

Durham Standard

DEVOTED TO NEWS, POLITICS, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE,

AND COUNTY OF GREY GENERAL ADVERTISER.

S. L. M. LUKE, Publisher.

VOL. 4.—(NO. 48.)

DURHAM, C. W., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1862,

PRICE, \$1 50, IN ADVANCE

[WHOLE NUMBER, 204

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.
3. If subscribers refuse or neglect to take their periodicals from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they are notified their Bill, and ordered their periodical to be discontinued.

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) * * * * * 2 "
Each subsequent insertion (per line) * * * * * 2 "
Cards in the Business Directory, ten lines and under, per annum. \$4.00
Do. for six months \$3.00

All advertisements must be accompanied by written instructions, and none will be discontinued without a written order.

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

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

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

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

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

DR. WOOD, CORNER, LICENSED TO PRACTICE

PHYSIC, SURGERY AND MIDWIFERY, DURHAM. Durham, Dec. 2, 1858.

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

KEEPS constantly on hand a large assortment of Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Stationery, &c. &c. Durham, Dec. 2, 1858.

S. B. CHAFFEY, Conveyancer, Commissioner in Court of Queen's Bench and Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Chaffey's Mills, Gleneig, Jan. 12, 1859.

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

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

DONOHUE'S HOTEL, GARAFRAXA ROAD, Four miles North of Durham.

THIS HOUSE BEING ENTIRELY NEW, offers superior accommodation to the travelling public. Good stabling and attentive hostlers. Bar and Larder well supplied. The subscriber being free of extra charges in those times, and the raiser of his own produce, can accommodate the public on reasonable terms. D. DONOHUE. October 1st, 1862. 198-1f.

BUTCHERS' ARMS INN (LATE FAIR FOREST INN.) BY THOMAS WORROD. Toronto and Sydenham Road; 26 miles from Owen Sound; 16 do. from John Town, Garafra Road; 6 do. from Fishers' Corners. Bar and Larder well supplied. Good stabling and attentive hostler. East Gleneig, May 3, 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. 126-1y

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. 155-1y

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.

Corner for the County of Grey. SHERBURY 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 128-1f

ORCHARD'S New Tin-ware Establishment.

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

Tin, Copper, Iron, and JAPANNED WARES, which will be sold cheap for cash.

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

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

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

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

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

Travellers' Home Inn, 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. 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. 39-1f

BRITISH HOTEL, PRICEVILLE, BY 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. 130-1f

E. A. GOODEVE, General Dealer in DRY GOODS, Hardware, Groceries, &c. CONVEYANCING Executed in the most approved form. HANOVER, 25th March, 1862.

IMPORTANT. DR. WESTER'S PULMONIC SYRUP, is highly recommended for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Whooping, 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. Club and Lodge Seals made to order at twelve hours' notice. First door North of J. T. Butcher's Confectionery Shop, Foulsett St., Owen Sound. JEWELRY NEATLY REPAIRED. Orders from Durham, whether by mail or otherwise, punctually attended to. Charges moderate. Owen Sound Jan. 28, 1861. 112-1y

POETRY.

A Lyrical Gem.

(The following lullaby is sufficiently tender and musical to make every woman who reads it wish for a baby to sing it to.)

Come to my arms, you bewitching elf, Let me gather you body and soul to myself; Bury your scintillant eyes and hair, And all the glory and grace you wear, From twinkling feet to the golden crown.

Sleep, my baby boy; The little birds rest, Downy and soft; In the mother bird's nest; On the lap of the stream; The lambskin's warm fold; The dew drop's asleep; In the buttercup's gold.

The violet nods To the daisy's dream; The lily lies hushed; On the lap of the stream; And holy and calm, Like motherly eyes, The stars look down From the silent skies.

Sleep, baby boy, My birdling, my flower, My lily, my robin, My dew drop, my dower! While heart's gauging heart Beats soft in time, To the murmuring flow Of my tender old rhyme.

Miscellaneous Reading

A Guelph Barnum.

