

ST. THOMAS



WATCHMAN

AND MIDDLESEX GENERAL ADVERTISER.

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"THE RIGHTS AND INTERESTS OF MAN."

[If paid strictly in Advance.]

VOL. I.

ST. THOMAS, C. W. SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1851.

NO. 5.

ST. THOMAS WATCHMAN!
PRINTED EVERY
SATURDAY!
At the Office,
Foundry Buildings, Corner of Port Stanley
and Center Streets,
ST. THOMAS, C. W.
BY
N. W. BATE,
PUBLISHER & PROPRIETOR.

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Having purchased an excellent assortment of Job and Card Type, every description of **JOB & CARD PRINTING!** will be executed in a style equal to any in the Province, and at extremely low prices. St. Thomas, December 7th, 1850.

Business Directory.
FINGAL CABINET WARE-ROOM AND CHAIR MANUFACTORY
THE Subscriber returns thanks to the inhabitants of Fingal and surrounding country for the liberal patronage he has received since commencing business in the above line, and would intimate that he is prepared, as usual, to do every description of Work he may be favored with in a style equal to any in the Province, at moderate prices. Call and examine.
GEORGE METCALFE.
Fingal, January 1st, 1851. 4y1

ST. THOMAS HOTEL, AND GENERAL STAGE HOUSE, by John Mountford. St. Thomas, December 6, 1850. 1m3

JOHN M'KAY, DEALER in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, &c. &c. Brick Store, St. Thomas, Dec. 6, 1850. 1

JOHN KENT, BOOKSELLER & Stationer, opposite the St. Thomas Hotel. December 6, 1850. 1y

O. B. JACOBS, DEALER IN DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, Crockery, Hardware, &c. Talbot Street. St. Thomas, December, 6th, 1850. 1y

JOSEPH LAING, UPHOLSTERER AND COMMISSION MERCHANT, Talbot Street, Opposite the Mansion House. St. Thomas, December 6th, 1850. 1y

JOHN WATTHEW, HOUSE, SIGN, AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTER, Gilder, &c., Talbot Street. St. Thomas, December 6th, 1850. 1y

W. M. DALTON, SOAP & CANDLE MANUFACTURER, St. Thomas. December 6th, 1850. 1y

W. H. M'WHINNEY, DRUGGIST, in the Middle-st Hotel, opposite the Mansion House. In connection with the above, an excellent assortment of Groceries and Provisions, cheap for Cash! St. Thomas, Dec. 6, 1850. 6m

WELLS & LEONARD, FOUNDERS, Machinists, &c. Every description of Castings constantly on hand or made to order. St. Thomas, Dec. 6, 1850. 1y

SPARTA HOTEL, BY ISAAC MOORE. Good accommodations, charges moderate. Sparta, Dec. 9th, 1850. 1lf

NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL AND GENERAL STAGE HOUSE, Thomas W. Hastings, (formerly of the Lambton House, Kingston), Proprietor. Port Hope, Canada, Dec. 1, 1850. n.b.

FINGAL HOTEL, BY CHAUNCEY LEWIS, Fingal, C. W. Good accommodations, and an attentive hostler. 1lf

H. BLACK, DEALER in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Shelf Hardware, Nails Glass and Oil, &c., opposite the Town Hall. St. Thomas, Dec. 14, 1850. 2y1

HENDY & CARTER, WHOLESALE & Retail Dry Goods Merchants. Store lately occupied by J. Thomas Hodge. St. Thomas, Dec. 14, 1850. 2lf

Original Poetry.

Written for the St. Thomas Watchman.
WELCOME TO 1851.

BY FRANKLIN ADDISON HOWIG.

Hail! all hail! young Fifty-one!
Welcome to thy morning sun,
While happy hearts join in the dance,
And fashion bends to music's spell—
The last bell tolls!—as from a trance,
Thou comest—whence, the wizard may tell;
Our feelings change—yet why, or how,
'Twere vain for us to reason now.

