

The "Brown Administration" in 1858
Their "Portraits"

THE DURHAM STANDARD
AND COUNTY OF GREY ADVERTISER,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY
FRIDAY MORNING,
AT THE OFFICE,
DURHAM, COUNTY GREY, C. W.

Durham Standard

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

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

J. F. BROWN,
DRUGGIST AND CHEMIST,
DURHAM.
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. 32

D. DONOHUE,
GENERAL MERCHANT,
Traveller's Home Inn,
Garafraza 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, Garafraza Road; 6 do. from Fleisher's Corners. Bar and order well supplied. Good stabling and attentive hostler.
East Glenelg, May 9, 1861. 126-ly

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,—ly

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. '61. 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

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.
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 pertaining 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, 10th August, 1861. 140-ly

ANGLO AMERICAN HOTEL
MAIN STREET, MOUNT FOREST,
BY **THOMAS WILSON.**

FARMERS, CITIZENS, AND TRAVELLERS, will find at the above Hotel 1, 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,
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

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

BRITISH HOTEL,
PRICEVILLE,
BY
E. B. McMILLAN.

THE BAR is supplied with the best Wines and Liqueurs, and the Larder will be found a full and complete provision for 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-ly

IMPORTANT.
DR. WISTAR'S PULMONIC SYRUP is highly recommended for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Croup, and all diseases of the Lungs and Throat. 25 cents per bottle.

J. K. VICK,
FROM ENGLAND,
PRACTICAL WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER,
Goldsmith, Silversmith, and Engraver. Clock and Lodge Seals made to order at twelve hours' notice.
First door North of J. T. Bortchard's Confectionery Shop, Poulton St., Owen Sound.
JEWELRY NEATLY REPAIRED.
Orders from Durham, whether by mail or otherwise, punctually attended to. Charges moderate.
Owen Sound, Jan. 28, 1861. 112-4f

POETRY.

The Bird's Song.
AIR—"Pirates' Serenade."

I ask'd a sweet Robin one morning in May,
Who sung in the apple tree over the way,
For I'd tried a long time but I could not find out,
Why, I'm sure, she replied, you cannot guess wrong,
Don't you know I am singing a Temperance song.

"Teetotal—O, that's the first word of my lay,
And then don't you see now I rattle away,
'Tis because I've just dipped my beak in the spring,
And brush'd the fair face the Lark with my wing.
Cold Water, Cold Water, yes that is my song,
And I love to keep singing all the day long."

"And now my sweet Miss, won't you give me a crumb,
And dear little nestlings waiting at home?
One thing beside: since my story you've heard,
I hope you'll remember the lay of the bird,
And never forget, while you list to my song,
All the birds to the Cold Water Army belong."

Miscellaneous Reading

A LITTLE WITCH.

How much we lose by not making the acquaintance of our cousins the brutes! I say so courteously, for I am not included in the class of persons who are contumacious to dogs, horses, and other quadrupedal inhabitants of our planet. The fact is I am more interested in a beaver than a bear; and a chained bear, who travels all his waking hours in a circle, and always turns a somersault at a particular point, is much more interesting to me than a fashionable young fellow doing very much the same thing. I was always very old, and I cannot tell whether I first liked William Cumming for his horse Selim, or for himself. Selim was a wonderful fellow, and cost a fabulous price, though he had a bad name. No one had ever ridden him but William Cumming, and yet the first five minutes of our acquaintance made us friends. Selim arched his proud neck to kiss me; and I patted his glossy coat, and smoothed his mane, and put my side-saddle on him with my own hands.

"You must not ride him," said William—"What would be my portion, if any accident betal you in your mother's absence? If she were here to give her consent—"

"Nonsense!" I cried; "mother is used to my ways, and she is not a coward. Selim and I are friends, you can see."

"But he will try to be master, and your hands are not iron, my little friend."

"Never you fear," said I; "I will turn him three ways on one, if he insists on running away. Skill is better than strength in most affairs, and especially in managing a horse."

"Who taught you skill in managing a horse?" said he.

"Common sense," I replied. "Now let me go."

"Common sense at thirteen!" said William laughing; and he took off the side-saddle, and replaced it with his own, and then he rode away.

I went up to my room, and cried bitterly.—Girls and babies don't weep; they cry. When my eyes were red, and my curls in a tangle, I looked in the glass. I was at a trying age; my collar-bones were prominent, and had "salt cellars," with dreadful shadows, and my arms were skin and bones. A weaver would have said that I was "all warp, and no filling." William Cumming was thirty years old, and had a farm adjoining my father's—

He was a scholar and a gentleman, and cultivated his own land, and had the handsomest horses in the county. I had a great respect for him, though I am afraid he was indebted to his four-footed friends for a portion of it.

