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"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT."

(\$2.00 at the end of the year.)

VOL. III.—No. 38.

MITCHELL, CANADA WEST, FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 2, 1863.

WHOLE No. 142.

New Hamburg Carriage Shop.

THE proprietor of this well known establishment, begs to return his thanks to the people of Perth, for the extensive patronage which he has received from them during the present and previous seasons. He is, as heretofore, prepared to manufacture all kinds of Carriages, Buggies, Waggonettes, Cutters, Bob and Long Sleighs, &c., on the most improved principle. The best of wood seasoned timber is only used. As for prices and good articles, competition is defied throughout the Province. Orders for Sleighs, Cutters, or anything in his line, will be punctually attended to by applying to his agent, Wm. R. Davis, Advertiser Office, Mitchell, or to the proprietor, FREDERICK MERNER, New Hamburg, Sept. 18, '62. 127

International Hotel, Paris Station, PARIS, C. W.

CONVENIENTLY located at the junction of the R. & E. H. and G. W. Railways. The house has been recently rebuilt and enlarged, in second to none in Paris, and offers superior facilities to Travellers and others. Board \$1 per day. JACOB CHASE, Prop. Paris, Sept. 22nd, 1862. 128-6m

FURNITURE WARE ROOMS.

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Business Directory.

MESSRS. BOOMER & STEPHENS, Barristers-at-Law, Attorneys, Solicitors, Conveyancers, &c., &c., Toronto. Office—corner King and Church Streets. GEORGE BOOMER. R. P. STEPHENS, 99

WILLIAM A. GRAY, Notary Public, Conveyancer, Land Insurance, and General Agent, Commissioner for administering Affidavits in the Queen's Bench for the counties of Huron and Bruce. 78

WILLIAM RATH, Provincial Land Surveyor, &c. Draftsman, Conveyancer, Commissioner, Q. B. Mitchell. 2

C. W. FOSTER, Attorney-at-Law, Special Conveyancer, Solicitor in Chancery, Notary Public, &c. OFFICE—Mathews' Hotel, Harpurhey, C. W. Harpurhey, July 10th, 1862. 107-ly

GEORGE W. LAWRENCE, Solicitor and Attorney-at-Law, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Stratford. Office—opposite the Albion Hotel. 97

J. P. WOODS, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c., &c., Stratford, C. W. Stratford, June 19, 1862. 114

CORNISH & MACDONALD, Barristers and Attorneys, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, &c., &c., Stratford, C. W. VANS CORNISH, A. J. B. MACDONALD, Barristers-at-Law, Solicitors & Attorneys. Stratford, June 26, 1862. 115

D. CAMPBELL, Conveyancer, Commissioner in B. R. Coroner for the County of Perth. Listowel, June 10th, 1862. 112

COON, M. D., (Formerly in attendance at Bellevue and Blackwell's Hospitals, containing some 2,700 beds) Graduate of an Allopathic Medical College, Graduate of the Upper Canada Medical Board, Principal Licentiate, Coroner for the County of Perth, &c., &c. Particular attention paid to Surgical Cases. Office next door to the "London Hotel." Private residence, opposite the Rev. W. B. Kelly's. Mitchell, Oct. 20th, 1862. 134

A. H. THOMPSON, M. D., Homoeopathic Physician and Surgeon, Graduate of the New York Medical College and Provincial Licentiate, has resumed the duties of his profession in Stratford. Office over Horn's Store, Stratford. 120

BURNS, M. D., Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucher, Licentiate of Glasgow and of the Province of Canada. 79

D. R. BOWIE has removed to his new premises, on the corner of St. Andrew's & Toronto Streets, opposite the "London Hotel," and near the new bridge leading to the railroad Station, where he may be consulted as usual. October, 16th, 1862. 131

J. NIHOI, M. D., Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucher, Licentiate of Philadelphia and Canada. Has had six years experience in his profession. May be consulted at Mr. Campbell's residence. Listowel, June 9th, 1862. 113

