

And contains Notices of the Political, Social, and Moral Questions of the day; Agricultural and Commercial Notices; an Epitome of the General and Local News of the week, together with carefully selected Miscellaneous.

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Residence: Near Dr. Piller's, Russell Street, N.B.—TERMS MODERATE. 175-176.

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JOHN DOUGLASS, General Agent and Licensed Auctioneer, Cambridge Street, Lindsay, C.W. 125-126.

J. LESTER, Butcher and Dealer in all kinds of Meats, William Street, three doors from Paul Street, Lindsay, C.W.—Orders for every description of Meat solicited. 109-111.

PHENIX-LIKE I RISE. HAVING been hurried off by the late fire, I would inform the Public and my numerous Patrons, that I have opened my Shop on Kent Street, in Mr. Thirkell's Wagon Shop, three doors East of the Town Hall, where I am prepared to stock time and ready made, New Guns and all the latest and improved articles, and warranted to improve the shooting of them. Feeling anxious for past favors, I solicit a continuance of them. C. PASSAGE, Lindsay, Sept. 5, 1861. 114-115.

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Manilla House, Manilla.

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ADAM GORDON, DEALER IN DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, CROCKERY, &c. &c. MANILLA, C.W.

BEGS leave to inform the Public that he still continues to purchase West, Park, and other farm produce at the L. Agent's Public Price. N.B.—Beans and Shorts for sale. Manilla, Sept. 5, 1861. 5-17.

OAKWOOD

BANKS HOTEL, Main Street, Oakwood. Good Stabling and a careful Out. Wm. BANKS, Proprietor. 118-119.

WOODVILLE

NORTHERN HOTEL, Woodville, C.W. J. P. WOOD, Proprietor. Good accommodations for Travellers. Charges moderate. Sobber and Indulgent Orders in attendance. 120.

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TORONTO

LAW PARTNERSHIP. THE Undersigned have entered into partnership as Attorneys, Solicitors, Conveyancers, etc., under the style and firm of McNEAL & McDONALD, Office—Opposite Court House, Adelaide Street, Toronto.

JOHN McNEAL, WM. McDONALD, Toronto, Jan. 1862. 134-135.

Advertising Essential to Business. AUGUSTUS WEBER, EUROPEAN and Colonial Advertising and General Merchandise, Shipping and Railway Agent, Wellington Street, Toronto, C.W., received Advertisements for insertion in all the Canadian, European and States Newspapers and Periodicals. Acknowledged Agent for this paper. Toronto, Jan. 1862. 152-153.

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Poetry

NOT SIGNS, BUT SMILES.

Why sigh over the cares of the way? This vale, though a vale of tears, Hath many a sunny spot, And many a smiling year.

Then chase with smiles the dark spots, For while we smile we do not die; That laughing face of May Charms more than an April day?

The skies weep sorely, we know, When clouds hang heavy with rain; But gleam with joy when the sun Breaks forth in brightness again.

The nights may be dark and cold, When winter months are nigh; But the golden stars shine forth In hosts from the jewelled sky.

And so, methinks, we'll find— If we only look aright— Though pain and pleasure meet, There is less of shadow than light.

Up yonder—where clouds ne'er come Where God and the angels dwell, Where cries from sorrowing earth Go up, His vast cars to swell— No shadow dures a light of sight— Of His never-fading smile; He bears on His holy heart, Creation's vast vault the while;

He smiles to think of the little Stored up for us above; His smiles will welcome us there, In His Languet-hall of Love.

Ah! then, at the best He'll spread No care shall light on the brow— No tears— but smiles, all smiles, In God's eternal Now.

—Anon.

Literature

A THRILLING STORY OF FEMALE COURAGE.

A striking trait of courage in a lady forms the subject of conversation at present in the French metropolis. Madame Aubry lives in a solitary chateau, not far from the town of...

The family consists only of M. Aubry, his wife, a child about a year old, and one maid-servant. In the little town every light is out at ten o'clock, and of course the most perfect solitude reigns at that hour in their house, which lies off the road, and is completely hidden by trees.

One night last winter, Madame Aubry was sitting alone reading. Her husband had left her in the morning to visit a few friends six or eight miles off, and, as he expected to bring home a considerable sum of money, he had taken the precaution of arming himself with a pair of pistols. At about six o'clock the lady went up to her room to put her child to bed. Her apartment was a large room on the first floor, filled up on one side by an old-fashioned chimney, and on the other by a deep, spacious alcove, near which stood her infant's cradle.