Every one in Guelph must remember "Jamie Gay," who for many years kept a house of entertainment in divers parts of the municipality, until eventually some 4 or 5 years since he became the proprietor of "an extraordinary calf," with a brace of heads, a pair of tails, and any number of legs. We are not fully posted up in reference to the breed and birth of this *lusus nature* but we rather think it did not come into Mr. Gay's possession until after it had paid the debt of nature, that indeed, it was the stuffed skin of the young monster wherewith he was wont to draw customers to the bar of "Gay's Saloon," in the "Alma Block," where he latterly hung out a shingle.

Finding that his customers were getting to be too familiar with the "lusus," and that such familiarity was producing its proverbial effect, Mr. Gay determined to carry this wonderful calf across the Atlantic, and astonish the Brits with the exhibition of this specimen of domestic animals of Canada; and this intention was carried into effect some 2 years since.

Mr. Gay appears to have prospered greatly in this new profession, adding to his original "lusus" another object of natural history, almost equally wonderful. A hand bill issued by him at Gravesend, England, headed "Just Arrived from America, GAY THE NATURALIST, with his Wonderful Curiosities, announces, in addition to the "extraordinary calf," the exhibition of "a Mermaid, or child of the sea, the wonder of wonders." The hand bill sets forth how this sea monster had been captured and presented to great Major of Tartary from whom through the agency of an American Merchant, it came into the possession of the American Naturalist. There is besides, a wonderful infant from the Channel Islands, and the whole collection to be seen for the small sum of 2d for adults, children half price. The bill does not certify as to Prof. Gay, having had the honor of exhibiting his "Wonderful Curiosities" to Her Majesty, the Emperor Napoleon, or any other crown heads of Europe, but there is no doubt Jamie has found that the profession of an "American Naturalist" pays better than grog selling, and is feathering his nest considerably.—Herald.

Hard Things to Do.

To convince a mother that her babe is ugly.

To persuade a young lady to extend the "mitten" to her beau who is worth a cool ten thousand.

To find a man who is not influenced by money.

For a dead codfish to clime a greased sapling, tail foremost, with a loaf of bread in its mouth.

To saw a stick of firewood with a bar of soft soap.

To find a young lady who thinks she don't know more than her mother.

To find a merchant who don't care about making more than his cost and carriage.

These are hard things to perform, no doubt, but it is much harder for an editor to live on codfish, butter-milk and cold potatoes, and sustain his paper, when his subscribers won't pay up, and when every man he solicits to subscribe says: "Perhaps I will after a while; I must wait and see how things get along."

The Lowest Type of Humanity.

We extract the following from an article entitled "Barbarism and Civilization," published in the Atlantic Monthly.

In the interior of the island of Borneo there has been found a certain race of wild creatures, of which kindred varieties have been discovered in the Philippine Islands, in Terra del Fuego, and in South Africa. They walk, usually, almost erect upon two hind legs, and

in that attitude measure about 4 feet in height. They are dark wrinkled and hairy; they construct their habitations, form no families; they sleep in trees or caves; feed on snakes and vermin, on ant eggs, on mice, and on each other; they cannot be tamed nor forced to any labor, and their eyes are blinded and shot among the trees like the great gorillas, of which they are a stunted copy. When they are captured alive, one finds with surprise, that their uncouth jabbering sounds are a like articulate language; they turn up a human face to gaze upon their captor; the females show instincts of modesty; and, in fine, these wretched beings are men.—Herald, Kingston.

A Strange Tragedy.

One fine morning in the summer of 1740—how many stories commences thus—a young man took his way, German fashion, with knapsack and stick, forth from the humble village of Steindal, situated in the old marches of Brandenburg. As late as the previous evening this young man was school-master in that village; he had given up his situation, and he had now nothing in the world save what was on his person and in his knapsack, and a large stock of erudition, very disposable but not readily disposed of—for the name of this young man was Joachim Winckelmann.

His project was to go to Paris, but Providence ruled it otherwise. He had got as far as Gelnhausen, near Frankfurt, when, as if to prove that a philosopher when young can make as great a fool of himself as any other mortal, he was stopped in his progress by neither ruin nor legend, but by the blue eyes of a charming young person whom he accidentally met with in the street. Winckelmann followed this young person to a pretty cottage trellised with vines, and opposite to which was a modest hostelry, bearing for a sign a Golden Sun, and in it he engaged a room that looked out upon the street. Next morning at an early hour, the young girl went forth to church. Joachim followed, and made his maternal devotion close by her. This over, he took his place at the window, and she at hers. What archaeologist will pass the history of windows and balconies in relation to love? Yet here is one who had his experiences of such an early life, and he followed him to his grave. Every morning Winckelmann said to himself, "I will start to-morrow." But he had not been saying so for a fortnight, and had not started.

