



WHOLE NO. 190.]

DURHAM, COUNTY OF GREY, ONTARIO, SEPT. 22, 1870.

J. F. Halsted, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., LOWER
Town, Durham, Ontario.

R. T. Porter, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., GRAD-
uate of Victoria College, Toronto.
Office—In Griffin's Building, Durham,
County of Grey. All calls, day or night,
promptly attended to.

DENTISTRY.
JAS. B. ELLIOTT, DENTIST.—One door North of
Elliot's Hall, Upper Village, Durham.

William Barrett
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Solicitor in Chancery, &c., &c.,
Office—Over Dalglish's store, Upper Town,
Durham, Ont.

THOMAS DIXON,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Solicitor in Chancery, &c., &c.,
Office—Next door to the Telegraph
Office, Durham. 1644f.

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

ROBERT FINDLAY,
DURHAM,
OFFICIAL ASSIGNEE,
FOR THE COUNTY OF GREY.

Samuel E. Legate,
LAND AGENT, VALUER, &c., &c.,
Money to lend from one to ten
years, on easy terms of interest. Farms
for sale.
Durham, 10th June, 1868. 71-ly.

John Moodie,
General Agent, Conveyancer, Licensed
Agent for the County of Grey.
Land, Valuer, Books and Accounts
made up and collected. \$50,000 to
lend on good Farm and Town Property at
a low rate. Office—14 Garafaxa St.,
Durham.

C. McDougall,
HOUSE, SIGN AND ORNAMENTAL
Painter, Durham, Ont. Painting,
Gilding, and Paper Hanging, done in the
most approved style of the art.

William Buchanan,
FROM GLASGOW
Sole and Retail
Bookseller, Sullivan Post
Office. Charges mod-
erate. All orders left
at the CURSORS OF
1-ly.

Durham
Wagon & Carriage Shop.
H. I. STOREY IS NOW PREPARED
to furnish Carriages, Cutters, Wag-
ons and sleighs, manufactured from
the best material, at the cheapest possible
price. Office, opposite Mr.
Crawford's, Lower Town, Durham.

Kerr, Brown & McKenzie,
WHOLESALE OF DRY GOODS AND
Merchandise, Hamilton, Ont.

HUGH ROSE,
General Blacksmith, opposite
Wheeler's Boot and Shoe
Store, Lower Town, Durham.
Good workmanship, punctuality and mod-
erate charges are the rates at this Smithy.

IF YOU WANT FURNITURE
GO TO
SHEWELL'S
Cabinetmaker and Chair
Maker.

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.
Warehouses, One Door North of the sign
of the big chair.

MRS. WOOD & MRS. F. PERKINS
ANTIQUE & DISSENTS

BEING TO ANNOUNCE THAT THEY
are prepared to do Millinery and
Dress-making, and would kindly solicit the
patronage of Durham and vicinity. Mrs.
Perkins is well acquainted with above
branches, and also Straw-work. Fashion
done in good style.
Residence next to R. McKenzie's
large brick store, Lower Village.

JAMES SULLIVAN,
TINSMITH,
GARAFAXA STREET, DURHAM.
(TWO DOORS NORTH OF THE BRIDGE.)

Every description of Tinware con-
stantly on hand and made to order.
All work is manufactured under my own
superintention, and none but the very best
materials are used. Particular attention paid
to Eave-Troughing. A large stock of
Stove Pipes, Elbows, T. Pipes and Rides
Plates always on hand. CHEAP FOR
CASH OR TRADE.
(78-y.)

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

CORNISH'S HOTEL.
RICHARDVILLE. This House has been
recently 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
hands always on hand. Good Stabling and
an attentive Hostler. Stages call daily.
Charges moderate.

Argyle Hotel,
HUGH MACKAY, PROPRIETOR.
Durham. The subscriber is
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 com-
menced 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.

