POST OFFICE NOTICE.

Commencing on and after the 16th Inst., the Mails for the East will be closed daily [Saturdays excepted] at 6 o'clock, P. M.

A Second Despatch for Gananoque and Brockville will be closed daily [Saturdays excepted] at 9.30 A. M.

The Mails for the West will be closed daily at 6 P. M.

Unpaid Letters and Letters prepaid by Stamps, will be forwarded when dropped into the Letter Box up to Midnight.

The Mails for the Prince Edward County east to Brighton will be closed daily [Sunday's excepted] at 3 P. M.

The Mails for the United States will be closed daily [Sundays excepted] at 8 o'clock A. M.

ROBERT DEACON, P. M
Post Office Kingston,
12th Dec, 1855. 298

The Daily British Whig.

"Unico per Orbem Dicor."

MONDAY MORNING, DEC. 24, 1855.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

A merry, merry Christmas, famous reader!—for surely every reader, gentle or simple, is famed for something. One, mayhap, for sensibly diminishing plum pudding and roast beef, in accordance with the time-honored custom of Merrie England; another for startling notions of abstemiousness, love of bran bread and rye flour, and manly hatred of alcoholic stimulants; one for downright laziness and sneering contempt of the antiquity and dignity of labor; another working night and day, hand, brain and fist, wearing himself out, as it were by steam, and as if he were a genuine born Yankee: one for his particular attention to the ladies, and universal love for the fair sex; another strangely, and almost sinfully, careless of the charms of bright eyes and feminine attractions; one for his laughable coxcombry, another for his sterling good sense; one, a downright bookworm, partial to musty old folios, and spending half his days, and nearly all his nights, with the Poets, Philosophers, Historians, and general literati of the long past, and the visible present; another pitching Books and Bookworms to the devil and Pandemonium, save and except an appreciative pocket volume popularly known and described as the "Ball Room Guide," or perhaps a treatise on Pomatum or Eau de Cologne; one glorifying, in brass rings (plated) and pewter shirt buttons, stand-up collars, expensive neck ties, patent leather boots, and trebly superfine broad cloth; another a veritable Horace Greeley, famous for his unfashionable white hat and unpopular overcoat, innocent of jewellery, not knowing whether his buttons be made of cast iron or sole leather, and as for his boots—they may be carved from the hide of a calf or a rhinoceros, for all he can or will ever distinguish; one for a kind heart, ample benevolence, love for his fellow men (and women); another stingy as a toad of its beauty, (vide Shakespeare) crabbed as a wild apple-tree, or a Dutchman in the wrong room (vide Sam Slick) with benevolence spokeshaved as it were. But to enumerate all sorts, classes, colors, dispositions and conditions of men, (and women) would fill a goodly sized octavo, and bother the reader, who might have no taste for studying human nature. But simply and properly to return to our muttons, are there not certain qualifications for the possession of which we all think ourselves famous, and which we cling to with the tenacity of half-gorged blood suckers to the undersoles of little piccaninnies? Ah! Monsieur Tonson, yes! A merry, merry Christmas, then, one and all, famous readers! May you eat your plum cake with a double holiday relish. May you find the frowns of your wives, the smiles of your sweethearts, and the kisses of your children altogether to your taste. And you miserable, musty, cold blooded old Bachelors, who have neither wives to frown on you, sweethearts to transport you to new worlds and unknown continents of love, nor children to kiss—blush for your past sins of omission, go to work with a will, do matrimonial penance, and be saved.

"Better rub than rust."

Do something for your privelege of living, and if you happen to have a name worth preserving, embalm it in the memories of your olive branches, and let it not be buried with you, like an Indian's tomahawk with its Chief. But even to all old Bachelors, a merry, merry Christmas! A merry Christmas pretty maid with the Hyperion curled beau you caught last Sunday! Had your bright eyes nothing to do with that, you little minx! A merry Christmas you young fellow with the mustache! But what a merrier Christmas you would have had, had you earnestly married the pretty little butterfly to whom you gave your portrait on your last birthday! Oh! you fastidious rouge! do you deserve a merry Christmas? A merry Christmas to those who prefer spending the day to the song of the tuneful sleigh bells, wrapt up snugly in Buffalo robes, and rattling through the country on the rosy wings of Love. But we will never get back to our muttons at this rate. What matter? Who cares! Is not Christmas a perambulating season? And cannot we do as we please during the holidays!

But there are those to whom even Christmas cannot be a merry day. The world is full of thorns, hidden among the blooming flowers of life, and they who walk the long and diversified lane of existence must sometimes sit down footsore and a-weary. But heaven is not afar off, and better days will come. Wait and hope, for hope cheereth the tearful eye, and patience bringeth resignation. And is it not a time to hope, even against hope? Christmas! There were no hope for rich or poor, refreshed or weary, but for this blest Day, traced through the vistas of the past, afar back to the dimly-lighted stable at Bethlehem, with the Star shining above its humble roof

"In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago."

