The Daily British Whig.

"Opifer per Orbem Dicor."

SATURDAY MORNING, FEB. 10, 1855.

Reported for the British Whig by the Grand Trunk Telegraph Line.

ARRIVAL OF THE "ATLANTIC."

New York, Feb. 9th.

The Steamship "Atlantic" reached the Dock this A. M.

The news is of little importance, with the exception that Lord John Russell has resigned. On Friday night he gave an explanation of his conduct. The general opinion is, that the whole Ministry must go out of office.

The public feeling seems tending towards peace.

The Vienna Conference will not meet until the middle of February.

Affairs before Sebastopol remain quite unchanged. The British Army is in a wretched state, arising from the most flagrant mismanagement.

A reported battle was incorrect.

The Swedish Army is immediately to be placed on a war footing.

Negotiations continue between Austria and Prussia concerning the Germanic Army.

The Queen of Sardinia is dead.

The Steamship "Great Britain" arrived at Liverpool from Australia with about 2,750,000 dollars in gold.

There were numerous rumours of failures at Liverpool, but they were exaggerated.—The Cotton Market had been influenced thereby

Cotton declined ¼ in consequence of Lord John Russell's resignation, and closed at 9⅛ 9¼.

CANAL AROUND THE FALLS.

The discussion regarding the desirableness and necessity of building a canal around the Falls of Niagara is again reviving on the American side of the lake. The prospect of opening the Sault de St. Marie Canal has stimulated those engaged in commercial and agricultural pursuits in that quarter to move earnestly in the matter. It is alleged that the Welland Canal, being only 27 miles long and yet having 28 locks, does not afford sufficient capacity, and at the same time is attended with much delay. Besides "during the last three years, such has been the pressure of business through that channel, that it has been difficult to pass a vessel through in less time than one week, and very frequently they meet with a detention of over two weeks." At the close of navigation last fall it is alleged over fifty American vessels were frozen in, laden with flour and produce, many of which were at localities almost entirely inaccessible, and the products of the West remain locked up for the winter. The *Detroit Advertiser* stated, a few days ago, that resolutions regarding the project are to be offered in the Michigan Legislature calling the attention of Congress to the subject. As to the intended route of the canal, the *Advertiser* has the following:—

"A number of lines have been suggested for this canal, but the shortest is about seven miles, which is proposed from Gill Creek, (Schlosser,) to Lewiston. There would be one advantage in this line over any other, the shortness of the canal. There can be no doubt but that boats can be passed more rapidly where the locks are so near together, than they can be when they are located so remotely as upon the Welland Canal. Indeed it is estimated by the Engineer's report, that it will occupy only twelve hours from the Niagara River at Schlosser to the river again at Lewiston. This matter alone, of expediting the shipping of produce and merchandize, is sufficient to urge us on the work in endeavouring to have such a channel constructed. The time will come, and that soon too, when vessels from the other side of the Atlantic will discharge their cargoes at the head of Lake Superior, a distance of about eighteen hundred miles inland from the mouth of the St. Lawrence."

ANCIENT RELICS AT LAKE SUPERIOR

Ontonagon, Dec. 25th, 1854.

Some days since, about a mile up the river from this place, where they have been digging out clay with which to make bricks, were found some relics of antiquity. From an examination of the place, I found a stump of a tree, under which these relics had been discovered. In searching for brick clay, the workmen had dug through the sand about two feet, and there found the remains of a stump which had grown long years since on the top a strata of clay; and, on upturning the roots of this stump, were discovered many curious ancient implements of peace and war. Three spear-heads were found as perfectly and accurately formed as any of modern manufacture. By the side of them lay two relics, that all here suppose to be the Adzes of the ancients, differing, however, in shape from the modern. With these were also found small stone hammers.

All these implements, except the hammers, were made of the purest copper, and tempered to a hardness almost equal to steel. There were also fragments of melted copper. The spear-heads were made to fit on wooden handles, and the heads were 12 and 14 inches long. This region is exceedingly interesting in these antiquarian specimens; nearly all the mineral range is full of ancient pits, whence copper was taken—how many hundreds of years ago! And these pits, when opened, are found full of tools, hammers, chips, and other evidences of labor bestowed by other races of men than the Indian.

The miners are proud of the chance to say to the world that they have ancient diggings on their location; the best mines on whole ranges are those that have these ancient diggings.

I recently found a copper ring on the shore of the river. It was a ring that must have been made by some of the earliest Jesuits that came to this country, two hundred years ago, for it had engraved on it, I. H. S., the symbol of their profession. It had lain so long in the sand, that it was covered with a smooth green color, like paint, as indeed were all the other curiosities I have mentioned.

I have made the acquaintance of two persons, who were among the earliest fur traders sent out by John Jacob Astor; men who have traveled all the northwest territory from the Rocky Mts to Hudson's Bay. Many of the most curious facts collected, will soon be published in Mr. Brantford's *Mining News* of this place.