A CHOICE LOT OF
FRESH MEAT
ALWAYS ON HAND,
AT THE
"Durham Meat Market."
CHARLES LIMIN.

Certain Preservation of the Sight.

F. H. Edwards.
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER,
SOLE AGENT FOR THE SALE OF
OUR CELEBRATED
PERFECTED SPECTACLES

EYE-GLASSES,
THE LENSES OF WHICH ARE GROUND
by us, from material manufactured
especially for OPTIC purposes. It is
PURE, HARD & BRILLIANT
and as near ACHROMATIC as can be
produced.

The Most Perfect Spectacles
EVER MANUFACTURED
THEY ASSIST THE SIGHT MOST
BRILLIANTLY.

EASE & COMFORT
ON THE WEARER,
cause a continuous and abiding
IMPROVEMENT OF THE EYES,
AND
LAST A GREAT MANY YEARS
without requiring to be changed. So they
are the CHEAPEST, as well as the BEST.
LAZARUS MORRIS & CO.,
205 Notre Dame Street, (UP STAIRS)
MONTREAL.

WE EMPLOY NO PEDDLERS.
MONEY TO LOAN.
EIGHT PER CENT.

The undersigned is prepared to effect
loans in sums of \$200 and upwards on ap-
proved Farm and Village security, for two
to twenty years, on the most favorable
terms.

Good Mortgages Bought.
D. JACKSON, JR.,
Durham, July 18th, 1870.

D. JACKSON, JR.,
Land Agent, Conveyancer, Commissioner,
and Insurance Agent.
A few good farms for sale.

Canada Landed Credit Company.
Money Loaned at 8 per cent.
CAPITAL, \$1,000,000.

President—LEWIS MOFFATT, Esq.
Vice-President—JOHN MACDONALD, Esq.
Secretary—JOHN SYMONS, Esq.

DIRECTORS:
Hon. G. W. Allan, M. P.; Wm. Alexander,
Esq.; Hon. George Brown; Hon. Asa A.
Burlingame, M. P.; C. S. G. W. Esq.; His
Honor Judge Gowan; Hon. W. P. How-
land, C. B.; Hon. Wm. A. MacMaster, M. P.;
J. B. Osborne, Esq.; S. Spreull, Esq.;
Lezard W. Smith, Esq., D. C. L.

BANKERS—Bank of Commerce, Toronto
Advantages to Borrowers.
There is no possibility of the borrower
from this Company ever being called on
suddenly or unexpectedly to pay off his
debt.

The borrower has, if he desires, 23 years
to pay off the loan lent; he has always the
privilege of liberating his estate from the
mortgage by giving 6 months notice.
The borrower is allowed 6 per cent.
compound interest, for any sum above
\$100 he pays before it becomes due.
No lines 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-f.

POETRY.
The Farmer's Wife.

Oh! I give me the life of a farmer's wife,
In the fields and woods so bright,
Among the singing birds and the lowing
herds,
And the clover blossoms white.

The note of the morning's beaverward lark,
Is the music sweet to me;
And the dew flowers in the early hours,
The gems I love to see.

Oh! give me the breeze from the waving
trees,
The murmur of summer leaves;
And the swallow's song as she skims along
Or twitter beneath the eaves;
The ploughman's shout as he's turning out
His team at set of sun,
Or his merry "good night," by the fire's
light,
When his daily work is done.

And give me the root and the luscious fruit,
My own hands rear for food;
And the bread so light, and the honey
white,
And the milk so pure and good!
For sweet the bread of labor is,
When the heart is strong and true;
And blessings will come to our hearth and
home
If our best we bravely do.

"Tired of Living."
BY GRACE G. SLOUGH.

As we wander 'mid the shadows
Deep'ning on the hills of life,
Listening ever to the tumult
Of men's hearts and hands at strife—
We grow weary of the conflict,
Long for rest beneath the sod,
To taste the sweet millennium,
In the paradise of God.

