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THE DURHAM STANDARD.

DEVOTED TO

NEWS, POLITICS, LITERATURE, EDUCATION AND AGRICULTURE.

DURHAM, COUNTY OF GREY, C. W., FRIDAY, JUNE 3, 1859.

VOLUME I.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

DR. WOOD,
CORONER,
LICENSED TO PRACTICE
PHYSIC, SURGERY AND MIDWIFERY,
DURHAM.
Durham, Dec. 2, 1858. 1

J. F. BROWN,
DRUGGIST AND CHEMIST,
Durham.
KEEPS constantly on hand a large assortment of Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Stationary, &c., &c.
Durham, Dec. 2, 1858. 1

MARKSMAN'S HOME,
BY THOMAS KNOX,
VILLAGE OF JOHNSTOWN,
Garafraxa Road, nine miles from Owen Sound.
Johnstown, Dec. 2, 1858. 1

D. DONOHUE,
GENERAL MERCHANT,
Traveller's Home Inn,
Garafraxa Road, five miles from Durham.
Glenelg, Dec. 2, 1858. 1

Dr. Dunbar,
PHYSICIAN,
MOUNT FOREST.
Dec. 2, 1858. 1

CITY HOTEL
BY
D. GRASS,
MOUNT FOREST, C. W.
Dec. 2, 1858. 1

NOTICE.
THE subscriber informs the public that he is prepared to execute all orders for
Lathing and Plastering,
in the most workmanlike style, and at moderate rates.
CHARLES D. McMILLAN.
Durham, Dec. 2, 1858. 2

Tin Ware Cheaper than ever.
J. PARROTT,
MANUFACTURER OF
TIN, SHEET-IRON AND COPPER-WARE.
I have, at all times, a large assortment of Goods on hand, of every description in the above line, which I can safely say cannot be surpassed for cheapness and workmanship in Upper Canada. Any thing in the above line made to order at the shortest notice, at the most reasonable price.
Durham, Dec. 2, 1858. 1

JOHN ELLIOTT,
TAILOR.
THE Subscriber announces to the Public that he has commenced the above business in the premises adjoining the
SCHOOL HOUSE,
Lately occupied by J. Wilson, *Tinsmith*; and will be happy to attend to all orders in the above line, which will be promptly executed, with neatness and dispatch.
JOHN ELLIOTT.
Durham, Nov. 25, 1858. 1

PEOPLES' HOTEL,
(NEAR THE BRIDGE,)
DURHAM.
Superior Accommodation,
COMFORTABLE TABLE,
THE BEST OF
WINES, LIQUORS, &c.,&c.
☞ Every possible attention paid to the comfort of the travelling Public. ☜
Commodious Stabling,
AND AN ATTENTIVE HOSTLER.
H. COLE,
Proprietor.
Durham, Nov. 25, 1858. 1

SAMUEL E. LEGATE,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES
DURHAM.
Durham, Dec. 2, 1858. 1

S. B. CHAFFEY,
Conveyancer,
Commissioner in Court of Queen's Bench
AND
Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Chaffey's Mills,
Glenelg, Jan. 12, 1859. 7

J. W. McDONNELL,
Carpenter and General Builder,
GEORGE STREET, EDGE'S SURVEY.
All Orders promptly executed at Prices to suit the times for Cash or Country Exchange.
☞ Plans and Specifications at a reasonable rate.
Dec. 2, 1858. 1

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF
Book and Job Work,
PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS,
MUNICIPAL BY-LAWS,
CARDS, POSTERS, &c.,
Executed in the most approved style, at the
STANDARD OFFICE,
And at moderate terms.

ALEX. B. McNAB,
POSTMASTER,
Conveyancer, Commissioner in Queen's Bench and Commission General Agent.
AGENT FOR THE
The Canada Landed Credit Company,
BENTINCK POST OFFICE,
DURHAM, COUNTY OF GREY
Dec. 2, 1858 1

UNION HOTEL
AND
General Stage Office,
FERGUS,
BY
R. D. COULSON.
STAGES leave this house for Guelph, Arthur, Mount Forest, Durham, and Owen Sound *DAILY*.
☞ Every attention paid to the comfort of the travelling community.
Fergus, Dec. 16, 1858. 3