Welcome! we greet thee, Fifty-one!
Hail! all hail! young fifty-one,
Thy predecessor's course is run:
May we look forward to thy death,
And hope the interval will bring
To us earth's treasures richly dressed,
Like fairy lands in early spring!
May ask of thee some gift from Heaven,
More brilliant than has e'er been given.

Welcome, we greet thee fifty-one.
Hail! all hail, young fifty one,
To thee, for brighter dreams we come.
O, man, take warning by the past;
Behold how swiftly time has flown.
Thy beautiful locks are whitening fast,
Another year is here—is gone!
Oh! clothe the naked, feed the wan,
Thy time is nought—'tis but a span.

Welcome, we greet thee fifty-one.
Hail! all hail, young fifty-one,
Thou'rt here to-day—to-morrow gone;
May all improve thy precious hours
By holding out a friendly hand;
Live while we live, but not for selfish cares,
Nor on the neck of others take thy stand—
A special sunset cannot be,
And air we breathe to all is free.

Welcome! we greet thee, fifty-one.
Sparta, C. W., Jan. 6, 1851.

Miscellaneous.

THE LAWYER AND THE FOOL.

Deacon Frost a wealthy drover residing in K., one of the most beautiful and flourishing towns in the Granite State was taken a large number of selected beehives to the Boston market. It chanced that on the way thither, several of the stock belonging to Christopher Grant, an extensive farmer residing in an adjoining town, accidentally strayed among the drove of Deacon F.—

The good deacon, of course, not noticing the addition to his herd, could not be expected to separate them and in time, all, including those belonging to friend Grant, were duly disposed of, and according to the proceeds safely deposited in the pocket of the worthy deacon.

It so happened, however, that Bill Dykes, (better known as The Fool,) saw the cattle as they passed and recognized those of Grant. Bill said Mr. G., are you sure it was my cows you saw in Deacon Frost's drove? Sure I said Bill, now, I guess I are; I know old Brindle and Lopped horn, just as easy as nothing—haint I driv'em out of our cabbage more times than their pesky necks are worth anyhow? When Deacon Frost returned home, he was politely waited upon by Mr. Grant, and requested to fork over a fair amount of the needful, for the missing cows, which he politely declined to do. The result was that Counsellor Doney's services were invoked. The fool was the chief witness; and Counsellor Gray of Mass., a man of some celebrity in his profession, was retained to defend the suit. The trial came on—Dykes was placed on the witness stand. Counsellor Grey interposed an objection to the witness being sworn on the ground of incapacity, and proceeded to state to the court that the witness was a perfect non *compas montis* in other words a fool, and well known to be so by every body in the vicinity—that he had no definite or fixed idea either regarding himself or respecting everything else; that he could not give an intelligent answer to the most simple question; and, says Counsellor Grey, with emphasis, I do not believe he can tell who made him. If your honour please, I will put the question to him, that

the jury may have an opportunity to see what a perfect imbecile he is.

Counsellor G. William, look up! Tell us, William, who made you?
The fool screwing his face, and looking thoughtful and somewhat bewildered, answered: M-o-s-e-s, I s-u-p-p-o-s-e.
That will do. Now, says Counsellor G., addressing the court, the witness says he s-u-p-p-o-s-e-s M-o-s-e-s made him. This is certainly a more intelligent answer than I supposed him capable of giving, for it shows that he has some faint idea of the Scriptures. But I submit that it is not sufficient to testify his being sworn as a witness in this case. No, sir, it is not such an answer as a witness qualified to testify, would give.

Mr. Judge, says the fool, may I ask the lawyer a question?
Certainly, says the Judge, ask him any question you please.
W-a-l-l, then, says the Judge, ask him any question you please.
W-a-l-l, then, Mr. Lawyer, w-h-o-d you s-u-p-p-o-s-e made you?
Counsellor G. imitating the witness, A-a-r-o-n, I s-u-p-p-o-s-e.
After the laughter had somewhat subsided, the witness continued, W-a-l-l now we do read in the Good Book, that Aaron once made a c-a-l-f, but who would think the critter had got in here?

