

The Mitchell Advocate,

AND COUNTY OF PERTH GENERAL ADVERTISER.

\$11 a-year, in Advance.)

"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT."

(\$2, at the end of the year.

VOL. I.—No. 5.

MITCHELL, CANADA WEST, FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 18, 1860.

WHOLE No. 5.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

D. Coon, M. D.,
Physician, Surgeon & Accoucheur,
(Has had 8 years experience in his Profession)
May be consulted at his residence, opposite Sills' Store, Mitchell, C. W. Formerly in attendance in the Baleriaw Hospital.
Particular attention paid to Surgical cases.
Mitchell, April 19th, 1860. 1-tf

R. P. STEPHENS,
CONVEYANCER,
COMMISSIONER,
For taking affidavits in the Superior Courts of Law and Equity, &c.
Office Hicks' Buildings, next door to the Post Office.
Mitchell, April 26th, 1860. 2-tf

John D. Merryfield,
LICENSED Auctioneer for the county of Perth, Office, Fullarton Hotel, Fullarton, P.O. Sales attended in all parts of the county on moderate terms.
All orders left at this office will be punctually attended to.
Fullarton, May 2nd, 1860. 3-tf

T. CARROLL,
CONVEYANCER,
Commissioner in Queen's Bench, &c., &c.
Carleton Place, May 9th, 1860. 4-tf

WILLIAM BAKER,
CARPENTER, JOINER,
AND GENERAL FRAMER,
Residence directly opposite the Foundry. Mitchell, April 19th, 1860. 1-ly

MR. W. RATH,
Provincial Land Surveyor, &c.,
Draftsman, Conveyancer,
COMMISSIONER, A. R.
Mitchell, April 26th, 1860. 2-tf

MR. GEORGE BOOMER,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY
AT LAW,
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, &c.
Office in Hicks' Buildings, next door to Post Office.
Mitchell, April, 19th, 1860. 1-tf

W. D. HARRISON,
AUCTIONEER APPRAISER,
And General Commissioner.
Office 3 doors West of the Palmerston Hotel, Ontario Street, Stratford. Orders left at the Advocate Office will meet with prompt attention.
Stratford, April 25th, 1860. 2-tf

T. MATHEON,
Notary Public, Commissioner
AND CONVEYANCER, AGENT FOR
State Fire and Colonial Life Insurance Companies.
DIVISION COURT OFFICE, MITCHELL.
April 19th, 1860. 1-tf

MR. JERVIS'
LAW, CHANCERY
AND CONVEYANCING OFFICE,
Opposite the Commercial Hotel Mitchell, County Perth.
Commissioner in B. R.,
Chancery and C. P.
Mitchell, April 19th 1860. 1-ly

JAMES COUTTS,
TAILOR, CLOTHIER AND
GENERAL CUTTER,
ONTARIO ST., MITCHELL.
THE undersigned begs to announce that he has on hand a LARGE and VARIED assortment of CLOTH, of the best quality. Work made to order.
A GOOD FIT WARRANTED.
JAMES COUTTS.
Mitchell, April 19th, 1860. 1-tf

WM. SEDGWICK,
PAINTER
SIGNS AND FACIAS
WRITTEN TO ORDER.
House Painting,
PAPER HANGING, GILDING,
DECORATING, ETC.
Done to Order on THE LOWEST TERMS.
Pictures framed and mounted in the best style.
Mitchell, April 19th, 1860. 1-tf

(For the Mitchell Advocate.)

SONNET.

I cannot choose but gaze with eyes intent,
And full of tenderness, and hope, and love,
Upon that charming, young and beautiful pair
Of lovely maidens, whose gay gleaming smiles,
Like water to the thirsty flowers—are sent
To cheer and raise my drooping heart above
The dull, mean cares of earth. So bright so
fair,
Those laughing eyes of theirs, that some odd
whiles
I almost think the girls not things of earth,
But rather things of immortal birth.
Ah! did they know how much, how dear, I
prize
Those smiles with which they greet me as
they pass—
Their dimpled cheeks, their laughter loving
eyes—
I fear they'd think me—what I am—an ass!
SNOOKS.
Mitchell, May 10th, 1860.

The Lunatic.