But who cares for our rigmarole? Nobody. The pen was grasped, neither with an imaginative nor a speculative intent, but simply to wish the reader, as we now do, A MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS!

A Letter from Australia.

For the British Whig.

Per "Kent" to England.

MELBOURNE, VICTORIA,
September 15th, 1855.

DEAR WHIG,—

Altho' not given to newspaper writing, still as things are at present in Australia, I have thought I would drop you a few lines on matters in general.

First, I would mention the receipt of three numbers of your journal, viz., 23rd and 30th of March, also the 20th of April last. How is it I don't receive the numbers more regularly? I trust you duly post them. The receipt of your paper is most anxiously looked for, not only by myself, but by numerous Canadians in the Colony. I would mention after they have gone the round amongst my friends in the city, I post them for the mining regions, where they are very acceptable, but with going through so many hands, they become by the time they reach the mines, almost unreadable; so when you send the future numbers, see that they are clearly and well printed, by so doing, you will oblige your Canadian readers in this distant part of the world.

As a general thing, the Colony is not a tithe as good a place as Canada to live in. The Colonial Government is head and ears in debt, and owing to the large emigration to our shores, with no means to support themselves, together with the public works being stopped for want of funds to carry them on, as also the uncertainty of mining, has caused a most disastrous state of things here, to which, I am sorry to say, the Canadians have come in for their full share. In fact, I know many from about your part of the Province, who being disappointed in their mining operations, emigrated to the neighboring colonies, but from fire, floods and other causes, the work of their hands was of no avail. In fact, California and Australia prove most incontrovertably that there is such a thing as luck, and it is better be born lucky than rich.

My object in writing, is not to give you any lengthy detail of this Colony, but more particularly to call thro' you the attention of the Canadian Press, and by it, the Government of your Province, to the fact of the general want of success that has attended Canadians in this part of Her Majesty's dominions, and as reading your paper, I perceive it is the intention of Parliament to re-organize the Militia for the defence of the Province; and as also observing that the British Government have opened Recruiting Offices in New York and Boston for volunteers to the Crimea. I would most respectfully submit to the Canadian Government for its consideration, that instead of England's opening recruiting offices in a foreign land, they enrol Canadians, who, in the din of battle, would not fight as paid hirelings of a foreign legion, but as sons of a country who are proud of owning our gracious Majesty as our Sovereign, and old England as our Mother Country. Your readers may see what am I aiming at. It is this dear Whig—Let the Government of Canada send a Commission under the Seal of the Province, to some person out here, empowering to raise a Canadian Company or Battalion, to go either home or from here to the Crimea, to act under such orders as may be found necessary to give.

I have had the honor to hold a commission as Captain in the Frontenac Militia as far back as November, 1847, and I would engage to raise in this Colony as fine a lot of Canadians, either for home or the Crimea, as can be produced in the Militia of England, should I receive the orders so to do. I believe I am very generally known by the Canadians here, and would not have much difficulty in carrying out my views.

As to the expenses &c. of the men so enrolled here, that could be managed by a draft of your Government on its English Agents, sent out here to the Lieutenant Governor to be distributed as it might be required.

Myself, with many more from your Province, would most willingly volunteer for active service, to be known as the "Canadians," should it be found necessary to require our services.

I am, dear Whig,
A Suscriber to your Journal from
KINGSTON.

Death of Admiral Bruat.

[From the Times, November 29th.]

The Ulm, which arrived at Toulon on Sunday evening, brings news of the death of Admiral Bruat. This misfortune, which happened whilst the French fleet bring home the Imperial Guards was in the Messina roads, is attributed to suppressed gout. This premature death removes from the French navy one of its most tried and skilful officers at the moment when, after having added to its glories and rendered the highest services to the Emperor and the nation, he was nearing the shores of his native land to receive there the honors and sympathies so justly his due. The deceased Admiral was born at Colmar, on the 26th May, 1796, and his various ranks in the service have the following dates:—pupil at the Naval School at Brest, in 1811; aspirant of the 1st class, 1815; ensign de vaisseau, 1819; lieutenant de vaisseau, 1827; captaine de fregate, 1831; captaine de vaisseau, 1838; rear-admiral, 1840; vice-admiral, 1852; admiral, 1855. From the first he was reported by his superior officers as "well informed, of indefatigable zeal, brave, and generous." His earliest separate command was unfortunate, as, when in command of the Silene brig, in 1829, on the coast of Africa, the vessel was wrecked, and her commander made prisoner by the Algerines, and only released by the fall of that city before the French arms. His after service comprised a number of positions of great importance, showing that he entirely possessed the confidence and esteem of the various Ministers who held the reins of power in France; for the late Admiral was successively Governor of the Marquisas Isles, and then of all the French Establishments in Oceania; Maritime Prefect of Toulon; Governor of Martinique; and Governo-General of the French West Indies. In 1852, he formed one of the Council of the Admiralty, which he quitted to take the command of a squadron of evolution. In 1841, he became second in command to Admiral Hamelin in the Black Sea, and the English nation have since then known enough of him to appreciate the loss suffered by their Allies.

