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OPPOSITE ORANGE HALL
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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.
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THEY ASSIST THE SIGHT MOST BRILLIANTLY,
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IMPROVEMENT OF THE EYES,
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No fines to pay. No shares required to be taken. No commission charged. No expenses of renewals.
I am receiving applications for Loans. All business connected therewith will be promptly transacted.
A. McLELLAN,
Agent and Valuer.
Durham, August 11th, 1870. 184-tf.

POETRY.

The By-gone days of Yore.

In the peaceful hours of evening,
When the golden sun was low,
And the Heavens were resplendent
With his majestic glow;
When the tender cords of memory,
Which oft had thrilled before,
Reverberated softly
O'er the by-gone days of yore.

Such a bright gold vision
Of happy, youthful days,
No painter's brush could equal
Their magnificent displays;
But methinks I hear a whisper,
In some mystic words of lore,
Which breathe a kind memento
To the by-gone days of yore.

But dimly to the distance
Rises up the past,
Unveiling all the treasures
That were once around me cast;
Then I raise a silent murmur,
But quickly it is o'er.
And I pay a loving tribute
To the by-gone days of yore.

When the gentle words of love,
Now hidden in my heart,
The memory of that loved one
Can never more depart.
Hark! a sweet angel whisper
From the bright golden shore,
Makes me live again in memory
The by-gone days of yore.

Ah! there's the dear old homestead,
With the loved ones gathered round,
They are all waiting for me,
To hear my footsteps sound;
But the picture is dissolving,
'Tis almost past and o'er,
Yet how I love to linger on
The by-gone days of yore.

Then peacefully we journey
Down the shining path of life,
And buckle on our armor
For the fast approaching strife;
But just as I am leaving
This world for evermore,
Oh! Memory paint one picture
Of the by-gone days of yore.

THE LUMP OF CLAY;
—OR—
Murder Will Out.

I had seen the picture before.—Where? With a leap my mind went back to the night before my husband's murder. I saw Jane, the mulatto cook, and her companion; and oh, merciful Heavens! the man's face was the same. This was shaded by a fashionable hat—a fashionable collar and cravat, and an elegant overcoat finished the costume, while the first face was set off by ragged and ruffianly garments, but the persons were the same. I could have laid my hand upon the Bible and sworn to that fact on the spot. As I grew positive of this, my senses departed, and my sister, when she entered, found me in a swoon upon the floor.

When I recovered I doubted my own sanity. I laid what I had seen to the illusion of the moonlight and distance. I argued with myself that, until I had seen this Cuban, I must regard the whole affair as a delusion. I waited, not patiently but silently. Soon I met him face to face in my own parlor. The moment was a terrible one. I knew now I had made no mistake.

There had never been the faintest doubt in my own mind that this companion of Jane's had been at the bottom of the dark deed of that horrible night. There was no doubt now that this was the man; yet my own common-sense told me that to accuse a wealthy gentleman on such slight grounds as the memory of a face seen once by moonlight would be absurd. I should be called insane. But, if I were, this was a bold, bad man, and Grace should have no more to do with him. I told her so that night, and she turned on me angrily.

'You should have spoken sooner,' she said. 'It has gone too far. I am half engaged to him. It is a splendid match for a poor girl, and I'll marry him.'

'Do you love him?' I said.

She laughed. 'No; as I said once before, he loves me. That's enough. I shall get used to his ways, and I shall be mistress of a splendid house, carriage, horses, etc., and shall enjoy myself. It is only for his ugly face you hate my Cuban. Don't you remember Shakespeare: 'Mislike me not for my complexion,' etc. To be sure, he is suspiciously dark; but it is Cuban—nothing else.'

And changing at once from angry to gay, she kissed me.

'He has a horrible face,' I said; but that is not all. Grace this must not go on. I will tell you a secret. The face I saw over the gate on that awful night talking to Jane—the face of one connected, I am sure with the murder, was this man's face; and he, Grace, is the man himself.

Grace answered with a laugh.

'You are wild,' she said. 'That you have always said was a ragged, wretched fellow.'

'Yes; but still the man in other clothes—'

'A millionaire has no need to turn burglar.'

'How did this man make his money—can you answer?'

'Nonsense—of course not. Cotton or sugar, I suppose. I hope you are not going to have another brain fever, my dear.'

'My brain is steady, Grace. Heed me.'

'That I can't; you will see your folly soon. The idea! Because the poor man is ugly! I'll make him tell how he came by his fortune! Sleep on it, and you'll see your insanity.'

She danced away and crept to bed with a heavy heart.