A GOOD ONE.

The Hartford (Conn.) Gazette tells the following good one, which well hits off the practice of running ourselves down that others may be induced to compliment—
Very few, as in the case of the pious Mr. H., that would like to be taken at their word.

In a village not a dozen miles from Hartford, the members of a religious society were in the habit of holding prayer meetings in the church, in which they made a kind of confession, commonly called telling one's experience. A very pious member of the flock, Mr. H., sometimes invited Mr. P. who was not a member, to attend the experience meetings. At one of these, Mr. H. in relating his experience stated he was a great sinner—that he sinned daily and with his eyes open—willfully and knowingly sinned—that goodness dwelt not in his heart—that he was absolutely depraved, and that nothing but the boundless mercy and infinite goodness of Jehovah, manifested through the atoning blood of the Redeemer, could save him from eternal perdition. Mr. P. who had accidentally been placed upon the anxious seat was called upon after his neighbor H. had ended to relate his experience. He rose, and with great gravity said, he had very little to say of himself; but the brethren would remember that he had lived for twenty five years the next door neighbor of Mr. H., that he knew him well and it gave him great pleasure, (because he could do it with entire sincerity) to confirm the truth of all that brother H. had confessed of himself! When Mr. P. sat down, under the smile of the whole congregation, the worthy parson not excepted, Mr. H. went up to him and said; You are a rascal and a liar, and I'll lick you when we get out of church.

SNORING.—My uncle Phil was an awful snorer, he could be heard further than a blacksmith's forge; but my aunt became so accustomed to it that it soothed her repose. They were a very domestic couple and never slept apart for many years. At length my uncle was required to attend a court some hundred miles distant. This first night after his departure my aunt never slept a wink; she missed the snoring. The second night was passed in the same way without sleep. She was getting into a very bad way, and probably would have died had it not been for the ingenuity of the servant girl; she took the coffee mill into my aunt's chamber and ground her to sleep at once.

CHARCOAL IN CISTERNS.—Two gallons of fine charcoal will purify a dozen hogsheds of water, when the smell is so unpleasant that it cannot be used.

For the Watchman.

PRAY NOT FOR THE DEAD.

BY A LADY.

Upon hearing a young girl pray devoutly for the soul of her departed sister.
Pray not for the dead! Alas, alas! the prayer
So often poured in bitterness of heart,
In the first fullness of the soul's despair,
Over the grave of loved ones, who depart.
And leave us mourning, shall we not confess
And know and feel its utter worthlessness?
Pray for the young! that they may live and learn,
And hallow their Creator's name, and love
The creature he hath made; and so return
Thy spirit to its resting place above,
To God who gave it; and the dust to dust,
Whence it was taken—pray for them and trust.

Pray for the weary and the sick at heart,
For those bowed down by sorrow's heavy weight;
Pray that the God of patience may impart
His own good spirit to the desolate;
And pray that those who sow in tears may reap
In joy unchanging—pray for them and weep.

Pray for the sinner, for the weak and blind;
For them who will not, or who cannot pray;
Pray that the poor benighted ones may find
A star to light the darkness of their way;
The troubled spirit, the repentant tear,
May yet be theirs, then pray for them and fear.

Pray for the dying, that their end be peace.
Pray for the mourners who beside them kneel;
Pray that the worn and aching heart may cease
To suffer, though it may not cease to feel;
And oh! that sorrow may not pass away
And leave those hearts unchastened, deeply pray!

But pray not for the dead, nor weep nor sigh—
Ye cannot know, ye cannot change their doom;
For as the tree hath fallen, it must lie,
In lowliness of spirit, by the tomb,
Kneel down, and tears of contrite sorrow shed;
Pray for the living, pray not for the dead.

TRYING AN OFFICER'S SPUNK.