The steamers have stopped running, and the last mail we had was brought by Indians from Portage Lake. They started in one of the most violent snow-storms that Lake Superior was ever visited with, and traveled on foot, bearing in turn the two mail-bags on their backs. The party consisted of four white men and six Indians. On their first day's journey it rained, so that their clothes and mail-bags were wet through. In the evening, before they encamped, it became so cold that their clothes and blankets were frozen stiff, like boards. In this condition, they prepared to make their camp at dark. They did not trust themselves to sleep for fear of freezing to death, but kept alternately walking around the fire and gathering wood until the morning, and during all that night the snow fell incessantly. The next day they gathered up their packs and traveled on again, and on the second night stopped at a log cabin, where they slept comfortably. Two days after they arrived at Ontonagon. So you see, thanks to President Pierce's veto of the River and Harbor bill, that it takes us a long time to get a letter from the East in the winter. When they do come they are welcome.

The Ontonagon River is frozen over—and the pretty green island that was, seems nothing now but ice and snow—long ago the Indians removed their wigwams to the opposite side of the river, to La Pointi.

A Visit to the Allies' Camp.

The following letter from Balaklava, dated the 27th December, has been addressed by Dr. Agnew, a relative of Sir Andrew Agnew, to a gentleman at Bristol:—

Until you almost touch the rocks you can barely perceive an opening; and when you at last reach the mouth of the harbor of Balaklava, it is not above sixty yards wide, a short quarter of a mile; and after passing several men-of-war, transports, &c., all with the ends of their bowsprits nearly touching you, you get into rank and add another to the number. And now the scene changes. About forty yards from our stern is the landing place. The town—did you say town?—no, I mean a scattered number of wretched hovels, say 150. In the rear and in the front high precipitous rocks; on the face of the latter several tents with Marines, and a body of Highlanders. In fact, suppose a basin, one-quarter full of water, placed on the table, and drop a wafer into it, and then you have a good idea of the position of a ship in the harbor of Balaklava.

Yesterday being a beautiful day, I thought it a good opportunity to pay a visit to the camp, and, as I had understood that the Light Division of the army occupied, with the French, the nearest point to Sebastopol, to that place I determined to set out. An officer of the 19th belonging to the division, who had come on board among a host of others, "foraging," purchasing geese and turkeys a guinea a-piece, and fowls 12s. 6d. a couple, kindly offered to put me on the right road, and invited me to dine with him in his tent.—Now for't. I landed, the first step up to the very knees in mud—French, Turks, English, and camp-sutlers in glorious confusion. Such swearing, shouting and row you never heard in your life; artillery waggons six and twelve horses attached to each, others with half starved camels; cavalry horses whose riders and hard worked steeds have probably not seen a comb or a brush for a month; with Turks every here and there, bearing the dead upon stretchers, all wading through a sea of mud, complete this picture, until you emerge from the town. The crowd appears then to deploy over an interminable space.

In the distance, on the right, are the mountains of the Crimea, covered with snow; at the foot several Russian encampments; nearer to us, the Balaklava battle ground. On one of the slopes you see the remains of our light cavalry, and their horse hospital—not 100 effective animals left!—the Scotch Greys nearly as bad. How can it be otherwise? The poor creatures are worked all day with the artillery, in dragging heavy loads to the trenches and camps, fastened up to posts driven in the ground, and scarcely a morning breaks ere the troopers drag 14 or 15 out of the "slush," as they term it. On the left you see Lord Raglan's quarters, and having proceeded over destroyed vineyards, every here and there dotted with dead horses, emitting a most delightful perfume, you at last get upon higher ground, and approach the French camp, extending miles on the left, having the Turks between them and the British.

Skirting the latter, I thought I would have a look at the French; so, having paid a visit to several of the huts, and been very hospitably invited to partake of their contents, I passed on toward the Light Division. A little on the left of the French is the Picquet House, about a mile and a half from Sebastopol, into which a shell often drops, to the danger of all who are in it; and being a good look-out place, is seldom unoccupied by the curious, endeavouring to get a glimpse of what is going on in the far-famed fortress in the distance. Being determined on exploring I still proceeded, and presently I heard firing right below me. The French were pitching their shot into the town, and the Russians returning them three to one. Within 300 yards is the 40-gun battery, and directly opposite is the Russian, mounting much heavier metal. From this spot I first saw what they call the "trenches;" I mean the actual working trenches.

