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MAINTIEN LE DROIT.

DURHAM, COUNTY OF GREY, ONTARIO, APRIL 7, 1870.

James Brown, ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES, Durham, Ont.

J. F. Halsted, M. D., PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., HANOVER, Ontario.

Medical Advice Gratis. F. W. PRITCHARD, M. D., formerly Surgeon G. S. Army, Residence one door South of Joe Brown's store, Lower Town, Durham. The doctor will give advice, FREE OF CHARGE, each day from 10 a. m. till 2 p. m.

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IF YOU WANT FURNITURE GO TO SHEWELL'S Cabinetware and Chair Factory, OPPOSITE ORANGE HALL, DURHAM. SIGN OF THE BIG CHAIR. WHERE FURNITURE OF EVERY description can be had as cheap, and as good as at any other establishment in the County. All work warranted. Warehouse, One Door North of the sign of the big chair.

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HOTEL CARDS. DEACON'S HOTEL, HANOVER. This House is furnished with all the requisites to insure the comfort of travellers. The Table supplied with the best of the market affords Choice wines, liquors, and cigars kept constantly on hand. There is also a good livery in connection with this house. Charges moderate. April 26, 1868.

HALF-WAY HOUSE, ORCHARDBVILLE, JAMES BELL, PROPRIETOR. Having leased the above premises, lately occupied by Mr. J. Hart, I am prepared to offer first-class accommodation to travellers and the public generally. Good Wines, Liquors and Cigars always on hand. Superior Stabling and an attentive Hostler. Stages call daily.

CORNISH'S HOTEL, ORCHARDBVILLE. This House has recently been refitted and furnished in first class style, with a view to the comfort and accommodation of the travelling public. Wines, Liquors and Cigars of the choicest brands always on hand. Good Stabling and an attentive Hostler. Stages call daily. Charges moderate.

Argyle Hotel, HUGH MACKAY, PROPRIETOR. Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Grey.

DURHAM HOTEL, Durham, JAMES ELLIOTT, Proprietor. The subscriber thankful for past favors wishes to inform his old friends and the public generally, that he has again commenced business in the above Hotel and hopes by strict attention to the comfort of his guests to merit a fair share of public patronage. A good livery in connection.

OPEN REBELLION. TAKEN BY STORM! Fenian Raid! Photographs for the Million! BETTER than the BEST and Cheaper than the Cheapest at KELSEY'S GALLERY, Opposite Fletcher's, Upper Town, Durham.

THE LOCKMAN FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. MANUFACTURED BY WILSON, BOWMAN & CO., HAMILTON ONT. Is the most complete Sewing Machine made. The price of the Machine, on beautiful stand, walnut top, mouldings and drawers is \$32 00.

IT IS UNDENIABLE, THAT THE Lockman Machine is not only the LATEST but also the BEST of its kind, before the public.

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Call and Inspect. Agent for Durham and vicinity, F. H. Edwards, Durham, March 15th, 1870.

THREE CHAPTERS IN A LIFE'S HISTORY.

CHAPTER III. A PLACE IN THE WORLD.

"And there dawneth a time to the poet When his heart is humbled in silence, And he looks in the dark to pray; And the prayer is turned into music, And the music findeth a tongue, And Art, the cold angel, is kinder, And comforts the soul that she stings." ROBERT BUCHANAN. All unconsciously to herself, Rachel Masteron—for we will still call her by her maiden name—had closed the book on another chapter of her life's history on that eventful night, when, through the agency of the circus clown, she was prevented from hurrying to self-destruction. With her rescue from the terrible fate on which she was bent, vanished all desire and intention to take her own life. It was a mad impulse, such as drives many a poor wretch to the suicide repented in the very moment which sees the act committed, and Rachel was thankful, devoutly thankful to the providence which had stepped between her and the accomplishment of her mad design. Calmly she and her children slept till late in the next day, on the comfortable bed so opportunely provided for them, and woke to find food, and fire, and comfort, instead of the cold and desolation of the preceding night. Mr. Davies was gone to his business; but his wife remained, and urged her to make a good meal.

