

McPhillip frozen to death

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Lord Dundreary and his Life Assurance Proposal.

Should this meet the eye of the Life Insurance Company who sent me a most officious paper to fill up respecting my brother Sam, this is to inform said eye that I've forgotten it's address, but, under the conviction that it will glance over your valuable paper, I herewith send the required answers, sworn to, &c.

British Columbia.

IMPORTANT FROM THE COAST ROUTE—DETENTION AND SUFFERING.

AN ARROW discharged by the Indians in a recent massacre at Madelia, was taken from the body of one of the victims on the day after the fatal occurrence.

STONEMAN JACKSON'S LAST SERMON.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Herald is responsible for the following:—Stonewall Jackson is reported to have delivered to his troops last Sunday a discourse upon a text from Joel, chapter 2, verse 20, as follows: 'But I will remove far off from you the Northern army, and will drive into a land barren and desolate, with his face toward the east sea, and his hinder part toward the utmost sea, and his stinck shall come up, because he hath done great things.'

DR. J. CRAWFORD, GRADUATE OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE Kingston; of the University of New York Aylet's Medical and Surgical Institute, New York; New York Ophthalmic Hospital; and Provincial Licentiate, Durham.

Corner for the County of Grey. SCHOENY AND RESIDENCE.—Adjoining the store of Mr. D. Fletcher.

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

BRODIE'S HOETL, (LATE MAY'S) OWEN SOUND.

THE ATTENTION OF THE PUBLIC OF DURHAM AND VICINITY IS DIRECTED TO THE ABOVE HOUSE.

POETRY. CONTENTED JOHN.

BY MISS TAYLOR.

One honest John Tomkins, a hedger and ditcher, Although he was poor, did not want to be richer.

"For why should I grumble and murmur?" he said, "If I cannot get meat I'll be thankful for bread."

And thus honest John though his station was humble, Passed through this sad world without even a grumble.

Miscellaneous Reading. How Jenny was Won.

"Eh,—want to know how I won her? Well, I'll tell you 'em 'bout 'em."

"Want to know how I won her? Well, you see, my boy, cousin Jenny was always the sancest which that ever shook a curl or played tricks with a masculine heart."

"And so, when I came home from academy and college vacation, not a whit less embarrassed and awkward than ever—acting like a grown-up booby—upsetting her work-box and tangling her worsted, committing countless blunders at the table, all this to the gratification of the mischief-loving flirt, and the ramping hoydenish, school-girl companions she'd always been stopping at Beechwood on visits, didn't I make myself a target of all kinds of practical jokes for those same rumps?"

"And Jenny herself wasn't she the ring-leader of them all? Didn't she beg to do the table honors on purpose to put salt in my tea and pepper my muffins in order to watch my wry faces? Didn't she play tantalizing waltzes every evening in the parlor, regretting that 'cousin Ned didn't dance?'

"But it bothered me most that Jenny could torment me so. I was in love—I knew it; but had no power to flee from her toils."

"Well, I came off with college honors at twenty, and went home to Beechwood.—Uddie Dick shook my hand till he rung tears of pain from my eyes; and called me a brave boy, and an honor to the Wilders.—And Mary got out the best China, and petted me like a grown-up baby; but Jenny dashed before me, ridiculing my newly fledged beard, calling every pot hair I had been assiduously cultivating for the past few months 'pin feathers'—vowed I hadn't graduated, but had been expelled, and hoped I wasn't going to stop at Beechwood long, for she'd invited her dear friend, Seraphine Love, to pass the summer months with her, and I would only prove a torment and a botheration."

"Seraphine Love came—a tall, tawny-candle, sentimental damsel, with stiff curls, light blue eyes, lackadaisical, moonstruck air. There was no similarity between her and Jenny; and I fell to wondering about their mutual liking, and soon discovered the cause. Seraphine Love wrote poetry, rhymes, and levelled her Parnassian darts against those Jenny disliked—this was the secret.—She had been sent for to 'do up' cousin Ned in verse—and various were the sonnets, acrostics and lampoons with which I was

favoured. They greeted me everywhere!—On my chamber table in my portfolios, between the covers of my Greek Lexicon, even in the pocket of dressing my gown I found them. In no place was I safe.