The night was a gloomy one, cold and dark. Every now and then a dash of rain beat against the gothic windows. The trees in the garden howled to the wind, and their branches came sweeping to the casement; in short, it was a night in which the solitude of the mansion was more complete and melancholy than usual.

Madame Aubry sat down in a chair near the fire, which, by its sudden flashes, cast an uncertain light over the apartment, throwing its antique carvings and mouldings by turns into brighter relief or deeper shade. She had her child on her lap, and had just finished preparing it for the cradle. She cast her eyes toward the alcove to see if the cradle was ready to receive its little occupant, whose eyes were already closed. Just then the fire flashed brightly, and threw a strong light on the alcove, by which the lady distinguished a pair of feet, cased in heavy, mailed shoes, peeping out from under the curtain in front of the bed. A thousand thoughts passed through her mind in an instant. The person there was a thief—perhaps an assassin; that was clear. She had no protection, no aid, at hand. Her husband was not to return till eight at the soonest, and it was now only half-past six. What was to be done?

She did not utter a single cry, nor even start on her seat. The servant girl who probably had not had such presence of mind. The robber probably meant to remain quiet where he was till midnight, and then seize the money her husband was to bring with him, but that if he should find he was discovered, he would not fail to leave his hiding-place and secure his flight by murdering her. Besides, might not the girl be the robber's accomplice? Several slight causes of suspicion occurred to her at once; and all these reflections passed through her mind in less than it takes us to write them. She decided at once what she should do, which was, to send the girl out of the room.

"You know that dish my husband likes," said she, without betraying her alarm by the least change in the tone of her voice; "I ought to have remembered to have got it ready for his supper." Go down stairs and see about it at once.

"Does not madame require my help here, as she generally does?"

"No, no; I will attend to everything myself. I know my husband would not be pleased if he was to come home after his ride, in such bad weather, and not find a good supper ready."

After some delays, which increased in the lady's mind that suspicion she was forced to conceal, the girl left the room. The noise of her steps on the stairs died away gradually, and Madame Aubry was left alone with her child, with those two pistols motionless at their post, still peeping out under the curtain. She kept by the fire, with her child on her lap, continuing to caress it, and sing to it almost mechanically. The child cried; it wanted to be put to bed; but its cradle was near the alcove—near those dreadful feet!—how could she find courage to go near them? At last, she made a violent effort.

"Come, my child! I said she, and got up. Hastily able to stand erect, she walked toward the alcove, close to the robber. She put the child in the cradle, singing to it sleep as usual. We may imagine what excitement she had to sing. When the child fell asleep she left it, and resumed her seat by the fire. She did not dare to leave the room; it would arouse the suspicions of the robber, and of the girl—probably his accomplice. Besides, she could not bear the thought of leaving her child, even if it was to purchase her own safety.

The clock pointed to seven. An hour yet, a whole hour, before her husband would come. Her eyes were fixed on those feet, which threatened her with death at any moment, with a sort of fascination. The most profound silence reigned in the room. The infant slept quietly. We do not know whether even an Amazon, in her place, would have been bold enough to try a struggle with the robber.

Madame Aubry had no arms; besides, she made no claims to valor, but only to that passive courage founded on reflection, which is far the rarer of the two. Every few minutes she would hear a noise in the garden. In that noise, a ray of hope shone on her for a moment; it was her husband—it was deliverance! But no; it was only the wind and rain, or the slutters creaking. What an age every minute seemed to be!

Just heaven! the feet moved! Does the thief intend to leave his hiding-place? No; it was only a slight, probably involuntary, movement, to ease himself by changing his position.

The clock strikes—only once; it is the half hour only, and the clock is too fast, besides! How much anguish—how many silent prayers—in these trying minutes! She took a book of devotion and tried to read, but her eyes would wander from the page to fix on those heavy shoes. All at once, a thought arose that chilled her to the very heart: suppose her husband should not come! The weather is stormy, and he has relatives in the village he went to. Perhaps they have persuaded him it was unsafe to travel at night with so large a sum of money about him; perhaps they have forced him, with friendly violence, to yield to their urgent invitations to wait till morning. It is striking eight, and nobody comes; and the idea we have alluded to appears to her more and more probable.

