

Chronicle

VOL. IX.

CARLETON-PLACE, CANADA WEST, FEBRUARY 3, 1859.

No. 21.

THE QUEEN'S DECISION.

(From the Montreal Advertiser.)

On a time ere naughty boys,
And bro here all to boot,
Fell out about a humming top,
And long and hard they fought;
They fought and called each other liars,
And tore each other's hair,
And would have cut each others throats,
But for their sisters' fair.

These lovely daughters, rural belles,
To end this bloody war,
Advised the scamps to let the case
Be settled by their Mar:
The warring rascals acquiesced,
(They must not gull it in mother.)
And set their charming place apart
To circumvent each other!

Their Mar's decision just was such
As might have been expected,
The youngest robin got the top,
The others feel neglected;
And have begun their feuds afresh,
(Their family's curse and shame)
Regardless of their solemn vows,
Their hoarse mother's name!

COUSIN JOHN'S PROPERTY.

My Polly dear, say a good word for me;
Don't let 'em send me back again
straight, as they did one boy, and they kept him
on bread and water for a week, and
flogged him twice every day, and he went
and drowned himself, and there he lies
plain in the well now, and his top comes
up every Saturday night in the bucket.

"Don't talk such nonsense, Sam," said his
sister, though she secretly heard the words.
"Well, but Vardy told me so, and he showed
me something white in the water, and told me
to go and look at the bucket up on a
Saturday night, but I don't!"

Polly's increasing gloom of the lane
had its effect on Samuel's nerves, which
were not of the strongest; however, they
reached the entrance to the house without
difficulty or adventure.

Mr. Grindle had returned from a long day's
shopping, and found Mr. Simpson awaiting
him at a late dinner. Mr. Simpson, who
was a little tipsy, said, "Well, Mr. Grindle,
I trust must be told, and longed to be
with him at tea with his family. The lawyer's
sporting friend had declined to stay and dine
with us, and had driven back to town; so the
two gentlemen again sat down to a late
dinner, Mr. Grindle doing the honors. Mr. Simpson
found his position rather embarrassing;
he was neither waiter nor guest. He was
drinking the aged wine, kept under the
lock and key in preparation for his periodical
visits, and eating the salmon brought down
in a wooden dog cart. He would not have
ventured himself to give an order in the
house for the world. Mr. Grindle, it is true,
referred to him continually, most distinctly
and pointedly, as 'poor Mr. John's cousin';
but he felt that the sour-looking old servant
would, at a word from that gentleman, have
kicked him out of the front door, and he
feared, with pleasure. It was quite true,
as he would; and Mr. Grindle after him,
said Mr. John Simpson, had he had the
choice, after them both, or any other visit-
or by right of invitation, who were
with his own personal case and quiet; but to
poor Mr. John, it seemed that the two looks
were leveled so closely at him.

It might be that both gentlemen were
tired, or that they did not find each other's
conversation very agreeable, or that, as the
lawyer observed, there was something sleepy
in the air; for, after a very languid attempt
at conversation, they forgot to pass the bottle,
and fell fast asleep in their respective
easy chairs. They were roused by a start-
ling peal from the hall bell (nervous hands
always pull hard) echoing loudly through the
almost empty house.

"Rather late for a visitor," said Mr. Grindle;
"I hope none of my clients have fol-
lowed me down here?"

The hall door was opened, there was a pre-
liminary negotiation audible in the passage,
and then a young man came in, who was
"Miss Simpson." Mr. Grindle looked at
him, as he rose and bowed. Mr. Simpson
jumped up in alarm. "Anything the
matter at Mr. Mary's?" said the latter in a
troubled voice.

She told Mr. Grindle, perhaps never
saw him. She rushed forward, and fell on
her knees with one loud sob at her father's
feet.

