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

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

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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.

POETRY.

Stanzas Addressed to Canadians.

WRITTEN BY MRS. E. F. LOVERIDGE. While the din of swords is clashing, And the war god rears the skies; Whilst the musketry is flashing, And each hero bravely dies— Comes a question to you, dreaming Here beneath a flag that can— Out of all the world's cold seeming— Own the brotherhood of man!

'Neath Canadian skies so azure' In October's golden sheen, May not free-born Briton's measure For the Anglo-South can mean? Cannot men of darker visage Than the Saxon in his pride See themselves, this Northern mirage— See where dwells fair freedom's bride?

And the exile and the stranger From that land which first was free, Brings the warnings of thy danger— Breathes the name of liberty— That you guard your soil now teaming With the Autumn's waving wheat, From the shadow of a seeming Of the British flag's retreat.

God! our God! the Queen forever! May she live to rule—to reign— Grant the Union Jack may never See the sun or Albion wane Guard the throne, and guide her ever, May her enemies be hurled From their height, and that forever! Save the Queen, the western world!

Miscellaneous Reading

A Tale of Terror.

At the "Crow Inn," at Antwerp, some years ago, a white spectre was seen bearing a lamp in one hand and a bunch of keys in the other. This unpleasant visitor was seen by a number of travellers passing along a corridor.

Nothing would satisfy the neighbours that an unfortunate traveller had not been, at some period or other, dispatched in that fatal room by one of the previous landlords of the house, the hotel gradually obtained the name of the "Haunted Inn," and ceased to be frequented by its old patrons.

The landlord finding himself on the brink of ruin, determined to sleep in the haunted room, with a view of proving the groundlessness of the story. To make the matter more sure, he said, he caused a hostler to bear his company, on pretence of requiring a witness to the absurdity of the report, but, in reality, from cowardice.

At dead of night, however, just as the two men were composing themselves to sleep in one bed—leaving another which was in the room untenanted—the door flew open, and in glided the spectre!

Without pausing to ascertain what it might attempt on approaching the other bed, towards which it directed its course, the two men rushed naked out of the room; and by the alarm they created, confirmed more fully than ever the evil reputation of the house.

Unable longer to sustain the cause of so unproductive an establishment, the poor landlord advertised for sale the house in which he and his father before him were born and had passed their lives. The bidders were scarce as customers; the inn remained on sale for nearly a year during which, from time to time, the spectre reappeared.

At length an officer of the garrison, who had formerly frequented the house, and recollected the excellent quality of its wine, moved to compassion in favour of the poor host, undertook to clear up the mystery by sleeping in the aforesaid haunted chamber, nothing doubting that the whole was a trick of some envious neighbour, desirous of deteriorating the value of the freeholder in order to become a purchaser.

her terror on awaking in the dreadful chamber afforded sufficient evidence to all present of the state of somnambulism in which she had been entranced.

From that period the spectre was seen no more, probably because the landlord's daughter removed shortly afterwards to a home of her own; and the tale of horror so frequently circulated to the bewilderment of the poor neighbours, ended in the simple story of a young girl walking in her sleep.

TASKS FOR CHILDREN.—The tasks to set to children should be moderate. Over-exertion is hurtful, both physically and intellectually, and even morally. But it is of the utmost importance that they should be made to fulfil their tasks correctly and punctually. This will train them for an exact conscientious discharge of their duties in after life.

A Bride in the Wrong Bed.

We have the Cincinnati Enquirer as voucher for the following:—A newly married pair put up at the Spencer House—they went out shopping—returned—bride had left some things—she quietly slipped out—found her lost articles—returned—mistook Main for Broadway—got into the Madison instead of the Spencer—it looked a little strange—asked boy if she was in the Spencer—boy said yes, not fully understanding her—she told him to lead her to 48—she partly disrobed and got into bed—expected her husband momentarily—fell asleep—the occupant of 48 Madison, an Indiana merchant, returned from the theatre—a little light—quietly went to room—to bed—to sleep. The account proceeds:

How long the two reposed there side by side, with only a foot space between them, all unconscious of each other's presence, is not exactly known, but probably about an hour, when a tremendous noise was heard in the apartment, from which the female screams issued wildly, piercingly and ceaselessly.

The hotel was in an uproar; proprietors, clerks, waiters, porters and guests, dressed and half-dressed, were at the door of "forty-eight" in a few minutes, blocking up the entrance, and asking eagerly, "What is the matter?" "For God's sake, tell us what is the trouble!"

The cause of this outcry may be imagined. The bride had awoken about midnight, and putting her hand over her husband, it fell upon the Indian's face, and the soft warm touch aroused him at once. He did not understand it exactly, though he did not dislike it, and in a moment more, Mrs. R. said, "My dearest husband, where have you been all this while?"

"Husband," echoed the merchant, beginning to see, like Lord Tinsel, that he had "made a small mistake here;" "I'm nobody's husband; reckon my dear madam you are in the wrong bed."

In the wrong bed—horror of horrors, thought the bride. What would her leige-lord—what would the curious world say? And Mrs. R. sprang from the couch just as her companion did the same. He was fully as much alarmed as she, and entreated her to give him time and he would leave the apartment, although it was the one he had engaged—he would make oath to that.