Tired of living! oh, thou pilgrim,
Hast thou nothing, then, to do?
If the world seems false and hollow,
Canst thou not at least be true?

"This short interval allowed me no
time to bid farewell to my sleepers;
she was fifty miles off, not even to in-
form her of my departure. But I said
aloud to myself, 'I will soon be back';
and many other consolations 'I whisper-
ed to my heart, as the next day, while
bounding over the blue Atlantic—
"At each remove
I dragged a lengthened chain behind."
The ship arrived in good time at
Havana, discharged her cargo, reloaded
and sailed for Calcutta! I was a pris-
oner on board my father's ship! and
for five long years I was kept from home
—as if all the waters of the ocean could
wash out my love!

"I ceased at length from the prison
ship, while lying at Rio Janeiro, and
took passage in a French brig straight
for the Guadaluiver. No circum-
navigation of the globe was ever so long
as that voyage. I strained my eyes
every day watching for Gibraltar, when
I knew it was thousands of miles off;
and every night I dreamed of mountain
rivulets, moonlight, snowy flocks and
lark.

"Arriving at last at Seville, I hasten-
ed over the Nevada and sought the sunny
dell where my affections had so long
nestled, and there found the idol of my
heart had been three years the wife of
an Andalusian shepherd. She had been
told that I deserted her and afterwards
that I was dead. I did not weep for
my heart was turned to stone.

"My father," said I, "shall never know
of his history!" I did not go to see
him. It was wicked, I know; but, burn-
ing with the spirit of revenge, I turned
again to the sea and never seen him
more. I am faint, captain, and cannot
prolong my tale. In six months I was
master of a fast sailing vessel. I was
seen that vessel, captain, but never in
port; and I have often seen you, and
knew your name twenty years ago. Do
you believe me true?

My grandfather looked doubtful.
"Many years ago," continued the dy-
ing man, "your ship was lying at
Antigua. You had sold your cargo, had
conveyed on board a large amount of
specie, and was preparing to sail in bal-
last. A gentleman was introduced as
an English merchant and proposed to
charter your vessel for the homeward
voyage."

"I remember it."
"Do you remember that you invited
the merchant to dine with you, and that
the next day you received notice that
your ship would not be wanted?"
"I do."
"Well, captain, I was that pretended
merchant, and was pleased with your
hospitality. The real object of my visit
was to ascertain the day of your sailing
and your destination. All that night I
deliberated whether to carry out my
plans with regard to your ship or to en-
gage in another enterprise at hand, but
less promising. The recollection of your
gentlemanly entertainment led me to
decide the question in your favor, and
three days after I was engaged in a
business altogether different. On an-
other occasion, when you, with quite a
fleet of merchantmen, was lying in the
mouth of the Mississippi, negotiating to
sell an account of a suspicious craft re-
ported to be lurking on that coast, a

friendly pilot took you to sea through
an unfrequented channel, and, to your
astonishment, passed safe within hailing
distance of the very craft you were eager
to avoid. But no matter about all this
I relate these circumstances to prove to
you that we are not entire strangers.

"My father continued to freight his
ships and send them to all parts of the
world; but he never knew that I super-
intended a large part of his business, and
that many of his cargoes found a sale in
ports to which they had never been con-
signed. His agent sometimes failed to
report.

"Captain, I have said enough. Be-
fore to-morrow's sun sets, I shall be in
the caverns of the deep. My sins have
been great, but I hope to be forgiven as
I have forgiven him. I have a fortune
in the Bank of England, and with it is
deposited a will, and the orphan son of
Ina is my heir.

"You have been kind to me, captain,
and in token of my gratitude I beg you
to accept my watch and cutlars, and this
paper, which you will carefully pre-
serve."

So saying, he held out a folded scrap
of paper which my grandfather put into
his pocket.

