

Durham AND CO

S. L. M. LUKE, Publisher. VOL. 4.—(No. 16.)

DR. J. CRAWFORD, GRADUATE OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE Kingston; of the University of New York; Medical and Surgical Institute, New York; New York Ophthalmic Hospital; and Provincial Licentiate, Durham. Coroner for the County of Grey. SURGERY 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-f

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 the country affords. 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, 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 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 39-f Durham, 30th August, 1859.

BRITISH HOTEL, PRICEVILLE, E. B. McMILLAN.

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

MORRISON & SAMPSON BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS, & C.

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

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

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

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, Foullet St., Owen Sound. JEWELRY NEATLY REPAIRED. Orders from Durham, whether by mail or otherwise, punctually attended to. Charges moderate. Owen Sound, Jan. 28, 1861. 112-ly

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 settled their 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. WOODS, CORNER, 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

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, Gleneag, 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. 32

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

BUTCHERS' ARMS INN (LATE FAIR FOREST INN.) NEW THOMAS WORROD.

Toronto and Spadina Road; 26 miles from Owen Sound; 16 do. from John Town, Garafaxa Road; 6 do. from Flesher's Corners. Bar and Larder well supplied. Good stabling and attentive hostler. East Gleneag, 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

FASHIONABLE TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT PRICEVILLE: J. D. GRAY. THE SUBSCRIBER BEGS TO ANNOUNCE to the inhabitants of Priceville and surrounding country that he has commenced the above business in Priceville, and hopes by strict attention to business to merit a share of public patronage. All the latest American and Foreign styles made as desired. Priceville, 2nd Dec. 1861. 155-ly

JOHN KENNEDY'S LAW, CHANCERY AND CONVEYANCING OFFICE; BISHOP'S BUILDINGS, MAIN STREET, MOUNT FOREST. Mount Forest, Nov. 29, 1861. 154

ADVERTISE IN THE STANDARD.

Discipline is half the battle, Drill, boys, drill! By our sires who fought and bled, 'Tis the forgotten dead, Let your shafts be truly sped; Drill, boys, drill!

Be above the strife of faction, Drill, boys, drill! Clear the decks, prepare for action, Drill, boys, drill! Though the foe should never come, Carbine ring, or bullet bum, Let your Enfield not be dumb; Drill, boys, drill! Rouse the patriotic flame! What is glory but a name? Peace—Defence—be those our aim; Drill, boys, drill!

Miscellaneous Reading THE CRIMINAL WITNESS. [FROM THE BUFFALO EXPRESS.] In the spring of 1814 I was called to Jackson, Alabama, to attend court, having been engaged to defend a young man who had been accused of robbing the mail. I arrived early in the morning and immediately had a long conference with my client. The stolen mail had been recovered, as well as the letters from which the money had been rifled. These letters had been given for my examination, and I returned them to the prosecuting attorney. Having got through my preliminaries about noon, and as the case would not come off before the next day, I went into the afternoon to see what was going on. The first case that came up was one of theft, and the prisoner a young girl not more than seventeen years of age, named Elizabeth Madworth. She was very pretty and bore that mild, innocent look which we seldom find in a culprit. She had been weeping profusely, but, as she found so many eyes upon her, she became too frightened to weep more.

The complaint against her set forth that she had stolen a hundred dollars from Mrs. Naseby and as the case went on, I found that Mrs. Naseby, a wealthy widow living in the town, was the girl's mistress. The poor girl declared her innocence in the wildest terms, but circumstances were hard against her. A hundred dollars had been stolen from her mistress's room, and she was the only one that had access there.