"Not temple's vale or Eden's flower,
Were grac'd with so divine a power."
In the year 1853 I became acquainted
with a lady by accident—being often in the
habit of rambling in the forest with no
companion than my favourite canine Ped-
ro. I was about leaving, when my ear
caught the sound of a human voice, I stopped
to listen: it was the sweetest voice I ever
heard—Jenny Lind, to my ear, was far in
the shade in comparison. The echo
sounded as sweet as the warble of the Gold-
finch. For fear of disturbing my sweet
bird, I crawled on my hands and feet to-
wards the locality from whence the sound
proceeded; on arriving near, I raised my
head to see if I could behold the object of
my search when within ten paces of me
I beheld the loveliest creature I ever saw
upon the globe. To approach her without driving
her away, was the next question agitating
my mind; for I loved her at first sight. How-
ever, I advanced a little nearer; but in my
so doing the rustle of the leaves caught
her ear. She, ceasing, turned her head to-
wards me. In an instant she was upon
her feet and about to leave. I hastened to
her and said—
"Fair Lady, you need not fear; as long
as Charles Perry has not drop of his mo-
ther's blood flowing in his veins, so long no
harm shall come to you. Perhaps you
think me rude in thus addressing you; but
I assure you it is only the feeling of a true
heart."
"Sir," said she, "if I understand you
right your name is—"
"Charles Perry, at your service. Your
name is—"
"Permelia Stewart, but I cannot under-
stand why you wish to know."
"Miss Stewart, I am happy to make
your acquaintance. I have often heard you
spoken of, but never had the pleasure of
seeing you. But have you no compa-
nion?"
"No, Mr. Perry, I have not. When I
go out to enjoy myself now a days, I go
alone."
"Hereafter I hope it will not be so," I
observed.
"It must be so," she replied, "for I
hate the whole race of mankind; they are
as false as the flowers I hold in my hand."
"I think you are mistaken; for the flow-
ers you speak of appear to be real ones."
"Ah!" said she, "Mr. Perry how long
will they last. By to-morrow they will be
withered: all their beauty will disappear. So
it is with man. To-day he will affirm he
loves you, oh! how dearly,—and is ready to
pledge and promise anything and every-
thing; but to-morrow he meets one he thinks
more lovely than you, and he repeats the
same story to her; and you, of course, must
be forgotten—such is man."
"You perhaps had a false lover," I re-
plied, "and for that reason you think the
whole race deceitful."
"I did not say I had been deceived," she
replied, "I only gave you a de-
scription of man; and I am fully convinced
the picture is not overdrawn."
"Well; Well!" I replied; "I think we
have said enough upon this subject. Let me
hear that song once more, you were sing-
ing as I came up. It was the sweetest I
ever heard. What is it called?"
"Roll on my light canoe!" she replied.
"Will you be kind enough to sing it
again?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered, "upon one con-
dition,—and that is as soon as I have done
my errand."

"Pa, why don't you buy a hen, so as we
can have all the eggs we want?"
"My dear, one hen would not lay all the
eggs we want?"
"Why, yes it would, Pa; we only use a
dozen eggs a day, and a good hen would
certainly lay that many."
Our devil says this young lady is a sister
of the one who thought milk was pumped
out of the cows, and the tail was the pump
handle.
Shovelling off a Sidewalk.
Last winter an Irishman, recently land-
ed in the New York, applied to a merchant on
the New York. Willing to do him a
kindness, the latter handed him a shovel,
and pointing to the back of the store, told
him to shovel off the sidewalk. The mer-
chant forgot all about the Irishman, until
the lapse of an hour or two, when Teddy
burst his head into the counting-room
which was up stairs, and inquired:
"Mayhap yees'ud be havin' a pick, sir?"
"A pick to get the snow off!" said the
merchant smiling.
"The snow'd be off long since," replied
Teddy, "an' the bricks too, for that matter,
but it's the sile (soil) that sticks!"
In some alarm the merchant ran to his
back window, and sure enough, the fellow
had thrown nearly all the pavement into the
street, and made quite a hole.
"Pray sir! I only wanted you to shovel
off the snow!"
"Arrah, sir," said Teddy, "didn't yer
honor tell me to shovel off the sidewalk?"

Wisdom of Town Ladies.

Joe Buildings, a romancing Yankee, was
one evening seated in the bar-room of a
tavern in Canada, where were as-
sembled several countrymen, discussing
various matters connected with the pomp
and circumstance of war. In the course
of his remarks, one of them stated that the
British Government possessed one of the largest
cannons in the world—and gave the
dimensions of one he had seen.
"Joe's Yankee pride would not allow him
to let such an assertion pass uncontradict-
ed.
"Poh, gentlemen," said he, "I won't
deny that it is a fair sized cannon—but you
are a little mistaken in supposing it to be
named in the same minute with one of our
Yankee guns which I saw in Charleston
last year—Jupiter! that was a cannon!
Why, sir, it was so infernal large that the
soldiers were obliged to employ a yoke of
oxen to drive the ball in."
"The duce they were!" exclaimed one
of his hearers, with a smile of triumph:
"pray can you tell me how they got the
oxen out again?"
"Why, you fool," returned Joe, "they
t'yoked 'em and drove 'em through the
touch hole!"