I have said that I was odd. My senses had a sort of preternatural acuteness that seemed miscellaneous to others, and I am not quite sure that I had a sense more than belonged to my acquaintances. William Cumming used to call me "a little witch," because I could tell him what he was quite sure I did not know, and could not find out by any natural means—but he meant usual, I think, when he said natural. My ways of acquiring information were very simple, and natural to me; still, as I had established a character for extraordinary "knowingness," I got credit when I did not deserve it.

For instance, when I said to my little brother: "How came you to go into the china closet, and take mamma's oranges?" he answered, reluctant of the order of the purloined fruit: "Oh, sister, how could you see me through the door, when it was locked? and he went away convinced that I was something like a witch. Older persons in a similar manner, cheated themselves into the belief that my 2 fs were much more wonderful than they were.

have been whisking the flies of Selim with a bunch of penny-royal, and you have been over to the bank where the wild-thyme grows, and you have been among the wild roses on Ginger Hill. I know all this, though I have been here all the while."

He walked over to where I was standing, and said—
"How do you know all this?"
As he came beside me, I said—
"And you saw Mary Stacy, and shook hands with her; and you have something in your pocket from Luke Stacy?"

"How do you know all this?" said he, wonder-struck, as he had been half-a-dozen times before. "No spy-glass could tell you this, for Mary was at home in her father's house beyond that, and the thyme-bank is beyond that, and the wild roses are beyond that, and the whole is three miles from here. You could not have followed me, unless you had been on the back of another Selim; and, besides, you say that you have been here all the time. How do you know that I have something in my pocket from Luke Stacy; and what is it?"

"It is a letter, said I, 'that he has brought you from some one.'"

"Then so. What you say is all true: but how do you know it?"

"Simply, and only," I replied, "because I Selim, and the penny-royal. The mingled odors told me that you had been brushing the flies off the horse with some sprigs of the herb. The next odor I smelt was the thyme, and then the wild roses. When you came to this side of the room, I smelt the verberna—the only perfume Mary Stacy uses. When you came a little nearer, I smelt Turkish tobacco and the sizing of the paper; and then I was sure you had some paper from Luke Stacy, and the most probable idea was, that it was a letter. Why, I can smell Luke's odor at the end of our lane, when I stand in the door. No, you can see that I have fairly accounted for everything."

"Except for the fact that you are all nose," said William. "You are a cross between a vulture and a dove. But I must attend to Selim. I dare say he thinks he is hungry."

He went out to see the horse, but was gone. He looked all around, but did not find him.

"He is stolen," said William, much alarmed. "I saw an ill-looking fellow watching me as I rode home. The gate is shut, and there is no way for him to disappear, unless some one has taken him."

"The gate is shut," said I, "but it is not fastened."

The gate was fastened by a pin, which was put in a hole bored in the gate-post.—When the pin was taken out, the gate swung open, and if the wind were right, it might be closed again. I examined and found the pin on the wrong side of the gate, which had evidently been closed by the wind. I smelled the pin; Selim's breath was warm on it.—This was perfectly perceptible to me, but not to William.

"Selim don't know enough to take out the pin, and then replace it," said he.

"He has more sense than a great many men," said I, as I passed into the orchard, when the crushed cover-blossoms gave me notice that the horse had passed over the hill, may I ride him, Uncle William?"

"You will not find him," he answered.

I ran to the top of the hill. On the other side, Selim was trying to eat with his bit between his teeth. I went to him and tried to unbuckle the bridle on the wrong side. He quietly turned the other side of his head to my awkward hands, putting the right buckle pertinaciously before me, till I unfastened it. William Cumming came along, greatly pleased, but said that Selim should do the gate-trick again, that he might see him. So he yielded back, and left him to himself in the yard again. He drew over the gate-pin with his teeth, and when the gate-pin was put in again in the hole, and went his way to feast upon the sweet grass.

"Leave him to me," said I; "I will take care of him." When William was gone, Selim was satisfied with the grass. I called him by a low whistle that his master used. He trotted up to me, and laid his nose upon my shoulder. I led him to the door, and saddled him with my own side-saddle, and then with very little preparation, I started for a contraband ride. Selim cantered away, seemingly proud of his burden, and I was rocked in the cradle of an ecstatic delight. There is, in my opinion, no terrestrial ecstasy to be compared with the kind, and the atmosphere and scenery equally desirable. For myself, I want no company but my horse. I do not want to put my foot in the hand of any cavalier; but I want to spring into my aerial cradle, and skim over hill and dale, like a creature with wings.