At this juncture, when the mistress was upon the witness stand, a young man came and caught me by the arm. He was a fine-looking man, and big tears stood in his eyes. "They tell me you are a good lawyer," he whispered. "I am a lawyer," I answered. "Then do save her. You certainly can do it, for she is innocent." "Is she your sister?" "No sir," he added, "but, but— Here he hesitated. "Has she no counsel? I asked. "None that's good for anything—nobody that will do anything for her. Oh save her, and I'll give you a year's salary. I can't give you much, but I can raise something." I reflected a moment. I cast my eyes to the prisoner, and she was at that moment looking at me. She caught my eye, and the volume of entreaty I read in her glance resolved me in a moment. I arose and went to the girl, and asked her if she wished me to defend her. She said yes. I then informed the Court that I was ready to enter into the case, and was admitted at once. The loud murmur of satisfaction that ran quickly throughout the room told me where the sympathies of the court lay. I asked for a moment's cessation so that I might speak to my client. I went and sat down by her side and asked her to state candidly the whole case. She told me she had lived with Mrs. Naseby nearly two years, and had never had any trouble before. About two weeks ago, she said her mistress lost a hundred dollars.

"She missed it from her drawer," the girl said to me, "and asked me about it. That evening Nancy Luther told Mrs. Naseby that she saw me take the money from the drawer—that she watched me through the keyhole. Then they went to my trunk and found \$25 of the missing money there. But, sir, I never took it, and somebody must have put it there. I then asked her if she suspected any one. "I don't know," she said, "who could have done it but Nancy. She has never liked me because she thought I was better treated than she. She is the cock. I was the chambermaid. She pointed Nancy Luther out to me. She was a stout, bull-faced girl, somewhere about twenty-five years old, with a low forehead, small gray eyes, a pug nose, and thick lips.

from the mail bag. He gave them to me, and having selected one, I returned the rest and told him I would see he had the one kept before night. I then returned to the court-room, and the case went on. Mrs. Naseby resumed her testimony. She said she intrusted the room to the prisoner's care, and that no one had access there save herself. Then she described the missing money, and closed by telling how she found twenty-five dollars of the missing money, in the prisoner's trunk. She could swear it was identical money she had lost, in two tens and one five dollars bank note. Mrs. Naseby said I, "had you any reason to believe that the prisoner had taken it?" "No, sir," she answered. "Had you ever before detected her in any dishonesty?" "No, sir." Mrs. Naseby left the stand, and Nancy Luther took her place. She came up with a bold look, and upon me she cast a defiant look, as if to say, "Trap me if you can." She gave her evidence as follows: She said that on the night the money was taken she saw the prisoner going up stairs, and from the sly manner in which she went up she suspected that all was not right. So she followed her up. Elizabeth went to Mrs. Naseby's room and shut the door after her. I stooped down and looked through the key-hole, and saw her take out the money and put it in her pocket. Then she stooped down and picked up the lamp, and as I saw that she was coming out I hurried away.

Then she went on to tell how she had informed her mistress of this, and how she proposed to search the girl's trunk. "You said that no one, save yourself and the prisoner, had access to your room," I said. "Now could Nancy Luther have entered the room, if she wished?" "Certainly, sir; I meant that no one else had any right there." "I saw that Mrs. Naseby, though naturally a hard woman, was somewhat moved by poor Elizabeth's misery. "Could your cook have known, by any means in your knowledge, where your money was?" "Yes, sir; for she has often come to my room while I was there, and I have often given her money to buy provisions of market-men who happened to come along with their wagons."

"One question more: Have you known of the prisoner having used any money since this was stolen?" "No, sir." "I now called Nancy Luther back, and she began to tremble a little, though her look was as bold and defiant as ever. "Miss Luther," I said, "why did you not inform your mistress at once of what you had seen, without waiting for her to ask about the lost money?" "Because I could not at once make up my mind to expose the poor girl," she answered promptly. "You say you looked through the key-hole and saw her take the money?" "Yes, sir." "Where did she place the lamp when she did so?" "On the bureau."

"In your testimony you said she stooped down when she picked it up. What did you mean by that?" "The girl hesitated, and finally she said she did not mean anything, only that she picked up the lamp. "Very well," said I, "how long have you been with Mrs. Naseby?" "Not quite a year, sir." "How much does she pay you a week?" "A dollar and three quarters." "Have you taken up any of your pay since you have been there?" "Yes, sir." "How much?" "I don't know, sir." "Why don't you know?" "How should I? I have taken it at different times, just as I wanted it, and kept no account."