The next day she came to me gleefully. 'My Cuban made his fortune in trade,' she said; 'took his father's business and gave it up when his million was made. He showed me papers and letters and things I didn't understand, though I pretended to. He didn't find his million in people's cupboards. And he has popped the question, and I have accepted—so there's an end. Come, I know you've had too much trouble; but don't brood over it and go out of your head.'

She tried to kiss me, but I held her off.

'Listen Grace,' I said. 'If you marry this man, and I discover afterwards that he knows anything of that awful night, I shall still denounce him.'

'And welcome,' said she. Then with a sudden childish burst of tears she clasped me, and cried: 'Oh Ella, don't go crazy—don't go crazy! Try to take comfort; try to be yourself!'

It was useless to argue farther, and I left her.

So, being betrothed to Grace, the Cuban, Mr. Zenzee was his name, brought his hideous face to our house every night.

I loathed it, but I had determined to watch him. With this end I endured the sight and heard him talk. At last I made him contradict himself as to the places where he spent certain years. I confused him by the blunt inquiries concerning Cuba. I became convinced that he was no more a Cuban than myself.—Then watching him still closer I saw terror as well as brutality in his eyes. I knew the man feared something.—Closer and closer my fancied proofs were gathering about him, until I began to see him the actual murderer, the man who had stolen barefoot about our room, and the clay impress of whose mutilated foot I had locked in a closet in my room. Could I see his foot I could be sure—not else. And that had now become the object of my life. And, all this while, despite all my prayers and protestation, the preparations, for my sister's marriage with Mr. Zenzee were going forward.

The day was set. The time narrowed. Before that wedding-day I had sworn to make my discovery. I worked now with two ends—my old one, and that of saving Grace from becoming the wife of a monster.

I watched the foot as a cat watched a mouse, but discovered nothing. My agony grew greater. Time moved too fast for me; I could have prayed for days and hours to lengthen those months out. At last there was but one day between the present in which I lived and that in which my sister would become Mrs. Zenzee. On that morning I awoke with my plan fully matured.

I said to Grace at breakfast: 'Since the wedding is so near, invite Mr. Zenzee to pass the evening with us.'

She looked up with a smile.

'You are coming to your senses,' she said.

I made no answer. After a while I asked again, 'Do you love him, Grace?' and she answered: 'I told you once why I accepted him. That is my reason still. After all, what is love worth?' but she sighed.

My heart had been at ease on that score before. It was even lighter now. But how it throbbed with anxiety! The day wore on tediously, and evening, with a murky rain; but with it came Mr. Zenzee. He took tea with us, and did his best to be agreeable, but somehow, in spite of the remarkably handsome dress he wore, he looked more the ruffian than ever. After tea we had out the card table, and he showed us some strange tricks at cards, and played against us, and cheated us both for fun, and laughed at Grace's wonder. Then Grace sang a while; and then, the clock striking ten, my time had come.

'It is a cold night,' I said.

'Bitter,' said he, shuddering. 'But then I came from a warm climate.'

'Something warm to drink would be a comfort,' said I.

He brightened up.

'It would suit me,' said he.

'A bowl of punch now?' said I.

Grace started.

'Punch! I thought you—'

I stopped her.

'This is a special occasion,' said I, 'and, to tell the truth, I have some prepared.'

'Fond of a drop yourself of a cold night, and none the worse for it, ma'am,' said he, with a laugh.

I laughed too, as I left the room. In the kitchen I found my punch-bowl full.

'Is it hot?' said I.

'Boiling,' said the girl; and I seized it on its tray, with the ladel. Then called John, our coachman, a burly fellow, over six feet in height.

'John,' said I, 'stay near the door. If I call you, come and do what I tell you.' The man started, but obeyed.

I waited until I heard him plant himself upon the sill of the door, then entered the parlor.

'Taste it, Mr. Zenzee; is it not fine?' I said, and then, as I stood near him, the bowl dropped from my hands, and the contents poured over the floor and the Cuban's knees. I screamed. He howled, for the fluid had filled the loose shoes he wore; and down I went on my knees before the spot to which he had sprung.

'Oh, what an unlucky thing! Are you scalded? Let me see.' And as he sat writhing with pain on the sofa, I tore off his shoes and stockings with great pretence of compassion and grief.

The feet lay bare upon a cushion.—The right perfect. The left—that maimed foot which had made its impress in the clay on the night of my husband's murder.

I gave a yell of almost insane triumph, and cried aloud for John.

'Hold him,' I said. 'Do not let him go. He is a murderer.'

