Durham Chronicle.

AND GREY COUNTY ADVERTISER.

MAINTIEN LE DROIT.

White & Johnson, Publishers & Proprietors.] [$1.50 per Annum.

WHOLE NO. 197.] DURHAM, COUNTY OF GREY, ONTARIO, NOV. 10, 1870. [VOLUME 4, NO. 41.

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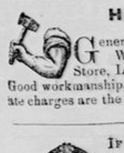
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WHERE FURNITURE OF EVERY description can be had as cheap, and as good as at any other establishment in the County. All work warranted.
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and as near ACHROMATIC as can be produced.
"The peculiar form and scientific accuracy attained by the aid of complicated and costly machinery, warrants us in asserting them to be
The Most Perfect Spectacles
EVER MANUFACTURED
THEY ASSIST THE SIGHT MOST BRILLIANTLY,
CONFER
EASE & COMFORT
ON THE WEARER,
cause a continuous and abiding
IMPROVEMENT OF THE EYES,
AND
LAST A GREAT MANY YEARS
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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.
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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.

NOVEMBER.

BY T. W. BARRY.

The leaves are falling from the trees,
And covering our mother earth;
But the lusty spring will come again
And give to new ones birth.

The quiet churchyard's coated o'er
With red and yellow leaf,
And forcibly reminds us of
Our life which is so brief.

There stands the dear old maple tree,
Under whose refreshing shade
I often sat with book in hand,
When from the house I strayed.

There now it stands bereft of leaves,
As if 'twould bloom no more;
But sunny days will come again
With buds to deck it o'er.

November's mild, yet chilly winds,
Triumphantly at last,
Have superseded those gone by,
And buried them in the past.

While walking o'er the dry, crisp leaves
That once above our head
Played in the eddying gusts of wind,
But now are lying dead.

Do we ever think that one day too
Like them we shall lie low;
And be trodden under foot of men?
I do not think—ah! no.

But, reader, just as those leaves did
Fall withered from the tree;
So you and I, and every one
Shall likewise withered be.

LINES ON A TOM-CAT.

Hail! glorious warbler of the night,
Thine eye-balls green, thy tail upright,
Thy teats gymnastic,
Induce my muse to sing thy praise
In tuneful and admiring lays,
Enthusiastic.

I love to hear thy plaintive cry
From shingled roof or fences high,
In variations;
Or see the dances of a *pole*-cat wild,
With Madam Puss or Tabby's child;
With fine gyrations.

Oh, darling minstrel, what a shame
For cruel men thy song to blame,
And go to "scatting!"
Or jump from out his downy bed,
And start at thy devoted head
A vile brick batting!

Sing on thou blessed creature, sing!
Till round and round thy voice shall ring
Through hall and passage;
And when thy voice is hushed at last,
When dust, quartette, and all are past,
We'll have a "sassage."

Success of the Farmer.

The success of the farmer is in proportion to the amount of knowledge he brings to bear upon his profession, and not on the strong hands or capital employed, nor any other exterior advantage. Like most other undertakings, it depends on the mind of the man. The hands are the instruments by which the plow is guided, or a scythe or a fork is wielded, and strong ones are necessary for the work; but they are only instruments of the controlling intellect which plans, devises, arranges, and controls the whole. Dolts do not make the best farmers, but the men who think are they who will succeed here just as they will anywhere else.

If this be true, we can see at a glance where improvements in agriculture are to commence. The farmer is required to be a thinking man, and he is the best farmer which brings the best trained intellect to the work—the soundest logic, the best judgment, and the purest heart. It is true that men acquire considerable skill in most pursuits by mere repetition of their processes; by habit a farmer may go through the yearly routine of sowing a crop, reaping and harvesting the same, just as his father had done,—without ever thinking of the reasons which should decide his course. A certain degree of success will often attend such farming, but let anything new occur to break in upon his habit or routine of things, and our imitator is at his wit's end at the first corner. Mere instinct never invented anything new, but it may repeat old processes skillfully.

If the farmer is styled the "Lord of the soil," and certainly the appellation pertains to him, if he has the ability to appreciate this high station. The knowledge, too, enables him to unite science and art, which is necessary to constitute a good farmer. This union must be derived from book learning which by too many, has been considered wholly superfluous, and its teachings distasteful.—What other art or science is supposed to be attainable in any considerable degree, without reading or study? Why should a farmer rely on intuition or instinct for his improvement, and be directed in his employment by habit?—Why should he consider himself nothing more than a head tool of his implements and but the mainspring of their movements, while the mechanic and artisan by their science seem to infuse intellect into them.

If knowlege be necessary to any occupation it is pre-eminently so in that of the farmer. The mechanic has no call to investigate the elements which are the basis or the material of his handicraft. His stock is before him, and his tool, guided by the unerring hand and practical eye of professional skill, gives form and finish to his work. Not so with the business of the farmer; he may as readily learn its mechanical parts, but he has problems to solve and mysteries to investigate. He should be familiar with the component parts of the substance on which he bestowes his labor—their relative proportions, their affinities; their separate and compound agencies, and the influence of other bodies in their adaption to the results he is laboring to obtain. In short, he must know the necessary and intimate connection between cause and effect.