Once only Selim tried my mettle; but when he found that I understood his game, and swayed him first to one side, and then to the other, and finally turned him completely round, he made up his mind to go swiftly for me, to let me know that I appreciated his good manners; and after a canter of ten miles, I turned him homeward. On the way, I saw the same ill-looking fellow watching the horse that William had observed. We compared descriptions, and found that he was the same person. William was delighted to know that I had ridden Selim without accident or ill-behaviour on the part of the horse. His partiality for the orchard caused him to be left there in the clover, and the next day he was stolen. The hill separated him from our farm, and he was taken away about mid-day. My father had been to the village, three miles distant, and was returning. Just as he left the village, he came into a piece of woody ground. Recent rains had filled puddles in the road that were miniature ponds. As he entered the wood, he saw Selim approaching, backed by a strange rider, even the ill-looking fellow, who had just succeeded in stealing him.

In the middle of one of the largest pools of water, Selim very deliberately lay down, and rolled, so as to detach his rider; he then rose suddenly, and galloped away at the top of his speed. The fellow got up. He was 'the knight of the rueful countenance' and rueful coat, and all other habiliments, when my father met him.

"My horse has thrown me," said he, using some bad adjectives to Selim's discredit.

"Where did you get that horse?" said my father.

"I bought him on a farm about three miles from here."

"How much did you give for him?" asked my father.

"Twenty-five pounds; and I'll have my money back: I will never keep such a brute."

William Cumming had paid one hundred and twenty-five, and he valued the horse at double that sum.

"That story can't impose upon me," said my father. "Only two persons were ever over that horse's back before; and when you steal another horse, you will do well to find out beforehand whether you can ride him. It is not nice to be spilt in a mud puddle; but you may congratulate yourself that you deserve it."

He drove on, leaving the crest-fallen villain dripping with dirty water.

Not long after this, we heard of the arrest and conviction of a horse-thief, and on inquiry we learned that he was the same person who had been treated so unceremoniously to a mud bath by Selim. He was sentenced to the state prison for four years. During this time, I felt very secure about Selim; and William used to tell me that I thought there was only one rascal in the world. The days flew by, for my youth was happy. Four years fled, and I was in my eighteenth year. William Cumming had been my instructor in many things, and as my friend in all during this time. I always called him Uncle William; and it never occurred to me that our relations could be changed. People asked why he did not marry. He said that his old bachelorism was a chronic complaint, and would probably never be cured. I remember one night as I lay in bed that the thought occurred to me: What if William Cumming should marry? It is surely no harm to speak of it now, for he has been married several years, and I—But I will not anticipate.

The pretty widow, Mrs. Jameson, had been staying a month with a friend in our neighborhood, and William had been very polite with her, and what was worse than all, he had promised that she should ride Selim. The next day was appointed for her to ride, and by a not very strange coincidence, it was this night asked myself the question: "Why cannot I be married to William Cumming?" The answer was: "He is old enough to be my father."

The beautiful Mrs. Jameson was still young, but much nearer William's age than I was.—My pulse beat fast, and the long vista of my future life looked gloomy and terrible. After tormenting myself till I thought I wanted to die, I fell asleep. I awoke in a kind of shuddering horror. I heard sounds the like of which I had never heard before; they seemed compounded of the squeal of a horse and the groans and cries of a human being. I was sure I heard these sounds, that it was not a sleeping fancy; but when I was fully awake, I heard them no more. It was a warm night in the latter part of June, and my windows were raised. I slept on the second floor, and two large windows of my room faced the south. Half a mile, in a direct line from these windows, was a post-road. I was sure that the sounds I had heard came from the road, or its near vicinity. I listened anxiously, but all was still. Suddenly there floated into my room, filling it as it were, with an odor, that I was perfectly sure was from warm human blood. I shrank down into my bed, and shook with horror; then, with a great effort of my will, I arose, threw on a dressing-gown, and hurried to my father's room.

"Father, father!" I cried, "come with me."

"What is it, Agnes, dear?" said my mother.

"What has frightened you?"

"I thought I heard some one, said I, evasively. I waited for my father to dress, and it seemed an hour's time, though only a few minutes, that he was hastily putting on his clothes.

When we were out of hearing of my mother, I told him of the sounds and of the smell of blood. He always believed me when I told him anything that seemed incredible, for he had much experience of the truth of the testimony of my senses.

"Father," said I, "half a mile from here, close to the post-road, a human being is lying, bleeding to death. I am sure of it."

My father took a lantern, and went for William Cumming; I dressed, and when they came, I led the way to the spot, where I was convinced we would find some one dead or dying. The howling of the dog that preceded us struck us all with a sad solemnity. As we drew near the edge of our field, which was bounded by the road, we saw a horse standing, and as we came nearer, we saw it was Selim. Lying beside him, was a man. My father stopped to examine, and said:—
"I believe he is dead."

and thinking how noble and beautiful he was; and then I thought of the widow Jameson, and of her beauty, and I said: "Uncle William again?" and his forehead had an ugly scowl on it, which greatly marred its exceeding beauty.

I blushed scarlet, but I said nothing.

"Please, promise never to call me uncle again," he said, beseechingly.