I forgot the other details of that night, or remember them only in a sort of a dream. I know emissaries of the law soon filled my house. I know my wild statement slowly gained credence. I had my proofs in the clay and plaster in my room above. At last in the recognition of the man as a desperado of the Mississippi, and finally in his own confession.

His end was the one he merited, and my work was done.

Long since Grace married a man she loved with her whole [illegible] are prosperous. And I—I am patient and ready to bide God's will.

CONCLUDED.

Miscellaneous War Items.

A correspondent of the *Independence Belge* states that the inhabitants of the little town of Osterode have offered a reward of 10,000 thalers to whoever shall take the Emperor of the French, dead or alive.

M. Thiers, writing to a friend in England, says he has has always been of the opinion that the time would come when the ambition of Prussia would have to be resisted by France. But he always supposed the time would only be when a just occasion arose, and when all the nations of Europe should acknowledge France to be in the right. "If," M. Thiers proceeds, "when asked for the production of the despatches, I could have obtained about twenty-four hours' respite, I think that my countrymen, having time for reflection, would, perhaps, have pronounced for peace. I did not succeed, and now, always faithful to my country's flag, I can only wish for her success, while earnestly desiring that it may be at the least possible cost to humanity, and that it may bring about a lasting peace."

The French papers state that the Emir Abd-el-Kader has addressed the following letter to the Minister of War: "Praise be to God. To the very valiant Marshal of France, Minister of War.—Excellency: We have learned by the voice of fame that France is about to make her powder speak against her enemies, the Prussians (whom may God confound,) and that your very powerful Emperor, Napoleon III., (upon whom may Heaven shower its bounties,) has determined to place in the front ranks of his brave soldiers the sons of French Africa. He who has fought against the French would be the last of believers if he did not, in this coming war, place himself at the service of his adopted country; his tried sabre claims the honor of being the first to march against the Prussians. The Emir Abd-el-Kader, therefore, begs your Excellency to lay his humble petition at the glorious throne of Napoleon III. (to whom may God grant victory.) From the servant of God, Abd-el-Kader Ben Hahi Edden Broussa, 6 Radia et Isahi of the year of the Hegira, 1287."

A Berlin letter to the London *Times* says: "At two o'clock the King drove through the streets to the station in a Russian drosky, and was received with uncovered heads and a buzzing sort of suppressed cheer as he passed. He 'looked every inch a king,' plumed and helmeted in strictest soldier tunic—a real *anax andron* of the days when kings led subjects to battle. What a fine old head and front it is! The stamp of Imperator is there already, and it would not surprise one very much to learn that, in an hour of stress, that old man, with his piercing blue eye and open brow, and fine lip, curved under his massive white moustache, would cut the Gordian knot of a constitution with a swift, sure sword. Certainly he is not the sort of a man one would like to worry *coram populo* in a watering-place. And then he has a faith; 'he believes,' and he is sure that he in whom he believes has placed his cause beyond the reach of human harm."

A CASE OF VICTORY OR DEATH.—Partings are at all times painful, but it would be difficult to conceive any farewell more tinged with sadness than that of the Emperor and the Empress on his departure from Paris. There are no two people in Europe who have played so prominent a part in history during the last twenty years as the royal couple whose fate hangs on the result of the present war. When they meet again, if, indeed they ever do meet, what an eventful story will have been told, and each line written in letters of blood!—To France, though the issues are great, the war is but one chapter in her history; but to the Emperor and the Empress it may be the last chapter in the record of their career. For him at least there is no future but in success; in drawing the sword he has thrown away the scabbard, he has burned his ships. That gay and glorious city which with an enchanter's wand he has remodelled and rebuilt will either close her gates to the fugitive or welcome the return of a victorious leader. Bold as the Emperor may be to beard Bismarck in his power, it will require more boldness still to re-appear at home without an army.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The Battle of Armageddon, of which we have read so much in Dr. Cumming's prophecies, will be fought near the city of Chalons, in the course of a few days. There will be at least one million of men engaged in it. Should the Prussians be victorious, they will march to the sack of Paris. There is no line of fortification between Chalons and Paris. Chalons is ninety miles in a straight line from Paris.

[illegible] Meyer, the editor of the New York *Handel's Zeetung*, one of the ablest German periodicals in America, is as certain of the sack of Paris as the Parisians were of the capture of Berlin a month ago. He sent a copy of the last number of his paper addressed—"To King William of Prussia, the Tuilleries, Paris. Poste Restante. If the addressed has not arrived yet, the Postmaster is requested to keep the paper in the office, as he will soon be there."