FARM & SAW MILL
FOR SALE.
THE subscriber offers for sale his *Saw Mill*, which cannot be surpassed for speed in the country, with a
Never-failing Water Power
of 14½ feet head, and may be easily increased to twenty feet. Attached to the above is
116 acres of excellent Land,
30 of which are under Cultivation, with a good
DWELLING-HOUSE,
BARN,
Stable, Root House, &c. &c.
The above property is situate on Lot 1, Con. 22, *Township of Egremont*,
Five Miles from the flourishing Village of Durham. Both properties will be sold together, at an extreme low figure.
Application, as to terms, &c., if by letter (post-paid) to the undersigned, or at the office of this paper.
JAMES HEARTLEY.
Egremont, 24th March, 1859. 17

NOTICE.
I HEREBY caution all parties against purchasing or negociating a Note of Hand, in favor of JOHN REGAN, of the Township of Normanby, for the sum of Two Hundred Dollars,—drawn 27th August, 1858, one year after date, with interest,—as no value has been received for said note.
JOHN MANS.
Normanby, April 20, 1859. 21-3

CASH
FOR
WHEAT & OATS.
THE Subscriber will PAY the *Highest Market Price* for any quantity of
GOOD MERCHANTABLE
WHEAT AND OATS
DELIVERED AT HIS PREMISES.
DANIEL DONOHUE.
GLENELG, Dec. 2, 1858. 1m2

Travellers' Home Inn,
BY
THEODORE ZASS,
Township of Arthur,
26 miles from Durham, 10 from Mount Forest, and 17 miles from Fergus.
☞ Every attention paid to the comfort of the travelling public.
☞ Good Stabling and an attentive hostler.
Arthur, Dec. 16, 1858. 3

NOTICE.
I HEREBY forbid any person from giving NANCY BAILEY, the wife of JOHN BAILEY, any thing on my account, as she left my bed and board without a just reason.
JOHN BAILEY.
Bentinck, April 5, 1859. 20

CANADA
WESTERN
Assurance Company
OF TORONTO, C. W.
Capital - - - - - $400,000.
INCORPORATED, 1851.
President: Isaac C. Gilmor, Esq. | *Vice-President:* Geo. Michie, Esq.
DIRECTORS:
Rice Lewis, Esq. | Thomas Haworth, Esq.
James Beatty, Esq. | Wm. Henderson, Esq.
T. P. Roberts, Esq. | Walter Macfarlane, Esq.
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Solicitor, ...Angus Morrison, Esq.
Bankers, ...Bank Upper Canada.
Benjamin Switzer, Esq., Inspector.
Head Office---Church Street, Toronto,
With Agencies all over the Province.
☞ The Business of this Company confined exclusively to the Fire Department.
Assurances effected against loss or damage by Fire, on all descriptions of Buildings and their contents, on favorable terms, and at rates of premium as low as that of any other responsible Company.
☞ Terms of Application, and all necessary information to be had on applying to
SAMUEL E. LEGATE,
Agent at Durham.
Jan. 27, 1859.

POETRY.

BLUE EYES.

Blue eyes are full of danger—
Beware of their tender glow!
They'll leave thy heart a stranger
To peaceful hours below!
I warn you, men, give earnest heed!
Let no bright eyes your sight mislead;
And when blue eyes your glances win,
Look not too deep—too deep therein!

Blue eyes with soul are beaming;
They'll look thee through and through
With light of love they're streaming,
So mild, and warm and true.
And when my heart is sore distressed,
And sorrow fills my lonely breast,
Let then, blue eyes my sorrow win!
What joy, what bliss I see therein!

Blue eyes from heaven are lighted
With holy soul-born glow,
To cheer the poor man benighted,
And charm him out of woe.
And when cold wintry clouds arise,
And shroud in grey the sunny skies,
Then let blue eyes my glances win!
I find my sky—my day therein!

Miscellaneous Reading

From the Great Republic Monthly.

EXTRACT FROM

"Seven Years in ye Western Land."

A Scene at a Wisconsin Race Course.

Two very decent nags were being walked over the course by their riders, preparatory to the contest, which was soon to take place. One was a bay horse, blind of an eye, who gave promise of doing some very respectable work, while the other, a neat little mare, appeared to possess wind and bottom enough to have made her superior to her antagonist in a longer race. It was agreed that there should be five heats, the best three in the five to win the purse. Aside from the purse, bets multiplied rapidly among the bystanders, the wagers ranging from the "drinks" up to ten, twenty, and sometimes fifty dollars aside. Odds were given on the horse who seemed to be a favourite.

When the time for starting had arrived, both horses were up to the scratch, and eager for the word. The jockeys, two half breed boys, were stripped to their boots and pants and were, without exception, the best riders I ever saw.