One morning the pretty cottage opposite was being decorated with flowers, and the neighbors were congregating in their holiday clothes. "What does all this mean?" inquired Winckelmann of his host. "It means," replied the latter, "that Wilhelmina Butler is about to be married."

"To be married!" echoed the young man, almost stupefied. "Yes," said Doctor Archangeli, an Italian quack, who cured old Butler of some complaint or other, and who has sacrificed his daughter." Winckelmann said not a word, but, paying his bill, he stepped up stairs for his knapsack and stick, and casting one long look at the cottage, he resumed his journey. An hour afterwards he was picked up by two peasants, lying insensible at the foot of a tree, and he was taken back to the Golden Sun at the very moment that the nuptial party were re-entering old Butler's house.

Archangeli, in his quality of doctor, marched pompously to the succour of the unfortunate youth. Winckelmann had recovered his consciousness, but was a prey to a burning fever, the origin of which the empiric's science could not fathom, and as for curing it, if nature had not done the most, the illustrious antiquary and the "History of Art" would have most likely been buried then and there, in that obscure village, together. Such ignoble eventualities may have happened to other philosophers.

Winckelmann's convalescence was slow; he could only sit at the window, and what is more curious is, that Wilhelmina could do her work nowhere but on the little rustic balcony that stood over the cottage doorway. The tall, thin, old and arduous Archangeli was busy attending to his patients for five or six leagues around, mounted upon a donkey of Holstein. The first visit the young man had to pay when he did get out was one of thanks to his doctor, and, in order to fulfill his duty in the most satisfactory manner possible, he watched the time when Archangeli went out. The gratitude due to the husband would have thus to be expressed to the wife. When, however, our philosopher really found himself in the presence of that charming young person, he had nothing whatever to say, but he sat down twisting his cap in his hands, and he felt that he was blushing up to his ears. What is equally curious is, that Wilhelmina did the same thing. But it is an old proverb, that love makes boys stupid and sharpens the wits of girls, and Wilhelmina soon found means by referring to the events of the nuptial day, to relieve the embarrassments of her husband's patients. More than that, the visits were repeated; they would not have been Germans and not musical, so soon they got the accompaniment. One day the doctor came in while they were thus engaged; it was impossible to deny the young man's convalescence, and whilst he was stammering out his acknowledgments, the great empiric was bowing his formal congratulations. Winckelmann remained to supper. The learned Archangeli had, like most of his class, a smattering of all things; Winckelmann was a pedagogue in love, and willing to talk forever, so long as Wilhelmina was there looking on and smiling approbation, and the evening passed so pleasantly that the doctor insisted upon a repitition, and indeed, could never afterwards take his evening meal without the presence of the

young adventurer who designated himself as Count Archangeli, and, pressed for payment, he had gone, as a last resource, to see what could be extracted from his aged parent, who lay buried as it were alive amidst the statues and relics of art and the mouldy mossy ruins of the Villa Pollo.

Only a few days had elapsed that he had been at the villa, and he had not as yet an opportunity, or to speak more truly, fear had as yet prevented his broaching, when his valet Matheo opened the door of his room with the pomp, and grandly announced "Count Archangeli."

Now it need not be said that Archangeli was just as much a Count as the valet who opened the door. The name will remind the reader of the great doctor of Gelnhausen, but that was now twenty-seven years ago, and Wilhelmina's husband was even then an old man; so, unless we wish to perpetrate an anachronism, we must not confound the two.

"How amiable of you," said the unfortunate Cinelli, "to have come so far to see me." "Why, you see, you were no longer to be met with." "A charming surprise!" "Is it not so?" "But have you breakfasted?" "Not that I know of. You see I came from Verona here on horseback, and, to tell you the truth, I am ravenously hungry."

