

THE DURHAM STANDARD
IS PUBLISHED IN DURHAM
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING BY
S. L. M. LUKE,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

Durham Standard

(DEVOTED TO NEWS, POLITICS, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.)
AND COUNTY OF GREY GENERAL ADVERTISER.

S. L. M. LUKE, Publisher.

VOL. 2. NO. 11.]

DURHAM, C. W., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1860.

PRICE, \$1 50, IN ADVANCE

[WHOLE NUMBER, 63.]

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Printing Establishment.
DURHAM.

The Proprietor begs to inform the Public that he will be most happy to attend to orders for all descriptions of Printing, such as Pamphlets, Invitation Cards, Circulars, By-Laws, Programmes, Show-bills, Hand-bills, Business Cards, Labels, Fancy Cards, Blank Books, Preliminary Notes, Memorials, Ministers' Plans, Indentures.

Printing in Colors, Gold, Silver & Bronze.
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LICENSED TO PRACTICE
PHYSIC, SURGERY AND MIDWIFERY,
DURHAM.

D. DONOHUE,
GENERAL MERCHANT,
TRAVELLERS' HOME INN,
GARAFIXA ROAD, FIVE MILES FROM DURHAM,
GLENEG, DEC. 2, 1858.

Dr. Dunbar,
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H. H. STOVELL,
CONVEYANCER,
Fire & Life Insurance Agent,
MOUNT FOREST.

UNION HOTEL
AND
General Stage Office,
FERGUS.

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

Travellers' Home Inn,
BY
THEODORE ZASS
Township of Arthur,
20 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

ALEX. B. McNAB,
POSTMASTER,
Conveyancer, Commissioner in Queen's Bench
and Commissioner General Agent.

AGENT FOR
The Canada Landed Credit Company,
BENTINCK POST OFFICE,
DURHAM, COUNTY OF GREY
Durham, Dec. 2, 1858.

1

CANADA
WESTERN
Assurance Company
OF TORONTO, C. W.

Capital - - - - \$400,000.

INCORPORATED, 1851.

President: Isaac C. Hall, Esq.

Vice-President: Geo. Michie, Esq.

DIRECTORS:

Rice Lewis, Esq.

Thomas Howorth, Esq.

James Beatty, Esq.

Wm. Henderson, Esq.

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Walter Macfarlane, Esq.

M. Ross, Esq.

Secretary & Treas.: BERNARD HALDEN, Esq.

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.

1

INSURANCE.

The subscriber is Agent for the

Corn Exchange Fire and Inland

Navigation Insurance Co.

SURPLUS, OVER \$28,000.

They are prepared to take risks on reasonable

terms.

JOHN MILLER

Durham, 30th August, 1859.

39-1f

16 Building Lots for Sale,
ON EXCEEDINGLY EASY TERMS.

16 BUILDING LOTS
Composed of Park Lot No. 8.
Fronting on Lambton, Sadder, and
Kincardine Streets.

TERMS:—One tenth down, balance in nine

yearly instalments, without interest. For

further particulars (if by letter, post-paid) apply

to the subscriber.

JOHN MOORE,
Durham, Bentinck P. O.

Durham, April 20, 1859.

39-8

ROB ROY HOTEL,
PRICEVILLE.

EDWARD McDONALD.

Bar and Larder well supplied and good stabling.

Priceville, Jan. 20, 1860.

59-8

SAUGEN HOTEL,
PRICEVILLE.
E. B. McMILLAM.

THE Bar is supplied with the best Wines and

Liquors, and the Larder will be found at all

times conducive to the comfort of the travelling

community.

Priceville, January 20, 1860.

59-8

POETRY.

British Volunteers.

When Scotland's bells of bonny blue
Unite with England's rose;

When volunteers are firm and true,
Why need we think of foes?

When Erin's isle has sent her sons,
What cause have we for fears?

What power on earth can then withstand
Our native volunteers?

The bleak and stormy hills of Wales
Will send a helping hand;

The Channel teems with flapping sail,
While towers defend the strand;

Our Queen bestows her gracious smiles,
And should a foe come near,

The farthest home in Britain's isles
Would send a Volunteer!

Our fathers won the laurel,
And will strive to win the bay;

We'll not be first to quarrel,
They must mind their own way;

Each mother sends her earnest prayer,
Each sister gives her tears;

And now to guard the English fair
Rise British Volunteers!