"My old man says he can never think about business when his stomach's empty," she said cheerily; "so just you get your breakfast, and then we'll get these young ones washed. We shall be fit to talk about what's to be done after that." It was now to Rachel to have anyone to care for, or sympathize with her, and Mrs. Davies' kindness brought the tears to her eyes. "There don't cry," the good woman said, "you're just weak and out of sorts. There'll be lots of things turn up as you can do; why, bless me, my old man and me had just to leg our way across the country once, and you haven't come to that yet."

Mr. Davies came in presently, and gave his guest a hearty "Good morning." "Ah! you look something like yourself now," he said, rubbing his hands. And indeed, Rachel, with her dress arranged, and her hair brushed, and the light came back to her eyes, looked a very different creature from the poor woe-begone, be-dragged wretch he had befriended on the preceding evening. "Young uns all right?" he inquired casually, as if he were asking after the welfare of a pair of young puppies. "They'd let you know if they wasn't," said his wife, looking fondly at the sleeping infant on her lap, and giving a caressing stroke to the curly head of the pretty boy on the floor at her feet, who was greasing himself all over with a piece of bread and butter. "They're good children; I never saw better."

supported her in her battle with the world, which is so hard on a struggling woman, she thinks with tender regret of the lowly instrument who, under Heaven, saved her from the last and greatest sin that mortal can commit. CONCLUDED.

Trying the Sweat-Box.

Many years ago it was my good fortune to join a happy party of ladies and gentlemen on a visit to the United States receiving ship, "North Carolina," then as now anchored off Brooklyn Navy Yard. At that time Commodore James F. Schenk was in command of her, and we all were delighted at his affability of manner, and his constant desire to make us familiar with every portion of the ship, even to minute particulars, which few persons have had an opportunity to investigate. The ship was in beautiful order, the weather was fine, the party was all life and gayety, and the Commodore the soul of politeness. We were roaming through one of the decks under the water-line on the orlop deck, I believe—when he said: "If you will walk this way I will show you some apartments that are only occupied occasionally." He took us toward the bow of the vessel, through that gloomy deck where lamps are burning even at midday, and then he showed us the "apartments"—a half a dozen, more or less, of narrow, dark, upright wooden cells, each large enough only to contain one living being, and closed by a thick door, through which five or six sugar holes, at the height of a man's mouth afforded the only supply of air. "These are the 'sweat-boxes,'" he said. "When any of our men deserve punishment, now, since flogging has been abolished in the navy, we lock him up in one of these boxes for twenty-four hours at a time, or, if a very bad fellow, we sometimes give him forty-eight, without food or water."

So simple and humane a punishment, in place of the barbarous, cruel and degrading system of whipping, at once called forth the eulogiums of the party, and we were just about passing our unqualified approval and admiration of so mild and benign a penalty when the Commodore said, with a quiet smile: "It's pretty severe, though. Would any one like to try for a minute or two?" "Yes, you may give me five," said I, and amidst a chorus of joyous cries, I stepped into the box, and the door was locked upon me. I found myself immersed within four sides of a wooden box so scanty in room that it touched my body on every side. I am but of medium stoutness, but what would be done with a prisoner but a few inches stouter than I? As it was, there was not room enough on any side, between my body and the box, for me to raise my hand to my head, and when the door closed upon me I had to stand up so straight that the back of my head touched the back of the cell, while in front there was barely an inch of room between the inside of the door and my face. As the box was wider than it was deep, I could not even turn in it. The breathing holes were at some distance below the level of the eyes—in fact, they were on a level with my mouth, and thus the miserable consolation of peeping through them upon a dimly lighted deck was impossible. For the same reason that the arms could not be bent, bending the knees was alike impracticable. The box was utterly dark, and the first sensation that I began to experience was a sickening, horrible feeling of want of air. To be placed alive in a coffin, and to have the lid closely screwed down over your face, would have been no worse than this. I was in fact, inhumed alive. My chest began to heave with great violence, as I gasped for fresh air; the blood rushed to my head and seemed to threaten apoplexy, and I could not reach my hand to my throbbing temples.