The Queen of Prussia announces that she will take personal charge of the wounded of both nations, and that their treatment shall be identical. The French prisoners as they pass through the railway stations, receive nothing but kindness. Citizens and volunteers give them refreshments, cigars, &c.; and ladies enter the cars, going from man to man, offer them paper and pencil, and volunteer to write to their friends for them.

RIOTS IN PARIS.—There have been serious riots in Paris, in which several members of the police force were killed. The national guard was called out and a number of arrests were made. A supply of red flags—the Red Republican emblem—were seized in a house, along with a quantity of arms and ammunition. The rioters, who were armed with revolvers and poniards, seized an engine-house and took away four guns. This appears to be a revolutionary attempt to establish a Republic.

His Holiness is troubled within himself and all the Vatican with him. The dogma of infallibility was supposed to entitle him to be the centre of consideration of the civilized world; but instead of this he has been left in the lurch by his sons, the sovereigns of the Catholic states of Europe. Napoleon's unfilial conduct in removing the French troops has brought its own reward in the defeats of Woerthe and Weissembourg. The sin of her husband has been visited on Eugenie, who has been compelled to send her jewels and extensive wardrobe to England. Nothing bad has yet happened to the Tranquil Infant, but it is momentarily expected in Rome that he will be rendered inconsolable by the loss of his bullet. M. Ollivier has been punished for his share in the evacuation of Rome by being thrown out of power; and other rods are in pickle for all Frenchmen who aided or abetted him. With the Prussians to conquer, the revolutionists to keep in check and the wrath of His Holiness to appease, France has more on her hands than she bargained for.

The French admit that the Prussians pay the country people for all supplies.

Pere Hyacinthe has volunteered as a private in a regiment for the defence of Paris.

The sale and circulation of English and Belgian journals is now prohibited in Paris.

The Prince Royal of Prussia, for his victory at Wessembourg, has received the order of the Iron Crown.

Penalty of Self-Indulgence.

The higher the civilized condition of society, the more apt the men to suffer impaired vigor from over-feeding, because victuals are multiplied, are more tempting—because men have more leisure, and eating becomes a luxury as well as a necessity—because people are less addicted to work, get less fresh air, and live less in sunlight.

Every day we see men of good morals, of position in society, of estimable qualities, who are inferior or unhappy for no other reason than that they are not wise in eating. We are sometimes tempted to say to another clergyman:

'Are you not confident of being often tempted of the devil?'

'Yes, sir; but why do you ask?'

'We have seen him so often around you at meal times, in the shape of beef, puddings, and such like, and we have noticed that you are a long way too familiar with him.'

There is many an irritable man, full-blooded, florid in the face and quarrelsome, who would become peaceful and contented if all meat rations were knocked off.

Another fountain of ill-health is in the improper indulgence of man's passions. We do not allude to those debaucheries which vice keeps, and which the word of God marks as the Ways of Death. Those unhallowed lusts drown men in perdition, or consume them as in fire.

But, thousands are living in proper social relations without a thought of evil, who are, notwithstanding, from want of proper knowledge, over-indulgent, and by reason of excess they are enfeebled, despondent, run down.—Blanch and waxy-faced men abound, whose whole life is unstrung, and gradually sacrificed to the pleasures of passion, which are only not vicious because they are indulged in legal relations. The delicacy of the theme makes teachers averse to speaking publicly of it, and thousands are sinking into con- [illegible] because men have not the courage to tell them that, like a cask of wine hid in the cellar, worm-pierced, they are leaking to death.

Wasteful indulgence in eating and drinking, wasteful indulgence in pleasure, and lust, and wastefulness of the brain by over-work and under sleep—these three causes lower the working power of society, we should think one full third. And although practised in the interest of enjoyment, they diminish the real enjoyment of society we suspect a full half.—*H. W. Beecher.*

The Penitentiaries.

We have before us the report of the Directors of the Penitentiaries of Canada, and a few notes derived therefrom may not prove uninteresting. Crime is always a matter of interest, and its punishment never fails to excite attention.

From Mr. Ferres we have a report of the Kingston Penitentiary, of which he is Warden. Mr. Ferres states that his first step upon his appointment was to tell the prisoners that they would be treated as they acted. If they acted right they would have every encouragement that the rules would allow; but if they acted improperly, all the punishment that the rules permitted would be inflicted. Mr. Ferres very justly refused to have anything to do with old offences, and remitted all punishments that were being enforced at the time of his appointment. He found—and it is with pain we relate it—one convict who had been in chains for nine years. Even when sick and in the hospital, the chains were still kept upon him. Mr. Ferres released him, and found him afterwards to be one of the most faithful men in the prison. So much for a judicious act of kindness.