D. R. JOHN M. CAW, Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucher, Amherstville, Office at the Medical Hall of Messrs. Muir & Reil. 197

D. R. PADGET, Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucher, Stratford, C. W. Office at his residence, opposite Johnston's Hotel, Ontario-street, Stratford. 88

CHAMMON YEOL, Auctioneer, and Appraiser. After 15 years experience in all the principal towns in the county, he feels himself competent to attend to those who may favor him with a call. Country sales attended on the most liberal terms. 99

W. D. HARRISON, Auctioneer, Appraiser, and General Commissioner. Office three doors West of the Palmerston Hotel, Ontario street, Stratford. Orders left at the Advertiser office will meet with prompt attention. 3

ANDREW GOWANLOCK, CARRIAGE, House, Flag, and Builder Painter, Stratford, &c. Orders by mail, addressed to Stratford, &c. Stratford, &c. 100

JOHN D. MERRIFIELD, Auctioneer, for the sale of real estate, and other business. Office at the corner of St. Andrew's & Toronto Streets, opposite the "London Hotel," and near the new bridge leading to the railroad Station, where he may be consulted as usual. October, 16th, 1862. 131

JOHN FRENCH, St. George Street Mitchell; Bricklayer, Plasterer, Paper Hanger, &c. All orders will be carefully attended to. 88

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Poetry.

MARY O'CONNOR.

An' shure I was bound to comb here to your honor
To see if you'd write a few words to me Pat;
He's gone for a sojourn, is Mister O'Connor,
With a stripe on his arm and a hand to his hat:
An' will you tell him?—it ought to be his;
For such as your honor to speak with the pen,
And say I'm all right, and that marriage
Daisy
(The baby, yer honor,) is better again:
For when he was off, it's so sick was the
childer,
She never held up her blue eyes to his face,
And when I'd his eyes he'd look but the wider,
And say, would I wish for the baby's
disgrace?
So he left her in danger, and me sorely grieved;
And followed the flag with an Irishman's joy;
Oh! it's often I dream of the great drums
a beating,
And a bullet gone straight to the heart of the
boy.
And say, will he send me a bit of his money,
For the rent and the doctor's bill, due in a
week?
Well, surely there's tears on your eyes,
Ah! faith, I've no right will such freedom
to speak!
You're never much trifling—I'll not give you
trouble;
I'll find some one will—oh! what can it be?
What's that in the newspaper fo'ed up double?
Yer honor, don't hide it—but read it to me.
What? Patrick O'Connor?—no, no, it's some
other;
Dead! dead!—no, no, not him 'tis a week
scarce gone by;
Dead! Dead!—why the kiss on the cheek of
his mother—
It hasn't a time yet, yer honor, to do it.
Don't tell me—it's not him—O God, am I crazy?
Shan't I tell you, for love of sweet Heaven, say
No?
An' how will I do in the world wid poor Daisy?
Oh! how will I live, and oh! where will I go?
The room is so dark, I'm not speer' yer honor;
I think—I'll go home—and a sob quick and
dry
Came sharp from the bosom of Mary O'Connor,
But never a tear drop welled up to her eye!

CHILDREN FOR ADOPTION.