It was formerly a practice in the British Service, upon a young officer joining the regiment to put his spirit to a proof. Upon one occasion a young man presented himself a mess table of the — Dragoons, he was quiet and inoffensive in his appearance, somewhat reserved, and doubts were expressed as to his pluck. Dinner being on the table, the commanding officer politely requested our young sub to take the foot of the table, and carve. A grim looking Irish Major, with a hard looking red face, had been selected to put him to the trial. A joint of mutton stood before the boy who was addressed by the fiery Major with, I trouble you for a bit of the vial. The Lieutenant modestly replied, I think, Sir, it is mutton, shall I have the pleasure of helping you? I'll thank you for a piece of the vial, said the Major, I tell you it's not veal, it's mutton—will you have some? I'll thank you for a piece of the vial, thundered the Major louder than ever. I'll soon let you know what it is, said the boy, and seizing the leg of mutton by the shank he beat it about the Major's ears till the company interposed, covering him all over with gravy and caper sauce. He'll do, he'll do, roared the Major in great glee.

FAT IN A FIX.

A postmaster in the interior of Maine sends us the following good one.
A very amusing instance occurred here a day or two since, a skeleton of the facts of which I will relate, thinking that you may model them into something at your leisure, worthy of an insertion among your whittlings. A green son of the Emerald Isle, dropped in here a few days since with a letter to mail.

I showed him the way to the Letter Box, into the hole of which he very reluctantly entered his letter, yet holding on to it with his fingers and peeping into the box to see its destination. He finally let it drop, at

the same time I made the remark, There that has gone to Portland!

The devil it has! said he, clapping his mouth to the hole, he halloo'd with all his might, An to Portland are ye gon? And will ye put a nail upon it if ye please! and turning round to me with a big tear hanging in the corner of his eye, How in the devil, said he, shall I be after getting that back again pristinly!
I finally assured him that I would take especial pains to get it back again and sent it up strong for him, when he departed, evidently pleased that he had got out of such a devil of a fix at so cheap a rate.—
Yankee Blade.

From the Niagara Mail.

MONEY MAKES THE MARE GO.

The subscriber can't say whether it was Shakespeare or Dow Jun., that fathered the above, but author or no author, it is as poetical and refined. Yes, money makes the mare go, and nothing will make her scoot like money. It is the main thing the main spring, the mighty lever that moves the mud, and no mistake. Who ever heard of moneyless talent, virtue, genius, merit, or any other secondary consideration, making the mare go? They hint no account in comparison to mon'sh. It is a good thing in its own way, and there is no harm in loving money and getting money, so long as we don't love it for its own sake, or get it at the expense of other folks.—

For there is plenty of room to use it to advantage at this season of the year, with winter—the poor man's dread, so near at hand. There are a few hungry to feed, naked to clothe, sick to relieve and broken hearted to cheer. But I'm getting out of my latitude—I didn't start to sermonize, but to notice some of the strange things that money will do—now, now it makes the mare to trot, and then to rear and kick like the possessed.

Let a man be rich, and he'll do. He may be as ignorant as the unhorri, he may be as ugly as sin on crutches; he may gamble, gouge, and go it with a perfect looseness, but after all, if he has the dimes, he'll do! I have seen proud Congressmen shake hands with thing blacklegs, who would have considered their dignity ruffled by being spoken to by a mechanic. What made the Congressman so polite to the leg? Because the gambler had a pocket full of other people's money and the mechanic had'n't. But the knight of the sweat board also had in his breast a heart as black as the ace of spades in a coal cellar at midnight, and the mechanic had'n't. But Satan and silver are of more value in some eyes, than industry and integrity. Money makes the mare go.

If you want to have friends, bosom friends milk-of-human-kindness friends first get the Tin to hold 'em. Then the friendly ones will flock round you, like flies to a sugar hogshod. Some one said that knowledge is powerful, but I say that money is powerful. It will make one of nature's own fools pass for a wise man any day. But how have unto the man that haint the rhino—

The man that haint money in his paws, has just as good a chance to get along. In this here land of Christian Catamounts, As one poor isolated friendless mouse, Thrown in a den of famished Tomcats, has Of being sheltered cause he aint no fatter!

