

# Durham Standard

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AND COUNTY OF GREY GENERAL ADVERTISER.

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BAR AND LARDER WELL SUPPLIED Good Stabling and attentive hostler. Durham, 28 June, 1859.

SAUGEBN HOTEL, PRICEVILLE, E. B. McMILLAN.

THE Bar is supplied with the best Wines and Liqueurs, and the Larder will be found fully stocked with the most delicate of the travelling community. Priceville, January 29, 1860.

MAY'S HOTEL, BAY STREET, OWEN SOUND, C. W.

THIS Hotel has all the advantages of a first class one, and is the most convenient to the Steamboat Landing and Court House. Stages leave this house daily for Durham and Saugene, also for Collingwood, daily, during Winter.

ROB ROY HOTEL, PRICEVILLE, G. E. SIMPSON.

THIS HOUSE HAS LATELY BEEN REPAIRED in an efficient manner. The Bar is supplied with the best wines and liquors; and the Larder is at all times found suited to the wants and tastes of the travelling community. Priceville, Dec. 13, 1860.

NOTICE. I HEREBY GIVE, THAT APPLICATION will be made to the Municipal Council of the Township of Glenelg, at its session to be held on the twenty-first day of January, 1860, or some subsequent session, for establishing a new road affecting lot No. twenty-eight, in the seventh concession of the said township of Glenelg, as shown on a plan of survey, filed in the Clerk's Office.

## POETRY.

### I'd not Repeat Life's Morn Again.

I'd not repeat life's morn again, For manhood brings me rarer joy Than that afforded when a boy I chased the wild-bee o'er the plain.

A penny then I might not hold, For father he was gone a way, And mother had to toll all day To scare wolf want from love-watch'd fold.

A cloud hangs o'er my early years; Still some soft golden spots are there; And since I've learn'd to strangle care, An Eden springs instead of tears.

But oh, my Shakespeare! and a host Of worthies, who within my soul Caused richest streams of joy to roll, Since pleas'd I hail'd life's summer coast.

Would I leave you, and wander back To childhood's castle, how'er sweet? No! ruin'd beauties for I meet Diviner joys on manhood's track.

## Miscellaneous Reading

### \$500 PRIZE STORY.

#### DANESBURY HOUSE.

BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD.

CHAPTER XII.

MRS. DANESBURY. THE WEDDING.

(Continued)

"As to taking proceedings against them, I suppose it cannot be. In the first place, the evidence—"

"No, no," interrupted Lord Temple, "I will not rake up, and make public a transaction so disgraceful to myself, even to punish them. I would not do it for my wife's sake.

"No doubt of it. The very night they rob'd you, he openly lamented to Swallowtail, that you would not play unless you were 'screwed,' and that you got so too seldom."

"To bury it in silence will be the best plan in every way," said Mr. St. George. "There is no other alternative, but the one of proceedings against them, and that is not convenient. Only keep clear of them for the future, Lord Temple."

"You need not tell me that, St. George," was the emphatic reply. They returned to the presence of Lady Temple. Lord Sandlin was expected every moment for he was to drive the viscount to Richmond, to this all-important dinner.

"As Lord Temple will be out, why should you not come with me to see Charlotte, and take a plain dinner with us?" said Mr. St. George to Lady Temple.

"I do not know why," answered she, "I should very much like to see her and the children. She called here to-day but I was out."

"Do, Isobel," cried her husband. "It will move all the compunction I have in leaving you."

"So Lady Temple put her things on, and as she came back to the drawing room from doing so, a servant entered, and said that Lord Sandlin waited. They all went down stairs together.

which was placed back to back with the others and they drove away, the lords once more raising their hats to Lady Temple.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### A MAD ACT.

An all-important dinner was this dinner at the Star and Garter at Richmond, its anticipation having kept the partakers of it in town, longer than they would have otherwise remained. It was the settlement of a bet, which Lord Sandlin had lost to Sir Robert Payn.

Of the twelve to assemble, one had been kept away by a death, and Lord Temple was invited to supply his place. They were all of the species denominated "fast," and not one, but was a tolerably bad drinker.

It was Sir Robert Payn. He was suffering from illness, and took scarcely anything.—The rest drank deeply, deeply even for them. After dinner (because they had not taken enough,) they began upon cigars and punch and brandy in short, upon anything that their hot throats fancied, and when they started for London they were gloriously uproarious, and terrified quiet dwellings as they passed, with their noisy shouting.

