

Trying Events

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.

S. L. M. LUKE, Publisher.

PRICE, \$1 50, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 4.—(NO. 34.)

DURHAM, C. W., FRIDAY, AUGUST 9, 1862,

[WHOLE NUMBER, 190

Law Respecting Newspapers. 1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.

Rates of Advertising. Six lines and under, first insertion 50 cents. Each subsequent insertion 13 "

Business Directory. DR. WOOD, CORNER, LICENSED TO PRACTICE PHYSIC, SURGERY AND MIDWIFERY, DURHAM.

J. F. BROWN, DRUGGIST AND CHEMIST, Durham.

Samuel E. Legate, ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES DURHAM.

S. B. CHAFFEY, Conveyancer, Commissioner in Court of Queen's Bench

JOHN KENNEDY'S LAW, CHANCERY AND CONVEYANCING OFFICE;

J. GEDDES, Attorney at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c.,

D. DONOHUE, GENERAL MERCHANT, Traveller's Home Inn,

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

ORCHARDVILLE HOTEL, BY THOMAS BARLOW.

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.

DR. J. CRAWFORD, GRADUATE OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE Kingston; of the University of New York.

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.

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.

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

INSURANCE. The subscriber is Agent for the Corn Exchange Fire and Inland Navigation Insurance Co.

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

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

E. A. GOODEVE, General Dealer in DRY GOODS, Hardware, Groceries, &c.

CONVEYANCING Executed in the most approved form.

IMPORTANT. DR. WISTAR'S PULMONIC SYRUP, is highly recommended for Coughs, Colic, Asthma, Croup, and all diseases of the Lungs and Throat.

J. K. VICK, FROM ENGLAND, PRACTICAL WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER

JEWELRY NEATLY REPAIRED. Orders from Durham, whether by mail or otherwise, punctually attended to. Charges moderate.

POETRY.

From the Hamilton Spectator.

Canada to be Conquered. (Vide New York Herald.)

Land of the Lakes, the gauntlet's down, The fens of peace surround thee,

Go, tell the boaster, England's child "Is not so easily scared;"

Go, ask the warlike Hun if he Will lead this conquering host,

If thou dost doubt that fame hath left No watchwords in our train,

Or mark the peaceful dust that lies On Brock's beloved Bier,

Nor think that England to our land Hath lent her sword in vain;

Land of the Lakes, the gauntlet's down, The fens of peace surround us;

Land of the Lakes, the gauntlet's down, The fens of peace surround us;

Land of the Lakes, the gauntlet's down, The fens of peace surround us;

Land of the Lakes, the gauntlet's down, The fens of peace surround us;

Land of the Lakes, the gauntlet's down, The fens of peace surround us;

Land of the Lakes, the gauntlet's down, The fens of peace surround us;

Land of the Lakes, the gauntlet's down, The fens of peace surround us;

Land of the Lakes, the gauntlet's down, The fens of peace surround us;

Land of the Lakes, the gauntlet's down, The fens of peace surround us;

Land of the Lakes, the gauntlet's down, The fens of peace surround us;

Land of the Lakes, the gauntlet's down, The fens of peace surround us;

Land of the Lakes, the gauntlet's down, The fens of peace surround us;

Land of the Lakes, the gauntlet's down, The fens of peace surround us;

Land of the Lakes, the gauntlet's down, The fens of peace surround us;

Land of the Lakes, the gauntlet's down, The fens of peace surround us;

Land of the Lakes, the gauntlet's down, The fens of peace surround us;

Land of the Lakes, the gauntlet's down, The fens of peace surround us;

Land of the Lakes, the gauntlet's down, The fens of peace surround us;

Land of the Lakes, the gauntlet's down, The fens of peace surround us;

Land of the Lakes, the gauntlet's down, The fens of peace surround us;

Land of the Lakes, the gauntlet's down, The fens of peace surround us;

Land of the Lakes, the gauntlet's down, The fens of peace surround us;

Land of the Lakes, the gauntlet's down, The fens of peace surround us;

Land of the Lakes, the gauntlet's down, The fens of peace surround us;

Land of the Lakes, the gauntlet's down, The fens of peace surround us;

Land of the Lakes, the gauntlet's down, The fens of peace surround us;

Land of the Lakes, the gauntlet's down, The fens of peace surround us;

Land of the Lakes, the gauntlet's down, The fens of peace surround us;

"If they are likely to be very late," I said, "it will, I think, be best for them to stay all night at your house, and get back first thing in the morning in time for breakfast."

