

Durham Standard

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

S. L. M. LUKE, Publisher.

VOL. 4.—(NO. 4.)

DURHAM, C. W., FRIDAY, JANUARY 10, 1862

PRICE, \$1 50, IN ADVANCE

(WHOLE NUMBER, 160.)

CULTIVATION OF FLAX—A WORD TO CANADIAN FARMERS.

Mr. R. McBride, formerly foreman deputy, linen salesman, Strabane, publishes the following letter in a late number of the London Free Press. We commend it to the attention of our farmers:—

Sir,—According to Mr. Donaldson, in his letter to the News of the Week, there is a great demand for flax in Ireland, and very high prices paid for it. He states that there has been from £50 to £150 paid. I recollect in the winter of 1835-36 that I sold the last flax I had to dispose of in Londonderry, and got then at the rate of £62 10s per ton for it; the highest price in market that day was £50 to £100 per ton, Canadian farmers would soon get rich, would they but begin to cultivate flax, and put the seed in properly. They have as good land as is in the world for it, but it will not do to put it in the same kind of a way as they do buckwheat, as all do now so far as I have seen, and with about the same quantity of seed to the acre, instead of about three bushels, which is the cause of its coming up coarse and fit for nothing but seed. Were it put in, in any other country, in the same way, the result would be just the same.

The best land for flax in any country is the second crop after old fallow properly prepared. Mr. Robert McCrea, of Grange House, near Strabane, in his letter to Mr. Donaldson on the preparation of land for flax seed, &c., has given the best instructions I have seen to farmers who intend to cultivate, and what he has said on that subject should be attended to by them. There are various statements respecting the yield of flax; I have seen an account of an acre at or near Drumore, in the county of Tyrone, Ireland, that produced over sixteen cwt. I see an account of four and a half acres, grown on the Prince Consort's farm, in England, and it produced eight cwt. to the acre, after the seed had been taken off. I have seen several statements respecting the quantity that has been taken from land in Canada, and the average is from five to six cwt. to the acre, and this last statement is nearer the average that may be expected than the first figures. At that rate farmers would get more money from the product of one acre of flax than they do now from five of wheat, (that is, looking at present prices,) and with less labor. Some years ago I thought to have got up a company for the purpose of building a flax mill, but I could not induce farmers to join in it; they said it was no use, that there was no known market for flax.

At present, all uneasiness about a market for flax and about getting it cleaned may be done away with. I have here a Belfast newspaper—the Morning News—containing the advertisement of Messrs. John Rowan and son, York street, Belfast. They state that they have patented a new scutching machine, and that it will clean from 35 to 40 pounds of flax an hour. They also state that it is simple in construction and takes up little space, that two can manage it, and that it can be attached to any motive power—price £25. Would not the horse-power of thrashing machines do well for this machine in Canada? and there are plenty of them.

Mr. McCrea speaks well of this new scutching machine, and states that it requires no skilled labor to work it, such as all other machines or mills do. The inhabitants of Kentucky raise flax, and the taking of flax and hemp from the farmers to build their batteries. If farmers in a country so far South as Kentucky find it profitable to raise flax, it would certainly be more so in Canada. I have seen samples of flax-growing in almost all parts of the country west of Toronto, and all I saw had the same fault—too little seed put on the ground by hand; laid badly and unevenly, and never rolled. I always felt annoyed after knowing from the road to examine a little plot, knowing that it had not got fair play, and that it would have appeared no better in any other country under the same treatment.

The land round the city of London in every direction is of the best quality for raising flax.—The land that produced the large quantity of flax near Drumore, Ireland, is a heavy clay, and inclines to hold the water. I have been told that part of the country. Farmers having large families and plenty of help to pull, water, and spread flax, if they have got suitable land and will put in the seed properly and at the right kind, need not be afraid but that they will be able to realize, on an average, at the rate of \$100 per acre for it.

THE BISHOP AND THE PRIEST.

Dr. Doyle was aware of the restraint which his presence occasioned among those who knew him but slightly; and, when present at visitation dinners, he would often retire almost immediately after the removal of the cloth, observing to some friend, "As long as I remain these gentlemen won't enjoy themselves."

While on a visitation in the county Kildare, Dr. Doyle was invited to dine with a parish priest, who delayed dinner much beyond the appointed hour. The Bishop's constitution was not strong, and he waxed impatient for the "fish pots." Several clerical guests had yet to arrive; but rather than delay his lordship, the host ordered dinner.

The priests dropped in one by one, and guessing how matters stood, sat down at the lower end of the table, leaving a wide berth to the Bishop. No one had courage to sit near his lordship, until the late parish priest of Arles (the Father Prout of the diocese) marched boldly in, and, undismayed by the frigid manner of the prelate, took his seat so close as to touch him.