"Had I been particularly sensitive, I must have been driven from the field; but I withstood them. Besides, there was reason, other than my resolve to seem indifferent. Of late, I thought I had detected beneath Jenny's gaiety, an under current of feeling; sometimes, looking up suddenly, I caught the glance of two blue eyes, and though speedily withdrawn I could have vowed that glance had something earnest almost tender in it, quite belying her sauciness of words or manner. Was it possible that Jenny was playing a part?—that she had been caught in her own snare?"

"The thought emboldened me; and one moonlight evening, coming upon her suddenly, sitting in an unwonted mood in the garden I found myself actually saying sentimental speeches with my arm about Jenny's waist."

"The 'vixen!' she heard me through, smothered a laugh in her handkerchief, slyly picked up a pin the hand I had thrown around her, slapped my cheek smartly, and then disappeared through the low French window opening into the back parlor."

"Well that was a drop too much—and with my face still tingling under the blow she had given, and my heart smarting sorer with wounded pride, on the impulse of the moment, I pushed open the door of my room. The two girls sat at a window in the moonlight. I went up close to Jenny."

"Miss Wilder," I said, "and Phil, I must have fairly got into the heroes, for she willed under my eye, and sunk down in her seat!"

"In three years I had gained my profession and during that time had never once visited home. Letters, many and kind, came from Uncle Dick and Aunt Mary, but never a word from Jenny. I heard of her often as a belle, a beauty, and a flirt—since she invariably rejected all serious wooers. That latter item pleased me strangely; and straight way I fell into becoming the devoted cavalier of Kate Drew, a dashing belle, whose father counted his property by thousands, and in my letters home, I was always careful to speak of 'Mas Drew, the beautiful heiress.'"

"Urgent invitations came from Beechwood to revisit the old place; but I put them off.—'Business before pleasure,' I urged in return.

"Coke and Blackstone, and—Kate Drew detained me, so I wrote Uncle Dick.—'En pas out, let me mention, Phil, that Kate was engaged to an old college mate of mine, in Italy the last two years, and you will perceive the drift of our plans."

"One item in Uncle Dick's letter pleased me more than fatherly advice or invitations to Beechwood. 'Jenny,' he wrote, 'has just refused the best match in the country. I believe the girl has burned her fingers this time but she's as headstrong as ever. By-the-way nephew, did you and the quarrel before you left us? She flouts like a very shrew when your name is mentioned. What's the matter, nephew? Better come back and settle up old scores; but though Jenny's the least bit contrary, she has the best heart.' So Uncle Dick wrote.

"Not I," replied Ned, smiling; 'I knew the time hadn't come. I wrote home that I was off for a foreign tour, departed the following week, and not till fifteen months after did I set foot in Beechwood again.

"It was as I expected. Jenny was still unmarried, and flirting desperately as ever. But faith, I didn't recognize the tall, quivering woman who received me with such cold staidness in Beechwood since my leaving home. Not a trace of the hoydenish, romping mischief-loving school girl I had left more than five years before.

"Many gentlemen came to the house, and she danced, sang, played and flirted with all; not a pin did she care for one of them.—Put did she care for me still? I couldn't tell. Her old gaiety of manner was all gone; she was courteous, chillingly polite; but never affable or familiar; polite—but nothing more. Every approach to intimacy was repelled. She seemed building higher, day by day, the icy wall between us.

"Well so it went on for weeks—Jenny chaffing and playing the agreeable to others, but decidedly cold and icebergy towards me. I was in torture; and this must come to an end. 'One night we were left together—Jenny and I. A lucky attack of the gout confined Uncle Dick to his room, where Aunt Mary was kept busy with bandages and liniment; visitors went away early in the evening; and were alone for the first time since I had been at Beechwood, for Jenny had managed to avoid me, never walking or riding with me as of old. Now she was stately and calm as ever—but talked little; and when the clock struck ten, arose, gathered up her embroidery and took up a night lamp. 'Good night, she said.