Now, suppose a soldier, six feet high, in the trench in some places, if he stand upright, he gets shot at—his head appearing over the parapet, and then he is obliged to kneel down with the mud and water up to his middle to avoid the danger. This state of the trenches, and the laborious work that the poor soldiers undergo, being sometimes thirty hours thus employed, badly fed badly clothed, and, I fear, much dispirited, tends to engender disease. We are losing on an average 150 men a day, not including those that fall from the enemy's guns. I now had an opportunity of a good view into Sebastopol. Its appearance is both picturesque and beautiful, and though I was within half a mile of it, and had a capital seven-guinea glass, I could not perceive any damage that had as yet occurred. From what I had seen in the Times and other papers, I had supposed the place a heap of ruins, or nearly so; but on the contrary, I could see no marks of the cannonade that has now been going on for upwards of two months, though I believe that the portion directly opposite the French batteries is much cut up.

After satisfying my curiosity, I returned to the Light Division camp; and now for a description of Mr. Gorham's tent (19th regiment.) The tent inside is eight feet in diameter. Round the circumference were a medley of boots, caps, kettles, empty bottles, and many other things constituting the daily general utility. Next was a soldier's bayonet stuck into the ground for the purpose of a candle stick; next two beds, or rather hard-stuffed mattrasses, with a scanty coverlid each, on the bare ground. Dinner was at length brought in—two tin pannikins with soup meagre that would frighten S——, followed by two pieces of hard salt beef of about half a pound each, a little rice, (this was good.) and a very, very hard biscuit. However, exercise sharpens appetite, so I set to, and having, as a finale, taken a glass of bad rum with my entertainers, I bid good bye to the officers of the Light Division and taking a building in the distance as my landmark I started for Balaklava.

The sun had melted the hitherto execrable roads, and with a traffic, I shall never, to the longest day of my life, forget the walk back; suffice it to say that, having passed several fellows who were endeavoring to urge their worn-out horses to get up out of the mud, where they had dropped down for the last time I reached the Charity. Now, my impressions on the whole are these: In the first place, the commissariat is badly, nay, wretchedly, supplied with the means of carrying stores of provisions from Balaklava to the various camps—all the horses, with the exception of the few supplied by the artillery, being dead! The store-house and many ships are full of creature comforts, and the half starving men cannot get them. I of course cannot suppose but that, in the end, the allied forces will be victorious; but take my word for it, Sebastopol is not taken, and if I am right in my prognostications, will not be for some time to come.

Port of Prescott.

We have been favored by P. Carbery, Esq., of the Customs Department, with the following statement of the trade at this Port during the year ending the 5th January, 1855.

	Value. £ s. d.	Duty. £ s. d.
Goods paying specific and ad val. Duties,	5404 7 4	1415 19 5
Goods paying 30 per cent. Duty.	314 1 10	94 6 4
Do. do. 20 per cent.	717 6 9	133 8 5
Do. do. 12½ per cent.	29181 2 5	3640 5 0
Do. do. 2½ per cent.	68076 8 2	1702 4 1
Free Goods	24962 12 0	
Total Imports for the year 1854,	£128,655 18 5	£9005 3 3
Do. do do. 1853,	65,883 9 11	4124 10 4
Excess in 1854,	£62,772 8 7	£2880 12 11
Amount of Goods Warehoused in 1854,	£28 936 4 8	
Do. do. do. 1853,	9,149 10 10	
Excess in 1854,	£19,786 13 10	
Amount of Exports for 1854,	£15 587 1 11	

In addition to the above, goods to the value of £35,000 were bonded at this port, the duties upon which must have amounted to about £14,000.

Mr. Pope the Slave Catcher.

There is a point at which contempt becomes curiosity, and an example of this is furnished by Mr. John H. Pope, in a letter which we publish below, addressed to us.—This letter appears in a paper called the *Democratic Union*, pretty well filled with advertisements about slaves, for sale and run away, and published at Frederick, in Maryland. We therefore received Mr. Pope's letter in print, and with the introduction of the *Union*, it appears below. We hesitated some time before we decided to waste space in the insertion of such unmitigated trash; and we only resolved to do so on the reflection that it reached such a point of contempt as to be become curiosity. We dealt somewhat roughly with this Mr. Pope some days ago, for an attempt to tamper with our Chief of Police, and by that means kidnap fugitive slaves from Canada. Here is his letter, with the introduction of the *Union*:—

The Baltimore Sun having published, some days ago, a letter copied from the Montreal Gazette, and purporting to come from our townsman, J. H. Pope, Esq., he sent the following communication to them for publication, but not appearing in that journal, we have by request given it a place in ours.

To the Editor of the *Montreal Gazette*:

FREDERICK, Jan. 16th, 1855.

SIR,—Properly to reply to the article in your paper, commenting on a letter received by the Sheriff of your city, would be impossible, as I have been unable, as yet, to obtain the article, and can only speak of it as I gather its import from the Baltimore "Sun."

The generous reception, and still more generous treatment, which you promise, in anticipation of my coming, is fully appreciated, and is such as could be expected from one of her Royal Majesty's most loyal subjects.