"The young men—blackleg and dupe—continued their sparring conversation whilst a repast, such as the place would afford, was being got ready." "Do you know this place pleases me," remarked the Count; "it is wild, aged, and rather mouldy, if not ruinous; but still it is patriarchal, and it reminds me, indeed, of my own ancestral castle of—huta—in Moravia." "Ah! indeed?" ventured Cinelli, looking up, as if it was a castle in the air instead of Moravia.

"Yes, it was given by Zwentibold, in the ninth century, to one of my ancestors, who had saved his life in a battle against the Magyars and Bohemians, and hence our surname, of Archangeli—Archangel, or Arch-Saviour." "That is an origin to be proud of," again ventured Cinelli, but with the same doubting smile. "But still anything to keep the enemy from the dreaded question, so he listened as a good believer, and then proposed an excursion among the works of art. No one would have for a moment imagined that deception could have lurked beneath so much deference and courtesy. The evil moment came, however, when seated at breakfast the conversation fell upon what they had seen.

"I had heard," said the Count, "of the treasures that adorned this villa." "Yes, it is so, and that is all." "There are also the three thousand ducats you owe me, but that is nothing; and as I assure you, if I was not going away to-morrow evening, I would not mention them." "I regret very much that I have exceeded my resources," urged the young man, "and I really cannot pay you just now." "Nonsense, exceeded your resources! I have often done so too. There are always ways for young noblemen to raise resources." "Count," said Cinelli, "you know that I am betrothed. I love Cinthia Sponeri, as much as a gambler can love; all my dreams of happiness are centred in that union, and if I was to borrow money it would be broken off."

"There is your father, then?" "My father is inexorable." "Well, then, I will give you a last chance," said Archangeli. "I will give you your revenge." All the concentrated passions of the gambler were roused by the arch-fiend's proposal. The wine was passed rapidly, the Count deuced the dice, two empty tumblers were used as boxes, and the victimiser and the victim were soon deeply engaged in a struggle, in which the life and welfare of the one were at stake. But what chance had he against loaded dice? Two aces and a four were met by three fives; even if he had thrown two sixes and a five, it seemed as if his antagonist could throw three sixes at his will. But when it came down to two threes and a two, the progress to ruin became proportionately swift. Excited to frenzy by despair, the young man proposed double and quits, till he was so beggared that he had not face to go on any longer.

"Providence is against me!" he exclaimed, tearing his hair from the cold clammy dew on his forehead. "I don't think that Providence has much taste for gambling," quietly observed the Count. "Only you must remember that I leave to-morrow evening." "But I see no means of paying you so brief a time." "Well, if your father has no regard for honor, I will apply to the family of your intended."

"Not so long as I have a sword at my side," interrupted the youth. "If it is an assassination you contemplate, two can play at that; if it is a duel, pay me my money first, and we will fight afterwards." "Arch-fiend!" muttered Cinelli to himself And then taking a last supreme resolve, he said out loud: "To-morrow, sir, you shall be paid."

The resolution that Cinelli had arrived at was to be heard the old Marquis in his den. But like many other brave resolves, it was easier formed than carried out. It was not without many trepidations and misgivings that he knocked humbly at the recluse's door. The aged Marquis was, as usual, in his library, where he generally spent the day, with hair unkempt and unshaven, his garments old, tattered, and torn, apparently absorbed in his books; but those who had admission to his sanctuaries, said much more so in his thoughts. A rumor was also current in the house that he did not rest comfortably at night, but would visit, at mid-day hours, when he deemed himself to be unseen by mortal eye, the pavilion, where among other works of art, was the renowned sarcophagus of Olympia, and where rumor also asserted were hidden vast treasures, which he would glut over in his midnight rambles.

Cinelli entered with great circumspection, and seating himself on a stool, instituted his most respectful inquiries regarding his aged parent's health. The Marquis grumbled out a few words in reply. "The day is splendid," ventured the dutiful son. "If you would walk a little in the park, I thought I might offer you my arm." The Marquis lifted his head, with a look which seemed to say, I wonder what is the meaning of this unwanted attention. But he merely observed: "Leave me to my solitude, and go back to your pleasures." "Pleasures?" observed the son. "Alas! I know the vanity of their parent."