Lord Temple had some very slight sense left in him, and told Earl Sandlin's groom, who then had the reins, to drive to his house. The earl whispered a contrary order, and the man of course obeyed his master. Lord Temple subsided into sleep; and when he woke, he was stumbling up some stairs.—He soon saw, though imperfectly, where he was: at the gaming house in St. James's Street. Some half-dozen of the diners had agreed to resort thither, Lord Sandlin was one, and he had carried his friend with him.

"I must go home, Sandlin," he cried. "My wife is alone. I told you she'd be home early."

"She is not alone," returned the earl. "I sent to ask, and they said she was stopping for the night where she went to dinner."

"No!" uttered Lord Temple. "Fact," stammered the Earl. "She stopped because she did not expect you back."

Of course this was an impromptu invention of the earl's; but Lord Temple, perfectly truthful himself, and most imperfectly in the faculties, took it in. Down he sat on a sofa. Somebody mixed him a glass of brandy and water. He drank it mechanically, simply because it was put into his hands, and in five minutes was asleep again. The others were helping themselves to brandy and water.

It was not very clear how long he remained there. Two or three hours. The room was in an uproar the whole of the time: laughing, talking, drinking, gambling, stapping, and sleeping. Some went in, some went out; but Lord Temple slept through it.

"He was aroused by some one roughly awaking him. He got his eyes open, after a struggle, his senses partially so, and looked up. It was Major Anketel. Lord Temple rose into a standing posture, cast aside the major's help with unmistakable scorn, and steadied himself on the arm of the sofa.

"S—S—Sandlin is the cab—cab waiting? I'm going."

"Sit down again," said Lord Sandlin, "and don't bother."

"I—I—I'm going, I tell you, Sandlin. I can't sit down with blacklegs. There's one in the room!" His lordship would probably have said "two," but his eye had not yet caught sight of Swallowtail.

"Come along," said Major Anketel, in a coaxing tone, as he laid hold of Lord Temple. "I'll give you a hand at—"

"Off, sit!" shouted Lord Temple, livid with scorn and rage, in the midst of his brain's confusion, "how dare you touch me? Gentlemen," he stuttered, "this man whom we have suffered so long to associate with us, is a cheat and a swindler, a man to herd with rogues and felons. He gets his living by his tricks, and you suffer. Off, I say, fellow! Do not presume to touch me: I am a peer of the realm."

Poor Lord Temple! had he been sober, he would have contented himself with walking out of the room as Major Anketel walked into it. Certainly he never would have said the half or the quarter of what he did say, but for the demon he had imbued into him: that spoke, he did not. What followed, none of them could have told distinctly afterwards: Anketel gave Lord Temple the lie, and the room was a Bedlam; shouts, oaths, question. Some espoused Lord Temple's part, one or two Major Anketel's. Lord Sandlin, thinking as he said afterwards, that the viscount had got a sudden attack of brain fever, dashed over his head a large decanter of water—

As he spoke, he struck Lord Temple on the cheek; his fist was keen, and the blood trickled down. The colonel was a close and intimate friend of Anketel's. "Birds of a feather flock together." Not very long after this period, the two were caught out in a disreputable transaction—and then people remembered the words of Viscount Temple. A hostile meeting was hastily arranged:

they would go out with the first glimmer of the dawn, and fight it out, Sir Robert Payn was the only one cool enough to raise his remonstrance against it. Duels were no longer "in," he said, they had been put down by public opinion. Let them stop till to-morrow, when they should be calm, and no doubt Temple's words would be explained away.—He was drunk, and not responsible for what he said. Would they go out like madmen, and shoot each other or blazes? No body did it now, but French students at Cyr, or Austrian gamblers.

Sir Robert Payn's words were wasted, his advice unheeded. All around were little better than what he said, madmen: their blood was fired. Earl Sandlin proposed to second Lord Temple; and the Honorable George Eden, Col. Groves.

It was carried out. With the gray break of early morning, they started: Lord Sandlin driving his friend, and somebody else driving Colonel Groves. Others followed in the rear, not many. Eager, frantic, as they had all been in urging it on, they were too wary to expose themselves to consequences, even as spectators.