Big Gun.

After a few common-place remarks,
Mrs. Neville kindly requested me to stay
to tea as I looked weary, and to favor her
with some music on the guitar with a song.
I of course consented and began my fa-
vorite air "The Pirate's Serenade."
"My boat is on the River and my bark is on the
bay
And both must be gone by dawn of to-day."
When I had concluded Mrs. Neville
asked her niece to play a tune on the piano
—Miss Stewart then played and sang that
startling piece "The Ship on Fire," with
all the variations. Her Aunt then left the
room, remarking that we might enjoy our-
selves until tea was ready.
(To be concluded in our next.)

Speaking in Dreams.

A correspondent of the Richmond Dis-
patch tells the following, in a letter from
one of the Springs:—
An amusing incident occurred in the cars
of the Virginia and Tennessee road, which
must be preserved in print. It is too good
to be lost. As the train entered the Big
Tunnel, near this place, in accordance with
the usual custom, a lamp was lighted. A
servant girl, accompanying her mistress, had
sunk into a profound slumber, but just as
the lamp was lighted she awoke, and half
asleep, imagined herself in the infernal re-
gions. Frantic with fright, she implored her
Maker to have mercy on her, remarking,
at the same time—
"The Devil has got me at last—"
Her mistress, sitting on the seat in front
of the terrified negro, was deeply mortified,
and called upon her.
"Mollie, don't make such a noise; it is I,
not the devil."
The poor African immediately exclaim-
ed—
"Oh! missus, dat you? just what I spect-
ed; always thought if I eber got to de bad
place, I should see you dar!"
These remarks were uttered with such
vehemence, that not a word was lost, and the
whole car became convulsed with laughter.

Poor Indeed.

There is a piece of quiet but telling sar-
casm in the following: "Got a paper to
spare?" "Yes, sir; here is one of our last.
Would you like to subscribe, Sir, and take
it regularly?" "I would but I am too poor."
He had just returned from the circus, which
cost 50 cents; lost time, 50 cents; whiskey,
judging from the smell, at least 50 cents—
making a dollar and a half actually thrown
away, and then begging for a newspaper,
alleging that he was too poor to pay for it!
That is what we call "saving at a spile,
and wasting at the bung-hole."

The Strength of Silence.

It is a great art in the Christian life to
learn to be silent. Under opposition re-
bukers, injuries, still be silent. It is better
to say nothing, than to say it in an excited
or angry manner, even if the occasion should
seem to justify a degree of anger. By re-
maining silent, the mind is enabled to collect
itself, and to call upon God in secret aspira-
tions of prayer.—And thus you will speak
to the honor of your holy profession, as
well as to the good of those who have injur-
ed you, when you speak from God.

Beautiful Apologue.

A Shepherd was murmuring over the
death of his favorite child, and in passion-
ate and rebellious feelings of his heart was
bitterly complaining that what he loved
most dearly had been taken from him.
Suddenly a stranger of a grave and vene-
rable appearance stood before him, and
beckoned him forth into the field. It was
night, and not a word was spoken till they
arrived at the fold, when the stranger ad-
dressed him thus: "When you select one
of these lambs from the flock, you choose
the best and most beautiful among them.
Why should you murmur because of the
Good Shepherd of the sheep, have selected
from those which you have nourished for
me, the one which was most fitted for my
eternal fold." The mysterious stranger
was seen no more, and the father's heart
was comforted.

The Man for Business.

Give us the straightforward, fearless en-
terprising man for business. One who is
worth a dozen of those who, when anything
is to be done, stop, falter, and hesitate and
are never ready to take a decided stand.
One turns everything within his reach gold
—the other tarnishes even what is
bright; the one will succeed in life, and no
adventitious circumstances will hinder him
—the other will be a continual drawing
moth, never rising above mediocrity but
rather falling below.
Make up your mind to be firm, resolute
and industrious, if you desire prosperity.
There is good in the saying of the apostle,
"Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it
with all thy might."

Choosing a Wife.