The Late Attack of a Spanish War Cutter on British Wrecking Vessels.

The Bahama Herald of November 10 contains the following account of the attack made by a Spanish cutter on the wrecking vessels J. C. Lees and Globe, when engaged in saving property at the Mocaira reef. The paper says:—

On Sunday evening, the 28th of October, as two of our wrecking vessels—the schooner J. C. Lees and the sloop Globe—were saving property from the derelict vessel on the Mocaira reef, they were interrupted by a cutter, filled with men speaking the Spanish language, armed with muskets and cutlasses, and commanded by a person speaking the same tongue, and wearing, apparently, the uniform of a naval officer. At the time of this vessel's arrival there were two boats alongside the wreck, the crews of which, including nearly all the hands of the two wreckers were working on board of the derelict. The cutter boarded the wrecking vessel, and placed in each a number of her men. On seeing this, the wreckers pulled off in their boats towards the J. C. Lees. The Globe's boat was ahead, and on getting near, was fired into by musketry, and three of the hands badly wounded. She immediately backed off, and got out of reach of the fire. In the meantime, the boat of the J. C. Lees, in which was the pilot, Mr. German, who could speak the Spanish language, was ordered on board the cutter, and as soon as he and another man named Wells got on deck, they were seized, and bound hand and foot. The crew of German's boat, intimidated by what they witnessed, leaped overboard, and were picked up by the Globe's boat, which pulled on board the wreck, from which the Globe was seen during the night to get under sail and steer in the direction of Cuba. A little before daybreak next morning, six men, including one of the wounded, stole away in the Globe's boat. They pulled towards the east, and after sunrise saw the cutter go Lees gut under weigh, and went off towards Cuba. The men in the Globe's boat were out three days and nights, when they reached Andros Islands, where they stayed a few days, and were finally landed here. The wounded man had a musket ball in his hip, weighing an ounce and a half, which was successfully removed yesterday by Drs. Duncome and Black. It is thought that had the bullet not previously passed through the boat, it would certainly have killed him. Such are the facts which, with some difficulty, we have been able to collect, chiefly from the mouths of the men who escaped in the Globe's boat. What may have been the fate of the other two wounded men is of course uncertain. They were covered with blood when they reached the wreck, and we fear the worst apprehensions concerning them may be reasonably entertained. Thus a most violent outrage has been perpetrated on British property and subjects, almost at our very doors. If the cutter were a private vessel, her officers and crew and pirates, and we trust they will not long escape the punishment they deserve. If, on the other hand, she be a guarda costa—to which opinion we incline—acting on some pretended exclusive jurisdiction over the Mocairs reef, we hope their claim will be exploded, and that the earnest and determined reclamation of our executive will obtain ample compensation for all who have lost either property, liberty or blood in this affair. For the crews of our wrecking vessels saving British property, probably from a British hull, thrown on British reefs, to be seized, bound, fired upon, killed or wounded, as the case may be, and then vessels, property and men to be all forthwith carried off to Cuba, is not to be endured. The arrival this morning of the sloop-of-war Daring is a very fortunate event. We have reason to believe that she will be despatched at once to Cuba by his Excellency the Governor, to bring the perpetrators of these robberies and murders to a speedy and terrible account.

One of the Crew Murdered by the Spaniards—Arrival at Neuvitas.

[From the Bahama Herald, Nov. 14th.]

It seems that the J. C. Lees and Globe were seized by a vessel despatched by the Spanish government for the purpose. After going on the Globe's boat and wounding three men in the manner we described on Saturday, the crews of the two vessels (minus the six men who escaped) were taken from the wreck, and carried off to Cuba, together with their vessels. On the way, they cruelly treated Jeremiah Munro of the Globe, and finally murdered him by striking him with the butt ends of their muskets, which knocked him overboard, and then firing at him when struggling with the waves. The vessels were taking into Neuvitas, where they were plundered of all the property on board, and then released. No doubt other portions of the crews of these unfortunate vessels have their own tales to tell of the blows, insults, and sufferings to which they were subjected whilst in the hands of their tormentors. The delivery of the vessels, whilst the property is retained, strikes us as a singular proceeding. It seems like an admission that the seizure could not be justified, and therefore the vessels were released, but the property was kept, because it was valuable, and presented a temptation very agreeable to the cupidity and love of plunder of the villains who had seized it. Robbery and murder have been committed on our very shores, and we again say that we trust the fullest compensation possible both for blood ann property will be demanded and obtained from the Spanish government.

