

ST. THOMAS



WATCHMAN

AND MIDDLESEX GENERAL ADVERTISER.

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"THE RIGHTS AND INTERESTS OF MAN."

[If paid strictly in Advance.]

VOL. I.

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NO. 8.

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

Where all orders for the Paper, Advertising, &c., will be thankfully received, and punctually attended to.

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St. Thomas, December 7th, 1850.

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FOUNDERS, &c. &c. Manufacturers of Steam Engines, Threshing Machines & Planing Machines, Mill Gearing, Iron and Wooden Lathes, and all kinds of Country Castings.
Fingal, January 2, 1851. 4

E. E. WARREY,
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E. E. W., is prepared to undertake the winding up of Estates, collection of debts, House Rents, &c.
Port Stanley Jan. 1851. 5

JAMES GRANT.
GENERAL Dealer in Dry Goods Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, &c. &c.
Directly opposite Mr. Love's Cabinet Ware Rooms. St. Thomas. 1851. 5

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

H. BLACK,
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St. Thomas, Dec. 14, 1850. 2y1

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

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

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

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St. Thomas, Dec. 6, 1850. *6m

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MERCHANT TAILORS, Opposite M. McKenzie's Store, Talbot Street.
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HOUSE, SIGN, AND ORNAMENTAL Painter, Gilder, &c., Talbot Street.
St. Thomas, December 6th, 1850. 1y

JOSEPH LAING,
Auctioneer and Commission Merchant, Talbot Street, Opposite the Mission House.
St. Thomas, December 6th, 1850. 1y

Original Poetry.

(The following note and accompanying lines have been received from a friend in Kingston.)—
Kingston, Jan. 20th, 1851.
To Mr. N. W. BATE.
DEAR SIR,—Having seen a copy of your paper, in which news I am interested, I noticed with great pleasure those beautiful verses, "PRAY NOT FOR THE DEAD," by a lady. Being an admirer of good poetry, I am induced to say, though I know not who your fair correspondent may be, that her contributions would grace the pages of the best conducted Magazine in America; and the sentiment breathed forth in "Pray not for the Dead," does honor to the author.
I send you a reply to those verses of your contributor, hoping that you will publish them; and the contrary to the etiquette observed usually on such occasions, I do not append my name, but a good many will know H. H. B., as the author of "THE LAST OF THE EYES," a tale of Canada.

For the St. Thomas Watchman.
(A reply to those beautiful verses which appeared in the "Watchman" on the 11th of January, "Pray not for the Dead," by a lady.)
WHO PRAYS?

BY H. H. B.
Who'll pray for the young?—will the aged pray?
Forget themselves!—or will the sick and blind?
Do they not envy all the fair and gay,
And can their hearts a common feeling find?
Or hope, or wish that they may never stray,
To crime; or warn them of the dangerous way!

"Pray for the living," yes; but who will pray
That those who suffer most may live the day?
And still make merry, who will keep the day?
For them sincerely—mercy, O my God!
"Pray for the living," yes; but who will pray,
That those who suffer most may live the day?

"Pray for the young"—the young themselves—
Will they?
Alas, alas, whilst youth and health impart
A careless joy, 'tis seldom that they pray;
But when the sighings of a breaking heart
Heard, the trembling lips do sympathize,
Yet, Oh, 'tis not for others—dear!

For disappointments of the young and fair,
For blighted hope, and manhood's early doom,
For those, what stranger thinks, or was done,
Care they for all the meltings that dart
Athwart the weary soul?—yet 'tis allowed
By kind permission for us to shape our ways,
But which to form aright, tell me one that prays!

"Pray for the sinner, for the weak and blind!"
'Tis a divine command, but who obeys?
Who is there with a feeling heartless kind,
As thus to walk such noxious Christian ways?
Is it old age or youth, or wealth and pride?
Yet soon or late, will all lay side by side.

"Pray for the weary and the sick at heart!"
What laughter shakes the gay and thoughtless crowd,
Care they for all the meltings that dart
Athwart the weary soul?—yet 'tis allowed
By kind permission for us to shape our ways,
But which to form aright, tell me one that prays!

"Knelt down, and tears of contrite sorrow shed!"
O yes, 'tis done, but when?—that when too late,
Too late to pray for others when they're dead,
'Tis only then their virtues to eulogize
We try, and think upon what's never been done.

Mourn that so early has their race been run,
In giddy circles ever changing round—
In fashion's throng, and dissipation's crowd,
No man or where, there always will be found,
One idol—self—and self does selfish rule;
'Tis worship'd—in every hand it sways—
Great God, for others, is there one that prays?