"All ready?"

"Aye, aye!"

"One, two, three, and away yon go."

At the word three they both bounded away as if they had been shot out of a connon.

"Here they come! Get out of the way! Clear the track! The mar's ahead! Good on her! Stand back and give the mare a chance or I'll bust yer head! Three cheers for the mare! Hurraw! Five to one on the mare! Ain't she a-doin' on it bee-autiful? Yip!" said the mare's partisans, while on the other side the backers of the horse had not as yet lost confidence in their favorite, as might be seen.

"The hoss ain't a-beginning to try his best licks," said they. "He's jest a-throwin' off on her, for bigger bets. He can give her the two fust heats, and then win. But, by golly, see how the dodrotted critter's a-crawlin' up on her! I swan to man they're neck and neck! I'll be dog goned if he ain't a-leadin' of her! Hurraw! for hurraw!—where's the man that's bettin' five to one on the mar? I'd like to take a few of them thar bets."

In less time than is consumed in detailing the above exclamations, the first heat was over, being won by the little mare, who came out a neck ahead. Excitement raged furious. There were three fights in five minutes, besides sundry other squabbles occurring among the niggers, Indians, and Frenchmen. The horses were slowly led back to the starting post, and allowed to rest for a few minutes.

The horse did much better at the second heat, having fairly distanced the mare, though that was probably to a certain degree attributable to a collusion between the jockeys and some of the knowing ones. A general season of fighting again took place, as every loser thought himself cheated, and perhaps was not far from right.

At about this time an individual of somewhat verdant aspect, who was seated astride a dejected gray horse, covered with galls and harness marks, took occasion to deride the whole race in no measured terms. He, however, directed his most disparaging remarks toward the horse, whom he designated as "a cussed old one-eyed mule, and not wuth a copper darn for running."

The owner of the horse, who was a peppery little Frenchmen, fired up at this, and stewed about at a great rate.

"By gar, vous have called my cheval, my horse, one cappare darn, and cannot make ze run. Sacre! I will bet five, ten cinquante, oui, fifty dollar, you can't him beat. Here is ze moneys, l'argent ze gold."

"I never run hosses in my life, but tain't because I wouldn't like ten. But, my friend, you'd be mighty fooled ef you should see this ere old hoss gallop wunst. He's great on gallopin', that old hoss is."

"N'importe! you 'ave call my horse 'le roi,' one mule bieux ane. Here is fifty dollar in ze gold; if you vill not cover him you are one beggare, un chiffoniere, um pauvre diable, sans courage!"

"I don't keer much for yer fifty dollars, and wouldn't be the chap to squawk ef I should lose twicet as much, but I'll be dog squizzled ef I don't think my old hoss can beat your'n the best day he ever see; so here, you little frog-spawn you, here's the rhino for to cover that pile of yourn."

Saying this, he drew out a buck-skin purse, and counted out five golden eagles, then coming up to me he said:

"Stranger, I want some honest man to hold stakes, and pay 'em over to the man what wins the next heat."

I looked up in his face, and beheld, disguised by an old greasy wool hat, the familiar phiz of my travelling companion, Alick Wagg. My ill-concealed astonishment received warning from a quick look of intelligence from my friend.

"Now understand me, stranger," said he; "ef I beat Johnny Crapo's one-eyed hoss the money's mine; if not it is hizzen. Is that the talk, Frongzay?"

"Yes, C'est il."

"Praps somebody else would like to lose a five or so to see this ere race come off. I might as well clean out the crowd while I am about it."

One or two more bets of ten and twenty dollars were got, and the money placed in my hands, making in all some two hundred dollars in my possession, I rolled it up in a silk handkerchief for safe keeping, and held it in my hands. Alick and his horse were as rough a pair of customers as you would meet in a year, especially the horse, who stood alone in the crowd during the dispute, with the most thoroughly downcast and spiritless expression possible for him to assume. I recognized in him Alick's gray Billy, a passable horse enough for a roadster, but nothing extra, that I was aware of, for running.

I began to look upon the whole affair with a good deal of apprehension, and considered my friend a hundred dollars out of pocket. However, when he led the horse over the track and took his position with the other nags, it was then he for the first time showed animation and training. The moment he was brought alongside the other horses he seemed fired with life. Placing his feet on the tape, with head erect, he stood motionless, straining every sense to catch the expected signal. It came at last:

"One, two, three, and away you go!"