"Now if you wished to harm the prisoner, could you have raised twenty-five dollars to put in her trunk?" "No, sir," she replied with virtuous indignation. "They have not laid up any money since you have been there?" "No, sir; only what Mrs. Naseby may owe me." "Then you did not have any twenty-five dollars when you came there?" "No, sir; and what's more, the money found in the girl's trunk was the money Mrs. Naseby lost. You might have known that if you'd remember what you asked her." This was said very sarcastically, and was intended as a crusher upon the idea that she should have put the money in the prisoner's trunk. However, I was not overcome entirely. "Will you tell me if you belong to this State?" "I do, sir."

"In what town?" "She hesitated and for an instant the bold look forsook her. But she finally answered, "I belong to Somers, Montgomery county." "I next turned to Mrs. Naseby. "Do you ever get a receipt from your girl's when you pay them?" "Always." "Can you send and get one of them for me?" "She has told you the truth about the payments," said Mrs. Naseby.

had burst at her feet. She turned pale as death, and every limb shook violently. I waited until the people could have an opportunity to see her emotion, and then I repeated the question. "—never—sent—any," she gasped. "You did! I thought, for I was excited now. "I—I didn't," she faintly murmured, grasping the railing by her side for support. "May it please your honor and gentlemen of the jury," I said, as soon as I looked the witness out of countenance, "I came here to defend a man who was arrested for robbing the mail, and in the course of my preliminary examinations I had access to the letters which had been torn open and robbed of money. When I entered upon this, and heard the name of the witness pronounced, I went out and got this letter which I now hold, for I remembered having seen one bearing the signature of Nancy Luther. This letter was taken from the mail-bag, and it contained seventy-five dollars, and looking at the post-mark you will observe that it was mailed the day after the hundred dollars were taken from Mrs. Naseby's drawer. I will read to you if you please."

The Court nodded assent, and I read the following, which was without date, save that made by the postmaster upon the outside. I give it verbatim: "SISTER DORCUS: I send you here seventy-five dollars which I want you to keep for me till I can come and see it. I have a fevered it will get stolen don't speak your word to a living soul but this I don't want nobody to no ive got any money you want now will you I am first rate only that guide for nothin snip of liz madworth is here yet—but I hop to git over her now you no i rote to you bout her giv my luv to al inquir, frends this is from you sister til deth. NANCY LUTHER.

"Now, your honor," I said, as I gave him the letter, and also the receipts, "you will see that the letter is directed to Dorcus Luther, Somers, Montgomery county. And you will observe that one hand wrote that letter and signed the receipt, and the jury will also observe. And now I will only add, it is plain to see where the hundred dollars went to. Seventy-five dollars were sent off for safe-keeping, while the remaining twenty-five dollars were placed in the prisoner's trunk for the purpose of covering the real criminal. Of the tone of parts of the letter, you must judge. I now leave my client's case in your hands. They had heard the examination of the letter. They had heard from the witness's own mouth that she had no money of her own, and without leaving their seats they returned a verdict of—'Not guilty.'

I will not describe the scene that followed but, if Nancy Luther had not been immediately arrested for theft, she would have been obliged to seek protection of the officers, or the excited people would have maimed her at least, if they had not done more. The next morning I received a note handsomely written in which I was told that within was but a slight token of the gratitude due me for my efforts in behalf of the poor defenceless maiden. It was signed 'Several Citizens,' and contained one hundred dollars. Shortly afterwards, the youth who first begged me to take up the case called upon me with all the money he could raise, but I showed him what had been paid, and refused his hard earnings. Before I left town I was a guest at his wedding—my fair client being the happy bride.

Wisdom for Winter. Never go to bed with cold or damp feet. In going into cold air, keep the mouth resolutely closed, that by compelling the air to pass circuitously through the head and nose, it may be somewhat warmed before it reaches the lungs, and thus prevent those shocks and sudden chills which frequently end in pleurisy, pneumonia, and other serious forms of disease. Never stand still a moment out of doors, especially at street corners, after having walked even a short distance. Never sit near the open window of a vehicle for a single half-minute, especially if it has been preceded by a walk; valuable lives have thus been lost, or good health prematurely destroyed. Never wear India Rubber boots in cold dry weather.