There was no recognition, or word of greeting. The Bishop slowly moved his knife and fork, while Father H., with the utmost nonchalance, kept calling loudly for every viand upon the table. At length he accosted Dr. Doyle—

"What news, my lord?" "None, sir," replied the Bishop, awfully. "Who preached to day, my lord?" continued Father H.—"not a bit abashed." "I preached myself," was the reply. "That's more than St. Paul did, my lord," rejoined the loquacious Priest; "he preached Christ crucified, but you have preached yourself."

His lordship did not deign to smile, so the laughter, ready to burst forth if the Bishop led the way, was checked.—Life of Dr. Doyle, Bishop of Kildare.

Can a man who has been fined by the magistrates again and again, be considered a reformed man.

Question for a Debating Society.—Is a soldier supposed to be raw until he has been exposed to fire? L. B. C.

POETRY.

THE SONG IN CAMP.

AN INCIDENT IN THE CRIMEAN WAR.

BY DAYDAD TAYLOR.

"Give us the song," the soldier cried, The outer trenches guarding, When the heated guns of the camp allied, Grew wearied of bombarding.

The dark Redan in silent scoff, Lay grim and threatening under, And the tawny mound of the Malakoff No longer belched its thunder.

"Give us the song," the guardsmen say, "We storm the forts to-morrow, Sing while we may, another day Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the batteries side, Below the smoking cannon; Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde, And from the Banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame, Forgot was Britain's glory, Each heart recalled a different name, And all sang Annie Laurie.

Dear girl! her name he could not speak— But as the song grew louder, Something upon the soldiers cheek Washed off the stains of powder.

Voice after voice caught up the song, Until its tender passion Rose like an anthem rich and strong Their battle eve confession.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned The bloody sunset's embers; And the Crimean valleys learned How British love remembers.

And once again the fires of hell Rained on the Russian quarters— With scream of shot and burst of shell, And bellying of the mortars.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim, For a singer dumb and gory, And English Mary mourns for him Who sang of Annie Laurie.

Ah! soldier to your honored rest, Your love and glory beaming; The bravest are the tenderest, The loving are the daring.

Miscellaneous Reading

PRINCE ALBERT'S DEATHBED

HIS LAST MOMENTS AND THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF HIS DISEASE.

(From the London Times Dec. 16.)

The news of the serious illness of the late Prince Consort alarmed and amazed all England on Saturday. To the attentive readers of the Court Circular it was only known that his Royal Highness was slightly indisposed, and the bulletin which on Saturday announced that his illness had taken an unfavorable turn spread dismay and astonishment throughout the country. Then, all at once, the fearful affliction which threatened his Majesty was seen, and on every side information as to the state of his Royal Highness's health was sought for with intense eagerness. The announcement which we published in our third edition on Saturday, that a change slightly for the better, had taken place in the illustrious patient's condition, was welcomed as almost a relief from the state of feverish anxiety under which all had waited for news. Unhappily, this slight improvement, which raised such ardent hopes wherever it was known, proved to be but a precursor of the fatal issue.

During Saturday morning—at least in the early part—his Royal Highness undoubtedly seemed better, and notwithstanding that his condition was in the highest degree precarious, and almost justified the strong hopes which were then entertained that he would recover. This change was but for a short time, and, in fact, but one of those expiring efforts of nature which give delusive hopes to the mourners round so many deathbeds.—Soon afterwards his Royal Highness again relapsed, and before the evening it became evident that it was only a question of an hour more or less. The Prince sank with alarming rapidity. At four the physicians issued a bulletin stating that his patient was then in "a most critical condition," which was indeed a sad truth, for at that time almost every hope of recovery had passed away.

Her Majesty, and the Prince of Wales, (who traveled through the previous night from Cambridge), the Princesses Alice and Helena, and the Prince and Princess of Leiningen, were with their illustrious relative during all his mournful and most trying period. The approach of death from exhaustion was so rapid that all stimulants failed to check the progressive increase of weakness, and the fatal termination was so clearly foreseen that even before nine o'clock on Saturday evening a dispatch was forwarded from Windsor to the city, stating that the Prince Consort was then dying fast. Quietly and without suffering he continued slowly to sink, so slowly that the wrists were pulseless long before the last moment had arrived, when at a few minutes before eleven, he ceased to breathe, and all was over.