(From the Knickerbocker Magazine.)
There is a baby market in New York doing as flourishing a business in its way as the slave market in Richmond. White children born of free parents, are here bought and sold on pretty much the same terms as black children born of slaves in Virginia. If you want to buy or sell, you have only to take up the New York Herald, and glance over the "Petshop" column of advertisements, in order to see where the shambles are, and ascertain the state of the market which, like every other market, is regulated by demand and supply. On the whole, these seem to balance each other very evenly. The supply never fails; the demand is constant. Has the reading of the advertisements of the traffic—a couple of which we print as specimens—failed to suggest to the public mind the hidden darkness which underlies this dubious strata of social life? or to awaken curiosity as to the sources of that supply and demand, which have turned babies into merchandise?
"Children taken for adoption—also adopted out to good homes; also, three beautiful male infants to be adopted out; ladies take board, and good attendance and all the comforts of a home at—
"Four children to adopt—one a few days old. Children taken for adoption; also, ladies about to require nursing can have good board with the very best of care and medical attendance, at Madame—street."
Where do the children hold come from?
These are questions which the student of social phenomena cannot pass over in silence. Society is surrounded by a web of mystery, most of us are willing to accept the fact without caring to penetrate it. But it is noticult to imagine the sources of this traffic, same causes which annually precipitate thousands of infants into the tanks which Philadelphia with fresh water, doubtless operate in furnishing the baby market with its living produce; while the demand children for adoption, on the part of those who have hope of their own, serve to take the trade in children not unprofitable. They are generally procured for nothing or a trifling sum, and sold at prices varying from fifty to two hundred and fifty dollars each, according to the beauty of the child, and the means of the purchaser. If any one will take the trouble to make a visit of inquiry to the houses where this line of business is conducted, he will hear none of the hum and of the secret history of city life. He has probably any conception of it. He might feel shocked at our suggestion, and might go to a worse place than a baby-market for there; although the motive is a very ordinary one, the cause of humanity is more than outraged. What, for instance, can become of many of those babies, who are adopted out to comfortable and wealthy homes, if the baby-market did not exist? the crime of infanticide is likely to be often averted by desperate mothers knowing where to find a refuge for their helpless offspring. At the same time there is but too much reason to believe that these houses offer such facilities for concealment that an indictment is held out to do wrong; and that women resort to them not in all

THE FREDERICKSBURG BATTLE.

GRAPHIC ACCOUNTS OF THE BATTLE FROM RICHMOND PAPERS.

(From the Richmond Dispatch, Dec. 16.)
The battle of Saturday, taking into consideration the number of men engaged, the quantity of artillery and other engines of war employed; the valor of the combatants and the skill of the generals, was probably the greatest battle ever fought on this continent. It was fought by nearly two hundred thousand men, and several hundred pieces of artillery. It was contested for ten hours. It resulted in a complete victory to the Confederate forces. We say complete, because, although the enemy's force was not annihilated—killed, captured or dispersed—the fall was entirely owing to the near neighborhood of their strongholds, to which they fled when they found themselves unable to face our forces any longer in the field. Had the battle been fought twenty miles this side of the Rappahannock river there would have been such a rout as the world did not witness in the forty-six years that elapsed between the battle of Waterloo and the first battle of Manassas. As it was, it has proved to the Yankees that no superiority of numbers or preparation can avail them in a pitched battle with the forces of the Confederacy—a truth so patent and so often exemplified that we believe they are the only people of earth who venture to deny it.
Our loss has been heavy, but bears no comparison whatever to that of the enemy. We have to regret about twenty-five hundred killed; wounded and missing, according to the report of those best skilled in making estimates of this description, their loss does not certainly fall short of ten thousand and it all probably greatly exceeds it. This will not be regarded as all improbable when we take into consideration the relative position of the opposing armies. The Confederates were on the heights, which rendered them less accessible to cannon. The Yankees were in the low grounds, subjected to a murderous fire of artillery and musketry as they advanced. Every shot told; and those who witnessed it say that the slaughter was awful beyond anything yet witnessed in the war. General Longstreet succeeded in getting possession of a large store of powder on the outskirts of Fredericksburg, and in placing a whole division behind it. The Yankees, with more boldness than they usually exhibit on such occasions, attempted to get possession of it. They were repulsed with unparalleled slaughter in every attempt; and at last broke and fled in confusion.
It seems to be doubted whether Gen. Lee permitted the enemy to come over, or whether he could have prevented it had he tried. It seems to us that he had every reason to wish them to come over. He had selected his field of battle, and had thoroughly studied it, as Napoleon had done the field of Austerlitz, when he fell back thirty miles to draw his enemy to it, and as Wellington is said to have done at Waterloo. He had an army full of confidence in themselves and in him. The disparity of force was not so great as to render victory at all improbable when the composition of each are taken into consideration. If they were determined to pass he could hardly have prevented them, since they had possession of the heights on the Stafford side, and had evacuated them with innumerable batteries. What may have been his motives it is impossible for us, of course, to say; but we understand one of his officers, very high in rank, expressed himself, in strong terms, anxious about all things for them to come over, and try their fortunes on the very ground which was the theatre of the battle several weeks ago.