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN,

We believe there can now exist no doubt in any man's mind that further search after Sir John Franklin is useless; that he and his band of intrepid adventurers are either buried under the snows of the Northern Regions, or else deep in the depths of the Frozen Ocean. Several Vessels which went in search last year have returned without perceiving any trace of our brave old Adventurer. It is melancholy to contemplate the fate of so many brave men, shrouded as it is in a painful uncertainty. All has been done that could be done; they sleep now until earth and sea give up their dead.
AN HONEST CARPENTER.—A gentleman whose house was repairing went one day to see how the job was getting on, and observing a quantity of nails lying about, said to the carpenter, who don't you take care of these nails, they'll certainly be lost. No reply. The carpenter, you'll find them all in the bill.

Miscellaneous.

Written expressly for the Watchman.
ELLEN HERBERT;
OR
THE TRAPPER'S OATH!
A TALE OF THE EARLY SETTLERS.
BY FRANKLIN A. HOWIE.
(Continued from our last.)

When Edward Morton left the home of his father to seek a home in Kentucky, he was accompanied by an intimate friend, by the name of Hanson Morley, who had been bred a clergyman, as also a favorable negro slave belonging to his father. These, with the large dog before mentioned, constituted our little party. On their route down the Ohio Morley stepped at an American Fort while Morton and his slave passed on to Boonsborough. Being in a light skill with but a few days provisions, necessity, of course forced them to seek a dwelling ere long in order to recruit. This they were on the constant look-out to do, and as they came opposite Charles Herbert's grounds, which reached to the water's edge, where the high cliffs of rock were towering some eight or ten feet over the water, he thought that Morton that here might be found a safe and comfortable retreat.—Pushing aside the bushes which hung matted together far into the river, the little skill was guided underneath, where an open space presented itself sufficiently large for the boat to lay in perfect safety. Further on appeared the dry earth, and an opening through which Morton and his slave entered, when striking a light, a capacious cave presented itself, of sufficient size to contain 20 persons with ease.

Here was the spot chosen by Morton for his dwelling, for beside him, secluded from the public gaze he was safe from the attacks of the Indians who were prowling about in search of plunder. He found that by jumping from the high bank he could rise to the surface again at the mouth of his cave unobserved by the way Indian, who would stand watching for him far out into the stream. Having unloaded his skill and spread out his cooking utensils, &c., in his new abode, he gave orders to his slave—black Sam—to have the evening meal prepared on his return, while he took a short walk in order to survey the neighborhood. His skill was soon chained to the bushes on a river's bank, when springing ashore accompanied by his dog he proceeded toward Boonsborough, which was partially visible in the distance. He soon arrived at the village Inn, where we first introduced him to the reader. He was not in a mood however for gratifying the curiosity of those who were gazing at his person and accoutrements, and after a short stay left for his cave, leaving them in a state of complete suspense as to who he was or whether bound.

On passing the farm of Charles Herbert his attention was drawn toward the buildings which were erected in the old English style. I must be rather cautious about being seen, said he to himself, or this nobleman of the west may wish me to remove from his farm, for I verily believe I occupy a part of it. As Edward Morton had found a home so near "the cage," that contained Ellen Herbert, we will not wonder at his occasionally viewing "the bird." In his hunting excursions he often met with her in search of the wild flowers of the spring, so that he became intimately acquainted with her long before he knew either of her parents. An intimacy unperceptibly grew between them which seemed a ripening into lasting friendship.—There was that gleam of mingled emotion and pleasure which neither could describe, "hailed through every nerve and fibre of the body when they met, which told in the mute language of sympathy that they were born for each other.

Edward Morton soon became a welcome guest at her father's house; where the hours winged swiftly away, while many a program I which had been caught in his trap was forgotten and left to the lingering death. He was on the point of start-

ing down the Ohio for a few days' sport when he called upon Ellen, and the conversation then took place that opens our story.

CHAPTER III.
Ellen! I have just received a letter from your old friend and schoolmate, Count Harold? said Mr. Herbert to his daughter as he one morning entered her drawing-room. He is about paying a visit, continued Mr. Herbert, and is already on his way here! Is it possible. I suppose I should hardly recollect him now, answered Ellen. He is no doubt a fine gentlemanly man, continued her father, and is sole heir to all his father's possessions. I should hope he will have something to make up the deficiency of knowledge, answered Ellen.—He used to be the greatest blockhead in school. I am surprised Ellen, to hear you talk thus. I hope you have not made up your mind to hate him, let him be improved as he will; you should recollect when you knew him he was only a child. I never wish, Pa, to become intimately acquainted with him. Hey, hey! what's the matter now—that leggy trapper has not turned your head I hope. Ellen was silent. Look here, continued Mr. Herbert, your silence tells me something is wrong. If you have given young Morton any encouragement without my knowledge, I beg of you to take back what you may have said. You may rest assured I shall never consent to your union. Father, you are changing your tone respecting Mr. Morton; you thought him a fine young man only a few days since, and appeared perfectly willing that he should come and go from your house as he pleased. I did give you some encouraging words, I acknowledge, but after viewing the matter deliberately, I have altered my mind, so mark what I say; think no more about it. Ellen rose at this last remark and passed out of the room into the adjoining wood, little caring whether she went. She stood leaning against a tree, musing upon what had just passed between her and her father, when a cold "how do you do," caused her to start, and behind Edward Morton. In as few words as possible she informed him of what had just taken place, adding that she knew her father too well to think of his ever retracting from what he had said.—What can be his object, said Morton. I cannot tell you otherwise than I imagine he wishes me to marry the Count.