After two hours of such agony, the unhappy lady, whose courage had been kept up by the hope of final rescue, finds her strength and hope fail her. Soon she hears a noise under the window, and listens, trustfully, doubtfully. This time she is not mistaken. The heavy out-door creaks on its hinges, and shuts with clamor: a well-known step is heard on the stairs, and a man enters—a tall, stout man. It is he—it is he! At that moment, if he had been the worst of all husbands, he would have been perfection in his wife's eyes. He had only taken off his wet cloak and put away his pistols, and delighted at again seeing his loved most on earth, opens his arms to embrace his wife. She clasps him convulsively, and in a moment recovering her self-possession, puts her finger on his lips and points to the two feet peeping under the curtain.

If M. Aubry had been wanting in presence of mind, he would not have despaired to see the husband of such a woman. He made a slight gesture to show that he understood her and said, aloud—

"Excuse me, my dear; I left the money down stairs. I'll be back in two minutes."

While that time he returns, pistol in hand. He looks at the priming, walks to the alcove, stoops, and while the forefinger of his right hand is on the trigger, with the other hand he seizes one of the feet, and cries, in a voice of thunder—

"Surrender, or you're a dead man!"

He drags into the middle of the room, by the feet, a man of most ill-favored aspect, crouching low to avoid the pistol which he held within an inch of his head. He is searched and a sharp dagger found on him. He confesses that the girl was his accomplice, and had told him that M. Aubry would bring a large sum home that night. Nothing remained now, but to give them over to the authorities. Madame Aubry asks her husband to pardon them; but the voice of duty is louder than that of pity.

When M. Aubry heard from his wife all she had gone through, he could only say—

"Who would have thought you so courageous!"

But, in spite of her courage, she was attacked that night with a violent nervous fever, and did not get over her illness for several days.

The Times of the 26th ult., says a union was to-day effected between the Bank of Canada (projected) and the London and Colonial Bank.

Miscellaneous

DREADFUL TRAGEDY, ON THE HIGH SEAS.

At the Winchester Assizes, on the 10th inst., a young man named Petrus was charged with the murder of Jones, the first mate of the British ship Winthrop, on the high seas, on the 4th of October last. The prisoner, through the interpreter, said he was "forced to do it."

The prisoner shipped at San Francisco as carpenter and second mate on board the Winthrop, which was on her voyage from San Francisco to Monte Video. On the morning of the 4th of October, about one o'clock, the first mate was on the deck, and the prisoner told him at that time that the mate must step into the cabin.

The captain at that time was lying, apparently asleep, on a sofa on the deck outside the cabin. The prisoner took up the lamp and blew out the light. Immediately Jones at the same time opened the door of the poop and said—

"What did you put the light out for?"

A pistol was instantly fired, and Jones ran rapidly along the deck, pursued by the prisoner, who fired a pistol at him. The prisoner at the time was crying out—

"No more farina!"

At this moment the captain's wife, who had been asleep in her cabin, rushed out of it and made her way to the poop, and got into the fore-cabin of the ship, as if seeking protection. Jones seemed to have found the other way, but the prisoner got into the fore-cabin first. Jones staggered in, but was met by the prisoner, who was then armed with a knife or dagger, with which he stabbed Jones, who fell dead upon the spot. He also killed the captain's wife. Two of the men endeavored to secure the prisoner, but he was too strong for them. He rushed on deck and said he would jump overboard; he, however, went into the cabin, and came out armed with a pistol and an auger. He ran about the deck, saying, "Now I captain!" and he threatened to kill them all. He ran the auger through the body of the mate.

After a time, he came and asked the men if they were his countrymen? The men, being alarmed, said they were. The prisoner then ordered them to throw the body of the mate overboard, and in a short time that was done. He then told them to throw the captain overboard, and that was done, for he was found floating in the sea. When he first came on board, he was so weak that he could scarcely get up. He was ill, and he went to the hospital, and the captain had to pay for it, and the captain then liked him no more. He had seen the captain quarrel with his wife and strike her; he was always cross with the prisoner. One evening when the mate was in the cabin, he was seized with the cabin of the captain's wife, and the mate was angry with prisoner for seeing him. The mate gave spirits to the men, but not to him. The captain and his wife spoke to him as if he were a sinner. The captain gave him his fair share because he did not like it. Upon one occasion, while he was lying pretending to be asleep, the captain said—

"Oh, that savage man is asleep; let us tie his hands and throw him overboard."