It is wonderful how many true lovers a rich man's daughter has. She may be peculiarly ugly, and as lean as Pharaoh's kine, it ain't observable, she is a geranium, a bud, a perfect blossom, a beauty. Let her hair be a brick chesnut, her teeth out and gone, her feet shaped like mud-turtles, it makes no difference. Her mind may be one uncultivated waste, all ground over with the weeds and briars of pride—she may be as ignorant of practical house-keeping, such as knitting, sewing, baking, and boiling, as a goose is of playing whist, yet if she has the gold her mare will go never fear. She will be serouaded, and sally-naded till all is blue, by a phalanx of noble spirits—pure spirits, hair-faced and hair-brained Jamaica bibbing tailor hunted and tailor cheated spirits.

I go to church sometimes. A good deal besides religion, may be learned in a

fashionable church. There was a plain looking stranger with clean but threadbare clothes entered and walked slowly up the aisle he looked into several half empty pews, but no one opened the first door; that threadbare coat looked chilly and cold, and its owner couldn't be a money man surely! The stranger got a seat at last with some liveried lacquays who seemed to consider it quite a stoop of their dignity to open the pew door. Thinks I the temple of the Lord of this world is this. In a little while the door opened again, and a flashy looking chap in full regalia entered. Spurs on his heels, white kids in his hands, a general assortment of jewelry on his person a few gin jewels on his chin, and in general he looked like a man who was made on purpose. At every step he took a few door flew open—ladies smiled, gentlemen bowed, folks moved closer together in their pews, in general he seemed a man of business, a popular star of the first magnificence. All the difference in his favour over the stranger, was that he was spending a fortune left him by his miserly old dad, and his accomplishments were skill at keeds, horse-racing and something else too numerous to mention; while the stranger was only a journeyman carpenter, who owed no one anything and wore his own clothes. Thinks I money makes the mare go even at Church.

Go into court when it is sitting if you want to see the mare trot. Just look at that lawyer there how he is laying down the hidden mysteries of the case. See how he twists and turns, how he even sheds tears at the bare thought of the injustice done his client. See his brother limb get up and tumble down the whole castle in a jiffy and prove his client the wronged man, till it would puzzle old Nick to decide between them, let alone twelve honest farmers. No wonder it always rains at court time. It is their fat faces that makes them so eloquent, they in reality care no more for their bare client than a fasting hawk does for a wounded sparrow. If you want to win your case you must pay the lawyer we. Every dollar you give him will be a wrinkle on your horn. The man who expects his lawyer to throw himself, must grease him well with the oil of palms. A lawyer is something like a woman, the more you do for them the more you'll get done.

A few months ago, a lot of moneyless Hungarian Exiles arrived in democratic New York, but they caused no excitement, their name couldn't shine because they had not made engagements at so many thousand dollars a night. Then the singing Jenny comes along, charges ten dollars a ticket and thousands to go to hear her. I wonder if the truth was known whether it is real admiration for her singing or the magical influence of her money that raised the steam.

Everybody has heard of Robert Randal. Money made somebody's mare go fast enough to go out of sight with Randal's estate. A poor man steals a horse, a cow or a coat, and gets three years in States Prison. The rich rascal steals \$100,000 and goes off with flying colours. Because money makes the mare go so fast that the slow going team of Justice cannot catch up till they get into the regions beyond, where according to accounts money ceases to make the mare move.

YANKEE DOODLE.

An English gentleman travelling in the county of Kilkenny came to a ford, and hired a boat to take him across. The water being rather more agitated than was agreeable to him, he asked the boatman if any person was ever lost in the passage. Never, replied the boatman, my brother was drowned here last week, but we found him next day.

LYING WITHOUT BRAINS.—As the late Professor Hamilton was one day walking near Aberdeen, he met a well known individual of weak intellect. Pray, said the Professor, accosting him, how long can a person live without brains? I don't ken, replied Jimmy, scratching his head, how and are ye yourself?