What a magnanimous people the Britons are! What sympathy for their fellow-creatures! The iron fetter which binds a race of men in slavery has ever been obnoxious to the Englishman, and on sea and land, wherever flag could float or soldier tread, the thunder of her voice has been heard bidding men be free and tyrants to cease to rule. A great people, whom God has prospered, and whose every effort for conquest and for fame, has been gladdened with success. How Irishmen must love her Majesty for her advocacy of the rights of men.—How they should venerate her as the keeper of their consciences and the mother protector of their spiritual condition. Oh what a sin to keep the tawny Ethiop in slavery, and what a virtue to bind the noble Celt in chains.

Her Majesty's Sheriff has unintentionally, by giving publicity to my letter, accomplished the connection which I so much desired with Canada. Several letters have been received, and long before this letter reaches its destination, Officer Pope will have secured eight of her Majesty's loyal black subjects. Fear to come into Canada! Why, Sir, with my dog Taylor, named after "Old Zach," and six good mountain riflemen, I would not hesitate to invade Canada—hang her Majesty's Sheriff—tar and feather her loyal loving editors, and place myself at the head of affairs. Fear to enter Canada in pursuit of my honest calling! No, Sir; the wife of that German Prince will soon be compelled to relinquish her American possessions, and the least violence offered an American citizen would only anticipate the event. Look out for my dog Taylor and myself, for as sure as there is a negro and an Editor in Canada, that certain we will be there.

Her Majesty's black regiment, composed of many negroes from Western Maryland, would likely to be the first to yield the ground, as many of them are familiar with the bark if not the bite of "Taylor," and her Majesty's editor, whom we suppose either black or tinctured with the blood, had better not be in command, for fear that our dog might want provision, and we would appropriate him for that purpose.

In conclusion we have only to say that her Majesty's Editor, and her majesty's Sheriff, have only to prepare to guard against an invasion which involves more than negroes, and which in result will give freedom to Canadians, emancipation to British slaves, and a defeat to that proud power which has ruled the wave and the land for the last two hundred years, save when Jackson with his forces beat them back at New Orleans.

Now I have done with you Mr. Editor, and have only to request that you will be honest, and give my honest sentiments to the world, then men may judge between us, and ascribe to each his proper share of praise.

Yours,
JOHN H. POPE,
Police Officer.

Who will decide, after perusing this letter, that the dog is not the nobler animal? The man, save the mark, of course will prudently confine himself to talking balderdash, and operations on his own side of the lines.

Notwithstanding the reason we have above given for inserting this letter, we should still hardly have consented to do so, but that it may serve as a warning to people of color not to allow themselves to be enticed by any plausible device into the Land of Liberty, *par excellence*.

DEATH OF A SLAVE 111 YEARS OF AGE.

The Rev. A. L. Green, D. D., of Nashville Medical Journal, the following incidents attending what he terms the "natural death" of one of his servants, at the advance age of 111 years. Dr. Green is known to many in this city, as one of the commissioners of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in the settlement of the late difficulty between the Church North, and South:—

I promised you that I would furnish you with some of the facts connected with the last days of Aunt Philis; an old negro woman of mine, who died last Fall. Aunt Philis was at the time of her death, at the lowest estimate, 111 years old, and the probability is that she was several years older.

For fifty years she has enjoyed uninterrupted health, and, as far as I have been able to learn, she was never sick in her life, except at the birth of her children. For thirty years of her life, and down to within three years of her death, she did not seem to undergo the slightest change in her appearance—time exercising but little power over her. The first sign of decay was that of sight, which took place about three years before her death; up to that time she was in the full enjoyment of all her senses; and at one hundred and four years would have married an old negro man of seventy-five if I had not objected.

Her sight failed not in the usual way, but she became near-sighted, not being able to see objects at a distance. Soon after this her hearing declined, but up to the time of her death she could hear better than old persons generally do. The first indication of mental failure was that of locality, she not being able to find her way to a neighbour's house; yet her memory seemed perfect in all other respects. She recollected her friends and old acquaintances, but could not find her way to their houses.

I at first supposed that this was owing to defective sight, but on examination found it was in the mind. Still her locomotion was good; she had the full use of herself, and could walk strong and quick like a young person, and hold herself up so strait that, when walking from me, I often took her for some of the younger servants about the premises. The next, and to me the most singular sign of decline was, that she lost the art of walking—not that she had not strength enough to walk, but forgot how to walk.

The children would lead forth and interest her for a while, and she would get the idea, which seemed to delight her very much, and she would walk about the yard and approaches until some person would tell her she had walked enough—but she would no sooner take her seat, and sit for a few moments, before all idea of walking would be gone, and she would have to be taught over again.

At length she became unwilling to try to walk unless she had hold of something; take her by the arm and she would walk, and walk well, but just as soon as you would let her go she would stop, and if no further aid was afforded her she would let down and crawl like a child; and at length became so fearful that she refused to walk altogether, and continued to sit up during the day, but had to be put to bed and taken up like a child. After a while she became unwilling to get up altogether, and continued to lie until she died.