Meantime all remained still as the grave on the outside—I suppose by the Commodore's directions. Then I thought of men, living men, imprisoned in this narrow house, and forgotten in the tumult of great storms at sea, or perishing by slow famine in this terrible sarcophagus, long after the crew had deserted the wrecked ship. Think of a man lying helpless on his face in such a wooden case, perhaps standing upon his head (for such might be his position), on a wrecked vessel! But these fearful thoughts as to what might happen to others, soon gave way to the real horrors of my own situation. The suffocation occasioned by the closeness of the air in the box produced in me a sudden desire for water. My lips grew hard and dry, and my tongue was like a chip with the sudden fever of unquenched thirst. Although I had determined to remain as quiet as possible, the time being so short, yet reason itself began to play fantastic tricks. Perhaps they had deserted me, I thought; perhaps the Commodore was a practical joker, and instead of a few minutes, might keep me

here for an hour or so. What was to prevent him? All was still as death outside. Could they have gone to the upper deck and left me? I knew that these were all idle surmises, but they would come, and come, and with increased power, too. My neckcloth became too tight for my throat; I was almost strangled with it, and yet could not reach my hand to it to notice it. Should I cry out? The tortures and agony were becoming insupportable. The perspiration began to stream from every pore. The box became intolerably close; I fancied it full of humid vapor—the five minutes must have elapsed long ago—the day itself had receded—how long had the sun gone down? Was it dark night on deck above?

Of course I cannot recall all the sensations that thus took possession of soul and body in that brief trial of a sweat-box. It was in vain to call reason to your aid. You could no more dismiss your thoughts at will when in such a place than you could imagine the field vapid of the box to be the fresh, the blessed, breezy air of morning. It is this very condition of mind, to which the victim of this living death is brought that forms the principal torture of the punishment. And think of a poor wretch compelled to endure this agony for twenty-four hours—or even longer—without water, without food, without rest. When I stepped forth from my voluntary burial place, I saw, by the face of my friends, what a change the brief experience of a few minutes had made in me. In fact, I felt it, for although I tried to smile away the impression, my whole frame seemed weak and feeble, compared with what it had been a few moments before. "Commodore," said I, "you kept me there longer than I bargained for." "How long do you suppose?" said he. "Double the length of time, I should judge." The Commodore looked with another of his queer smiles at the rest of the party. "We'll stand you," he said, "and from the instant I turned the key on you, until I let you out again, it was exactly three minutes. I told you the punishment was pretty severe."—Frederic S. Cozzens in Health and Home.

Social Curiosities.

Some industrious person has been exercising his perceptive faculties in social researches, and gives us some of his results in a unique manner. The libelous fellow claims to have discovered that the following instances of male and female profligacy, devotion, etc., are curiously, wherever found, of the sublimest exaltation. "The husband that says to his wife on a Monday night, when cook is in revolt, dinner is behindhand, and 'stocks down,' 'My dear, you look tired—let me walk up and down with the baby, while you rest.'"

The wife who provides herself with spoils of cotton, thimbles, and sewing-work before the reading begins, and don't have to jump up once in five minutes, to "fetch something from the next room."

The man who is consistent, and goes out to chop kindlings for exercise after having recommended bed-making to his wife as a healthful method of expanding the chest!

The woman who tells her husband just exactly how much money she spent in that shopping expedition yesterday!

The man who is always delighted with the domestic puddings and pies; and don't expect a daily fare like unto a French restaurant.

John Randolph's Advice.

When John Randolph was in London he wrote to a gentleman who married his favorite niece. It was the following advice:— "Have no dealings that can possibly be avoided with your neighbors. The disregard of this caution will certainly lead to squabbles and strife."

"Take no receipts on loose pieces of paper. Carry a receipt book in your pocket, and take all receipts in it; if you are afraid of losing it keep it in your desk. Always have the receipts witnessed when practicable."

"Copy, or have copied, all bills in your book, so that you must at a glance see the cost of any article or branch of expense. Without accurate accounts you must fall behind hand."

"What voyage would a ship make without observation of reckoning? You are now embarked on a voyage of life; without a good look-out you may be cast out."