Well, wait till the Count comes; he may not care a fig for you, and your father may be disappointed in that way after all. Very well, we can but wait the issue of events. Will you promise to meet me here two weeks from this hour, Ellen, and we will see what can be done, for you, know it would be but adding fuel to the fire to visit your father's dwelling.

Yes, I promise, said Ellen, and extending her hand which he grasped, she bowed away. Edward Morton bent his steps homeward, but sleep was far from his eyes, and the faithful slave expressed it as his belief—"Dat massa war goin' to hab a fit of sickness." The following morning Morton visited the village for the double purpose of disposing of some furs, and hearing what might be said in relation to the appearance of Count Harold, for there was scarcely a child in the settlement but had heard that this distinguished personage was soon to make his appearance. As he entered the village inn, in despite of his surprise, when he met his old friend Hanson Morley. You are just in time, said Edw. to assist me. He then gave him a negation of his acquaintance &c., with Ellen, declaring that he (Morley) would assist her in her marriage with the Count. I will be your right hand man, said Morley, call upon me whenever you wish for assistance, any that can render shall be at your service; and as to Boone and his companions, I think you may safely rely upon their friendship, for ten chances to one they will despise the Count. I have engaged as clergyman in this town, continued Morley, and shall remain here one year at least. Thank you for your sympathies! said Morton, grasping the hand

of Morley—the "trapper" will ever remember you.
(To be continued.)

For the Watchman.

THE LIGHTNING TIMES!

BY FRANKLIN A. HOWIE.
Air—"Hard Times."
Oh, Ladies and Gents, attention I pray,
While I tell you some facts I've discovered to-day:
If this is your wish to keep pace with the age,
You must know electricity's now all the rage.
These lightning times.

Propulsion by air is too slow for us now,
And steam, the great great, is making his bow
For the lightnings have proffered their services here,
And all we now want is a stout engineer,
These lightning times.

On the Magnetic engine we'll soon take a ride,
There's no danger, ladies of sparks by your side,
The boiler won't burst, for there's no fire aboard,
And the noise and confusion of steam is not heard,
In these lightning times.

You've heard of the Gold which is found in the West;
'Tis all a fish story when put to the test,
But jump on the engine, we'll soon take you through;
And know in the twink of an eye if it's true,
In these lightning times.

The butter is made by this wonderful power,
And rapid improvements are made every hour,
For fine healthy children I'm sure it is best,
For the cradle is rocked by the lightning out west
In these lightning times.

As time rolls away there surely will be,
Telegraphic despatches sent over the sea,
As the wisdom of man to invent never tires,
You'll soon pop the question thro' telegraph wires,
In these lightning times.

Sparta, C. W., January 29th, 1851.

DREAMING ON WEDDING CAKE.

A bachelor editor out west, who had received from the fair hand of a bride a piece of elegant wedding cake to dream on, thus gives the result of his experience.
We put it under the head of our pillow shut our eyes sweetly as an infant and dreamed with an easy conscience, soon sweetly nodding. The god of dreams gently touched us, and lo! in fancy we were married! Never was a little editor so happy. It was my love, dearest, sweetest ringing in our ears every moment. Oh! that the dream had broken off here! But no some evil genius put it into the hand of our ducky to have pudding to dream on, and a huge slice more obscured from sight the plate before us.
My dear said we fondly, did you make this?
Yes love—ain't it nice?
Glorious—the best bread pudding I ever tasted in my life.
Plum pudding, duckey, suggested my wife.
O no, dearest, bread pudding. I always was fond of em.
Call that bread pudding? exclaimed my wife while her pretty lips smiled slightly with contempt.
Certainly, my dear—reckon I've had enough at the Sherwood House to know. Bread pudding my love, by all means.
Husband, this is really too bad. Plum pudding is twice as hard to make as bread pudding, and is more expensive, and is a great deal better. I say this is plum pudding, sir, and my pretty wife's brow flushed with excitement.
My love my sweet my dear love, exclaimed we, soothingly do not get angry. For sure it's very good, if it is bread pudding.
But, sir, I say it ain't bread pudding.
You mean, low wretch, fondly replied my wife in a high tone, you know it is plum pudding.
Then ma'am, it is so meanly put together and so badly burned, that the devil himself wouldn't know it. I tell you ma'am, most distinctly and emphatically, and I will not be contradicted, that it is bread pudding and the meanest kind of that.
It is plum pudding, sicker my wife as she hurled a glass of claret in my face the glass itself tapping the claret in my nose.
Bread pudding, gasped we, pluck to the rest! and grasping a roasted chicken by the left leg.
Plum pudding! rose above the din, as I had a distinct recollection of two plates smash across my head.
Bread pudding! we groaned in rage as the chicken left our hand and flying with swift wing across the table, landed in mad man's bosom.