The manifest delight with which this proposition was received by the two girls only served to confirm it, so it was finally arranged that they should not return till morning.

The cart was just turning the corner of the lane when it came into my mind for the first time, that Fred being also away, I should have to spend the night alone in Ivy Lodge; and I remembered further, that I had in the house a considerable sum of money, which I had drawn from the banks on the previous day for a certain purpose, and which was still lying untouched up-stairs.

The feeling was not a comfortable one at the moment; but I am not naturally a nervous woman, and I soon banished the subject from my mind as one not worthy of much consideration.

Besides, Wolf, the large house-dog, would be protection enough for one night; and I determined to release him from his chain at dusk, and let him have the run of the premises.

Then, again, who was to know I had been to the bank on the previous day, and still had the money in the house? So I went indoors, feeling as cheerful as usual, and made myself a comfortable tea; after that, sat working for an hour or two; and then feeling the need of a change, put my sewing away, and took up a book which Fred had brought me from Westbury a few days before.

It was *The Night-Side of Nature*, a volume with which you are probably well acquainted. Situated as I was, having to pass a night by myself in a lonely country house, it was, with its strange narrative of apparitions and ghostly appearances, one of the worst books I could have chosen to read before going to bed.

I was not long in perceiving this, but the fascination of the subject was such that I could not quit it; and I read on quickly, leaf after leaf, till I had got half through the book, when, looking up, I was surprised to find that the fire was nearly out, and the clock on the point of twelve.

I shut the book, and rose at once to go to bed. "How about Wolf?" I said to myself. "Shall I go and release him, or leave him chained to his kennel? I would have him indoors for the night, only I know he would do nothing but scamper up and down stairs till morning, and put sleep entirely out of the question."

I opened the door of the passage leading to the dog-door with the intention of releasing the dog, but at the same moment, I felt a sudden nervous tremor shoot through me, such as I had never experienced before, and a strange disinclination to move out of the lighted parlor into the darker parts of the house.

I sat down again in my chair to argue the point with myself, and prove to myself the absurdity of my fears. This I did quite conclusively, and in a very short time, but nevertheless I determined not to go and release Wolf.

"I have had a slight cold for the last two days," I said to myself, "and it would not be advisable for me to go out of this warm room into the night-air." Having found no reasonable excuse for myself, I determined no longer to delay going to bed; so I put out the lamp; and lighted my bedroom candle without further party; and carrying in my hand a little tisanie, which I had compounded for myself as a sovereign remedy for a cold in the head, I proceeded slowly and cautiously on my journey up-stairs.

I say slowly and cautiously, for the influence of the book I had been reading was still strongly upon me, and I found it requisite to pause for a moment at every second or third step in my progress upward, and glance back fearfully over my shoulder, expecting to see I knew not what—nothing, and yet something; perhaps a black, formless, crouching creature, stealing noiselessly up stairs, and only waiting an unguarded moment to clutch me by the dress, and pull me backward; perhaps a gigantic phantom hand protruded from each door after I had passed it, menacing me with the anger of some power unknown; perhaps a white corpse-like face glancing over my shoulder, with sightless eyeballs and purple lips; inwardly annoyed with myself as I was for being so absurd, I could not for the world have gone upstairs that night in my usual careless fashion. But, thank Heaven! here was my bedroom at last.

One more fearful glance over my shoulder, and then I hurried in, and closed and bolted the door with a sigh of relief. "How I shall laugh at myself to-morrow for these idle fears!" I said, "but, in any case, I won't spend another night alone in Ivy Lodge."