Morning dawned, but the stranger's
eyes did not open upon it—they were
closed forever. In the afternoon the
burial service was performed and the
shrouded body of the Pirate with a
gentle plunge, broke the glassy surface
of the ocean, and sunk swiftly into its
mysterious depths.

It was many hours afterwards that
my grandfather beheld himself of the
paper in his pocket. He opened it and
read as follows:—
"CAPTAIN LANE.—On the eastern
point of Nantucket, a high water mark
is a tall, sharp cliff. A quarter league
due west from that cliff is a large round
stone; and near the stone a horn-bush.
That thorn grows in a very rich soil."
The duties of this station kept my
grandfather a long time abroad; and
when he was next in Boston—about
two years afterwards—having a few
days' leisure, he was thinking of the
hint of the enigmatical paper still folded
in his pocketbook, when his eye chanced
to fall upon the following paragraph in
the "Boston Sentinel":—
"WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.—As Mr.
John Rogers was breaking a piece of
pasture-ground on the eastern side of
Nantucket, about a fortnight ago, his
ploughshare turned up a stout thorn,
sticking to the roots of which were sev-
eral pieces of silver. Upon this he went
to digging lustily, and did not give over
till he had hauled out coins, chiefly Span-
ish doubloons, of more than twenty thou-
sand pounds' value. No doubt it was
buried there by Captain Kidd or some of
his piratical kin."

"No doubt!" thought my grandfather
as he thrust down the paper with slight
nervousness. In a week he was again
facing the storms of the ocean, enrich-
ing his employers by his skill and toil,
till infirmities finally drove him high
and dry on shore. There, in due time,
on his old homestead in Squam, he died
of old age, leaving little to his family,
except a good name, sea stories, and the
pirate's cutlars, which three genera-
tions of boys have used in their juvenile
"trainings," and which, rusty and blunt-
ed, may still be seen hanging in the of-
fice of his great grandson, a lawyer, on
Wall street, New York.

Put that Rascal Out.

While the congregation were collect-
ed at church, on a certain occasion, an
old, dark, hard-featured, skin and bone
individual was seen wending his way up
the aisle, and taking his seat near the
pulpit. The officiating minister was
one of that class who detested written
sermons, and as for prayers he thought
they ought to be the natural out-pour-
ing of the heart. After singing was
concluded, they were as usual called to
prayer. The genius we have introduced,
did not kneel, but leaned his head de-
votionally upon his bow. The minister
began by saying:
"Father of all, in every age, by saint
and sinner adored—"
"Papa!" said a low but clear voice
near old hard features.

The minister, after casting an indig-
nant look in the direction of the voice,
continued:
"Whose throne sitteth on the adaman-
tine hills of Paradise—"
"Milton!" again interrupted the
voice.

The minister's lips quivered for a mo-
ment, and recovering himself he began,
"We thank thee, most gracious Father,
that we are permitted once more to as-
semble in thy name, whilst others, equal-
ly meritorious but less favored have
been carried beyond that bourne from
which no traveller returns—"
"Shakespeare!" again interrupted the
voice.

This was too much. "Put that in-
pudent rascal out," shouted the minister.
"Original!" ejaculated the voice, in
the same calm but provoking manner.

LACHINE REGATTA.
GREAT INTERNATIONAL RACE.
TYNE CREW vs. ST. JOHN'S.
Former Victorious—Six
Lengths ahead.
50,000 SPECTATORS.
INTENSE EXCITEMENT.