Perhaps Mr. Grindle could not, strictly
speaking, have been called a gentleman. He
was a man, at all events, who was some-
times just as good. He was stout, he was
very considerably stout, but he walked
straight out of the room. It was a case, as
he could have phrased it, quite out of his
of business. He walked straight out, and
in a hurry, and the passage was rather dark.
The e was stumbled over a toy. "Who are
you?" said he, shaking him rather roughly,
by way of giving vent to his agitated feelings.
"Who are you?"

"Dad!" said a pleading voice—"don't!
I'm Sam!"

"Sam who?"

"Sam Simpson."

"Curse it," said the lawyer, "here's the
who's a family name."

"And what a earth are you doing here,
boy, asking in the passage? If you want
to see your father, why don't you go to
him?"

"Oh! cause I've run away; and she's gone
to tell him about him."

"Run away! where from? and why did
you run here and see me?"

But if there had been any hope, in his then
state of agitation, of Samuel's giving intelligible
answers to this string of questions, he
was at all events, it may be said, that
from that moment on he was, as loudly as
before.

Grindle; "are your beds all aired?" Zach-
ary's face might have expressed disgust, but
it was his usual expression, and he was too
much afraid of the lawyer to reply, or, perhaps,
too indifferently indignant.

He opened the door, however, and a tall
young man inquired for Mr. Joseph Simp-
son.

"Your name, sir, if you please," said Zach-
ary. It must have been a great satisfaction
to him to answer by a counter-quest, for
the youth was so evidently impatient.

"Mr. Harrison," Zachary vocalized no
verbal answer, but allowed him to walk in.
George caught sight of Mr. Grindle as he
was retreating, and addressed his next ques-
tion to him.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but you no doubt
can tell me—Mr. Simpson is Miss Simpson here
with her father?"

"Well," said the lawyer, after taking a
rapid survey of his questioner, which appeared
satisfactory, for there was something less of
irritation in his tone, "I think I may say she
is. He is in the way?"

"Sir!" said George, firing up.
"Oh! no offence, I beseech you; but really
the family moments are rather puzzling. You
see this young gentleman—oh! what a
become of him now?"

Measured by George Harrison's well-
known voice, Samuel took courage to emerge
from under the table.

George looked, if possible, more puzzled
than Mr. Grindle. "Well," said the latter,
in a tone that implied he gave the thing up
altogether, "I think I'll go to bed—give me
a candle, Zachary. You'll find Mr. Simpson
in there."

Mary had laid all her griefs before her
father. Her mother's violence was not so
overwhelming to him as it had been to her.
He was more really vexed, though he did
not say so, at Mary's impudent step than
at his wife's foolish language; a few harsh
words more or less would have made very
little impression upon good humored Mr.
Simpson. But he was not in love, had not
heard blasphemy spoken against his idol,
as poor Mary had. He roared and con-
founded her as well as he could, though he
sally at a late dinner. Mr. Simpson, who
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to tell him about him."

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you run here and see me?"

What could poor Mary do, but cry again?
His voice was so kind: he looked so in-
teresting; it took her heart and so gen-
tly. "I was cousin John! Oh! how glad she
was to be so no more rejecting over
her name!"

"I don't cry any more now you are come
back," she said.

"Now, no hump," said cousin John;
"You didn't cry for me, you know; what's
this all about, eh?"

He was told all about it. In half an hour,
cousin John and his bride expected were the
best friends in the world. He was taken into
everybody's confidence; what he whispered
to Mary no one ever knew, unless she was
married. He promised to go back with Sam to school,
and to visit Vardy, if necessary, in the
magistrate's office to the whole of the
Lindley House should not be found sufficient
(with a quiet hint to the doctor) to assure
Sam's popularity without having recourse to
this extreme measure. By the time the
fatherly Zachary had informed Mr. Grindle
of his principal arrival in the house, and
that gentleman had said himself up, and
come down stairs, cousin John Simpson had
been restored to his own again without a
heartburn or a grudge from any one of
his disinherited relations. Over Mrs. Simp-
son's and August's disappointment, we pre-
fer to draw a veil. They bore it like women,
and said they "always knew cousin John would
turn up."