Earl Sandlin had first of all, proceeded to his home, Lord Temple with him. There the former got his pistols, and each drank a cup of coffee, black with strength. The French call it *café noir*. As they were starting off in the dog-cart, Lord Sandlin exclaimed that they must take a surgeon.

"We shan't find one at the hour," cried Lord Temple, who was now three parts sober. "Don't wait; let's get it over." It is probable that he would be glad to escape it now, for his wife's sake; but no possibility of escape presented itself; no alternative.

"I know a man who will do," returned the earl, "and we shall pass his rooms. He used to be attached to the—regiment."

A little further, the earl pulled up. It was the place he spoke of. A loud alarm was sounded on the night bell, which brought forth a face in a nightcap at the second floor window.

"There he is; I could swear to him by his gray whiskers. Hallo, Moore! put that window up."

Accordingly the window was put up, and the gray whiskers and the nightcap looked out.

"What's the matter, my lord?" was the demand, in a strong Irish accent. "Dress yourself in a brace of shakes, and come down and see. A five-guinea job—Now don't be an hour. He'll sell his mother for half-a-crown," added the earl to Lord Temple, "so he won't wait to shave. He's often hard-up for a sixpence: clever in his profession, but drinks like a fish. I say, Temple! shave."

"I am as cold as charity," explained Lord Temple. "The dawn is keen."

No more was said; at least by Lord Temple. The surgeon came out, took his seat by the side of the servant, and kept up a running fire of conversation with Lord Sandlin, as they sat back to back. The earl appeared to feel no more the awful nature of the errand they were bent on, than he would the going to a wedding; he was not of the feeling sort.

"When the party had discussed the place of meeting, some proposed one place, some another. One suggested Scotland; another, France; another, Chalk Farm. Finally, Battersea Fields was decided on, George Eden indicating a spot there "snug and safe."

To Battersea Fields, therefore, Lord Sandlin drove, and found the others there before him. They had brought another surgeon. No time was lost; the ground was chosen and measured; and while Lord Sandlin and Mr. Elder was conferring together, Viscount Temple looked round at the assembled faces. His eyes rested on Sir Robert Payn's—on its severe expression, betraying discontent at the whole proceedings. He went up to him, and drew him aside.

"Payn, if I fall, will you undertake to break it to my wife? You will render me that service?"

"Yes. I hope it will not be necessary—This has no business to take place, Temple. It was in my mind, on the way down, to look out for a policeman, and have you all taken into custody. You were a fool to get into this for that beggar Anketel. But you had no right to say what you did."

"I do not remember what I did say: I was half asleep and half stupid; but I was enraptured at the fellow's presuming to touch me. Whatever I may have said, let it be as bad as it will, he deserved it. Mind, Payn, I tolerate it, though they may be nearly the last words I utter; he is a gambler, in the worse sense of the term, and a black-leg, and Swallowtail is his confederate; and I have, unfortunately, good cause for the assertion."

"This may be so," returned Sir Robert; "but life is life, and years ought not to be risked for them. There was no call whatever for your coming out; the age for duelling is over. It is not demanded, now, that a man should stand to be shot at. Anketel might have brought an action against you."

"I should not have come out with Anketel. Groves is different. Mind, Payn, I tolerate it, though they may be nearly the last words I utter; he is a gambler, in the worse sense of the term, and a black-leg, and Swallowtail is his confederate; and I have, unfortunately, good cause for the assertion."

"If there were time, I'd fetch a policeman," muttered Sir Robert to himself. "But there was not time. The antagonists were immediately placed, and the pistols fired. Colonel Groves's as surely as if he had taken aim—Lord Temple's in the air. Lord Temple fell.

The ball had entered his chest. The blood was welling out, and he lay as one dead—Col. Groves, his second, and one or two more, disappeared. They probably deemed he was dead, and they hastened to secure their own safety.

But Lord Temple was not gone; and the pulling him about by the surgeons awoke him to consciousness. They were both skillful men, and extracted the ball on the spot.—The lovely morning sun was looking on them from the horizon, as they dressed the wound.

"Now, there are only two things to fear," cried Moore, when it was over; "one is, internal hemorrhage; the other is, the shock to the system. I don't think we shall have to look out for either. I believe he'll do well. Where's he to be moved to?"

Lord Temple opened his eyes. "Home," "Home," he repeated; and the words, though faint, were eagerly uttered. "It may be done with care," interrupted the other surgeon. "His mind seems set upon it."