The mate said it was no use to tie his hands, as he had himself thrown overboard six men; and when the prisoner was sound asleep he would do it. He got up and loaded his pistol. Three nights after this the captain came and put his hand over his mouth, and the mate had a rope to tie his hands. The mate knotted him down and tried to put irons on him, and then he struck the mate.

The learned Counsel for the prosecution said the crew would tell them that there was not the slightest truth in any part of this statement. The prisoner had come on to say that the captain seized him and said he would now show the Consul, the Vice-Consul and the Consul-General, that if he could not throw him overboard alive he could do so when he was dead. He then took the hatchet and struck the captain in the face. The mate then ran away, and he ran after him. He saw a white dress and he thought it was the mate, and he struck it with his knife, and then he found it was the captain's wife. He afterwards struck the mate with the same knife. The learned Counsel said the crew would prove all this to be false from beginning to end. Evidence in support of this statement of the case was given, and the prisoner was found guilty and sentenced to death.

THE FIRST STEAMER SEEN IN ENGLISH WATERS.

In the month of July, 1826, I was standing on the poop of the Tre Coeur, an old Danish 74, which Nelson had captured from the French, and which Nelson had allowed to be forgotten to rest. She was a large and roomy ship, and was used in our service as a receiving hulk, on board of which the crews of such ships as were in dock were stowed. The ship to which I belonged was in this predicament, and as it was the people's dinner hour, I was reclining on the taffrail with a friend, while Mr. Woodhouse, the signal midshipman, walked to and fro on the lee side of the deck. The day was beautifully fine—one of those pets which we sometimes have to remind us that there really is in nature such a thing as summer, when everything looks splendid, and the atmosphere seems able to carry the vision to any distance. Jones was still on board, and had seen Mr. Woodhouse suddenly exclaimed—"Hullo! what's that?" and addressing the officer of the watch, said, "The boats of the fleet; sir; to rendezvous alongside the flagship. Ship on fire, sir." All hands were immediately piped, and the boats manned; and as other ships had done the same, they were ordered to get about the Admiral's ship. But what was all this row about? And the answer to the enquiry was—"Ship on fire." As we looked towards Spithead, to which our attention was directed, a vessel was accordingly seen, apparently a 10-gun brig, from which a large, thick, dark smoke was emitted. There could be no doubt, therefore, that she was on fire, and the fleet of boats was held in readiness to board her when she got into harbor—to scuttle her if need be—and, at all events, to save the crew from the perils that awaited them. One thing, however, perplexed every on-looker. The burning brig kept on her course steadily, and would not be driven to Spithead, and there coolly bore up for the harbor, where she presently made her appearance, puffing and blowing, but not burning. On she came to the anchorage of all who beheld her, and having proceeded some way up the harbor, she returned, and very quietly anchored off the Head. The vessel was a most extraordinary vessel that sailed without sails, went right on against the wind and tide, and did as she listed with those elements which all men and ships had heretofore implicitly obeyed? Nobody could tell, for nobody had seen anything like her before. Jack, who has a large dependence upon his eyes, who was after his head, chewed his quid, and looked anxiously wise—"For he plainly could not make her out in any way whatsoever." By aid of the mysterious craft was boarded, and turned out to be the steamer Galathea, from the Admiralty, which had come round to show off to the neighbors at the south what could be done by northern heads and hands; and this little vessel, which was much smaller than our ordinary river boats, was the first steamer ever seen in English waters.

An incident of this kind was not likely to pass unnoticed—nor did it. On the following day, every body who saw her, who were after expressed their astonishment at her powers. But about 11 A.M., there was a movement extraordinary on the waters. The Admiral's barge, filled with ladies and gentlemen pulled alongside, who, having satisfied their curiosity, went on board the Esk—a ship corvette, commanded by Sir John Lubbock, who was after wards killed in China—where a military band awaited them, together with a large company of expectant visitors. The Calathea's steam was up. She took the Esk in tow, and amid the cheers of crowds on shore, and crowds on shipboard, she steamed bravely out to Spithead, where she left her companion, and returned to the Admiralty, where she was after inconceivable speed, and took the Endymion in hand; and to the delight of a large body of spectators, dashed out of the harbor with her burden as easily, apparently as a grown man would carry an infant. Thus were the sailing and tugging powers of steamboats first demonstrated to English eyes, and the fact which was an eye witness, and which may yet come to have some historical value.—Veterin, in Glasgow Herald.