The Impostor Murray.

We were shown yesterday a letter from the brother-in-law, and sister of this scamp's poor wife. From it we learn that Murray—or whatever his name may be—went to Albany, also pretending to be a Methodist preacher. He made the acquaintance of a resident minister of that persuasion, and stated that he was going to Iowa city, to collect a debt due him there for £700,—money lent to an inhabitant of that city while in Scotland; that he had sent his trunks, &c., forward by express, and desired himself to travel by easy stages. So much was the resident preacher imposed upon, that he allowed him to preach in his pulpit, and introduced him to his family, of which his present victim was one. She was, poor girl, an orphan living with her elder married sister. Murray succeeded in gaining her affections, and proposed marriage, which her friends advised her to refuse, until at least he had returned from his projected Western tour with his baggage and credentials. But her infatuation was so complete that she deserted her friends for this scoundrel, married him, and fled they knew not whither, until a telegraph from Montreal informed them of her whereabouts. They write in the deepest distress, anxious that she should be succored, and given an opportunity to return to her old home. God help them in their affliction! No tidings have yet been gathered here of the whereabouts of either deceiver or deceived. We hope, however, that sufficient attention has been called to the matter by the press to secure the detection of the fugitives. Our readers will be performing a true act of mercy if they will exert themselves to obtain and furnish her friends, through us, with any information respecting them.

"THE RIGHT HON. A. P. MURRAY."—Tidings of this person have at length been received in this city; and we believe the following narrative will be found authentic: He and his wife were missed on Wednesday the 5th inst., and on that day managed to get to Lachine in a cab. Stopped there all night. Crossed the next morning on the ferry boat to Caughnawaga. Thence they walked through the woods to a bridge above Chateauguay Basin, a distance of 10 to 12 miles. What a walk for a poor, sick, delicate young lady, inadequately clad and shod! It is supposed, too, they had no food on their journey. At night they stopped at a house near the bridge, and lay on the floor. Having no money to pay for this, a couple of rings were rudely taken from the lady's finger; her satchel was also taken from her. The next day they started on foot for St. Martins. On their journey a passer by in a vehicle took pity on them and took them up. Charity, when night came, also gave them lodging; it also carried them in the stage towards Durham the next morning, which was Saturday. On the way the lady fainted from sickness and exhaustion, and had to be taken into a house; and we understand she now is in a very weak state. There can be no doubt, if the kindly assistance of passers by on the road had not been extended to her, she would have died. Murray, or whatever his real name is, went by the name of Morton. He said he was a Methodist preacher, who had lost his baggage; but the newspapers had travelled faster than he, and he was charged with being the "Right Hon. A. P. Murray," which he did not deny. But the sufferings of him and his wife excited pity, and the country people, being humanely disposed, only felt inclination to help them. The story is a sad one, and carried its own moral.—*Montreal Gazette.*

CHATEAUGUAY, Dec. 14.

"Baron de Percy" has been stopping here for some days. He called himself Duke Percy; put up a little out of the village; said he could not afford to stop at a hotel. Had his lady with him; they left on the train this afternoon for the West, probably in Ogdensburgh this evening.

DIVORCES IN CANADA. The luxury of a divorce is so expensive in Canada that none but the wealthy can indulge in it. The consequence is, that the restive victims of ill starred marriages, who cannot afford to pay $2000 for relief, are compelled to "grin and bear it," or resort to the States for a dissolution of the link some the. The courts of the border counties in New York are driving quite a stiff business in converting the marriage relations of the Queen's subjects into their original elements.

DISCOVERY OF DIAMONDS.—A short time ago, says the Union Democrat, three diamonds were found in Scorpion Gulch, near Byrne's Ferry, and on the slope of Table Mountain. The claim has for some time been worked for gold, and the diamonds were picked up merely out of curiosity, as pretty pebbles. Upon one of being exhibited to an eminent jeweller of the city, it was pronounced fine, and valued at sixty dollars. The claim is now called the "Diamond Claim," and the precious stones will hereafter be saved. The party working the claim think that in washing their dirt they may have lost many valuable diamonds in the tailings which fall into the river.

An Extract from the Spectator.

"Unlike their predecessors, the present Ministry have not sought to buy up public journals with advertising patronage!!!"

THE SAUGEEN SURVEYORS.