When I got into bed, my ghostly terrors vanished in some measure, but in their stead I became oppressed with a melancholy undefined presentment of some impending evil near at hand, but whence or how coming I could not tell.

Feeling thirsty after a time, I put out my hand to reach the tisanie, which stood on a low chair by the side of the bed, when—horror of horrors!—my wrist was suddenly clutched by a death-cold hand, which grasped it for a single instant, and then let it go. It is not too much to say that my heart ceased to beat, and all the pulse of life seemed to stand still in awful fear but for a moment; the next, they burst madly on their courses; a cold sweat wrung me from head to foot, and I lay with wildly staring eyes, momentarily expecting the appearance of some dread apparition.

"Yes, there it is—coming—coming!" I whispered to myself, as a figure, black and vague, but still of human shape, rose slowly from the floor, till it reached what seemed to me a more than mortal stature, outlining itself as it rose against the white disc of the window-blind. There was not, however, much time for consideration, for the next minute the blinding glare of a dark lantern was thrown full in my dazzled eyes, and a hoarse voice, a voice with a chronic cold in its tones, exclaimed:—"Now, mum, will you oblige me by getting up again? Sorry to disturb a lady, but it can't be helped this time."

Only a vulgar burglar after all!

The revulsion of feeling, from the ghostly terrors of the minute before, was so great, that all my *suave froid* came back at once; and a premonition which at another time I should have deemed serious enough, seemed to me at the moment as but a matter of comparatively little consequence.

"How has the fellow got into my room without being seen or heard?" was the first question I asked myself a question, by the way, which at the present moment I am equally unable to solve, for a mystery it was then, and a mystery it remains.

"If you had only written to say you were coming, I would have sat up for you," I said, aloud.

"I wanted to give you a pleasant surprise," he replied, with a grin. "Are you going to get up?"

"Presently. Just step outside that door for a moment, while I put on a few clothes."

"None of your tricks, now!" he said, roughly, "cos I won't stand 'em."

"You are forgetting your manners, sir, to a lady."

"Well, you're a cool hand, anyhow!" So saying, he went outside the door, holding it, however, carefully, both with hand and foot, while I hurried on my clothes.

I began by this time to feel rather more alarmed than at first, but still I thought it would never do to show it; to treat such a man with polite audacity; if my nerves would only carry me through the contest, was evidently the best plan I could adopt.

"I am at your service," I said in a couple of minutes or so.

"Then light your candle, and go down stairs; you in front, me behind. But first hand me over that gimcrack watch of yours: I always had a fancy for a lady's tigger."

"You must be careful not to turn the key more than six times, when you wind it up, or you may break the spring," I said, handing him with an inward sigh my watch and chain.

Now that the candle was lighted, I was able to see more clearly what the fellow was like. Both hands and face were thoroughly blackened, and his head was further disguised with a rough flaxen wig and a far-cap. He wore a thick woolen comforter round his neck, and a capacious top coat concealed the rest of his person. I determined to keep both eyes and ears open, to note any little peculiarity, either of voice or person, which might afterwards aid me in identifying him.

It seemed to me unaccountable, that on that night of all others, when, for the first time since my arrival at Ivy Lodge, I happened to have anything like a large sum of money in the house, I should have to entertain such a visitor.

It was almost hoping without hope that still it was just possible that he might not be aware of my visit to the bank, and might not find the money in his search. But the question was quickly decided for me.—When we reached the foot of the stair, I going first, and the man following closely behind me, he said:

"Stop a moment. Let us pay our first visit to that little room on the left, where you keep your books, and where there's a 'an'some rosewood desk, in which, at the present moment, there's two hundred pounds in good money—seventy in sovereigns, and the remainder in flimseys—numbers all known, no doubt, but still disposable in the proper quarter."