You may depend we'll still defend
Old England's peaceful shore;

And foe and friend to her shall bend
As they have done before.

And while we guard our native coast,
Amidst the nation's cheers,

Let Britain's boast, and be their toast,
Our native Volunteers.

Miscellaneous Reading.

The Yankee Schoolmaster and the "Yallah Dog."

The advent of master Langdon to Pig-
wacket Centre created a much more lively

sensation than had attended that of either of
his predecessors. Looks go a good deal all

the world over, and though there were several
good-looking people in the place, and

Major Bush was what the natives of the town
called a "handsome man," that is, big, fat

and red, yet the sight of a really elegant
young fellow, with the natural air which

grows up with carefully bred young persons,
was a novelty. The Brain in blood, which

came from his grandfather, as well as from
his mother, a direct descendant of the old

Flynt family, well known by the famous
Major Bush, well known by the famous

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in the meantime thought it best to watch the

boys and the young men for a day or two

with a little show of authority as possible.

It was easy enough to see that he would

have occasion for it before long.

The school-house was a grim, old, red,
one-story building, perched on a bare rock at
the top of a hill—partly because this was a
conspicuous site for the temple of learning,
and partly because land is cheap where there
is no chance even for rye or buckwheat, and
the very sheep find a thing to nibble. About
the little porch were carved initials and
dates, at various heights, from the stature of
nine to that of eighteen. Inside were old
unpainted desks—unpainted, but browned
with the number of human contact—and
lacked by innumerable jack-knives. It was
long since the walls had been whitewashed,
as might be conjectured by the various tracing
scuffs left upon them, wherever idle hands or
sleepy heads could reach them. A curious
appearance was noticeable on various higher
parts of the wall, namely, a wart-like eruption,
as one would be tempted to call it, being
really a crop of the soft missiles before
mentioned, which, adhering in considerable
numbers, and hardening after the usual fashion
of paper mache, formed at least permanent
ornaments of the edifice.

The young master's quick eye soon noticed
that a particular part of the wall was most
favored with these ornamental appendages.

Their position pointed sufficiently clearly to
the portion of the room they came from.

In fact, there was a nest of young mutineers
just there, which must be broken up by a
coup de main. This was easily effected by re-
distributing the seats and arranging the scholars
according to classes, so that a mischievous
young fellow, charged full of the rebellious
impetuosity, should find himself between
two non-conductors. In the shape of small
boys of dubious habits, he was managed
quietly enough, in such a plausible sort of a
way that its motive was not thought of. But
his effects were soon felt; and then began a
system of correspondents by signs, and throwing
of little scraps done up in pellets, and
announced by preliminary y'ah's, to call the
attention of the distant y'ah addressed. Some
of these were incendiary documents, devoting
the schoolmaster to the lower divinites, as
"a—stuck up dandy," as "pursue—
proud aristocrat," as "a—sight to big for his, ect.,"
and holding him up in a variety of equally
forceful phrases to the indignation of the
youthful community of the School District No. 1,
Pigwacket Centre.

Presently the draughtsman of the school set
a caricature in circulation, labelled, to pre-
vent mistakes, with the schoolmaster's name.
An immense bell-crowned hat, and a long,
pointed, swallow-tailed coat showed that the
artist had in his mind the conventional dandy,
as shown in prints thirty of forty years ago,
rather than any actual human aspect of the
thing. But it was passed round among the
boys and made its laugh, helping of course
to undermine the master's authority, as
Punch or the Charivari takes the dignity out
of an obnoxious minister. One morning, on
going to the school-room, Master Langdon
found an enlarged copy of this sketch, with
his label, pinned on the door. He took it
down, smiled a little, put it into his pocket,
and entered the school-room. An insidious
silence prevailed, which looked as if some
plot were brewing. The boys were ripe for
mischievous mischief; they had really no
fault to find with the master, except that he
was dressed like a gentleman, which a cer-
tain class of fellows always consider a per-
sonal insult to themselves. But the older
ones were evidently plotting, and more than
once the waning y'ah was heard, and a
dirty little scrap of paper rolled into a wall
shot from one seat to another. One of these
happened to strike the store-funnel, and
lodged on the master's desk. He was cool
enough not to seem to notice it. He secured
it, however, and found an opportunity to
look at it, without being observed by the boys.
It required no immediate notice.