"My time had come. 'No it is good bye!' I replied, proffering my hand. 'Good bye!' she said, and she glanced up inquiringly. '—Mr. Wilder I don't understand you!' she exclaimed. 'Perhaps not,' I said indifferently. 'It is only this—I am to leave

Beechwood by the morning stage, and shall not see you so early.' 'Leave Beechwood?' and she slightly faltered, looking surprised, and replacing the lamp on the table. 'I did not know—had not thought—that is, you make us a short visit, cousin,' she stammered. It was the first time she had called me cousin.

"And why should I prolong it, Miss Wilder? I asked, 'since at least one here does not enjoy my presence?' 'Going over to her, I took her hand. 'Cousin Jenny,' I said, 'I can plainly see that I am unwelcome here. You shun me, and I am going back to town. So it kindly be good bye, cousin. You will think myself of me some time?'

"There was no answer. I heard a hard drawn breath—but pride crushed back.—She snatched my hand, and again took up the lamp. 'Good bye, then,' she said, mechanically, turning away. I held open the door into the hall, hesitated, then came back.—The door swung to 'Cousin Edward,' she said and her voice slightly trembled, 'you have thought me cold and proud—wanting in the duties of hospitality even. I acknowledge that I have seemed so; but you cousin—have you not neglected us all these years? Did you not go away angry, and—?' she broke down. 'Jenny let by-gones be by-gones,' I said, magnanimously, acting my part to perfection. 'I have hoarded up no anger. On the contrary—but no matter.—You will come and visit me in my home some time? One of these days I am going to be married. Good bye, cousin, and I Edward Wilder, release me this instant!'

"Oh, Phil, you should have seen her black eyes flash! She absolutely stamped her foot with passion, and struggled hard; but I held her tightly; a let me go! Your lady love shall know of this! she cried, with flushed cheeks and tears of anger. 'Oh, well, Kate Drew isn't the least bit jealous, I struggle to do intend to marry one of these days, but I no other than her I always love, and who if I mistake not, does not who I hate me.' Jenny, look up and tell me if you will send me away from Beechwood? But at that moment, as the lamp burned low, and flickered in dusty shadows, a sigh soft as a summer zephyr, stole athwart my cheek, and two warm fragrant lips, flattered like rose buds against mine. Not a word was spoken, and there was little need.

"But just then the very spirit of mischief prompted me to whisper them—Jenny, my vow is fulfilled, you remember it. Didn't I warn you I'd appropriate this hand? and for the rest, the kiss for the blow, you know—'And Jenny answered never a word,' said Ned, smiling, 'for the witch was fairly caught in her own trap.'

"But Kate Drew? queried Phil, taking a long sniff at his cigar.

"Oh, Tom Ashley came home," replied Ned, and in a fortnight they are to be united. But she's promised to go down to Beechwood first, to be Jenny's bridesmaid.

"And Seraphine Love? asked Phil.

"Is Seraphine Love still," replied Ned—"lackadaisical, sentimental, and devoted to the wine as ever. She's got a volume of poems in the press—'Elegiac Buds,' or some such pathetic title. Jenny and I have subscribed for fifty copies to be distributed among our friends as literary bijoux! But enough! Consider yourself held by an engagement at Beechwood this day week to kiss the bride and eat wedding cake."

EFFECT OF MUSKET BALLS.—The most singular thing, says a correspondent, and one which I do not remember to have heard mentioned heretofore, is the effect of musket balls upon the atmosphere through which they pass. The passage of one immediately across your face is followed by a momentary sensation of deadly sickness. The air seems thick, stifling, and patrid, like that of a newly-opened vault, accompanied by an odor of certain kinds of fungi found in the woods, and never willingly disturbed by either man or beast.

A fire in Caledon on Friday last, destroyed a tavern occupied by Mr. Wm. Phillips, and the stables attached, together with four fine horses and a quantity of furniture. The hotel was large and commodious, and its destruction will be felt as a serious loss to travelers in that locality.

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Several soldiers of the 17th Reg. and 60th Rifles, whose term of enlistment—ten years had expired, on Thursday, renewed their oath before P. A. Donet, Esq., Clerk of the Peace, to serve their country eleven years more, and enable them to enjoy, at the expiration of that time, the benefits of a pension.—Quebec News.

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