All the time she seemed to be in good health, took her regular meals and her stomach and bowels were uniformly in good condition. I often examined her the best I could, and she had no pains, no sickness, no aches of any kind, and from her own account, and from all that I was able to learn, she was in good health and all the while in fine spirits. The intellect and the mind seemed to be perfectly good, only that she did not seem to know where she was all the time.

At length one of the children said to me that Aunt Philis was getting cold, and on examining her I found it even so; the extremities were cold—still she took her regular meals; and did not complain of anything; and the only change that I recollect of was that she slept a little more than usual. Her breathing began at length to shorten, and grew shorter and shorter till she ceased to breathe.

Death closed upon her like going into a soft, sweet sleep, and for two minutes it was difficult to tell whether she was breathing or not. There was no contortion, no struggle, no twisting of the muscles, but after death she might still been taken, on a slight examination, to have been in a deep sleep. So passed away Philis—the only natural death I ever witnessed.

THE DOUBLE BABY AT LANCASTER, OHIO.—We stated a few days since that a strange case of malformation had occurred at Lancaster, in this State, and premissed a more full description.

From the lower extremity of the breast bone—where the junction of the two bodies takes place—upwards, there are the upper parts of two perfect and well developed infants—two heads, two pairs of arms, two chests, two stomachs, two hearts, two pair of lungs, and two livers. From the same downwards, the blending of the two systems into one becomes more and more intimate, untill it seems almost perfect and complete. The intestines, and all the lower organs, are in common with common *terminii*, and the legs made up of the right leg of one and the left leg of the other are a pair, standing in the proper position relative to each other and to the organs in their vicinity. In the rear, however, the union is less perfect, there being two well developed spines, each terminating in a separate os *coccygis*; and, what is peculiarly strange, the two inner legs, dislocated at the hip joints, are thrown backwards and upwards, and joined together, are found passing under the true skin of the back of the body upon the right, the feet being extricated and standing up heel to heel, nearly in its face. The child is a female, with apparently a perfect sexual organization. The bodies do not exactly face each other, but are more nearly face to face than side to side. One is apparently more robust than the other, and it is evident that in many of the characteristics of their constitutions they are different. As one is capable of suffering while the other is unconscious of pain, it follows that their nervous systems are several; from which it is, we suppose, to be inferred that in case they should survive, each will possess a character and individuality of its own. This strange phenomenon is the offspring of respectable parents at Lancaster. Although delicate, it is thought the chances are in favor of its surviving. The case is in the hands of Dr. Boestler, one of the oldest physicians of the State, whose skill in its treatment is spoken of in terms of high commendation.—[Cincinnati Commercial Jan. 30.

GROWTH OF AN AUSTRALIAN CAPITAL.—A correspondent of the 'Sydney Empire' says:—"I must take this opportunity of expressing my unbounded astonishment and admiration of the progress that has been made during this interval. I am not ashamed to say that I have always had strong predilections in favor of Sydney. Landing two years ago in Melbourne, and exposed there to the horrible uncomforts which that place presented, I fled to Sydney as a city of refuge, and was not disappointed in obtaining that which I sought—nearly all the comforts of an English home. My impressions of Melbourne took their color from that most unfavorable period in her history. How I was astonished on my recent visit to see the stupendous alterations that had been effected! The wide streets, the handsome shops, the capital foot-pavements, the abundance of excellent hotels, the torrent of population, the order and activity in the streets, and the vast extent of the city, with the stability and even splendor of some of its buildings, were subjects of constant surprise and congratulation. Those who reside in Melbourne, and have become daily acquainted with its growth, cannot appreciate the wonder with which strangers must regard their work. In my humble opinion, Melbourne at this moment presents the most extraordinary instance of the power and enterprise of the human race that the world ever saw,—streets, with well paved foot-paths, of the width of Oxford Street, and nearly of the same length, and lined with shops, in the plate-glass windows of which are displayed all the luxurious necessities of the highest state of civilization; suburbs extending for miles, where comfortable houses as well as cottages of every description are found, constituted of iron, wood, brick, tin packing-cases, or of canvass; these interspersed with churches, chapels, school-houses, and now possessing an imposing structure in timber and glass, in humble imitation of the Great Crystal Palace of 1851."

The War in the East.

Scutari, Dec. 25.