Giving a simultaneous jump the three stretched away over the sand gallantly. For the first few rods the one-eyed horse led the race, much to the glee of the owner, who cut up more monkey shines in fifteen seconds than any poor Jacko on a hand-organ ever did in an hour. He fondly imagined that he was going to have it all his own way, when Alick drew a rawhide from under his coat, and giving a loud yell, passed easily to the head, and placed a gap of many yards' width between himself and the two others before reaching the winning post.

"Fraud! fraud! a trick! a trick! That ar blasted chap come here a purpose to skin us!" was yelled from the excited crowd, but Alick, dashing up to the spot where I stood, leaned out of his saddle, and snatched the handkerchief containing the stakes from my hand, without slackening his speed. In another minute he was over a knoll, speeding toward town out of harm's way.

One or two interested gentlemen of ungentle aspect seemed disposed to think I was accessory to some sort of a swindling operation, and appeared inclined to indemnify themselves, or rather their feelings, by giving me a slight bruising, not to make any account of sundry kicks with heavy boots, gouges with the thumb nail, bites with the incisors, cuts with the Bowie, raps with the shillalah, and smashing with the fist which it was their intention to bestow on me. I however escaped their attentions, perhaps more on account of displaying by mere accident the silver butt of my new revolver, which hung upon my hip, than because I had one or two friends on the ground.

On arriving at the hotel I had the satisfaction of finding my dear friend in my room, clothed in his proper habiliments and in his right mind. Another person would scarcely have believed that he was the hero of that lively scamper down the race-course but half an hour before. As he puffed his delicious cigar he looked as if he had "sot there till he'd tuk root," instead of having but just ridden a gauntlet of all the rag-tag-and-bobtail of Portage City.

As I came into the room, his innocent face melted to a most triumphant grin. Quoth he:

"What do you think of that style of thing, old covoy? Something entirely out of my line you thought—hey? Yes, no doubt."

"But where, in the name of Mahomet, did you get that horse? What do you know about racing?" asked I.

"Where do you suppose I was brought up, not to know about such things? My father was a Methodist parson, and gray Billy is just as near a full-blooded Eclipse horse as there is in America, and the blood tells, perhaps, in both of us. From my mother's ancestors, who were of English descent, I inherit a penchant for all kinds of sporting, let alone racing."

"Continue!" (*Widow Bedott.*)

"Billy is a little oldish, and somewhat bunged up with hard driving, but it struck me, when I heard of this affair coming off, that he could knock the spots off from any stock they have got around here, so I thought I would go in, and perhaps get squozed, to employ the vernacular of this region. Oh! Lordy! didn't I astonish the natives though, and no mistake! Ha! ha! ha!"

A Fight with a Shark.

About the latter end of Queen Anne's wars, Captain John Beans, commander of the *York Merchant*, arrived at Barbadoes from England; having disembarked the last part of his loading, which was coals, the sailors who had been employed in this dirty work ventured into the sea to wash themselves; there they had not been long before a person on board 'spyed a large shark making towards them, and gave them notice of their danger, upon which they swam back, and reached the boat, all but one; him the monster overtook almost within reach of the oars, and, griping him by the small of the back, his devouring jaws soon cut asunder, and as soon swallowed the lower part of his body; the remaining part was taken up and carried on board, where his comrade was. His friendship with the deceased had been long distinguished by a reciprocal discharge of such endearing offices, as implyed an union and sympathy of souls. When he saw the severed trunk of his friend, it was with an horror and emotion too great for words to paint. During this affecting scene, the insatiable shark was traversing the bloody surface in search after the remainder of his prey; the rest of the crew thought themselves happy in being on board, he alone unhappy that was not within reach of the destroyer. Fired at the sight and vowing that he would make the devourer disgorge, or be swallowed himself into the same grave—he plunges into the deep, armed with a large sharp-pointed knife. The shark no sooner saw him but he made furiously towards him—both equally eager, the one of his prey, the other of revenge. The moment the shark opened his capacious jaws, his adversary dexterously diving, and grasping him with his left hand somewhat below the upper fins, successfully employs his knife in his right hand, giving him repeating [repeated?] stabs in the belly; the enraged shark after many unavailing efforts, finding himself overmatched in his own element, endeavours to disengage himself, sometimes plunging to the bottom, then, mad with pain, rearing his uncouth form (now stained with his own streaming blood) above the foaming waves. The crews of the surrounding vessels saw the unequal combat, uncertain from which of the combatants the stream of blood issued; till at length the shark, weakened by loss of blood, made towards the shore, and with him his conqueror; who flushed with an assurance of victory, pushes his foe with redoubled ardour, and by the help of an ebbing tide, dragging him on shore, rips up his bowels, and unites and buries the severed carcase of his friend in one hospitable grave.