How in the name of goodness—or badness—had he obtained such precise information? There was nothing for it but to obey, so I connected him into my study, opened my esbriette, and quietly handed him the money. He counted it over with a complacent chuckle, and then put it carefully away in his vest pocket.

"Now, this is what I call a comfortable way of doing business," he said; "no fuss, no bother, no cries nor tears—business-like and proper. I hate folks that snivel and bawl, and always feel inclined to give 'em a quiet tap on the head. If everybody was as sensible as you, mum, our trade would be a pleasanter one than it is. And now I think a few spoons and forks wouldn't come amiss, for I'm expecting company next week, and would like to do the thing in style. Ah! I wonder who was the first chap that found out it was vulgar to eat with a knife!"

Both spoons and forks were soon disposed of, and, sorrow of sorrows, my cherished silver teapot, together with sundry other articles of plate, placed in a capacious bag which Mr. Black produced from one of his pockets.

"There, mum, I'm pretty well loaded now, thank you," he said, as he disposed of the last article. "And it's truly thankful I am that I come here without a pal, or else I should have had to go shares with him. I knew I could crack a little crib like this by myself—it's child's play, that's what it is."

He pulled out my watch, and referred to it with an evident air of satisfaction. "Why, blow me! it wants two hours and a-half yet till daylight. Time for a bit of supper, if you've no objection—hey, mum?"

"None whatever," I replied. "If you will follow me into the dining-room, I will see what I can find for you."

"Gosh! but this is prime, and no mistake!" he exclaimed, turning up his coat-cuffs, as I set before him a cold fowl, a roll of bread, and three parts of old port. "Best quarters I've been in for many a day, hang me, if it ain't!"

He set to work with savage energy, and sat silent enjoying himself for several minutes; while I sat watching him closely, and trying to discover some slight personal traits which might assist me hereafter recognizing him again.

"Here's your health, mum!" he said after a time, speaking with a full mouth, as he held up a glass of wine before the candle; "and the best wishes of a fellow whose head doesn't hold too many good wishes for anybody!" Not a bad-tempered man evidently, when he could have his own way; and not without certain rudimentary elements of politeness in his composition. When he had made a hearty meal, and finished the wine he pro-

duced from one of his numerous pockets a little black pipe and a tin-box. "By your leave, mum," he said, "I'll just blow a little cloud; though perhaps it's against rule to smoke in the dining-room; if so, say the word, and we'll adjourn to the kitchen."

"You are a privileged visitor," I replied, "so light your pipe by all means."

"A brick! I said it before, and I'll maintain it again," he exclaimed, slapping his leg with his huge hand. "Ah, a comfortable crib this, and no mistake!" he went on puffing away in a contemplative manner at the little pipe, "and I wouldn't mind if I was master here. What do you say mum? You're in wants of a husband, and I'm in wants of a wife—shall we make a splice of it? You're not quite so young and tender as you have been, you know; but I'll treat you well, and do everything that's right and proper by you; for I'm blessed if you're not the style of woman I'd pick out of a thousand; no sentimental nonsense about you, but plenty of gump; and then you know how to make a chap comfortable. What do you say, mum—is it a bargain?"

He leered at me with his bloodshot eyes, and with his head a little on one side, and took the pipe out of his mouth for a moment in his eagerness to hear my reply.

"Thank you, but I'm not in want of a husband at present," I said, "and even if I were I should prefer seeing you with your face washed before deciding to accept you."

He burst into a great fit of laughter, and slapped his leg again.

"Why, it's my fall-dress evening suit that I've got on!" he exclaimed; "and I thought I looked quite fascinating in it. Well, if you won't have me, you won't; there's no forcing an obstinate woman. But let us have a drop more wine instead; there's more where this came from, I suppose?"

"Yes, plenty more in the cellar."

"Then to the cellar we'll adjourn. Gosh! but it's prime stuff to stir a fellow's blood.—Take a candle and lead the way, if you please."