(Special to the Leader.)
MONTREAL, Sept. 12.—The long look-
ed-for and long-talked-of race between
the Tyne and St. John's crews came off
at Lachine this afternoon and result-
ed in a handsome victory for the English-
men. The occasion is one which will
be long remembered by the people of
Montreal. Indeed it is impossible to
convey to your readers a correct idea of
the great contest. Montreal was excited
to the greatest degree, and thousands
upon thousands poured out of the city
and found their way to Lachine to wit-
ness the race. The upper and lower
Lachine roads were crowded with car-
riages and pedestrians in an early
hour in the forenoon till late in the
afternoon. The trains arrived every half
hour with thousands of passengers from
Montreal, until nearly one half of the
inhabitants had deserted it. The scene
reminiscent of the time when the Har-
vards rowed against the Oxford crew—
Every man and woman and boy who
could possibly get away from Montreal
and the neighborhood thereof flocked and
swarmed to Lachine, until there must
have been over fifty thousand spectators
in attendance; and in order the better
to add color to the occasion a half-holiday
was proclaimed in Montreal.

The Lachine club made almost super-
human efforts to perfect their arrange-
ments for the accommodation of specta-
tors. Twenty-five steamers and twenty
barges were secured for that purpose;
and all who could get tickets for these
vessels eagerly secured them. Men were
here from all quarters of the Dominion
as well as from nearly every eastern
State in the neighboring union. Burly
Englishmen and speculative looking
Americans vied with each other in bet-
ting on the result. The latter staked
their last greenback upon the St. John
crew, and their example was nobly fol-
lowed by thousands of Canadians, who
felt it to be their patriotic duty to back
their own men. The Englishmen freely
offered five to four on the Tyne crew
men, who were in the opinion of their
friends in the pink of condition, and the
best oarsmen in all England, indeed in
all the world. John Bull, true to his
instincts, felt himself in honor bound to
back the representatives of Old Eng-
land in this contest, and gold was pro-
duced without limit. As the hour ap-
proached for the race to be started the
thousands present became painfully
anxious about the result; and betting
was kept up with much enthusiasm to
the very last moment.

The water of the lake being rough it
was deemed prudent to postpone the
great race till about five o'clock, and in
the meantime the spectators were treat-
ed to a canoe race. Little attention was
paid, however, to this race. The people
had assembled to see the great race be-
tween four Englishmen and the world
renowned St. John's Paris crew, and
they cared for nothing else.

The Tyne crew finally appeared upon
the course about five o'clock, and were
followed shortly afterwards by the St.
John's crew. Both were loudly cheer-
ed by their friends. The latter crew
won the toss for choice of places and
took the outside. The respective boats
were quickly in their places, and in
order that the start might be made as
evenly as possible, parties were selected
to hold the stems of the boats until the
shot was fired. Mr. Potter discharged
this service for the St. John's crew and
a backer of the Tyne crew did the same
duty for them. As the boats remained
for a moment or two in this position the
spectators awaited with breathless
anxiety the report of the signal gun for
the boats to go. The gun was fired ex-
actly at 5:15, and the rival boats shot
forward instantaneously—the St. John's
crew apparently putting more force into
their start than their opponents, and
taking a slight lead, which they main-
tained for about fifty yards. While
their start was thus for a few moments in
the ascendancy, and when their friends
were about to raise a shout of victory,
by anticipation, a heavy and most un-
welcome squall swept down the lake and
caught both boats, causing the St.
John's crew to labor painfully and the
Tyne water two or three times. The Tyne
men appeared to be more fortunate, and
succeeded in gaining considerably
on them at the end of two hundred
yards. The spectators cheered again

and again, and the men upon whom the
eyes of thousands were riveted plied their
oars with consummate skill and with an ap-
parent determination to win or perish in
the attempt. The Tyne crew gradually in-
creased their rate of speed, and at the end
of the first mile they had a lead of at least
three boat-lengths. It was manifest to
all that the Englishmen had now the race
in their own hands, and that barring ac-
cidents were destined to arrive home victor-
ious. When the three mile buoy was reach-
ed they were in the same relative position—
the St. John's men having been unable to
strain every nerve to overhail them, but
they were unable to do so, and the Eng-
lishmen, with their long sweeping strokes,
were so currents to overhail them. Upon
turning the buoy the Tyne crew had done
well to their work, and were nobly fol-
lowed by the St. John's men, who appeared to
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