During the past week 1,900 sick have been brought down from the Crimea.—A few cases of wounded men occur among them, but the vast majority are dysenteric, and it gives at once an accurate and terrible conception of what campaigning is when one finds that two or three weeks of wet weather tell as strong against the strength of our army as did the guns and batteries of the Czar at Inkermann or the Alma. We only as yet know a portion of the loss which the recent state of the weather has inflicted, for, large as the number of arrivals is, there are hundreds more at Balaklava waiting to be brought down. The newly-arrived regiments have, it is said, suffered most, but the prevalence of disease is universally and unhesitatingly traced to causes which it is within our power, if not to remove, at least greatly to mitigate; one has been the want of warm clothing—a want which has, probably, now been met by the recent supplies purchased here by Captain Wetherall, and immediately forwarded to the Crimea. Every day will diminish the extent and pressure of this evil, which ought never to have arisen in an English army, and which, probably, would not have arisen, or at least been felt with such severity, but for the loss of the Prince. Another cause is the amount of sickness under which the troops have been suffering in the wet weather, which has interrupted the transport even of commissarial supplies between Balaklava and the camp, which finds its way not only through the men's worn out gray coats in the trenches, but (what is harder yet to bear) through the rotten canvass of their tents. The consequence is, that for weeks, whether in bed or out of it, they have hardly ever been dry. Their shoes, too, have been completely worn out, and they have had, thus wretchedly provided to bear the exposure of the trenches for 12 hours out of the 24, and wherever they went to paddle about knee-deep in mud.—Even the repose from the incessant exertion and watching which would have gone some way to mitigate their hardships has been rendered unattainable by the extent of the lines which they had undertaken to defend. The results of all this are to be seen in the cargoes of sick disembarked here during the past week. They prove unmistakably that the strength and endurance of the British soldier have their limits, and that it is possible by overtaxing them to make the army suffer far more than if it had fought a general action.

Up to October 4, 1854, the war with Russia cost over twenty-one millions sterling, viz: army, £7,000,882; navy, £10,057,765; ordinance, £3,990,890; additional expenses, £220,000. Since October the cost has increased.

THE HOSPITAL AT SCUTARI.—The Times contains a letter from Scutari, dated Jan. 8th. The mortality at the hospital was on the increase. The deaths from January 4th to 7th inclusive amounted to 179. The number in hospital, Jan. 7th, was 55 officers and 4232 non-commissioned officers and privates. The atmosphere of the hospital was becoming so pestiferous that arrangements for transferring convalescents to Malta or England were highly necessary.

The total number of patients in hospital at Scutari on the 31st ult, was 4079, of whom 48 were officers, and 4031 non-commissioned officers or privates. The Australia arrived with 167 sick on board, of whom only two died on the passage.

It will be very gratifying to the sick and wounded at Scutari to learn that the newspapers and books which reach them so regularly through the war-office are the personal gift of the Queen, purchased of Her Majesty's newsmen, according to a list of which Her Majesty personally approves.

THE TURKISH NAVY.—The Turkish navy has met with many misfortunes and may be also said to have ceased to exist. No less than 17 ships of war have been lost, destroyed, or taken since the commencement of the war; about half of them on the fatal day of Sinope. Of the vessels lost four are ships of the line and two steamers. What remains of the Turkish fleet is now in the Golden Horn. Most of the vessels are damaged, and, there is no attempt to repair them, all the shipwrights being engaged on the English and French vessels which have suffered in the late gales. Men with some knowledge of it, expected much of the Turkish fleet, and when the Ottoman left the Bosphorus in May last with 21 vessels under his command we all looked for some results. The attention of the world was then turned to Circassia, a country which must always be dangerous to the Czar, if roused to renew its old guerilla warfare.

As there was no chance of another disaster like Sinope, since Sebastopol was blockaded or supposed to be so, the Turkish fleet might have produced a good effect by appearing on the Circassian coast, and encouraging the tribes to something like active revolt. A community of religion and old associations unite these races to the Turkish Empire, although they have long learned to believe that the Sultan was no efficient protector against the power of the Czar. But the sight of a Turkish fleet on the coast abandoned by the Russians, and of Turkish troops stationed in the forts lately held by Muscovite regiments, would have been a surprise, and the news would in a few weeks have penetrated into every region of the Caucasus; but the Turks were compelled to remain inactive in Baltschik-bay where they died of scurvy and bad food during the entire Summer.

Whether private jealousies, as is stated, influenced the conduct of the allied Admirals, it is difficult to say, but the result was that the naval forces of the two nations did nothing, and our Turkish allies were equally restrained from active measures. The subsequent losses at sea have diminished the fleet and discouraged the seamen; and the navy, like the army, is painfully changed from the force which accumulated during years of peace, and made such a display at the commencement of the war. Only three vessels are building for the Turkish Government, and these make little progress.—There is a line-of-battle ship at Ismid, another at the Arsenal, and a frigate at Sinope.

The Pet of the Twenty-Third.