An hour after and the solemn tones of the great bell of St. Paul's—a bell of evil omen—told all the citizens how irreparable has been the loss of their beloved Queen, how great the loss to the country. Yesterday evening Lord Sydney (the Lord Chamberlain) issued his instructions for the funeral. The custom which remained in force up to

the burial of William IV., of interring members of the royal family by torchlight, and for many years been discontinued, and will not be resumed on this melancholy occasion. The funeral will take place on Monday next, the 23rd inst., and at about the same hour of the day as when the Duchess of Kent was buried, between 11 and 12 o'clock in the forenoon.

The remains will be laid in the royal vault. There are two vaults beneath St. George's chapel—the Gloucester and the royal vault.—The former was finally built up after the interment of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, the last member of that branch of the House of Hanover. The royal vault is kept apart exclusively for the coffins of the immediate members of the reigning family. Three gates close the entrance to this final resting place of departed royalty, the keys of which are kept by the Sovereign, the Lord Chamberlain and the Dean of the Chapel Royal. Except for the burial of Queen Dowager, who was laid by the side of her royal husband, this vault has not been opened since the death of William IV., and the descriptions which were put forth by some of our contemporaries as to the place in which the coffin of the Duchess of Kent was temporarily deposited in this mausoleum were purely imaginary. The royal vault was never opened on that occasion at all, and the coffin only remained at the entrance to the first gates till the mausoleum at Frogmore was completed.

During yesterday the inner shell and leaden coffin which will inclose the remains of the Prince Consort were forwarded to Windsor. According to custom, the body will be interred in four coffins, the inner one or shell being of polished mahogany cased outside with lead, then an outer, plain, but very massive state coffin of mahogany; and all comes the state coffin or case, of crimson velvet and with massive silver gilt ornaments. On the leaden coffin is to be a silver plate, engraved with the style and titles of the deceased Prince. The outer mahogany coffin will simply bear a plate with his name and the date of his birth and death. On the state coffin will be the customary silver gilt plate bearing an inscription similar to that on the leaden coffin.

The Daily News of the 17th concludes an article with the following extract from a letter written at Windsor on the day that the Prince died:— "Her Majesty bears up with considerable fortitude. To one who spoke to her of resignation this morning, her Majesty replied, through her tears, 'I suppose I must not fret too much, for many poor women have to go through the same trials.' Last night, about 8½ o'clock, when no hope remained, her Majesty and her children were admitted into the chamber of death to take a last earthly farewell of the Prince. All were present save the Crown Prince of Prussia, Prince Alfred, and Prince Leopold. The scene was intensely painful and affecting. The Princess Alice was carried from the chamber in a state of hysterical agitation, and when the fatal news was communicated to her she was seized with a rigidity of the nerves and temporary insensibility, which alarmed the attendants. The grief of Her Majesty and the Royal children was scarcely less intense. At ten o'clock Gen. Biddulph, master of the household, entered the Prince's chamber. The Prince did not know him. A state of coma had supervened, which continued until death; and in about an hour the sufferer ceased to breathe. The Prince's sufferings during the last day or two of his life are said to have been agonizing. When an attempt was made to lift him, or move his position, his groans were distressing to hear. During the latter part of yesterday his weakness was so great that he could not raise his head from his pillow. The Queen's attention to her royal consort has been most exemplary and unceasing. As his disorder approached its crisis, the Prince could not bear her to leave the room, and was impatient for her return. The Queen and the Princess Alice set up with him the whole of Friday night. About 3 o'clock they were joined by the Prince of Wales, who remained with them during the rest of their mournful vigil. A gentleman, who has seen the corps, informs me that the features have more than the usual palor of death. The face, always composed and statuesque in expression, is wonderfully calm, placid, and peaceful in death. It is as if figure had been suddenly transmuted into the white alabaster. It appears that Prince Albert has not been in a good state of health since his return from Scotland.

It is said that the death of the King of Portugal had an unfortunate influence over him during his illness, and possibly assisted the progress of the malady.

On Wednesday he is said to have expressed a belief that he should not recover. No material change took place on Thursday, and on Friday, (13th) the Queen took a drive, with no idea of danger. When she returned the patients' extremities were already cold, and from that time he was in the greatest danger.

Congestion of the lungs, the result of complete exhaustion, set in. The Prince's breathing became continually shorter and feebler, and he expired without pain at a few minutes before 11 o'clock. He was sensible, and knew the Queen to the last.

It must have cheered the last moments of the illustrious patient to see his wife and nearly all his children round his bed.

The Princess Royal, who is at Berlin, was prevented by recent severe indisposition from traveling.