There are over a hundred officers employed in the Kingston Penitentiary.—When Mr. Ferres went there he reports that he found a number of these officers in a state of daily intoxication and others delinquent even up to the point of sleeping during their hours of duty. In the business books no less than 2,422 discrepancies were discovered. So that even with the officers not less than with the convicts, Mr. Ferres had heavy work before him. He reports that he succeeded to a great extent, and we have no reason to doubt that he did.

Mr. Ferres reports that the discipline exercised over the convicts was not of coercion and repression. They were kept in order by force. He changed it not believing that kindness will in itself reform a convict, yet thinking that 'the more a man can be softened, humanized and Christianized, the more he may be made open to good impressions." He bestowed kindness on the convicts. The result he has observed is a change for the better, an increase in thoughtfulness, and a care for order. Thinking that their Warden was a friend, they sought to please him. That was human nature, and Mr. Ferres worked it out with ingenuity.

In a practical way, he caused all their clothes to be marked, so that no one of the convicts should feel the fear that he was wearing that which belonged to some one else. He set apart two blocks for those who observed rules and showed a desire to behave properly, and entitled them the 'advance class.' To this class he also gave lights until nine o'clock at night, allowed them the benefit of a walk on Sunday, and permitted them to write oftener than the restriction of a letter in three months justified. He established a choir in their chapels; and instituted the foundation of a fund for organs for both the Protestant and Roman Catholic chapels.

Punishments have not been very frequent. During the year 1869, the cat-o'-nine-tails was only administered to 22 convicts—eleven of whom, however, were punished under the predecessor of Mr. Ferres. Four convicts had chains on them, says the report:

One for fourteen days, two for two days, and one for one day. The last case is worthy of note. The convict came and told me that he and another convict intended to escape if they got the chance. Having sent for the other, he confessed it also. I took them at their word, and put a chain upon each. Next day, the first one came and told me he had been a fool to get the chain put upon him, and if I would take it off, he would never think of such a thing again. I told him I would trust him, and removed it. The other came next day, said the same thing, and I believed him, taking proper precautions however, to prevent any such attempt being successful if they undertook it, while offering no doubt of their sincerity.

In the matter of economy the new Warden seemed to have made some improvements. He broke up the gangs of stone-breakers and oakum-pickers, and put them to more profitable employments. The masons department, which in 1868, produced $8,370, produced in 1867 more than double that amount— [illegible] in 1868 amounted to $1,684, [illegible] in 1869 to $2,717. And, on the other hand, there was a reduction in the pay of the officers, which amounted to nearly two thousand dollars, the number of keepers having been reduced from five to two, and the number of guards from 83 to 67.

Outrage by Spanish Bandits in Cuba.—A Husband's Horrible Revenge.

Havana Cor. of the N. Y. Tribune.)

Some time during the month of May, a party of five robbers appeared at a plantation, possessed themselves of several good horses, taking also various articles of clothing belonging to an American engineer on the plantation, and then disappeared. The engineer who was in Havana at the time, became furious on his return, and indulged in severe threats on his return against the perpetrators of the robberies. Some friend of the bandits communicated these thoughts to them, and in a few days they again appeared, took the engineer by surprise, tied him hand and foot, and then proceeded to lash him with whips and thongs until the man had fainted three times from the loss of blood and pain. They then tied him up on a chair before his dwelling, and two of the number walked into the house and violated his wife. Since then the engineer has been almost a maniac, and bent on revenge. Last Friday he received information that the two bandits were then at a neighboring plantation, and, without advising anybody of his intention, he armed himself, and had the good fortune to find both of them lying on the floor in an inebriated condition.

To tie them up and rouse them sufficiently to understand the situation, occupied but little time, and, with the help of negroes, he brought them to his own place, ordered fires to be lit, and then threw both of them into big sugar kettles filled with water, which soon began to boil. The men lived fifteen to twenty minutes, until the water began to boil. Their attempts to throw themselves out of the kettles, and their demands for water, and cries for pity, was heart-rending, but their executioner took a fiendish delight in throwing in occasionallp a little cool water, which, however, in a moment began to boil again. At the end of five minutes both had ceased to exist. When the fact was mentioned to Captain-General, he remarked: "I don't wish to know it, but if such a thing has happened, I fully approve of it as a man, but as Captain-General I have so far no knowledge of the matter. Beasts in human form must be treated as beasts, although the punishment was inhuman and cruel.' So the matter rests. The engineer has returned to the plantation, and swears not to rest until he has caught the other three.