HOW A HIGHLANDER CONTRIVED TO GET HIS MORNING.

In several cases within the past few days, a middle-aged Highlander here has practiced successfully a rather ingenious dodge for obtaining his morning drink gratuitously. With an air of most perfect innocence, he walks into the shop of some respectable licentious grocer pretty early in the morning, perhaps only one of two shopmen or lads are in the place. His first query is—
"Has Jamie Stewart been here?"
On being answered in the negative, he resumes—
"A fat o'clock may ye be ca'nt? Jamie should a been here the noo. Yecse we wur speakin' o' buyin' a gallon of spirits; an' he was to meet me here to settle about it. Yec'll ha' guid spirits?" Of course the answer is affirmative, when Swaney proceeds to say—
"They wad may be let him try half a gill?"
The half gill being produced and discussed with evident relish, he begins to get impatient for Jamie Stewart, but suddenly asks—
"Hae ye a bit jarrie?"
"Ye, a' just jarrie?"
"A weel, just ye pit a gallon intill't, an' he man surely be here the noo."

A FUNNY FALL.

A GHOST SPIRITUALLY INCLINED.

A few months ago an old man fell over the railway wharf at Collingwood, on a very stormy night, and was drowned. Ever since, the simple folks of the town have been under the impression that his spirit walks the wharf with his churchyard's yawn. On Tuesday night, one of the railway officials had occasion to walk along the wharf on business. He carried in his hand a lantern, and to his astonishment he observed what he supposed to be the ghost of the old man. In the outstretched hand of his ghostship was a tumbler containing what appeared to be liquor, the deceased having been rather fond of a drink, while an inhabitant of this latter world. While the official stood gazing at the specter, a voice exclaimed in deep sepulchral tones, the word "Beware," and the spirit vanished into thin air. He returned to the office and acquainted the other officials with what he had seen, who tried to laugh him out of it, but without effect. He still declares he saw the ghost of the drowned man.

A CHILD'S ELOQUENCE.

A little girl named Sarah, had been to church, and went home full of what she had seen and heard. Sitting at the table with the family, she asked her father, who had been to church, but was a very wicked man, whether he ever prayed. He did not feel the question, and in an angry manner, replied—
"Is it your mother, or your aunt Sally, that put you up to that, my little girl?"
"No, papa," said the little creature, "the preacher said, 'all good people pray; and those who don't pray, ain't good to heaven.' Pa, do you pray?"
This was more than her father could stand, and in a rough way, he said—
"What's your mother and your aunt, and your aunt Sally may be gone away, and I'll go mine."
Pa, said the little creature with great simplicity, "whish way are you going?"
This question pierced his heart. It flashed upon him that he was in the way to death. He started from his chair, burst into tears, and immediately began to cry for mercy. Within a few days he was a happy convert, and I believe he will appear in heaven as a star in his little daughter's crown of rejoicing.

A SCENE IN CHURCH.

A letter from New York to the Philadelphia Press relates the following. The Methodist Church, in Jersey City, was the scene of an exciting tale on Sunday afternoon last. At the conclusion of the services, and before the congregation could leave their seats, a prominent member of the assembly, named McCabe, was assaulted with a raw-hide by a good looking young woman, named Melvior, who slashed the woman's face severely across the face before his brethren could interfere. The scene was the sequel of a man's prosecution in one of the Jersey courts a few weeks ago. McCabe charged Miss Melvior to be arrested on a charge of setting fire to a house in which she was a tenant, and she presented the occupation by charging him with conduct not altogether worthy a member of the church. Since then the injured fair has constantly vowed to be revenged upon her prosecutor, and she selected Sunday and the church as time and place for the performance.

MURDER BY A SWEETHEART.