For some time past much anxiety has been felt with regard to the safety of two of the parties who have been surveying during the summer, under Messrs. Dennis and Boltoun, on the Saugeen Peninsula.—We learn, however, that they arrived safely last night. They had been employed at Stoke's Bay, opposite Lyell Island, and were to have started for home on the 24th or 25th of November, but, in order to complete the work, they remained a week longer, and encountered a severe storm soon after they set off, which drove their boat ashore, and obliged them to walk the remainder of the way to Southampton, some 30 miles. They reached that place safely; but we are sorry to add that the two men who arrived first, decided on going back to meet the rest, who were a short distance off. In order to do this, they imprudently took a small boat, with only one oar and a paddle, to cross the Saugeen river; but, as the current was very strong, they were swept out into the lake, where a heavy sea was running at the time, and the boat was swamped and the men drowned within 60 or 70 yards of the shore. A number of persons witnessed the melancholy scene, but could render no assistance in consequence of the heavy sea. The names of the men were Baker and Foley—the former from Penetanguishene and the latter from Orillia. It is supposed they might have been saved, but when they had reached the middle of the channel, Foley became terrified, stopped pulling, and began to cry like a child. Baker could do nothing by himself, and thus they were carried out beyond the reach of assistance. It seems unaccountable that they did not jump out when they found themselves in danger, as they passed for some distance over a shoal with between two and three feet of water, and while in the river, were not more than a few yards from the bank. We understand that both the men were unmarried. During the summer there have been upwards of 100 men employed on the same survey, and with the exception of the above melancholy accident, all employed have returned, having been remarkably free from every description of ill health.

The Kingston Gazette.

About a year ago Mr. James Creighton Job Printer commenced the publication of a neat little advertising sheet, called the "*Express Messenger*," a good many numbers of which were issued, but somewhat irregularly. He has now changed the name of it, to the more appropriate one, (in our opinion) of *the* "*Kingston Gazette*" and he promises that henceforth it will be issued regularly every month. The "Gazette" is distributed gratuitously so as to secure a large circulation for advertisements, and must consequently form a very inviting vehicle for the conveyance of business information to the public, and ought to be well patronized by business men. The '*Gazette*' so far as regards its typography is a model little sheet and quite a credit to "the Job Office," nor does the number before us lack in Editorial talent, for it opens the campaign with a well written, lively "leader," wishing a "merry Christmas and a Happy New-Year" to its patrons. We sincerely wish the "Kingston Gazette" a prosperous career.

IMMIGRATION AT QUEBEC DURING THE PAST YEAR.—The total number of arrivals was 21,274, against 53,183 in the previous year; 6,754 from England, 4,859 from Scotland, 4,106 from Ireland; from the continent of Europe 4,864, and from the lower ports 691. The entire number of vessels which landed at Quebec during the year 1855 was 230. Of these 76 were from England, 40 from Ireland, 46 from Scotland, 26 from the continent of Europe, and 40 from the lower ports.

Additional files of Nassau [N. P.] papers contain full particulars of the late attack made by a Spanish war cutter on the schooner J. C. Lees and sloop Globe—Bahama wrecking vessels—when they were engaged in saving property from the brig Tribune on the Mocaires reef. It appears that the cutter was despatched by the Spanish executive in Cuba for this duty, and in the discharge of it fired on a boat's crew—the Globe—wounding three men. Six other wreckers escaped, but the remainder of the party were taken prisoners, and the cutter steered for Cuba during the night. On the passage Jeremiah Munro, of the Globe, was driven overboard, fired at with muskets and killed. The other men were landed at Neuvitas, plundered of their property, and then discharged. This is the British report, and no doubt the Spaniards will have to account to that government in London for the transaction. The Vice Admiralty Court at Nassau has awarded to the wreckers eighty per cent on the property saved from the derelict vessel, on which they were working when attacked.

Sentinel, the correspondent of the New York Courier and enquirer, pays the following eloquent tribute the St. Lawrence river:

"A river where every mile of its shore is thronged with the wild or beautiful—a river which begins in giant size, and retains it, till it goes out in gloomy grandeur of the Northern Gulf, a river which now in broken wave laves the gleaming granity edge of its islands and inlets more numerous than were the legends by which the oriental storyteller beguiled the anger of the Sultan, and then breathes out in lakes, each one of breadth and volume sufficient to be a famous thing in its own right—a river which woke the melody of Moore, and on which Wolfe floated to his right of victory—a river such as this will always be a chosen pathway for the tens of thousands of all lands who tral to see the bold and the beautiful.