A sweet thrill of happiness stole into my heart, and I said, blushing and smiling—
"Why should I not call you uncle, and Mrs. Jameson aunt, when she is your wife?"

"My wife?" said he vehemently; "I shall never marry, unless my little Agnes will be my wife."

"You would not marry a little witch," said I.

"And you would not marry an old bachelor, almost as old as your father," said he.

I wanted to say: "Who said I would not?" but I did say:

"I am so strange, and unlike everybody else, that you could never be willing to take me for your wife."

"Willing?" said William; "I would give the wealth of the world to call you my wife, little witch as you are. Will you leave calling me Uncle William, and be my little wife, Agnes, my heart?"

"I was sitting beside him in my weakness; his arms stole round my waist, my head sunk upon his bosom, he clasped me in a fervent embrace, and said: "Mine for ever," and I answered: "Mine for ever."

Selim is eighteen years old to-day, and my eldest daughter is ten. She is a lovely girl, more like her father than like me, and to my great joy, she is no way peculiar; unless being a great romp, and very healthy and brilliant in her complexion, may be considered unusual in this day of prim schools and pale girls.

One thing is certain, and is a great comfort to me, that though she is a child of good sense, and good capacity for moral and intellectual attainments, she is never called "a little witch."

The Elections.

In another place of this day's issue are extracts from the speeches of Messrs. Robinson and Carling, delivered respectively at their nominations for re-election in Toronto and London. It is worthy of note how unequivocal are both in their declarations of being in favor of Representation by Population; which completely meet the statements of the Globe that they had abandoned that question for the sake of office, and reproves the falsehood of that unprincipled journal—whose whole object has been, to destroy the character of publication to the late Hon. Mr. Baldwin; and its support of a Horse-jockey and Speculator, at one of the Legislative Council elections, in opposition to an honorable man, whose Parliamentary career has justified his election over Mr. Brown's nominee. Messrs. Robinson and Carling are as worthy of belief—sustained as their declarations are by past conduct—as the writers of the Globe, or of Mr. Brown himself, whose political career has not been pure nor consistent since his advent in this Province.

The Electors will do well also to notice a quotation from a speech in Parliament by Mr. Thibadeau, Mr. Brown's Minister of Agriculture in the Brown-Dorion Ministry, that of the twelve members composing it, seven were opposed to Representation by Population, viz. six Lower Canadians, and the Hon. J. S. McLeod, Mr. Brown's Attorney General for Upper Canada; and that "he had obtained guarantees that nothing should be done injurious to the interests of Lower Canada," should any legislation be had on that question. Mr. Brown was present, and should have corrected his colleague, if he had stated was not true.

Now, when we are to understand by the interests of Lower Canada not being injured? Simply, that if there should be an increase of Representatives in Upper Canada, giving one to the county of Bruce, and other names, then the number should be added to the list of Representatives for Lower Canada. That is the Lower Canadian view; and this, it would appear, Mr. Brown was ready to concede, for the sake of office, for only in that way can we understand Mr. Thibadeau; and we ask the Electors of the Saugeen Division if that is what they understand as the justice to Upper Canada, or in accordance with the principle of Representation by Population.

Mr. Carling quotes also a portion of a speech made by Mr. McDougall at Simcoe, in Dec, 1860, on Representation by Population. That he, with other Reformers, had come to the conclusion that Representation by Population would not answer the purpose fully; but that something had been decided on at the Toronto Convention of Reformers would meet their views much better; and boldly avowed "it would be unjust to the Catholics of Lower Canada,"—and asks the questions: "Are we prepared to encounter the hostility of the Lower Canadians?" "Are we to tyrannize over the French people?" "Are we to support a system of Government that would lead to such a result?" "As a Canadian, he did not like it." What will the Electors think of that? Yet Mr. McDougall, notwithstanding the above language on a great question,—that it must lie in abeyance to make way for something better which had been originated by the Toronto Convention,—and manage the decision of the caucus of Opposition Members—Lower and Upper Canadian—moved the amendment to the Address, on his own individual responsibility, which brought on Mr. Sicotte with an Amendment to Mr. McDougall's amendment, "That any alteration in the Representation was unnecessary for and unnecessary." Mr. McDougall's course was factious, and must have been insincere. His whole object was to embarrass the Government, while it retarded the Legislation required by the country; and entailed a heavy expense on the Province, in the daily contingent expenses of the Session; which again evinces the insincerity of the clap-trap about the vast expenditure of the Province.

Among the items worthy of notice in Mr. Robinson's speech, is that one in which the Globe for several years has been endeavoring to manufacture capital against the Government, viz. the opening up communication to the Red River Settlement and North-West Territory, which will involve a very large expenditure of public money, while the Globe has been harping that our expenditure is too great already; that we are rushing into bankruptcy—another proof of insincerity, political capital being the only object to injure and destroy political opponents.