Lord Temple made a movement as if he would have raised his head, and his eyes sought Sir Robert Payn's. The latter read their anxious expression. He leaned over him.

"I understand," he said. "I'll be off at once. Keep your mind easy. By the time you arrive at home, she will be expecting you. This will be all right, I can see: only keep tranquil."

Sir Robert Payn drove leisurely to Lady Temple's; he did not hurry, and he thought she would not be up, and did not care to disturb her earlier than was needful.

Lady Temple had not been in bed. Full of consternation, then of alarm, she had waited, hour after hour, for her husband's return. Now, pacing the room with uneven steps, now, leaning from the window, looking out for him in vain; now, giving way to all the terrors of imaginative fear. With the gray dawn, just as they were starting on their sinful expedition, she dropped into a sleep in her bed-room, kneeling on the floor, her head resting on the sofa. The entrance of her maid aroused her, and she started up, alive with painful recollection.

"A gentleman is below, my lady, and wishes particularly to see you. He bade me give you this card."

Sir Robert Payn's. On it, was written in pencil—

"I am deeply sorry to disturb Lady Temple at this hour, but have brought a message to her from Lord Temple."

Isabel glanced at the glass. To smooth her hair and her cap was the work of an instant; and she shook out the flounces of her black silk dress, and went down with quivering lips and a sinking heart. She had never seen Sir Robert Payn, and Sir Robert Payn had never seen her; but ceremony, in these sterner hours of life, is forgotten.

She went up to him; she clasped his arm in her agony of suspense; her eager eyes were strained imploringly upon him, her pale lips drawn back. Sir Robert was grieved to see her—to witness her emotion: and he also saw that it was especially necessary he should be cautious not to alarm her more than was possible.

"What have you to tell me?" she murmured; "what is it that has happened?"

"Dear Lady Temple," he said feelingly, leading her to an arm chair, and placing her in it, "it is not so bad as you are fearing—Compose yourself. A slight accident has happened to Lord Temple; but you need not fear."

"I have never been in bed all night," she returned; "I have passed it watching, in the agony of suspense. Let me know the worst. Indeed, I can bear it; it will be less painful than the fears which have haunted me."

He hardly knew how to tell her; yet told she must be, for her wounded husband was even then on his road home. He got through the task pretty well; making light of it. A mere flesh wound, he said.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## How and why the Upper Canada Extradition Act was Repealed.

We need not turn to the journals of Parliament to find a sufficient reply to the inquiry "Why was the Upper Canada Extradition Act repealed?" The insinuation that it happened through the collusion of Attorney General Macdonald and Mr. Matthews of Brantford; in order that the latter might establish as it were an agency for the recapture and extradition of fugitive slaves, cannot have been credited by any one, and the fact that it was made by the Globe did not add to the number of its believers. But it may have seemed to the readers of Opposition journals that the Act repealing the Statute of Wm. IV., was hurriedly introduced, and that the Houses, taken by surprise, had no time to consider it. To such we commend the following facts.

On Friday, April 15th, 1850, Col. Prince made an inquiry in the Upper House, of which he had given notice, as follows:—

"That as it appears to be doubtful whether the Statute passed in the 3rd year of the reign of His late Majesty, intitled 'An Act respecting the apprehension of fugitive offenders from foreign countries, and delivering them up to justice, is still in force in Upper Canada;' or whether the same has been virtually repealed by the Act passed in the 12th year of Her present Majesty, intitled 'An Act respecting the Treaty between Her Majesty and the United States of America, for the apprehension and surrender of certain offenders;' commonly called 'The Ashburton Treaty'; and as it is of the utmost importance to the interests of society at large, in this Province, and more especially to the inhabitants of its frontier, as well as to the dispensation of justice, and to the preservation of a good understanding between the citizens of this Province and those of the United States; he will on Friday, the 18th day of April instant, inquire of the Government, as represented in this Council, whether it is their opinion that the first Act above mentioned is still in force, appearing, as it does, one of the Consolidated Statutes of Upper Canada; or whether they consider it to have been virtually repealed by the second Statute above mentioned; and (with the view of preventing Justices of the Peace, and of the administration of justice, and to the preservation of a good understanding between the citizens of this Province and those of the United States) he will further inquire whether the Government (should they consider it to be virtually repealed) intend bringing in any Bill during the present session of Parliament, to repeal in terms the said Act.