PAUL JONES AT KINBURN.—A peculiar interest is attached in an historical point of view, to Kinburn, and the Limah, at this time, for it was in that vicinity, more than 60 years since, that the original massacre took place by the barbarous Russians, of which that at Sinope was but the imitation. After the acknowledgement of the independence of the United States by England, the celebrated Chevalier Paul Jones (of bon homme Richard and Serapis memory) entered the Russian Service, at the express invitation of the Empress Catherine, who upon receiving him at Court, instantly created him a Vice Admiral in the Russian Service, and ordered him to exercise his known skill and bravery, in the then war between Russia and Turkey. Consequently he proceeded to Prince Potemkin, placed himself under his immediate orders, and took command of the Russian Fleet, and proceed towards that of the Turkish, at or near Kinburn. The Chevalier made an attack at once upon the Turkish Admiral's galley, led the boarders himself, captured the galley, Admiral, Officers and crew, and hoisted with his own hand the victorious flag over his prize. He then executed a most successful manœuvre, and drove nine Turkish men-of-war upon the sands near the shore, each vessel containing from 200 to 1,000 men. The Chevalier's idea was to capture the whole of the vessels and crews without bloodshed; but the Prince Potemkin, jealous of the "Naval hero, gave the original Sinopean order to fire upon, and destroy by fire the whole of the men of war and crews, amounting to nearly 10,000 human beings, who were burnt and massacred in cold blood! The Chevalier remonstrated against the terrible decree of the Prince, but with no avail; quarrelled with him, and wished to fight him. He got in disgrace for his efforts in Anglo-Saxon humanity against Russian barbarity, and retired from the service. Yet Catherine, to reward his chivalric bravery and skill, created the Chevalier Paul Jones a Knight of the Order of St. Anne; thus giving additional notoriety to the horrible massacre.

NEWS OF THE MORNING.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

To-morrow being Christmas Day no Daily British Whig will be published.

CATARAQUI WARD.

We are authorized to announce that Mr. William Allen is a Candidate for Alderman Honors in Cataraqui Ward.

The Morning Herald pretends to be a daily paper, and yet it copies bodily, from the British Whig, the arrivals at the Hotels. The editor would deny this small plagiary, were it not proved by his repeating in the Herald the mistake of the Whig's compositor, who gave the British American Hotel the credit of the arrivals at "Irons." He secures the "Imports" and "Exports" in the same way.

OFFICERS OF THE ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY.

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KINGSTON MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

The annual Festival of the Mechanics' Institute will take place on Friday, the 28th inst., in the Town Hall. The idea of an opening Festival is a very good one, and should meet with ample encouragement from all classes of our citizens. In addition to the feast of music, and all the other good things provided, some able speakers to address the meeting. We have heard the following names mentioned, His Worship the Mayor, Mr. Solicitor General Smith, Professor Williamson, Mr. Archibald J. Macdonell, Dr. Litchfield and the Rev. Mr. Mulkins, and have no doubt a good selection will be made from the number. Short, pithy, and appropriate addresses are what is needed on such occasions.—*Advertiser.*

*** We heartily coincide with the hope of our contemporary, that the gentlemen asked to speak will not inflict long speeches on the company. If speakers knew how tedious their speches are, they would not be so ready to annoy the unfortunates who have to listen.

THE TORONTO RAILROAD CELEBRATION.—A number from this city have gone to the Railroad Celebration, which comes off to-morrow. The Albany Common Council and Board of Trade have accepted the invitation to be present, and the attendance from this side promises to be large. It is said it will be the grandest Railroad festival ever got up on this continent.—[Oswego Times.

*** The Americans are much fonder of this sort of thing than Canadians. From the City of Kingston not one single person attended.

Christmas Hymn.

BY ALFRED DUNETT.

"It was the calm and silent night!
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars—
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain:
Apollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars,
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

'Twas in the calm and silent night,
The senator of haughty Rome,
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home:
Triumphal arches gleaming, swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What recked the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago?

Within that province far away,
Went plodding home a weary boor;
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half shut stable door,
Across his path. He passed—for naught,
Told what was going on within:
How keen the stars, his only thought—
The air, how calm, how cold, and thin,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

O, strange indifference! low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares;
The earth was still,—but knew not why—
The world was listening,—unawares.
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world for ever!
To that still moment none would heed,
Man's doom was linked no more to sever,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

It is the calm and solemn night!
A thousand bells ring out and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness,—charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no shame had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay, new-born,
The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!"

ARRIVALS AT IRONS' HOTEL.

Dec. 20th.—Dr H N Bushnell, Cape Vincent; R Ryder, Adams; L P Darton, do; Mr McAtus, Mr Miller, Clayton; J Minnie, Watertown; M Hamilton, Oswego; A A Prinyear, Marysburgh.