Prince Alfred was on board his ship. Of the devotion and strength of mind shown by the Princess Alice through the trying scenes it is impossible to speak too highly. She felt it her place to be a comfort and support to her mother in this affliction.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S CONDUCT TO THE FAMILY. The London Times says that the Queen has borne her loss with exemplary resignation, and a composure which, under so sudden and so terrible a bereavement, could not have been anticipated. When the first passionate burst of grief was over, her Majesty called her children round her, and, with a calmness which gives proof of great natural energy, addressed them in solemn and affectionate terms. Her Majesty declared to her family that though she felt crushed by the loss of one who had been her companion for life, she knew how much was expected of her, and she accordingly called on her children to give her their assistance in order that she might do her duty to them and to the country.

HOW TO STEAL A FEATHER BED. Stopping for a glass of cider at a village public in East Devon, I heard a story in connection with the above recondite subject, which amused me much.

A rustic, who had spent all his money in getting tipsy at the rival establishment, came up to the landlord of the Crooked Billet, and asked him to give him some liquor—about the height of all possible insult to a publican, and so he of the Crooked Billet seemed to think—but the tipsy one was not to be put off in a hurry; he continued his importunities, and for a pint of cider, he said, he would impart—a most valuable secret. The landlord seemed rather to prick up his ears at this, and at length consented to bestow a half-pint; on condition of "hearing something to his advantage" and the liquor was handed over, and drained by the applicant.

"Now," said he, with a confidential air, and in a stenorian whisper, "next time you da steal a feather-bed, Master, mind you go down stairs w' an backwards." Great was the host's indignation at this second affront, but greater was my curiosity to know the meaning of the phrase employed, and inquiring of a farmer in the inn, I obtained the following explanation:—

There was, it seemed, at a village some distance off, a surgeon who prided himself upon his auteneess, and continually boasted that he had never been done.

It happened one day, that a scamp who lived by his wits was lurking about the house, on the look-out for plunder, and having noticed the surgeon's wife set off for market, saw presently the surgeon himself go on, as he supposed, to visit his patients. Him, likewise, he watched off the premises, and then, finding the coast clear, stole in through the front door, and walked up stairs to lay hands on whatever seemed most eligible; the booty selected was the best feather bed; this he took on his back, and began descending the stairs, with the precaution of coming down backwards; he had got about half-way down when in came the surgeon again.

"Hallo! my man, where are you going with that bed?" "Down up stairs w' an, sur. There's a gentleman down to th' Rose and Crown, sur, as says 'is old friend o' yours, just come from Inger; and comin' to stop w' you, sur—and comin' up hisself presently w' his baggage—and he've sent I up, sur, w' these yer bed."

"I shall not admit it. I shall not admit it. I don't know any such person, and Im not going to be imposed upon,—likely thing, indeed!—d'you suppose any stranger can come and quarter himself upon me with a tale like that? No, no, you go back, and take the bed along, too, and give my compliments to the gentleman, and say he's made some mistake, and I don't know him."

"Well, sur, 'tis warm day, sur; and make so bold, sur, I hope you'll allow me somat to drink."

"Very well, I don't mind giving you a glass, to be rid of the business—there—now, you go back, and say as I've told you."

Of walked the rascal with his burden. By-and-by, returned Mrs. Surgeon, and went up stairs to take off her bonnet; down she came again.

"Now, my dear, always making some alteration without consulting me, and what have you done with that new feather bed?" "Oh, Lord!" said the wretched man. "I see it all!"

"Pray, what do you see, my dear?" "But enough. Of course the surgeon's reputation for sharpness was gone, and that was the approved way to steal a feather bed in this neighborhood." L. B. C.

DR. J. CRAWFORD,

GRADUATE OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE Kingston; of the University of New York Aylett's Medical and Surgical Institute, New York; New York Ophthalmic Hospital; and Provincial Licentiate, Durham. Coroner for the County of Grey. SCHOENBERG AND RESIDENCE.—Adjoining the store of Mr. D. Fletcher.

N. B.—Dr. C. begs to return thanks for the confidence and patronage received during his residence in Durham, and will continue to attend to all calls appertaining to the Profession. Accounts rendered semi-annually, in the months of July and January. Durham, May 23, 1861 128-4f

ORCHARD'S

New Tin-ware Establishment.

The inhabitants of Durham and vicinity are hereby informed that the above establishment is opened in the premises three doors north of the British Hotel, where he will keep a constant supply of

Tin, Copper, Iron, and

JAPANNED WARES,

which will be sold cheap for cash.

COTTON RAGS, OLD COPPER, & SKINS taken in exchange for goods.

JAPANNED WORK MADE TO ORDER. Durham, 15th August, 1861. 140-1y

ANGLO AMERICAN HOTEL

MAIN STREET, MOUNT FOREST, BY THOMAS WILSON.