A QUIXOTIC EXPEDITION TO PATAGONIA.

A person representing a Welsh emigration society left England by the November, mail steamer on his way to Buenos Ayres, with a view, in the first place, to find the best spot for a settlement on the Patagonian coast; and, in the second place, to conclude negotiations already entered into with the Government of the Argentine Confederation for the cession on conditions of a merely nominal allegiance, of a portion of territory to be colonized by Welshmen exclusively. A very small section of Welsh enthusiasts has for many years expressed its apprehensions that the Welsh language is speedily dying out, that with it the most valuable national peculiarities and virtues will be lost, and that the only way to preserve it as a living tongue, is to establish a colony governed by Welshmen, and having its affairs conducted in the Welsh language. These men have of late been exceedingly active. They have fixed on the peninsula of Valdes or its neighborhood in Patagonia, about 43 deg. of south latitude, as the only place in the world suited to their purpose. No spot in the British empire, however remote from other settlements can meet their views, for contact with the English and this language is the very thing they wish to avoid. The project is generally poor, and the Welsh press, which has drawn attention to the fact that Patagonia is generally represented as a country not at all adapted for civilized settlements. Though the promoters of the scheme are almost all Welshmen, they have been by no means deficient in energy in replying to those who have accused the deposit holder of a few interesting emigrants. No one doubts the integrity of their intentions, although even the agent sent to Buenos Ayres, and his return, was not to the satisfaction of the Welshmen.

THE GUILLOTINE.

A foreign journal, in an article against the punishment of death, publishes the following curious details:—

"When, at the end of the last century, the terrible machine of Dr. Guillotine made its appearance, it gave rise to great controversy, among the faculty throughout Europe. The most celebrated anatomical dissections were through his instrument was easier than by any other means, and the rupture of the vertebra, nerves, and all the organs of the head, killed the whole body at once and instantaneously. Several experiments were made at Vienna. Some prisoners were to be executed, and several celebrated medical men who had already dissected the criminal, and had seen the death of Dr. Guillotine, obtained permission to remain on the scaffold during execution, and when a head had been cut off it was delivered to them. The first was that of a young man. The eyes were closed, and the tongue protruded. Eight minutes were allowed to expire, when it was drawn in, and the face made a grimace indicative of pain. The second head was that of a woman. The eyes were open and their sparkling looks were accompanied by abundant tears. Fourteen minutes after the execution the eyes turned towards the side from whence the woman's name was called. The third head was that of the most gallant and heroic of men, and as it was given to the face, when the eyes opened, the face flushed with an indescribable expression of anger and ferocity, and a shudder of anguish was visible on the neck being touched."

"The Power to say 'No.'—The purity of moral habits, I am afraid, of very little use to a man unless it is accompanied with that degree of firmness which enables him to act up to what he thinks right in spite of solicitation to the contrary. Very few young men have the power of negation, in any great degree at first. It increases with the increase of confidence, and with the experience of those inconveniences which result from the essence of virtue. Every young man must be exposed to temptation; he cannot learn the ways of men without being witness of their vices. If you attempt to preserve him in a state of innocence, he will be a victim to the same style of life in which he may be placed. The great point is not to turn him out too soon and to give him a pilot at first.—Sidney Smith.

Miscellaneous

DREADFUL TRAGEDY, ON THE HIGH SEAS.

At the Winchester Assizes, on the 10th inst., a young man named Petrus was charged with the murder of Jones, the first mate of the British ship Winthrop, on the high seas, on the 4th of October last. The prisoner, through the interpreter, said he was "forced to do it."

The prisoner shipped at San Francisco as carpenter and second mate on board the Winthrop, which was on her voyage from San Francisco to Monte Video. On the morning of the 4th of October, about one o'clock, the first mate was on the deck, and the prisoner told him at that time that the mate must step into the cabin.