Dec. 21st.—E J Sisson, Belleville; H H Young do; W V Detlor, Napanee; A Harris, do; W H Deane and Sister, Kingston Mills; H W Purdy, Bath; Miss Bristol, do; J A Straight, Folland; P B Crancell, Bridgewater; A Farrell, Governeur; Mr P elps, Watertown; G Seeley, Oswego; J K Loughton, Gananoque; Z J Harnden, Brighton; F A Cameron Westport; J McCarty, do; J Brewster, do.

TWO PICTURES.

PICTURE FIRST.

Exhausted on her couch a sick girl lay,
Pale as a White rose withering. Fitfully
Her fragile form shook with the frequent cough,
Like a frail leaf, which the November blast
Is loosening on the bough.

PICTURE SECOND.

Full of Life,
Joy in her eyes, and on her cheek the tint
Of roses when they open, that young girl
Moves with elastic step among her friends,
Who late had thought her dying. Swift relief
In Dr. Rogers' Pectoral Remedy
The Maiden found. What cured her? Question her,
And eagerly the rescued will reply,
Tar, Liverwort, and Canchalagua.

☞ **The Brightest Gems of Life** are Good Health and Buoyant Spirits; but, in case of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and their train of ills, Dr James McCLintock's Dyspeptic Elixir gives immediate relief, creates an appetite, and assists digestion. His Alterative Syrup is the Great Constitutional Remedy for Purifying the Blood Eradicating Pimples, Blotches, Scrofula and all kinds of Taint from the System, and producing a healthy and blooming appearance.—Sold by E. W. Palmer, and E. H. Parker, Kingston. 287

☞ **Brilliant Discoveries**—Dr James McClintock's Whooping Cough Remedy and his Diarrhea Cordial can be very truly termed family guardians. Whooping Cough, Croup, and also Diarrhea, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, and Summer Complaints at once yield to the powerful neutralizing properties of these great antidotes. They are tried prescriptions, culled from an immense and successful practice by the founder of Philadelphia College of Medicine.—Sold by E. W. Palmer, and E. H. Parker, Kingston. 287

☞ **The Sudden and Tremendous** Variations of temperature in this climate, are the frightful source of Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis, Consumption, and every variety of pulmonary disease. For all ordinary affections of the Throat or Lungs, Dr James McClintock's Cold and Cough Mixture will be found an absolute specific; and if, through neglect of these precautions of more fatal complaints the seeds of Consumption or Bronchitis should have been sown in the system, recourse may be had to Dr James McClintock's Pectoral Syrup, with the fullest confidence in a speedy cure. Sold by E. W. Palmer, and E. H. Parker, Kingston. 287

☞ **A Vast Increase of Fever and Ague Cases** is reported from all quarters; but, fortunately, we have the strongest medical and popular testimony that Dr James McClintock's Fever and Ague Specific, with his Anti-Bilious Pills as an auxiliary, has been found to master the worst cases of the disease. All accounts concur in stating that, where these medicines are persevered in, the Chills are not only broken, but the complaint permanently eradicated. Sold by E. W. Palmer, and E. H. Parker, Kingston. 287

The above Medicines prepared under the direction of Professor James McClintock, late President of the Philadelphia (United States) College of Medicine, &c., from the purest and freshest materials, are strongly recommended to the afflicted. They may be procured in Kingston, of E. W. Palmer, also of E. H. Parker & Co., who are the duly authorized agents for the City of Kingston. 283

FEVERS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS AND THEIR CURE.—Many remedies have been prescribed for the relief of suffering humanity for the cure of these distressing and often times fatal diseases. Few seem to be worthy of much comment, in a word, few possess any intrinsic value, Holloway's Pills, however, will be found invaluable for these complaints, and will readily check the worst stages of the evil, in truth, by a perseverance with this remedy according to the prescribed directions, they will restore the sufferer to health, after every other means have failed. These Pills are also famous in all diseases of the stomach and bowels. 287

Astonishing Cure with only One Bottle.

Jos. B. HALL & Co., say:—
Presque Isle, Aroostook Co., Me.
April 24, 1854.

"We herewith send you a certificate of a cure performed by the use of *only one bottle* of the German Bitters; we think Mr. Clark to be a man of veracity, and have no doubt of the truth of his story."

Messrs. Jos. B Hall & Co.—Gentlemen—In answer to your inquiries, I will say that my daughter, aged about 16 years, has been complaining of a pain in her side for six or seven years, and, about the first of January last, was taken down and confined to her bed. The pain in her side was very severe, besides being troubled with a pain between her shoulders and in her back. From reading a number of cures performed by "Hoofland's German Bitters," I was induced to try it in her case, and sent to the store and purchased *one bottle*. She had taken it but a few days when she began to improve, and now, after taking *only one bottle*, she is enjoying better health than she has for years. She feels no pain in her side, or in any part of her body, and attributes her cure *entirely* to the German Bitters.

