is to be hoped that the word alone will not satisfy its inhabitants.

THE PASSING CROWD.—"The Passing Crowd" is a phrase coined in the spirit of indifference. Yet, to a man of what Plato calls "universal sympathies," and even to the plain ordinary denizens of this world, what can be more interesting than the "passing crowd?" Does not this tide of human beings, which we daily see passing along the ways of this world, consist of persons animated by the same spark of the Divine essence, and partaking of the same high destinies with ourselves? Let us stand still but for a moment, in the midst of this busy, and seemingly careless scene, and consider what they are or may be whom we see around us. In the hurry of the passing show, and of our own sensations, we see but a series of unknown faces; but this is no reason why we should regard them with indifference. Many of these persons, if we knew their histories, would rivet our admiration by the ability, worth, benevolence, or piety, which they have displayed in their various paths through life. Many would excite our warmest interest by their sufferings—sufferings, perhaps, borne meekly and well, and more for the sake of others than themselves. How many tales of human weal and woe, of glory and of humiliation, could be told by those beings, whom, in passing, we regard not! Unvalued as they are by us, how many as good as ourselves repose upon them the affections of bounteous hearts, and would not want them for any earthly compensation! Every one of those persons, in all probability, retains in his bosom the cherished recollection of early happy days, spent in some scene which "they ne'er forget, though they are forgot," with friends and fellows who, though now far removed in distance and in fortune, are never to be given up by the heart. Every one of these individuals, in all probability, nurses still deeper in the recesses of feeling, the remembrance of that chapter of romance in the life of every man, an early earnest attachment, conceived in the fervour of youth, unstained by the slightest thought of self, and for a time purifying and elevating the character far above its ordinary standard. Beneath all this gloss of the world—this cold conventional aspect, which all more or less present, and which the business of life renders necessary—there resides for certain a fountain of goodness, pure in its inner depths as the lymph rock-distilled, and ready on every proper occasion to swell out in the exercise of the noblest duties. Though all may seem but a hunt after worldly objects, the great majority of these individuals can, at the proper time, cast aside all earthly thoughts, and communicate directly with the Being whom their fathers have taught them to worship, and whose will and attributes have been taught to man immediately by Himself. Perhaps many of these persons are of a loftier aspect than ourselves, and belong to a sphere removed above our own. But, nevertheless, if the barrier of mere worldly form were taken out of the way, it is probable that we could interchange sympathies with these persons as freely and cordially as with any of our own class. Perhaps they are of an inferior order; but they are only inferior in certain circumstances which should never interpose to prevent the flow of feeling for our kind. The great common features of human nature remain; and let us never forget how much respect is due to the very impress of humanity—the type of the Divine nature itself! Even when our fellow creatures are degraded by vice and poverty, let us still be gentle in our judging. The various fortunes which we every day see befalling the members of a single family, after they part off in their several paths through life, teach us, that it is not to every one that success in the career of existence is destined. Besides, do not the arrangements of society at once necessitate the subjection of an immense multitude to humble toil, and give rise to temptations before which the weak and un instructed can scarcely escape falling? But even beneath the soiled face of the poor artisan there may be aspirations after some vague excellence, which hard fate has denied him the means of attaining, though the very wish to obtain it is itself ennobling. The very mendicant was not always so; he, too, has had his undegraded and happier days, upon the recollection of which some remnant of better feeling may still repose.

These, I humbly think, are reasons why we should not look with coldness upon any masses of men with whom it may be our lot to mingle. It is the nature of a good man to conclude that others are like himself; and if we take the crowd promiscuously, we can never be far wrong in thinking that there are worthy and well-directed feelings in it as well as in our own bosoms.—Chambers' Journal.

The following our readers may call what they please. Perhaps the best definition would be that of a quaint old book mentioned by Cotton Mather, in his Magnalia, which was entitled "Credities Hastily Gobbled Up."

ADVICE.—This is a cheap article. It costs nothing. It is good sometimes, and sometimes it is not worth the words that express it. Its value depends, in some measure, upon the person who gives it. He who receives it, can judge of its value. He knows whether it is given from selfish or disinterested motives; whether the giver expects to receive an equivalent for it or not. If you find it valuable, follow it—if not, you can reject it. The smallest morsel of knowledge is always of value. The fragments of good instruction are worth their weight in gold. They are like the dust of diamonds.

LABOR.—Every body is born to labor. No man lives without bearing some portion of it. Act well your part, is the advice of the poet! Man was destined to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Some feel but little of the curse which was entailed upon the human race; others, as we know from experience, are doomed to bear up against it the best way they can.

KNOWLEDGE.—There is no danger of a man's acquiring too much knowledge. Some people are wise in their own conceit. They think that they know everything,

and are wiser than their generation. But a single expression from an ordinary individual may be a lesson to one, which will prove of inestimable value to him during his life. A man may learn in two minutes what is more precious to him than gold. No one is ever possessed of an overplus of knowledge, and it behoves a man to learn all he can, and he will live to see its value. We should never let slip an opportunity of gaining a new idea.

IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.—There are always leisure moments which may be employed in study. The busiest workman can spare some moments in the acquisition of knowledge. The learned blacksmith, Elihu Burritt, is a remarkable instance of this. Whether you work or play, do it in earnest, but never be unemployed. Always have a book within your reach, which you may catch up at an odd moment. Let a certain portion of time be devoted to reading every day, even if you read but a single sentence. If you can gain fifteen minutes a day, you will find your account in it at the end of the year. Resolve in your mind what you have been last reading, and doubtless some improvement can be made of it. There is never a time when the mind can be uselessly employed. Remember that some of the most matchless effusions of Robert Burns were conceived when he was following the plough.

DELIRIUM TREMENS.—This is a most frightful malady, consequent upon the abuse of vinous and spirituous drinks. It has recently been carefully traced and minutely delineated by some of the most eminent medical men of the day, and is said to bear with it a train of symptoms more melancholy than even hydrophobia. Some time previously to the worst features of this disorder, there are observed weakness, languor and emaciation. There is no appetite for breakfast or dinner; there is a peculiar slowness of the pulse, coldness of the hands and feet; a cold moisture over the whole surface of the body; cramps in the muscles of the extremities; giddiness, nausea, vomiting. To these signs succeed a nervous tremor of the head and likewise of the tongue; the spirits become dejected, a melancholy feeling pervades the mind, the sleep is short and interrupted—this may constitute the first stage. After this, a second comes on, attended with the highest degree of nervous irritation; mental alienation is its marked feature. There is great restlessness, a constant excitement, objects of the most frightful nature are presented to the imagination, the eye acquires a most striking wildness, the individual cannot lie down, he fears suffocation, he talks incoherently, he fancies he sees faces of extreme hideousness before him, beings about to enter into a conspiracy against him. One medical writer, who has very ably discussed the subject, witnessed a very distressing incident of a patient who, for a considerable time before his death, imagined he saw the devil at the ceiling above his bed, and as the disease, which terminated fatally, increased, he fancied the evil spirit approached him with a knife to cut his throat, and he actually expired making violent efforts to avoid the fatal instrument.

A WIFE'S FORETHOUGHT.—There never was a wiser maxim than that of Franklin—"Nothing is cheap which you don't want." Yet how perfectly insane people are on the subject of buying cheap things. "Do tell me why you have bought that cast-off door-plate?" asked the husband of one of those notable bargainers. "Dear me!" replied the wife, "I had it dirt cheap, and you know it's always my plan to lay up things in time of need; who knows but you may die, and I marry a man with the same name as that on the door-plate!"

SQUEEZING THE HAND.—It is but lately that we have understood the strange constructions that are sometimes put upon a squeeze of the hand. With some persons it is entirely equivalent to a declaration of love—this is very surprising indeed. We must take hold of a lady's hand like a hot potato, afraid of giving a squeeze, lest we should burn our fingers. Very fine, truly! Now, it was our ancient custom to squeeze every hand we got in our clutches, especially a fair one. Is it not a wonder that we never have been sued for a breach of promise? We would not give a scupper nail for one of your cold, formal shakes of the hand. Every person who protrudes one or two fingers for your touch (as if he were afraid of catching some cutaneous distemper) should go to school awhile to John Quincy Adams. He shakes your hand with a vengeance, and shakes your body with it unless you should be as thick-set as himself. Well, there is nothing like it; it shows a good heart at any rate; and we would rather a man should crush the bones of our fingers and shake our shoulder out of joint, than he should poke out a reluctant paw, as if he were about to come in contact with a bear or hyena. The ladies may rest assured of this, that a man who will not squeeze their hand when he gets hold of it, does not deserve to have such a hand in his possession; and that he has a heart smaller than a grain of mustard seed.—American paper.

PSALM TUNES.—"Religious harmony," says Collier, quoted by Bishop Horne, in his masterly sermon on church music, "must be moving, but noble withal, grave, solemn and seraphic, fit for a martyr to play and an angel to hear." Such is the character of the ancient music of the Church of England; but sad havoc has been committed in modern times by the introduction into many of our churches of vulgar and light productions, devoid of the slightest pretensions to taste, and full of the grossest offences against the laws of musical composition. Such psalm tunes as those composed by B. Milgrove, Shoel, Madan, Tucker, Husband, Rippon, Leach, and a host of other pseudo-musicians of the same stamp, full of solos, attempt at fugue, and the like, should be most rigidly excluded, and the compositions of such men as Croft, Green, Boyce, Battishill, Arpe, Jackson of Exeter, Hayes, Wainwright, J. Smith, Stanley, Jeremiah Clark, Nares, &c. made use of. We are quite aware that a very great number of persons prefer vulgar and trashy compositions to sound classical music, and argue that because a melody happens to please them, it must be necessarily good. This is, however, just as absurd as if an uneducated clown were to maintain that some vulgar ballad, full of offences against the rules of syntax and prosody, was superior to the poetry of Shakspeare, Milton, Pope or Dryden. Music has its grammar, as well as language, and any composition in which the rules of musical grammar are disregarded, must be bad, however pleasing it may happen to be to persons who have not a competent knowledge of the science.—Church Magazine.

Organs are of great antiquity, but Violins are not. The former was brought to Europe from the Greek empire in 758, and Violins were first invented about 1477, and introduced by Charles II. The gamut in musical glasses are of German origin, but revived by Dr. Franklin, 1760.

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