From the London Times.

The Wars of the Past.

It was at just such a season as the present, or towards the middle of the spring, that in the year 1796 an army of French soldiers looked down upon Italy from the dreary summits of the Apennines. They were about 40,000 in number, and they had about 60 guns, but they had neither magazines nor clothing, neither baggage animals nor tents. The cavalry had no horse, and even the Staff did duty on foot. So destitute was the French Government of pecuniary resources, that when the generals of this army received a gratuity of £3 a-piece it was thought a considerable remittance; as for the soldiers, they had neither shoes to their feet nor coats to their backs, and if war could be prevented by penury, as some economists have imagined, stronger guarantees for peace could never be desired than such as then pressed upon the troops of the Republic. But these men were capable of great deeds when well commanded, and they had just received a new commander in the person of General Napoleon Bonaparte. Beneath them, in the territories of Sardinia, were ranged their antagonists—the Austrians, with about 50,000 men and 200 guns; the Piedmontese then, as now, the best soldiers in Italy, with about half that strength. At the beginning of April the struggle commenced, and its events could be designated by a succession of names carrying their import to the reader's mind without explanation or comment. Montenotte, Millesimo, Mondovi, Lodi, Milan, Verona denote but so many stages of a triumphant advance. In 15 days, as Bonaparte exultingly proclaimed, his soldiers had gained six victories, had killed or wounded 10,000 of the enemy, and had captured 21 standards, 55 pieces of cannon, and 15,000 prisoners. On the 30th March he had been still standing on the Apennines, and by the 3rd of June he was in Verona. Before that day in the year following he had traversed Lombardy in its whole length and entered Venice, until at length, on the 17th of October—18 months after the opening of the campaign—the Austrians were fain to make peace.

About two years afterwards these scenes were re-enacted. In the interval Napoleon had gone to Egypt, and has ventured his fortune in the Desert; but affairs had gone ill in his absence, and when he suddenly returned from the East the Austrians were once more in Piedmont, and the French had to retreive. Once more, therefore, did he concert a decisive campaign. On this occasion a new army was collected with extraordinary secrecy on the French side of the Alps, and conducted by the passes of the Great St. Bernard into the Italian plain before the Austrian Commander was well aware of the expedition. He turned to fight, but the battles of Montebello and Marengo destroyed his hopes, and again the French were masters of the field. The second campaign, in fact, was as brief and as conclusive as the first. It was only in June that the victory of Marengo had been achieved, but by the February following Austria had made peace over again.

In the circumstances of these famous conflicts we may discern many points of coincidence, but many also of contrast, with the conditions of the struggle now impending. Of the relative powers of the combatants at the two periods it is perhaps hazardous to speak. All the States of Europe since the beginning of the century have developed their resources, and, unhappily, in the direction of war as much as in other directions. Sardinia alone could now produce a more powerful army than that brought by either France or Austria to the campaign of 1796. At this moment the Austrians can throw 150,000 men across the Ticino, and if France cannot encounter them with an equal array it is for lack of preparation only. General Hess, the chief of the Austrian Staff, is 72—just about the age of Beaulieu, Napoleon's first antagonist, so that the old practice of Austria in this respect seems to be unchanged. But in the face of Radetzky's exploits we cannot confound age with superannuation, and, besides, there is no youthful Bonaparte in the opposite ranks. The French army, save for the one great loss of a transcendent genius at its head, is probably as well organised and as well officered as at any former time, and if the Austrians have made greater relative progress in military science, it is only because their ancient defects of [illegible] French [illegible] in 1800, [illegible] could be given to it; but the Austrian army is undoubtly better than it was at that period, so that the struggle will not be so easy. And even when we revert to the rapidity of Napoleon's conquests—not once, but twice, but four times achieved—when we discern that Austria signed treaties of peace, one after another, at Campo Formio, at Luneville, at Presburg, and, finally, at Vienna itself, we must not overlook the fact, that this very succession of transactions showed the vitality and tenacity of her power. She was only four times beaten because four times, with unconquerable resolution, she had returned to the strife.

From the London Times.