Plum pudding! responded the war-cry from the enemy, as the gray dish took us where it had been depositing the first part of our dinner, and a plate of beefs landed upon a white vest.

Bread pudding, for ever! shouted we in defiance, dodging the soup tureen, and falling beneath its contents.
Plum pudding! yelled the amiable pouce as noticing our misfortune she determined to keep us down by piling upon our head the dishes with no gentle hand.
Then in rapid succession followed the war cries. Plum pudding! shrieked she with every dish.

Bread pudding! in smothered tones came up from the pile in reply. Then it was plum pudding to rapid succession, the last cry growing feebler; till just as I can distinctly recollect it had grown to a whisper. Plum pudding resounded like thunder, followed by a tremendous crash as my wife leaped upon the pile with her delicate feet, and commenced jumping up and down—when, thank Heaven, we awoke and thus saved our life. We shall never dream on wedding cake again—that's the moral.

LOLA MONTES.

This fascinating and charmingly eccentric lady has been of late fully belied. It was said she had retired to a convent and had for ever immured her brilliant charms within the gloomy walls of the cloister.—Latest accounts show this is not so. The fair, lovely Lola is now shedding upon Parisian life those alluring bewitcheries which at one time led Royalty captive, and as ever by her sweetly malicious coquetries breaking the heads and the hearts of her admirers; read the following:—

"Lola Montes has given up her handsome hotel in the Champs Elysees, and taken an apartment over the Pharmacia Anglaise, at the corner of the Rue Castiglione. There she presides every evening, with the order of St. Theresa conferred upon her by the late Louis of Bavaria, a cross of blue and white enamel, round her neck, and is endeavoring to get up political reunions in the style of the late Madame Rostand and Princess Lieven. Her admirer, who was chastised by another admirer the other day, in her presence for showing her a curious picture inside a snuff-box, has been compelled to meet, the indignant champion with pistols. They met at St. Germaine, but both ensnared, by contrivance it is said of the fair Countess of Landfeldt. Mr. M., however, is not satisfied, and is determined to have a second meeting."

IMPORTANT TO TAVEN KEEPERS.

We publish the following clause of the new Licence Law as being well worthy the notice of Inn and Tavern Keepers.
"And be it enacted, That whenever any person shall have drunk spirituous liquors in any Inn or Tavern, or in any public house, or in any other place, or in any other manner, and being convicted thereof, after having been indicted and tried for such offence in due course of law, shall be liable to be imprisoned in the Common Gaol of the District in Lower Canada, County in Upper Canada, in which such offence shall have been committed, for a period of time not less than two nor more than six months, and to pay a penalty of not less than Twenty-five Pounds nor more than One Hundred Pounds; the amount of which penalty shall be paid by the Court before such conviction shall take place, or ordered to be paid to such one or more of the heirs, legal representatives or surviving relatives of the deceased as the said Court may consider to be most in need or deserving of the same."

ATTEMPTED ESCAPE OF SMITH O'BRIEN.

On Sunday and Monday the Victoria cutter, commanded by a man named Ellis was observed hovering about the island, the wind being light until evening when it fell calm. Shortly before sundown, Mr. S. O'Brien, who notwithstanding his avowed intention of escaping, should an opportunity offer, has considerable liberty allowed him, went down to a sandy cove, one of the few places where boats generally land, and just as he reached the shore a boat with three men put in, and he rushed up to his middle to meet it. A constable on duty who was a witness of the act overtook him with his piece and called to him to forbear, seconding this by rushing at the boat and knocking a hole in her bottom with his carbine. He then pointed out to all four the folly of resistance and required them to submit quietly which they did. The officer in charge, meantime, having misused his prisoner came rushing down the beach and secured him while still in the water. He was then conducted to his house, and the three men confined for transmission to Hobart Town. A whole boat with six hands was sent on board the cutter seizing her and brought her in. She took with the parties on board will be sent up immediately. It has not been thought necessary to impose any restraint on Mr. O'Brien greater than that to which he was previously subjected.—Hobart Town Advertiser.