The celebrated snow-white goat presented by Her Majesty to the 23rd, Royal Welsh Fusiliers is dead. After weathering the campaign in Bulgaria, and marching proudly at the head of his regiment from Kalamita Bay to Sebastopol, he has at last fallen without wearing the Alma medal he had earned on the way. His stately demeanour and reverend beard made him a prominent feature in the appearance of the regiment as it moved alone, and the gap left by his absence will force a recollection of the fine animal upon the memory of every one familiar with the gallant 23rd. He had been hutted and every care had been taken to protect him against the exposure and inclement weather; but all this attention was unavailing, and he died on the 20th ult., "much regretted by a numerous circle."

Weeks & Rideout's Indelible Writing Fluid.

Mr. Chas. Heath is the Kingston Agent for the above writing fluid, manufactured by Messrs. Weeks and Rideout, Philadelphia. Having received a bottle of the fluid from the Agent, and put it to the usual test, we can freely assert that no better writing ink than this can be procured. Unlike most other inks, it is as dark when it flows from the pen (and it flows freely) as when dry. It will not corrode steel pens—a desirable quality in writing fluids—and Mr. Heath has proved, by chimical tests, one of its professed virtues, viz, that no acids can obliterate it. This ink ranks A No. 1.

For the British Whig.

The Heroes of the Alma.

ERNESTOWN, February 6th, 1855.

DEAR WHIG:—

I have read in your sheet a very spirited lyric, "The Heroes of the Alma," by Mr. Charles Sangster. Its terseness and point, with its sterling ideality, make it really a poetical gem, while its measure and rhyme fall delightfully on the most delicately tuned ear. Moore's Irish Melodies are universally considered his most choice compositions; and, like him, I think Mr. Sangster is happier in his songs than in any other of his productions.

R.

In the evening of February 21st, the Planet Uranus will be eclipsed, and the Planet Venus in that of April 18th; the former phenomenon will be visible nearly or quite throughout the United States; the latter only in the Northern and in some of the Middle States, as in the Southern, Venus will pass to the south of the Moon. So great is the brilliancy of this Planet that where its disappearence behind the dark edge of the Moon can be seen, it may be observed, without the aid of a telescope.

On the 1st of May, there will be a visible "total" eclipse of our Satellite, which from 10th. 22m. to 12th. 8m. (M. T. C.) will be entirely immersed in the shadow of the Earth. By the catalogue of Weiss, it appears that the moon while thus "totally" eclipsed, will itself, in South America, eclipse two very small Stars, but which here unfortunately will pass to the north.

AN UNGALLANT EPIGRAM.

When Eve brought *woe* to all mankind,
Old Adam called her *woman*;
But when she *woo'd* with love so kind,
He then pronounced it *wooman*,
But now with folly and with pride,
Their husbands' pockets trimming,
The ladies are so full of *whims*,
The people call them *whimen*.

Extract from a letter by the Rev. Mr. Churchill, of Boston, who is now travelling for his health in the East.

"It gives one an ever present idea of the expansive enterprise of his countrymen, to find their commodities of commerce continually in his path wherever he goes. I have not yet visted any considerable city of Turkey where I did not find the Medicines of my country represented by Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. In Smyrna, Aleppo, Jaffa, Jerusalem and Constantinople, we see in each, on the door post of some bazaar, the peculiarly American looking Iron card, of Dr. Ayer, saying in language which not one in a thousand of the passers by can read. "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for Cough's, Colds and Consumption, Sold Here." On a shelf behind the cross-legged Mussulman are seen the bottles with their English, Spanish, French and German faces turned to the crowd, and on enquiring we are told that foreigners are not the only purchasers, but the true believers themselves waive their trust in fate to try this product of American skill, when they find there is no other cure for them."

I was told here yesterday that the Cherry Pectoral had been presented to the Sultan and is now in constant use in his harem, as in the Hospitals of the Empire."

Diseases of the Liver.

When the celebrated Dr. Rush declared that drunkenness was a disease, he enunciated a truth which the experience and observation of medical men is every day confirming. The many apparently insane excesses of those who indulge in the use of spirituous liquors, may be thus accounted for.—The true cause of conduct, which is taken for infatuation, is very frequently a diseased state of the Liver. No organ in the human system, when deranged, produces a more frightful catalogue of diseases. And if, instead of applying remedies to the manifestations of disease, as it is too often the case, physicians would perscribe with a view to the original cause, fewer deaths would result from diseases induced by a deranged state of the Liver. Three-fourths of the diseases enumerated under the head of Consumption, have their seat in a diseased Liver. (See Dr. Gunn's great works.)

Purchasers will be careful to ask for DR. M'LANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS and take none else. There are other Pills purporting to be Liver Pills, now before the public. Dr. M'Lane's Liver Pills, also his Celebrated Vermifuge, can now be had at all respectable Drug Stores in the United States and Canada.