"This state of things could not, however, go on forever. As Winckelmann's health was getting up, so his purse was getting low; he felt that he must go, and he reserved to the last moment to bid a final farewell, and, at the same time, to avow the secret of his heart. One night that the doctor was kept away by business, Wilhelmina was on the balcony, and the young philosopher was walking mechanically towards it.

"I have come," he said, "to tell you that I love you, and that I am going to-morrow." Wilhelmina vouchsafing no reply, was most suppose that she was so much moved as to be incapable of speech, and holding on per chance by the balusters. No doubt, at all events, Winckelmann thought so, for, seizing a ladder that happened to be close by, he hastened up to her assistance. It was the first time he had told his love, it was now the first time he took her in his arms. They had much to say to one another, many explanations of long concealed feelings to avow, but they were interrupted by the sound of horses, and soon some mounted soldiers stopped at the porch of the Golden Sun, knocking loudly for refreshment. As the moon peeped every now and then from beneath the clouds, they would be seen where they were, so Wilhelmina had performed to say, "Come in;" and she was also obliged to give the young man her hand to guide him in the obscurity.

By the very earliest dawn of the next day Winckelmann was marching bravely on his way from Gelnhausen; but although his step was elastic, his heart was heavy and his purse was nearly empty. There was no longer any chance of getting to Paris, so he resolved to stop at Ostelburg, the first town on his way, and seek employment. He should also be not so far away from Wilhelmina. But he was not, he felt, precisely in a proper condition in which to present himself before any respectable person, so he stopped by the side of a little river to extemporize his toilette. He had taken his soap and razor out of his knapsack, and was about to stoop over the river, when suddenly he heard a post-chaise stop short, and out of it two ladies jumped, running towards him. "Unfortunate youth! what are you going to do?" they both exclaimed at the same time.

"To shave myself!" replied the philosopher. At this the two ladies began to laugh heartily. They thought that he was going to cut his throat. When they had somewhat recovered from their hilarity, however, they still stayed to make inquiries as to how it was that so nice a young man was reduced to making his toilette by the river-side. Winckelmann told his history with a charming simplicity, only he omitted the incident at Gelnhausen.

One of the ladies was, it is necessary to premise, young—the other middle aged; in fact, the one was the mother, the other her fair and comely daughter. The mother said she regretted that they were going away, but her daughter would give him an introduction that might benefit him at Ostelburg. "It is to my intended," said the young lady, as she shook out her tablets to write, "so I am sure he will pay attention to my recommendation."

That introduction was to Monsiur Sponeri, a man of taste and learning, who appreciated Winckelmann's abilities, saw in them the germs of future greatness, assisted him in his studies, and then took him to Rome, where he introduced him to Cardinal Albani. We must now pass over a lapse of twenty-seven years. Winckelmann, had, in 1768, taken his place among the most distinguished men of his time; he presided over the department of antiquities at Rome, and was chief librarian of the Vatican. He had just obtained a holiday, and was starting gaily with his friend, the sculptor Cavaceppi, one of the first objects that he proposed to himself was the Sponeris—for the young lady had wedded her intended, and they had now an only child, a grown-up daughter, and their place of residence was at this epoch Verona. Unfortunately, it so happened that at the moment of Winckelmann's arrival at Verona, Madame Sponeri and their daughter Cinthia had gone with the Senator Sponeri to accompany him as far as Vicenza, on his way to Dussau, near Berlin, whither he was bound in connexion with a legacy left by a deceased aunt.

Winckelmann had thus several days of leisure to explore the city of Catullus, of Bimby the Elder, and of Paul Veronese. The city also of the Montagus and the Cappelles, just as Genoa was that of the Dorias and Fieschis, Florence of the Pazzios and the Mediceis, Milan of the Orsini and the Colonas, and all Italy of the Guelphs and the Ghibelins. But the resources of Verona in art and in archæology—and they are considerable—were soon exhausted by our enthusiast, and he resolved upon an excursion to the Villa Pollo, the seat of the Marquis Manfredi Pollo, of whose marvels Cardinal Albani had spoken in the highest terms, and especially of a chief d'œuvre, a celebrated sarcophagus, taken from the Turks at the stadia of Olympus.