300 WM. CLARK

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age is Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

They don't help complaints, but they cure them.
One Box has cured the worst case of Dyspepsia.
Three Boxes have cured the worst cases of Scrofula.
Two Boxes have cured the worst cases of Erysipelas.
One Box always cures Biliousness.
Three Boxes are sure to cleanse the system from Boils—often less than one does it.
Two Boxes cure the worst of Ulcers on the leg.
Small doses seldom fail to cure the Piles.
One dose cures the headache arising from a disordered stomach.
Strong doses often repeated expell every worm from the body. They should be given to children, who are always more or less afflicted with this scourge.
As a gentle Physician they have no equal.
One Box cures derangement of the Liver.
Half a Box cures a Cold.
They purify the blood, and thus strike at the foundation of every disease.
As a Dinner Pill there is not their equal in the world.
They are purely vegetable, and can do no harm, do accomplish an unaccountable amount of good.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Ms., and sold by every respectable Druggist in Canada and the United States.

Sold by E. W. Palmer, E. H. Parker, and all Druggists in Kingston and vicinity. 287-

DIED.

In Haldimand, on the 12th inst., John Sligh, aged 25 years.

In Augusta, on the 14th inst., Ann, second daughter of the late Jacob Hecox, Esq.

On Monday, 17th inst., at Chingucousy, Sarah Anne, only daughter of the late James Arthur, aged 23 years.

At Seymour East, on the 1st November, Capt. Thomas Macintosh, late of the 92nd or Gordon Highlanders, in the 83rd year of his age.

In Belleville, on the 17th inst., Mr. John Fahey, aged 57 years.

At Bourg Louis, on the 12th instant, at the advanced age of 83 years, Mr. Robert Sissons.

In Montreal, on the 10th instant, Mary Plattingale, wife of Sergeant William Unwin, 20th Regiment, now serving in the Crimea, aged 22 years.

In Montreal, on the 7th instant, Ed H. Hird, Esq., aged 50 years.

Bank of British North America.

INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER.

THE COURT OF DIRECTORS hereby give notice that a half-yearly dividend, at the rate of six per cent per annum, on the capital of the Bank, will become payable to the proprietors of shares registered in the Colonies, on and after the 26th day of January, 1856, during the usual hours of business at the several branch Banks, as announced by circular to the respective parties.

The dividend is declared in sterling money, and will be payable at the rate of exchange current, on the 26th day of January, 1856, to be fixed by the social Boards.

No transfer can be made between the 31st instant and the 26th proximo, as the books must be closed during that period.

By order of the Court,
A. GRAHAM DUNLOP,
Secretary.

Bank of B. N. America,
London, 5th December, 1855.

*** Herald one insertion, and one on the 20th January.

WATERTOWN AND ROME Rail [redacted] Road.

TRAINS LEAVE CAPE VINCENT,
6 30 A. M. Mail.
7.00 " Way Freight,
4.00 P. M. Accommodation.

LEAVE ROME,
7 40 A. M. Accommodation.
8.00 " Way Freight,
4.30 P. M. Mail,

J. COLLAMER,
Superintendent.
November 26th, 1855 333

J. D & J RAMAGE

RESPECTFULLY beg leave to invite the Ladies and Gentlemen to an examination of their New Stock, which is now complete, comprising an Elegant Assortment of

RICH JEWELLERY WATCHES,
Plated Ware, Fancy Goods, etc.,

Of the Newest Styles in all the Choicest Selections ever offered in Kingston.

Also, a splendid selection of Engravings in Fine Gilt Frames.

The Subscribers flatter themselves that they can supply parties wishing Holiday Presents better than any other establishment in the City.

J. D. & J. RAMAGE,
Princess Street.

P. S.—For the convenience of those who may not supply themselves before that time, the Store will be open from 10 till 3 o'clock on Christmas Day.

Kingston, Dec. 21st, 1855. 301

POSTPONEMENT.

SHERIFF'S SALE.
BANK OF UPPER CANADA,
vs
MAXWELL et al.

The sale of the Steamer
"CITY OF TORONTO,"
seized under execution is postponed until Saturday, 29th inst., at the same hour and place.

THOMAS A CORBETT,
Sheriff,
U. C. F. L. & A.
Dec. 22nd, 1855. 298

TO THE LADIES.

A LARGE and very beautiful assortment of all the materials requisite for making Wax and Paper Flowers, just received. This assortment will be found particularly inviting, being of the very best materials, and not to be found any where else in the city.

A. W. MURDOCH.
Kingston