"You haven't told me, Mr. John, said
Grindle, 'how this strange mistake arose,
after all?'"

"It comes of doing things by halves," and
he took a colonial newspaper out of his pocket,
and pointed out this paragraph to Mr. Grin-
dle.

"On the 11th ult., at Point de Galle, Cey-
lon, on his voyage home, Mr. John Simp-
son, Her Majesty's Consul at Tranquebar,
to Celestine Sophie, eldest of the late Count
de Looz Savigny, Colonel in the Austrian
Service."

"They put in only half the announcement,
you see, and so it got among the deaths,
and was copied into the English papers. I
made them print it here with an end, and
they by-and-by," said the lawyer, "I con-
sider it couldn't come off at once by the
Furness; I only landed last night. She's
a very fine woman, and can't speak a word
of English, so there'll be no family quarrel,
Joe; and mind what I say, here's a country
man for you and yours as long as it stands."

Mr. and Mrs. John Simpson here re-
turned to their family, and Mr. and Mrs. George Harrison
are their constant guests.

HORRIBLE SUFFERING ON THE PLAINS—TEN MEN FROZEN TO DEATH.

Mr. John M. Guthrie returned from Salt
Lake City a few days since, and gave the
Western Argus the following account of the
horrible sufferings which he and his com-
panions endured from the cold weather on the
plains and in the mountains.

Mr. Guthrie left Salt Lake City on the 27th of
November, with the mail on the packed
animals, a company with G. A. Bendley, of
New York. I had been married for seven
or eight days before Mr. Guthrie left the valley.
The mail was from one to six feet deep in
the Big Mountains, and they had to tramp
the snow to pass their animals. Second
day out the snow was so deep that the com-
pany got lost and lay out all night, and the
men in charge of the mail had their feet
and hands frozen, and the boots had to be cut
off their feet the next morning.

The third day they made Bridger at sunset
and after traveling about twenty miles, got
lost again, and were compelled again to lie
down in the snow till morning. Fourth day
they made Big Sandy station, and left there
about two o'clock in the evening, and travel-
led twenty miles, and then they were com-
pelled to lie down in the snow, and to retreat
thence again to lay up. They camped in a ho-
low, and during the night snow drifted on
them to the depth of three feet. Here the
whole company almost froze. Mr. Guthrie
states that his feet and legs were so numb as
to be almost insensible to pain. The men
were having no bedding were compelled to
walk all night to keep from freezing.

Fifth day—Left early in the morning, and
traveled eight miles; one of the mail men's
face and hands froze, and the other were
so frozen as to be almost asleep. Mr. G.
here finding that the men would freeze, took
them off and made them lie down in the snow.
The next day the wind ceased, and they started
in company with Mr. Ashton, the mail agent.
They reached the Salt Lake at dark. Here
the wind raised again; the snow began to
drift from five to ten feet deep, and they
again became lost; for three or four hours
they wandered round in hopes of finding the
road, but they only lay in the snow, and
in order to reach Sweet Water, which they
did. They then attempted to travel down
this stream, but the drifted snow was so deep
that they were unable to pass. They escaped, and
Mr. Ashton froze one of his feet while in the bed.
In the morning they left mail, mail and
all, and took it to Sweet Water. The men all
frozen, and they had to cut the boots off their
feet. Mr. G. pulled off his buffalo moccasins and
put them on Mr. Ashton's—leaving his feet with
only a deer skin moccasin on. The whole
company concluded their time was growing
short, but the heroes, made a desperate effort
—part of the time carrying Mr. Ashton.—
They reached a station house about ten miles
distant. They then had some hopes of making
it, although the thermometer stood
at thirty-seven degrees below zero. Mr.
Sawyer, the surveyor on the new road south
of Laramie, had Mr. Miller stationed at this
place with a barometer and thermometer in
order to take notes of the weather. The
oldest mountaineers, one in particular,
valued most of the station, states that it was
the coldest weather they had experienced for
thirty years.