Those who are easily chilled on going out of doors should have some cotton batting attached to the vest or outer garment, so as to protect the space between the shoulder blades behind, the lungs being attached to the body at that point; little there is worth five times the amount over the chest in a coat. Never begin a journey until breakfast is eaten. After speaking, singing or preaching in a warm room in winter, do not leave it for at least ten minutes, and even then close the mouth, put on your gloves, wrap up the neck, and put on a cloak or overcoat, before passing out of the door; the neglect of these has laid many a good and useful man in a premature grave.

Never speak under a hoarseness, especially if it requires an effort, or gives a hurting or painful feeling, for it often results in a permanent loss of voice or a long life of invalidism.—Hall's Journal of Health.

A man named William Simpson was killed in Hillsburg, Co. Peel, on Thursday last, by falling down stairs, while in a state of intoxication.

THE LAST DAYS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH. Queen Elizabeth dies, and dies of grief.—It has been the fashion to attribute to her—I know not why—remorse for Essex's death; and the foolish tale about Lady Nottingham and the ring has been accepted as history.—The facts seem to be that she never held up her head after Burleigh's death. She could not speak of him without tears; forbade his name to be mentioned in council. No wonder; never had a mistress a better servant. For half a century had those two souls loved each other; and God's blessing had been on their deeds; and now the faithful God-fearing man has gone to his reward; and she is growing old, and knows the ancient fire is dying out in her; and who will be to her what he was? Bnekehurst is a good man, and one of her old pupils; and she makes him Lord Treasurer in Burleigh's place; but beyond that all is dark. "I am a miserable, forlorn woman; there is none about me I can trust." She sees through false Henry Howard. Essex has proved himself worthless, and pays the penalty of his sins. Men are growing worse than their fathers. Spanish gold is bringing in luxury and sin. The last ten years of decadence, profligacy, falsehood; and she cannot but see it. Tyrone's rebellion is the last drop that fills the cup.—After fifty years of war, after a drain of money all but fabulous, expended on keeping Ireland quiet, the volcano burst forth again just as it seemed extinguished, more fiercely than ever, and the whole work has to be over again, when there is neither time nor a man to do it. And a-ah, what hope is there for England? Who will be her successor? She knows in her heart that it will be James; but she cannot bring herself to name him. To begueth the fruit of her labors to a tyrant a liar, and a coward! (for she knows the man but too well) it is too hideous to be faced. This is the end then? "Oh, that I were a milk-maiden, with a pail upon mine arm! But it cannot be. I never could have been; and she must endure to the end. Therefore I hated life; yes, I hated all my labor which I had taken under the sun, because I should leave it to the man that shall be after me. And who knows whether he shall be a wise man or a fool?—Yet shall he have rule over all my labor wherein I have showed myself wise, in wisdom, and knowledge, and equity. Variety of vanities, and vexation of spirit. And so, with the whole book of Ecclesiastics written on that mighty heart, the old lioness coils herself up in her lair, refuses food and dies. We know few passages in the King's history so tragic as that death.—Kingsey's Miscellany.

DIPHTHERIA.—We regret to learn that this dangerous disease has found its way in our midst.—A young child of Mrs. Charnock, dress-maker, King-street, died a few days since from a sudden attack, which at first commenced merely with a sore throat, and ended finally on Saturday noon. We have heard that this slices of fat bacon, well peppered, and wound round the throat, the black peppered surface inside, proves an excellent curative; at the same time some soothing gargle should be used. A well-known American physician gives this receipt, which has been used in many cases.—London Free Press.

THE New York editors are great liars and great rascals, according to their own journals. They accuse each other daily of all sorts of villainy. We believe that they tell the truth when they accuse each other of lying, and that is about all the truth they do tell.—This list of editors who accuse each other of perpetual lying is about two-thirds of the whole number in New York.

LONGEVITY.—A man named Phillips, who resided at Behey, near this town, died on Monday last, at the extraordinary age of 114 years. Same day his wife was buried, and good upwards of 100 years. He enjoyed aged health and worked regularly on his farm till the last few months.—Baltymore Herald.