Volunteer Defence—The Canadian Militia

The unerring judgment of mankind tells them that mere standing armies and fleets are not a sufficient defence of nations. A mere artificial organization which may be abolished by a campaign, a pestilence, or a tempest—which some event like an Indian Mutiny may cause to be wholly transported from the land it was raised to defend—does not give a fit security to the people, who may at any moment be deprived of its services. There can only be one true defence of a nation like ours—a large and permanent volunteer force supported by the spirit and patriotism of our young men, and gradually indoctrinating the country with military knowledge. We are the only people in the world who have not such a force in one form or another. There are the Americans at 3,000 miles distance from Europe, and without an enemy or a rival on their own continent. Yet they keep up a Militia which can muster several hundred thousands strong, and on some occasions New York wears the aspect of a European metropolis, such is the parading, drumming, and firing. The result of this is to be seen in the confidence they have in their own strength, though without either army or navy, according to our notions of such forces. But at the meeting held in St. Martin's Hall on Saturday, Sir Allan McNab cited an instance which still more closely interests us. He spoke of the Canadian Militia and their services in the war of 1812. When Bonaparte was marching his forces on Russia, the ambitious President, Mr Madison, took advantage of the supposed embarrassments of England, to attempt the conquest of Canada by an American army. Total defeat, however, awaited them, and General Hull surrendered with his whole force to Sir Isaac Brock. But of what was the victorious army composed? Of Canadian militia and volunteers; for when the war broke out the British "had not in Canada 900 men of all arms above the city of Montreal." May we some day in this country have a force as useful and patriotic! An though every Englishman may well feel proud of the gallant army which has fought in India; though the words of Lord Ellenborough will speak to their hearts when he said that with such troops we should engage any other in the world with the absolute certainty of success, yet we must once more raise our voices in favor of those local and domestic levies which will be the best support to a nucleus of Indian heroes. We know that if the hour of danger should come volunteers would rush forward by hundreds of thousands; but it is to obviate such a panic that we would ask for the speedy restoration of what may be called the old national force of the country. It is not Line regiments—it is not exactly Militia that we want—but men of ordinary occupations trained by a certain amount of drill to support the regular armed force either in the field or the fortress. There is plenty of wealth and plenty of leisure for the formation of such a corps, and the metropolis alone could furnish a contingent strong enough to garrison any two naval ports of the kingdom.

Confession of a Murder Committed nearly 43 Years ago.

A man named Sismey died recently at Castor, England, and whilst on his death-bed he confessed to having participated in the murder and robbery of Thomas French, a shepherd, of Stibbington, in November, 1816. French had been to Peterborough market to sell some sheep for Mr. Gaskell, of Wansford, and was murdered on his way home, the last seen of him alive being at a public house in Thorpe, which place he left in company with Sismey and two men (since dead) named Browitt and Burbridge, of Thornhaugh. Sismey says that he, Browitt and Burbridge, murdered French by beating him on the head with hedge stakes; they then robbed him and buried him in a manure heap, where he lay three weeks, but fearing the manure heap would be removed they went one night and took the body away, and threw it into the river Nene close by Water Newton overfalls, at which place it was found on the 2nd December, 1816. On the discovery of the body Browitt and Burbridge were apprehended on suspicion, but nothing being proved against them they were discharged, both of them averring that they parted company with deceased at Sutton, he taking the footpath to Sibson and the road to Wansford.—Browitt was afterwards transported for some offence, and whilst in prison he twice sent for a son of French's saying he had something of importance to communicate to him, but on French's son arriving at the prison Browitt had nothing particular to say. It is now supposed that he intended to confess the murder.

BRUCE'S
NEW YORK
TYPE FOUNDRY,
Has now on hand an immense stock of

Roman Type,	Fancy Type,
Copperplate Script,	German Type,
Music Type,	Ornaments,
Chess and Checker Type,	Borders,
Brass and Metal Rules,	Leads,
Brass and Electro Circles and	Ellipses,
Labor Saving Rules,	Corner Quads,

Metal Furniture, &c.

THE TYPES are all cast by steam power from the hard metal peculiar to this foundry. The unequalled rapidity in the process of casting enables me to sell these more durable types at the lowest prices of ordinary types, either for cash or credit.

Presses, Wood Type, Ink, Cases, Sticks, &c., furnished at the manufacturer's lowest prices. A specimen pamphlet of Fonts of Letters only, and prices, mailed to printing offices, on the reception of seven cents, to pre-pay the postage.

Printers of Newspapers who choose to publish this advertisement, including this note, three times before the 1st day of August, 1859, and forward me one of the papers, will be allowed their bills, at the time of making a purchase from me five times the amount of my manufactures.

Address,
GEORGE BRUCE.
New York, 1858.