They left Mr. Ashton after lying over three
or four days. While here the St. Joseph
mail arrived—Mr. Garvey, the Indian Agent
on the Snakes, coming through with it. They
had nine men with them, and they camped
some twelve miles west of it. The men all
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Wood Springs, on his way up with mules to
supply the mail station. From there he
became maddened and the greys high, and in
some places had to swim the mules.

A BEAUTIFUL SKETCH.

We select the following beautiful picture
from a recently published address of Richard
V. Cook, Esq., of Columbia, Texas, on the
"Education and Influence of Women." It
will touch the heart of the reader. We sel-
dom stumble upon so well expressed an idea
of woman's true mission.

I fancy a young man just emerging from
the bright elysium of youth, and commencing
the bright journey of life. Honest, noble,
and good—the broad world to him, warm
and happy. Under his acute, energetic
business propensities, and as a consequence,
friends come about him. He is a simple
and sensible man, who is his wife's heart,
and who loves and trusts him in return a.
He does not stop to ask what the world will
say about his march in these matters here.
No! The world is asked out of doors,
and the man determines to be the architect of
his own happiness. He does not stop to in-
quire whether the girl's father is rich in lands
and slaves and coins; but he marries her for
that most honest and philosophic of all reasons
—because he loves her! He builds his home
in some quiet spot, where green trees wave
their heads, and where a bright sun-
beam falls. Here he tells the Mecca of his heart,
to which which he turns with more than
Eastern adoration. Here is a green island
in the sea of life, where rude winds never as-
sail and storms never come. Here, from the
troubles and cares of existence, he finds so-
litude in the society of her who is gentle with
weakness, and strong in his own vanity.

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them to the depth of three feet. Here the
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states that his feet and legs were so numb as
to be almost insensible to pain. The men
were having no bedding were compelled to
walk all night to keep from freezing.

Fifth day—Left early in the morning, and
traveled eight miles; one of the mail men's
face and hands froze, and the other were
so frozen as to be almost asleep. Mr. G.
here finding that the men would freeze, took
them off and made them lie down in the snow.
The next day the wind ceased, and they started
in company with Mr. Ashton, the mail agent.
They reached the Salt Lake at dark. Here
the wind raised again; the snow began to
drift from five to ten feet deep, and they
again became lost; for three or four hours
they wandered round in hopes of finding the
road, but they only lay in the snow, and
in order to reach Sweet Water, which they
did. They then attempted to travel down
this stream, but the drifted snow was so deep
that they were unable to pass. They escaped, and
Mr. Ashton froze one of his feet while in the bed.
In the morning they left mail, mail and
all, and took it to Sweet Water. The men all
frozen, and they had to cut the boots off their
feet. Mr. G. pulled off his buffalo moccasins and
put them on Mr. Ashton's—leaving his feet with
only a deer skin moccasin on. The whole
company concluded their time was growing
short, but the heroes, made a desperate effort
—part of the time carrying Mr. Ashton.—
They reached a station house about ten miles
distant. They then had some hopes of making
it, although the thermometer stood
at thirty-seven degrees below zero. Mr.
Sawyer, the surveyor on the new road south
of Laramie, had Mr. Miller stationed at this
place with a barometer and thermometer in
order to take notes of the weather. The
oldest mountaineers, one in particular,
valued most of the station, states that it was
the coldest weather they had experienced for
thirty years.

They left Mr. Ashton after lying over three
or four days. While here the St. Joseph
mail arrived—Mr. Garvey, the Indian Agent
on the Snakes, coming through with it. They
had nine men with them, and they camped
some twelve miles west of it. The men all
frozen, and they had to cut the boots off their
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