He who should have enjoyed the privilege
of looking upon Mr. Bernard Langdon, the
next morning, when his toilet was about half
finished, would have had a very pleasant
gratuitous exhibition. First he buckled the
strap of his trousers prettily tight. Then he
took up a pair of heavy dumb-bells, and
sung them for a few minutes; then two
great "Indian clubs," with which he enacted
all sorts of impossible-looking feats. His
limbs were not very large, nor his shoulders
remarkably broad; but if you knew as much
of the muscles as all persons who look at
statues and pictures with a critical eye ought
to have learned—if you knew the trapezoids,
lying diamond-shaped over the back and
the shoulders like a monk's owl, or the del-
toid, which caps the shoulders like an epau-
lette, or the triceps, which furnish a the
calf of the upper arm—the hard-knotted
biceps—any of the great sculptural landmarks
in fact—you would have said their was a
petty show of them, beneath the white satin
skin of Mr. Bernard Langdon. And if you
had seen him, when he had laid down the
Indian clubs, catch hold of a leather strap that
hung from the beam of the old-fashioned
ceiling, and lit and lower himself over and
over again by his left hand alone, you might
have thought it a very simple and easy thing
to do, until you tried to do it yourself. Mr.
Bernard looked at himself with an eye of an
expert. "Pretty well," he said; "not so
much fallen off as I expected." Then he set
up his bolster in a very knowing sort of a
way, and delivered two or three blows as
straight as rulers and with as winks. "That
will do," he said. Then, as if determined
to make a certainty of his condition, he took
a dysometer from one of the drawers
in his old venerated bureau. First he squeez-
ed it with his two hands. Then he placed it
on the floor and lifted, steadily, and strongly.
The springs cracked and creaked; the index
swept with great stride far up into the high
figures of the scale; it was a good lift. He
was satisfied. He sat down on the edge of
the bed and looked at his cleanly shaped
arms. "If I strike those boobies, I am

afraid I will spoil him," he said. Yet this
young man, when weighed with his class at
the College, could barely turn one hundred
and forty-two pounds in the scale—not a
heavy weight, surely; but some of the middle
weights, as the present English champion,
for instance, seem to be of a far finer quality
of muscle than a bulkier fellow.

The master took his breakfast with a good
appetite that morning, but was perhaps rather
more quiet than usual. After breakfast, he
went up stairs and put on his light loose
frock, instead of his usual dress coat, which
was a loose fitting and rather stylish one.
On his way to school he met Almyy Cutler,
who happened to be walking in the other di-
rection. "Good morning, Miss Cutler," he
said; for she and another young lady had
been introduced to him, on a former occasion,
in the usual phrase of polite society in pre-
senting ladies to gentlemen—"Mr. Langdon,
let me make y' acquainted with Miss Cutler;
let me make y' acquainted with Miss Cutler;
let me make y' acquainted with Miss Cutler."
So he said, "Good morning," to which she
replied, "Good morning," Mr. Langdon.
Hoaw's your health?" The answer to this
question ought naturally to have been the
end; but Almyy Cutler lingered and looked
as if she had something more on her mind.

A young fellow does not require a great
experience to read a simple country girls face
as if it were a sign board. Almyy was a
good soul, with red cheeks and bright eyes,
and kind-hearted as she could be, and it was
out of the question for her to hide her
her thoughts or feelings like a fine lady. Her
bright eyes were moist and her red cheeks
paler than their wont, as she said, with her
lips quivering—"Oh, Mr. Langdon, them
boys'll be the death of ye, if you don't take
care."

"Why, what is the matter, my dear?"
said Mr. Bernard. Don't think there was
anything very odd in that "My dear," at
the second interview with a village belle; some
of those women-tamers call a girl "my dear,"
after five minutes' acquaintance, and it
sounds all right as they say it. But you had
better not try it at a venture.

It sounded all right to Almyy, as Mr.
Bernard said it. "I'll tell ye what's the
matter," she said in a frightened voice,
"Abner's gone to car dog, he'll set h m
on ye 'z sure 'z I'm alive." 'Tis the same
creature that has eat up Eben Squire's little Jo,
year come next Fast-day."

Now this last statement was undoubtedly