"Form no intimacies with your neighbors under a seven years' acquaintance. The rigid observations of my own maxims preserved me from strife and from loss by those. With the rest I was on the best of terms."

"Economy—the adapting of your supplies judiciously to the intended end—that is the gift of God. It cannot be taught; at least, I have tried all my life without success. My mother had it to perfection."

"Frugality—it is in the power of every honest man, who means to retain his honesty, to refrain from indulging in expenses which he cannot afford. A disregard to this maxim, the result of the ignorant indolence of their own affairs, has ruined all my name and race. They did not know what they could afford, and some, I fear, did not care."

An Irish Definition of Drunkenness.

At the hearing of a case of damages against a railway company in the Court of Queen's Bench, Dublin, recently, John McCuskey, a railway guard, was examined by Mr. Charlton, Q. C. He deposed that on the morning on which Mr. Sloane, the plaintiff, sustained the accident, he saw him at Enfield, and called to him to take his seat; the station-master also called to him.

"Had you an opportunity of judging of the position of Mr. Sloane as to his being capable of taking care of himself?" "Witness—I suppose I must answer the question?" "Mr. Charlton, Q. C.—Indeed you must."

Chief Justice—There is nothing confidential here—everything is above board. (Laughter.) "Witness—Well, he was not sufficiently sober to know that he was drunk. (Laughter.)"

Mr. Heron, Q. C.—In your opinion, then, if he knew he was drunk he would be more sober? (Renewed laughter.) "Witness—I can explain all the phases of it—I know every stage of it if you don't deny it personal. (Great laughter.)"

Mr. Heron, Q. C.—Not a bit, go on. What is the first stage? To drink. What is the second? To feel that you have taken drink. (Laughter.) The fourth? Shaky. (Laughter.) The fifth? Drunk. (Renewed laughter.) The sixth? You are unconscious and don't know you are drunk. (Laughter.) And in your opinion was the plaintiff unconscious enough not to know he was drunk? I believe he was not sober enough to know it. What's the seventh stage of all that ends this eventful history? Delirium tremens. (Great laughter.)

A Sad Sequel to a Sad Story.

In our issue of Tuesday was contained a paragraph stating that a man named Call, a painter, formerly residing in this city, had, with his family, taken passage for Britain in the in all probability ill-fated steamship City of Boston, and that having been incapacitated from pursuing his business by reason of a fall from the University buildings last autumn, his brother, also a resident of this city, had kindly provided for himself and family, consisting of his wife and several children, and had ultimately paid their passage by the missing steamer. This morning we have to record a still sadder sequel to this sad story. This brother of Call's who is still residing in this city had up to the time of the cruel *casualty* which was profligated as to the safe arrival of the City of Boston, been oscillating between hope and fear as to the fate of the vessel, and of his brother, his wife and family. On the reception of the false news as to that arrival Call was thrown into a state of ecstatic delight, and the reader can imagine the intensity of the reaction which followed, when the news arrived establishing the former statement as a *canard*. Since then he has been in a state of semi dementia, which has culminated in actual insanity of such a serious aspect as to render his confinement in the Asylum necessary, and he was accordingly placed in that institution by his friends a day or two ago. Daily Telegraph 31st ult.

On Thursday, 17th ult., a cow belonging to Mr. Solomon Eastman, of Adelaide, gave birth to three calves, all alive and healthy.

Two years ago a Florida negro who was so afraid of a railroad car that he had to be blind-folded to get him on a train, was elected to the Legislature. He is now a railroad director. A marked instance of negro improvement.

New Orleans pick-pockets send up a host of India rubber balloons, and while the crowd gapes heavenward, go through their pockets.

A Baltimorean has committed suicide by drinking a quart of whiskey straight. He knew what he was about when he began.

St. John A. MacDonald still continues to display his usual tact and energy in the exalted position to which his talents have raised him. We once heard it remarked that his popularity would one day decline, but we know that when a man's advancement is the result of his own intrinsic worth, his reputation is fixed and efficient like that of the Great Shoemaker Remedy for rheumatism, diseases of the throat, lungs, &c. For sale by all Druggists.