For Sale by E. W. PALMER, Kingston, C. W. 28

IT SHOULD BE UNIVERSALLY KNOWN—for is strictly true—that indigestion is the parent of a large proportion of the fatal diseases. Dysentry, dyarhœa, cholera morbus, liver complaint, and many other diseases enumerated in the city inspector's weekly catalogue of deaths, are generated by indigestion alone. Think of that, dispeptics! think of it, all who suffer from disordered stomachs, and if you are willing to be guided by advice, founded upon experience, resort at once (don't delay a day) to Hoofland's German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, which, as an alterative, curative, and invigorant, stands alone and unapproached. General depot, 120 Arch Street. We have tried these Bitters, and know that they are excellent for the diseases specified above. —*Philadelphia City Item*. See advertisement. 28

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Wonderful remedy for Rheumatism.—Copy of a letter from William Henderson, of Montreal, dated June 16th 1854.—To Professor Holloway,—Sir,—I left England, now three weeks ago, and for several weeks previous to my embarkation, I felt a terrible stiffness in my limbs, accompanied by the utmost pain whenever I attempted to move, with itching and burnings, which was almost intolerable; however, immediately I got on board, I felt worse than ever, and was confined to my cabin for six days, when a fellow passenger (Mr. Martin, of this city,) presented me with a couple of boxes of your Ointment and Pills, which completely cured me, and I am now as well as ever I was in my life. 29

OPINION OF THE SECRETARY OF THE STATE OF VERMONT, Hon. Daniel P. Thompson, who writes,—"Having seen the beneficial effects of your Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam for Coughs, Colds and Consumption in my family and neighborhood. I feel free to say that I look upon it as a very valuable medicine in the diseases for which it is recommended." For sale in Kingston by E. W. Palmer. 28

SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE GREAT AMERICAN HAIR TONIC,

Bogle's Celebrated Hyperion Fluid,

For the Growth and Preservation of the Hair, is well known to be without a rival on this Continent.—Hundreds of imitations have started into an ephemeral existence since the introduction of this unrivalled Hair Restorative, and their doom been sealed, whilst Bogle's Hyperion Fluid, with a popularity never attained by any other article, goes on "conquering and to conquer." There is no malady that can effect the hair but can be cured by this incomparable preparation. To ladies it is invaluable, and on children's heads it lays the foundation of a good head of hair. It is now patronised by Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain, and commands an extensive sale throughout Europe.

BOGLE'S AMERICAN ELECTRIC HAIR DYE, Converts RED or GREY Hair into a beautiful Black or Brown, the moment it is applied, literally dyeing the hair without staining the skin, and leaves the hair soft and glossy, without injuring its texture in the least—a decided superiority over all other Hair Dyes.

Bogle's Amole Shaving Compound

Renders that usually unpleasant operation (shaving) a decided luxury

Bogle's Hebeaiowa

Removes Freckles and Tan from the face in the shortest possible time, and is acknowledged to be the very best article for Beautifying the Complexion.

To be had, wholesale and retail, of

W. BOGLE,
277 Washington Street, Boston, U. S.

And by all the Druggists and Perfumers throughout Canada, the United States and Great Britain.

Aug., 1854. 171

LETTERS AND TELEGRAPHS RECEIVED.

S. S. B., Trenton, with remittance; C. H., Cape Vincent, with remittance; R. McL., Ernestown; E. V. Chatham; D. S. B. New York.

ST. JOHN'S LODGE No. 3 1/2.

AN EMERGENT Meeting of the above Lodge, will be held on Thursday Evening next, February 15th, at 7 o'clock P. M.

By order of the W. M.
E. H. PARKER,
Secretary.

Kingston, Feb. 9th, 1855. 39

NEW BOOKS FROM BRITAIN.

JOHN DUFF has received, Nelson's Popular Library:—

Gerstacker's Travels, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Ayres, Ride through the Pampas, Winter Journey across the Cordilleras, Chili, Valparaiso, &c. Translated from the German of Frederick Gerstacker. 9s.

The Tricolor of the Atlas, or Algeria and the French Conquests, from the German of Dr. Wagner and other sources. By Francis Pulszky. 7s.

Russia and its People. By Count A. De Gurvoski. 2s.

Men of the Time; British Statesmen, Lives of Aberdeen, Russell, Palmerston, Graham, Gladstone, &c., &c. 3s.

The Flower of the Family. A Tale. 1s. 6d.

Tales for the Home Circle.

Jessie Hampton. The Two Acts.

The Heiress. The wife, &c., &c. 1s. 6d.

Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands. By Mrs. Stowe, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," &c.. 1s. 6d.

Milton's Paradise Lost and Paradise Regained. 5s.

Picture Scrap Book. 9d.

Picture Reward Cards, 12 in a pack. 1s. 6d.

The Children's Hymn Book, 12 in a pack, 1s. 6d.

Royal Juvenile Library. Home Stories 9d.

The Rosebud. 9d.

Kingston, February 8th, 1855. 35

WANTED,

A SINGLE MAN of steady habits, as HOSTLER at the CITY HOTEL.

Kingston, Feb. 6th, 1855. 34