FARMERS, CITIZENS, AND TRAVELLERS, will find at the above Hotel, all the comforts of a home during their visits; and those requiring entertainment will have the best of the country afforded.

Good Stabling and attentive and civil Hostlers. Stages call daily at the above Hotel. THOMAS WILSON. Mount Forest Jan. 18th, 1861. 6-

Travellers' Home Inn,

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 1859. 3

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. 39-4f

J. K. VICK,

FROM ENGLAND, PRACTICAL WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER—Goldsmith, Silversmith, and Engraver. Club and Lodge Seals made to order at twelve hours' notice.

First door North of J. T. Butchart's Confectionery Shop, Poulett St., Owen Sound. JEWELRY NEATLY REPAIR'D. Orders from Durham, whether by mail or otherwise, punctually attended to. Charges moderate Owen Sound, Jan. 29, 1861. 112-1y

SAUGREEN HOTEL,

PRICEVILLE, BY E. B. McMILLAN.

THE Bar is supplied with the best Wines and Liquors, and the Bar will be found at all times conducive to the comfort of the travelling community. Priceville, January 20, 1860. 59-8

MORRISON & SAMPSON

BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS, & C.

Office.—Western Assurance Buildings. CHURCH STREET, TORONTO. ANGUS MORRISON, D. A. SAMPSON. 130-4f

ROB ROY HOTEL,

PRICEVILLE, BY 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 will at all times be found suited to the wants and tastes of the travelling community. Priceville Dec. 13, 1860. 105-1y

WORMS.

For destroying Worms in children, SITTZER'S VERMIFUGE CANDY is by far the most pleasant, safe, and effectual remedy now in use. Try it! Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

Law Respecting Newspapers.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions. 2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals, the publisher may send them until all arrears are paid; and subscribers are responsible for all numbers sent. 3. If subscribers refuse or neglect to take their periodicals from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have notified the Bill, and ordered their periodical to be discontinued. Sending numbers back, or leaving them in the Office, is not such notice as the Law requires. 4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and their periodicals are sent to the former directions, they are held responsible.

Rates of Advertising.

Six lines and under, first insertion . . . 50 cents. Each subsequent insertion . . . . . 13 " Six to ten lines, first insertion . . . . . 75 " Each subsequent insertion . . . . . 25 " Above ten lines, first insertion (per line) 8 " Each subsequent insertion (per line) 2 " Cards in the Business Directory, ten lines and under, per annum . . . . . \$4.00 Do. for six months . . . . . \$3.00 All advertisements must be accompanied by written instructions, and none will be discontinued without a written order.

No advertisement discontinued until paid for at the time of withdrawal, unless by consent of the publisher.

All letters and communications addressed to the editor must be Post paid.

Money letters, properly mailed and registered at the risk of the publisher.

No unpaid letters taken from Post Office. S. L. M. LUKE, Proprietor.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

DR. WOOD,

CORNER, LICENSED TO PRACTICE PHYSIC, SURGERY AND MIDWIFERY, DURHAM. Durham, Dec. 2, 1858. 1

Dr. Dunbar,

PHYSICIAN, MOUNT FOREST. 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, Stationery, &c., &c. Durham, Dec. 2, 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. GEDDES,

Attorney at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c., MOUNT FOREST, COUNTIES OF WELLINGTON AND GREY. Mount Forest, July 21, 1859 33

D. DONOHUE,

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

BUTCHERS' ARMS INN

(LATE FAIR FOREST INN.)

THOMAS WORROD.

Toronto and Sydney Road; 26 miles from Owen Sound; 16 do. from John Town, Garafraxa Road; 6 do. from Fleisher's Corners. Bar and Larder well supplied. Good stabling and attentive hostler. East Glenelg, May 9, 1861. 126-1y

ORCHARDVILLE HOTEL,

BY THOMAS BARLOW.

HALF WAY BETWEEN DURHAM AND Mount Forest. Bar and Larder well supplied. Good stabling, and attentive hostlers. Orchardville, 22nd May 1861. 128,—1y

CABINET FURNITURE.

SPENCER BROS.,

OWEN SOUND, WOULD RESPECTFULLY CALL THE attention of the Public of Durham and vicinity to their large and varied stock of Cabinet Furniture, comprising

Bureaus, Bedsteads, Sofas, Couches, Cupboards, Chairs, Tables &c.

Pianos, Melodeons, Flutinas, Accordions and other Musical Instruments tuned and repaired. Residences—Poulett St., near the Market. Parties visiting Owen Sound will find it to their advantage to call before purchasing elsewhere. Every article made on the premises and can be warranted. February 1st, 1861. 112-1y