A young girl named Inehley, was shot dead near her home in Bissel-street, Birmingham, England, on the 3rd inst., by a young man named Henry Carter, who had been paying his addresses to the girl. On the afternoon of that day Inehley had been out visiting some friends; and later in the evening she met with her lover, who accompanied her home. They conversed together for a short time apparently in the most friendly manner, and on leaving him, Carter walked her home. He sweethearted at that moment took from his pocket a loaded pistol and shot her. The charge entered the back of the unfortunate girl; and she died in a few minutes. The murderer fled, but was afterwards taken into custody at a public house.

AN IRISH VETERAN'S STUDENT.

An Irish veteran's student, when under examination, was asked what he would recommend, if there was a horse brought to him with a peculiar disease. "Oh, I would recommend the owner to get rid of him immediately."

HOW IT HAPPENED.

Stille of our exchanges have revived the following old but good story:
A nutcracker politician, some of whom were seeking office under the government, were seated on a tavern porch talking, when an old toper named John D., a person who was very loquacious when corned, but exactly the opposite when sober, said that if the company had no objection, he would tell them a story. They told him to fire away. Whereupon he spoke as follows:
"A certain king—I don't recollect his name—had a philosopher, upon whose judgment he always depended. Now, it so happened that one day the king took it into his head to go a hunting, and after slitting up his robes, and making the necessary preparations, he summoned the philosopher, and asked him if it would rain. The philosopher told him it would not, and he and his nobles departed. While journeying along they met a countryman on a jackass. He advised them to return, for it will certainly rain," said he. They smiled contemptuously on him, and passed on. Before they had gone many miles, however, they had reason to regret not having taken the rustic's advice, as a heavy shower coming up, they were drenched to the skin. When they had returned to the palace, the king reproached the philosopher severely.
"I met a countryman," said he, "and he knows a great deal more than you, for he told me it would rain, whereas you told me it would not."
The king then gave him his walking stick, and sent for the countryman, who soon made his appearance.
"Tell me," said the king, "how did you know it was going to rain?"
"I didn't know," said the rustic, "my jackass told me."
"How, pray, did he tell you?" asked the king.
"By prickin' up his ears, your majesty," returned the rustic.
The king sent the countryman away, and procuring the jackass of him, he placed him (the jackass) in the midst of the philosopher had filled. "And here," observed John, looking very wise, "is where the king made a very great mistake."
"How so?" inquired the auditors eagerly.
"Why, ever since that time every jackass wants an office!"

A BAD HABIT.

A great many husbands spend their evenings away from home—either at the tavern or at the store, talking politics or drinking rum. Is this right? Is it generous? Has not the wife as good a right to spend her evenings abroad? Is it fair? Did you not promise to love your wife, and to cherish her? And is this the way to fulfil your vows? Home should be the pleasantest of all places to both husband and wife. This the evenings of 19th should be spent. And this is the way to keep alive the fires of love, and to warm the heart with a generous selflessness. Wives may not complain, but they feel the absence of their husbands. They want their company; want their sympathy, and they ought to have it.

A SOUTHERN HEROINE.

A correspondent of the New York Times with the Army of the Potomac says—"An incident which recently transpired near here is worthy of recording, illustrating, as it does, the coolness and courage with which some of the Virginia women are endowed. A cavalry stragler, after vainly ransacking the out-buildings of the plantation in search of corn, approached the door of which a young lady was standing, and demanded that some of the grain, which he knew was stored in the house, should be given him. 'We have none,' was the reply. 'Stand aside until I go in and see for myself,' he rudely retorted, at the same time whipping out of his sheath a heavy Colt's revolver. No sooner done than the fair girl pushed herself firmly on the doorway, drew a small repeater from her bosom, and deliberately aimed at the rascal's head, exclaiming: 'Approach one step further towards this house and you are a dead man.' Cowed and baffled by such an exhibition of bravery, the trooper turned on his heel and left. It may perhaps be interesting for him to learn that the maiden who placed such a summary check upon his thieving propensities is the step-daughter of George B. Davis, a nephew of Jefferson's, and discharges her pocket pistol with an accuracy which has made her famous in this locality."