Scream scream scream, was the only reply to his kindly proposition. "My God madam don't, yell so! You'll wake the house. Be reasonable; I swear it's only a mistake. Have some thought of the consequences. I don't want to hurt you, I swear I do not. You'll get me shot, and yourself—"

Just at this juncture, the throng outside presented itself at the door, and beheld Mrs. R. cowering in one corner exercising her lungs magnificently, with a sheet wrapped over her form and head, and the Indian in the middle of the room enveloped in a coverlet and ejaculating, "My God, madam, don't!"

The junior proprietor, Dr. Cahill saw there must be some mistake, and requesting the others to retire, called the merchant out, went with him to another room, and there learned the whole story. The doctor then sent one of the ladies of the hotel to Mrs. R., and the tire affair was explained greatly to her relief, though she was overwhelmed with confusion at a circumstance that might have ruined her reputation forever.

Under the escort of the Dr., she was conveyed to the "Spencer," where her husband was found pacing the corridors, with frantic mein, and half crazed with grief at the mysterious disappearance of his wife, whom he believed had been spirited away by a villain, or murdered for her jewels, in this "infernal city," where, as he expressed himself, they would kill man for a dollar any time.

As soon as he beheld his spouse, he caught her to his bosom and wept like a child. He was melted with happiness at her discovery, and told her that he had scoured the city for intelligence of her whereabouts in vain.

The Monkey and the Pitcher-Plant. Two brothers, Englishmen, were once travelling on foot from Dondra Head, the southern extremity of the Island of Ceylon, towards Candy, in the interior, about one hundred and twenty miles northward. They started upon their journey very early in the morning, and expected to accomplish it in three or four days, though, as the sun is exceedingly warm in that country, they intended to rest during the heat of the day under the shade of the many broad leaved palm-trees that grew by the side of the road.

now distinctly reached their ears. It proceeded from a group of cocoa-nut trees that grew on their right hand.

The brothers sprang hastily, but cautiously, forward, and searched carefully around, till at last the elder exclaimed, laughing, "Here it is, Arthur; come and see;" and as his brother turned towards him, he pointed to a monkey, who, having fallen from one of the overhanging branches of the fruit-trees, had hurt himself very severely.

"Poor fellow!" said Arthur; and taking him up, he tore a strip from the handkerchief and bound the wounded limb, and turned to resume his journey, with the monkey in his arms. "You surely," said Robert, "do not intend to take that disgusting animal as your companion to Candy?" "Do you think," replied Arthur, "that I would leave this poor helpless creature to die of his wound? No; he shall be my companion until he is cured, and then he may return as soon as he likes to his home in the forest."

The two brothers travelled on their way, though the elder could not sometimes refrain from joking the other about his companion.—They had journeyed two days, and were about half-way from the place of their destination, when the heat became exceedingly oppressive, and the numerous springs which had hitherto flowed along the side of the road became dried up, and they began to suffer from want of water. Their strength was failing; they felt as if they could proceed no further; and on the morning of the fourth day, when within about thirty miles of Candy, both brothers sunk down at the foot of a palm-tree, exhausted and parched with thirst.

"Must we die here?" exclaimed Robert, with a groan. "Trust in God," replied Arthur, raising his eyes towards heaven. Suddenly the monkey, who was resting at his side, sprang up and ran eagerly along the road, as if he were searching for something. At last he returned, and seizing Arthur by the arm, endeavored to draw him along with him.

"How strangely he acts?" said the young man. "What can he have found?" and summoning all his strength, he arose and followed the animal.

When he reached the spot, what met his delighted eyes? There growing in luxuriant abundance, was the silky, downy, pitcher-plant, or monkey-cup; so called on account of its being sought after by those animals for the purpose of quenching their thirst. The flower is the shape of a cup, about six inches in length, and one and a half in diameter; it is furnished with a lid, which opens and shuts with the change of the weather, and is filled with pure water, a secretion from the plant.

The two brothers drank of the water, and were refreshed; and when they at last reached their home, they related to their astonished friends how the monkey had been the means of saving their lives. "Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all!"

THE GREAT PEDESTRIAN FEAT.—The pedestrian feat, before announced in our columns, in which the celebrated Joseph Smith was advertised to walk twenty-one miles in the incredible short period of three hours, came off in this city yesterday. The cricket ground was selected for the purpose, and a space of a little over a quarter of a mile was roped off and staked in for the purpose of measuring the distance, selected from among the citizens.—The day was quite a pleasant one for the pedestrian, but rather cool for the lookers-on, a great number of whom were present to enjoy the sport. Shortly after two o'clock Smith made his appearance on the ground, dressed in his usual walking rig, and ready for the start. The first seven miles was accomplished in precisely fifty-eight minutes, leaving two minutes in his favour. The general supposition now was, that to complete the task within the allotted time, he would require to improve his speed within the next seven miles at least. On he went, with scarcely any perceptible difference in his gait, and to give an idea of the speed of the walker, we might say that a gentleman driving a buggy followed the pedestrian several times round the course, and was compelled to keep his horse at a trot while doing so. The second seven miles was effected in seven minutes—one hour exactly. Smith still kept on, but began to show signs of weakness, and lost gradually as he proceeded, until at the sixty-seventh round it became visible that further efforts were useless, as the rate at which he was proceeding would leave him behind by three minutes on the completion of the twenty-one miles. After passing the winning post in this round he gave up, much exhausted, completing seventeen miles and 565 yards, or nearly a third, within two hours and thirty-four minutes, leaving three and two-third miles to accomplish in the remaining twenty-six minutes, leaving time the victor. Although beaten, his perseverance throughout, and the majority of the large concourse of spectators regretted much his defeat, and hoped that at some future time, under more favorable circumstances, he would be able more to retrieve his laurels.—London Prototype.