There is a good deal of truth in the fol-
lowing, from life illustrated:—Choosing a
wife is a perilous piece of business. Do
you suppose there is nothing of it but even-
ing visits; bouquets, and popping the ques-
tion? My dear simple young man, you
ought to be told to go out alone!
Take care that you don't get the gilt china
article, that looks exceedingly pretty on
the mantle-piece until the gild and orna-
ment are all rubbed off, and then is only for
the dust-pile. A wife should be selected
on the same principles as a calico gown.
Bright colors and gay patterns are not al-
ways the best economy. Get something
that will wash and wear. Nothing like
the suns and showers of matrimony to bleach
out those deceptive externals! Don't
choose the treasure by gas light, or in a par-
lour sitting. Broad day-light is the best
time; a kitchen is the most sensible place.
Bear in mind, sir, that the article once bar-
gained for, you can't exchange it if it don't
suit. If you buy a watch and it don't run
as you expected, you can get it repaired;
in the case of a wife, once paired, you can't
repair. She may run in the wrong direc-
tion—very well, sir, all that is left for you,
is to run after her, and an interesting chase
you will probably find it! If you get a
good wife you will be the happiest fellow
alive; if you get a bad one you may as well
sell yourself for two and sixpence at once!
Just as well to consider all these things be-
fore hand, young man.
A FEMALE.
Mitchell, May 5th, 1860.

Be Gentle.

Be gentle to thy father—for when thou wast
Who loved thee so fondly as he? [young,
He caught the first accents that fell from thy
And joined in thy innocent glee. [tongue,
Be kind to thy father—for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with grey;
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold,
Thy father is passing away.
Be gentle to thy mother, for lo! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen;
Oh, well may'st thou cherish and comfort her
For loving and kind she hath been. [now
Remember thy mother—for these she will pray,
As long as God giveth her breath;
With accents of kindness then cheer her lone
E'en to the dark valley of death.
Be kind to thy brother—his heart will have
If the smile of thy joy he withdraws; [dearth,
The flowers of feelings will fade at the birth,
If the dew of affection be gone.
Be kind to thy brother—wherever you are
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament purer and richer by far
Than pearls from the depths of the sea!
Be kind to thy sister—not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above;
Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet
And blessings thy pathway to crown; [hours,
Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers,
More precious than wealth or renown.

SELECTED GEMS.

The most dangerous foe to freedom is a
benevolent despot.
Sands from the mountains; moments
make the year.
Ingratitude is the pretext that selfish-
ness seizes hold of for refusing to do a
favor.
A beautiful woman pleases the eye—a
good one the heart; the first is a jewel, the
last a treasure.
When we do not find peace and happiness
in our own hearts, it is vain for us to look
for them elsewhere.
Frugality may be termed the daughter of
prudence, the sister of temperance, and the
parent of liberality.
A wise girl would win a lover by practi-
cing those virtues which secure admiration
when personal charms have faded.
When one flatteringly praises me, always
commend me, never rebukes me, assists
my faults, and forgives me before I have
represented—he is my enemy.

QUIDDETS & QUILLETTS.

Life is a farce to the rich; a comedy to
the wise; a tragedy to the poor.
A boy was recently arrested for theft. His
father pleaded guilty for him, but said, in
extension, "James is a good boy, but he
will steal."
A lazy, over-fed lad, returning from his
dinner to his work one day, was asked by
his master, "if he had no other motion
than that?"—"Yes," replied the youth, "it
is a little slower."
An old bachelor, who is very cynical upon
the subject of female fashions, says that
the people could get out of church a great
deal better if there were not half so much
bustle at the door.
"Papa," said a little fellow the other day,
"was Job an Editor?" "Why, Tommy?"
"because the Bible says he had much trou-
ble, and was a man of sorrow all the days of
his life."
An Irishman just from the sod, was eating
some old cheese, when he found, to his dis-
may, that it contained living inhabitants.
"Be jipers," said he, does your chase in
this country have childer?"
Cuffy says he'd rather die in a railroad
smash-up than in a steamboat burst-up, for
this reason: "If you gets run off and smash-
ed up, dar you is, but if you gets blowed up
on de bote war is ye?"
An Irish servant observing her mistress
feeding a pet female canary, asked "how
long it took them craters to hatch?"
"Three weeks," was the reply. "Och!
sure, that is the same as any other fowl,
except a pig."
A young lady in a boarding house very
vain of her musical talent, was one day en-
tertaining the company with a song, when
a crusty old bachelor came out of his room
on the next floor, and bawled from the top
of the stairs: "What are you doing with
that pig? Do turn that pig into the street."
"What pig?" cried several. The old bache-
lor, descending the stairs, looked into the
room and said: "I thought I heard a pig
squealing in this room." The girl never sang
afterward without first ascertaining that the
old bachelor was absent.