Taking a candle in one hand, and my bunch of keys in the other, I led the way towards the cellar, my black-visaged friend following closely in my rear. The wine-cellar was reached by descending a steep flight of steep stairs, which opened out of a passage leading to the kitchen. At the top of this flight of stairs was a slight door, partly male of glass; and at the foot of the stairs was another and a stronger door, usually kept locked. Having descended the stairs, still holding the lighted candle, I unlocked the lower door, and we both entered the cellar, a small vaulted apartment, just high enough for a man to stand upright. I pointed to the various ranges of bottles, and said to Mr. Black:—"Pick and choose where you please. That row close to the floor is all port; perhaps that will suit you best."

"Couldn't improve on the last lot. But I say, mum, it wouldn't be amiss for me to carry away a couple of bottles, if—ha, ha—you wouldn't think it too great a liberty; and I'll crack another up stairs before I go."

"You have such a polite way of making your wishes known," I said, "that I find it impossible to refuse you."

Chucking to himself, he bent down to pick out some bottles from the lower tier; while he was thus stooping, I gave him a sudden push with all the strength of my two hands, which sent him crashing head first among the bottles; and before he knew what had happened, or could recover himself in the least, I had blown out the candle, and rushing to the staircase, had pulled to and double-locked the door behind me. In doing this, I had acted entirely without forethought, and on the impulse of the moment, without at all calculating the consequences to which it might lead, and I now sank down on the stairs in the dark with a heart that beat as though it must burst its bounds. Mr. Black quickly picked himself up, with many oaths, from among the broken bottles, and stumbled towards the door. "What fool's trick is this?" he shouted through the keyhole. "Open the door, you hag, or I'll murder you when I get out!" But I had struggled up the stairs, and was away in the kitchen by this time, where I quickly relighted the candle. Leaving the candle for a moment, I hurried to the back door, and unfastening it, called, at first, gently, and then louder, for Wolf; but hearing no growl of recognition, or joyful bark in reply, I listened as fast as I could across the yard to his kennel; and there, by the faint light of the stars, saw my poor dog lying dead and cold—poisoned, doubtless, by that miscreant in the cellar.

This cruel deed seemed to set my blood all aflame with hatred of the man; the loss of my poor favorite touched my feelings far more closely than the loss of my money and plate had done; and with my dread of the wretch swallowed up in a great measure in my desire for vengeance, I hastened to the house, contrary to my first impulse, which had been to rush away and hide myself in the darkness. But what had I to fear now? Was he not trapped—shut up securely in the cellar, there to await his doom?—Suddenly I remembered that there was generally a brace of pistols hanging over the fireplace in Fred's little room; should the man succeed in bursting loose—though I had little fear of it, for the door was very strong—they might prove useful; but on coming to examine them I found that they were not loaded. All this time, Mr. Black was exerting his utmost strength to break open the door; but it was stoutly built, and so far defied all his efforts. I placed the candlestick on a bracket at the top of the stairs, and my heart, close by with my brace of empty pistols, dreading every moment that the door would give way and with a stubborn drop of blood in my heart, which bade me not to flee so long as there remained a chance, however remote, of capturing him. He ceased his efforts after a time, and I could hear him moving about in the dark. What was he about to do? Not long was I left in doubt, for I had hardly asked myself the question, when the noise of a pistol-shot resounded through the house, responded to by a scream from Mr. Black, and at the bottom of the stairs fell back on to the cellar.

"Now, hingsos," he had shot away for your little trick!" I heard him say. The next instant I saw him with a bottle in each hand, and a large open knife between his teeth, emerge out of the gloom into the dull twilight made by the light of my candle at the entrance to the cellar.

"Come one step nearer, and you are a dead man!" I exclaimed, standing at the top of the stairs, and pointing both pistols full at him.

He turned yellow with fear, even through the lamp-black with which his face was smeared, as he glanced up and saw me standing there; and dropping the bottles, he shrunk back into the darkest corner of the cellar.

"Ha, ha! what a jolly lark!" he exclaimed, with a wretched attempt at a laugh. "I said all along that you was a brick. But I say, mum, just turn them barkers away for