RUMORS OF HER MAJESTY'S ABDICATION.—The following paragraph appears in the Paris "Patrie":—"The journey of the Queen of England to Germany has been the family council which seems likely to lead to important results. We believe we know that at this council the abdication of the Queen in favour of the Prince of Wales was decided. But into effect until after the Prince of Wales' marriage."

Fifteen thousand volunteers have deserted from New York regiments. Their counties amounted to \$2,250,000—and are so much less to the State.

Napoleon's Midnight Review.

This translation, from the German ballad of Baron Teditz, is by CLARENCE MANGAN. It seems particularly appropos at this time of European war, when one might well imagine the restless spirit of the first Napoleon hovering over the moonlit fields which were the scenes of his military exploits.

When midnight hour is come, The drummer forsakes his tomb, And marches, beating his phantom-drum, To and fro through the ghastly gloom. He plies the drumsticks twain With fleshless fingers pale, And beats and beats again and again A long and dreary reveille!

Like the voice of the abyssal waves Resounds its unearthly tone, Till the dead old soldiers, long in their graves, Awaken through every zone.

And the slain in the land of the Hun, And the frozen in the icy North, And those who under the burning sun Of Italy sleep, come forth.

And the whose bones long while Lie bleaching in Syrian sands, And the slumbers under the reeds of the Nile, Arise with arms in their hands.

And at midnight, in his shroud, The trumpeter leaves his tomb, And blows a blast long, deep and loud, As he rides through the ghastly gloom.

And the yellow moonlight shines On the old Imperial Dragons; And the cuirassiers they form in lines, And the Carabiniers in platoons.

At a signal the ranks unsheathe Their weapons in rear and van, But they scarcely appear to speak or breathe And their features are sad and wan.

And when midnight robes the sky, The Emperor leaves his tomb, And rides along surrounded by His shadowy staff through the gloom.

A silver star so bright Is glittering on his breast; In an uniform of blue and white And a gray camp-frock he is dressed.

The moonbeams shine afar On the various marshalled groups, As the man with the glittering silver star Rides forth to review his troops.

And the dead battalions all Go again through their exercise, Till the moon withdraws, and a gloomier pall Of blackness wraps the skies.

Then around the chief once more The Generals and Marshals throng; And he whispers a word oft-heard before In the ear of his aid-de-camp.

In files the troops advance, And then are no longer seen, The challenging watchword given is "France!" The answer is "St. Helene!"

And this the Grand Review, Which at midnight on the wolds, If popular tales may pass for true, The buried Emperor holds.

Singing Sands and Sounding Mountains.

Thousands of years ago the pillars of Memnon were famed for giving musical sounds.—Sounds like those bells have been heard, at different localities, to come from the depth of the ocean, and now we hear of musical mountains and singing sands.

Five such localities are already on record. The first is Deschebel Nakus, (Bell Mountain) upon the peninsula, Sinai, on the shores of the Red Sea, north-westward of the city of Tct. The celebrated traveller, Setzeen of Oldenburg, was the first European savant who ascended it. He found it consisting of a brittle white sandstone, covered on top with loose sand. This sand when brought into motion, produces the sound. The traveller, when ascending, passed over this region of loose sand, and he soon discovered that the noise it made in gliding down the slope became by degrees louder and louder. When he reached the summit such a frightful sound was heard that it shook the whole mountain, and he himself became excited in the highest degree.

Some time afterwards this same mountain was visited by Mr. Gay, of Oxford, and more recently by Mr. Ward, both Englishmen.—They give very near the same account of this phenomenon. All ascribe the cause to the fact that the sand glides down the mountain sides. Ward heard at first only a feeble tone like that of the flute; suddenly it became strong, like that of an organ, and the whole hill began to vibrate. The sound became louder in proportion to the quantity of sand set in motion by the steps of the traveller. Alexander Burnes visited, in 1836, a similar hill. This was the Rey Rawan (the moving mountain), which is also about 400 feet high. Its ascent is an incline of about 40 degrees, covered with a layer of sand, surrounded by a still deeper border of lime and sandstone. Gliding down on this sand, it emits a loud, hollow tone, similar to that of a great drum. This was already known in the 15th century. A third mountain of this kind is the "El Bramador," the yelling, barking mountain in Chili, in regard to which Charles Darwin made similar observations.