I have said that the profession of agriculture requires more study than that of the artisan. If this be true, it is fortunate for the farmer that he can command more time for its acquisition.—Winter is comparatively, and to him more peculiarly, a season of leisure.—Those who do not possess books on this subject, can readily borrow them. But a farmer is the last person who should live by borrowing. Let me recommend a better course. Let an agricultural library be established by an association in the town, consisting of a select number of standard works upon this subject with the lighter productions and periodicals of the day. General knowledge, independent of mental enjoyment, is important in all occupations—not only as it may direct the hand, but as it calls into exercise other energies conducive to the common good.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Duties of a Mother.

The following excellent suggestions were originally contributed to the Country Gentleman nearly six years ago.—The article has ever since been floating among our exchanges, and we think its prolonged vitality affords some evidence that it is worth republication and perusal:—She should be firm, gentle, kind always ready to attend to her child.

She should never laugh at him, at what she thinks is cunning—never allow him to think of his looks except to be neat and clean in all his habits.

She should teach him to obey a look, to respect those older than himself.—She should never make a command without seeing that it is peformed in a right manner.

Never speak of a child's faults or foibles or remarks before him; it is a sure way to spoil a child.

Never reprove a child while excited, not let your voice be raised while correcting him. Strive to inspire love, not dread—respect nor fear.

Teach your child to wait upon himself; to put away a thing when done with it. But do not forget that you were once a child. The griefs of the little ones are too often neglected—they are great for them. Bear patiently with them, and never in any way arouse their anger if it can be avoided.

Teach a child to be useful whenever opportunity may offer.

While a worthy individual was laying down the law the other day to a knot of his acquaintances, he caught the eye of a carter hard by who had been vainly endeavoring to raise a sack of potatoes to his cart, and who appealed to the man of knowledge—Come awa' Mr.—, knowledge is power, ye ken; gie us a lift on wi' this poke a 'taties.'

Said a loving wife to her husband, will you never learn, my dear, the difference between real and exchangeable value? The husband tired of political economists in petticoats, replied, ah, yes my dear, I know your great learning and many virtues. That's your real value. But I know also that none of my married friends would exchange wives with me. That's your exchangeable value.

CARE.—The proper disposition of mind with which to connect ourselves with the unseen and the unknown, towards which our aspirations go out with spontaneous constancy, is trust in the trustworthiness which comprehends and governs the whole dispensation of which this life is but the initiatory part. Care is the condition of mind which grows out of the absence or non-exercise of that trust. It is the self-torturing misapplication of that endowment of our being, which, rightly applied, was designed to lay in us the foundations of noble character and enduring happiness. When self has surrendered itself at discretion, care, which is but the forecast shadow of self-will, disappears with it, and the manhood within us enters upon a blessed rest.

The Postmaster of Boston is making a trial of young ladies as delivery clerks in his office.

The experiment of a daily mail over the North Louisiana and Texas Railroad has proved a success.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

A contemporary says in boiling onions or cabbage, place a dish of vinegar on the stove at the same time. The boiling vinegar will destroy the odor of the vegetables.

People who are behind the times should be fed on ketchup.

The Bard of Aganta tunes his lyre to demolish an editorial antagonist by calling him "an infamous character, an irresponsible vagabond, a brute beast, a miserable wretch and a dirty dog."

SINCERITY.—Grace, I am going to see Clara to-day. Have you any message? Charlotte, I wonder how you can visit that dreadful girl. Give her my love.

An Indianapolis paper publishes a poem headed 'Under the Solemn Stairs.' The poet wants to imbrue his hands in the blood of the compositor who set it.

A railway train was stopped near Evansville, Indiana, lately, by a fiery goblin standing ahead on the track. An illuminated pumpkin proved to be the head and front of the terror. Corn husks and corn silk furnished the grizzly beard; imagination did the rest.

'It is a poor rule that won't work both ways,' as the boy said who threw the ferule at the schoolmaster's head.

General Schenck and Butler, Postmaster-General Cresswell, B. F. Wade, Senator Williams, J. D. Cameron, T. J. Durant, ex-Governor Chamberlain, Judge Pierrepont, A. H. Rice, ex-Secretary Cox, and about twenty others, are named for the English mission.

A New York gunsmith has been arrested for causing the death of a burglar by means of a weapon fixed to explode on the opening of a window, and the question is raised whether the law permits the setting of deadly man traps even for the purpose of defence and protection.

Two physicians in consultation at the bedside of a patient disputed as to the nature of the disease. At last one of them ended the discussion by saying: 'Very well, have it your own way now, but the *post mortem* will show that I am right.' The patient was not much encouraged.

'And so you're building a mud village are you,' said the ecclesiastic, benignly, 'and that's the church? But why haven't you made the parson?' 'We hadn't dirt enough,' replied the infant Giles. The revered gentleman continued his ramble.

A few days since, an organ grinder, accompanied by a monkey, was grinding in Essex, N. J. A little boy of four years presented Mr. Monkey with a penny, accompanied with the following speech: "Monkey, take it and gib it to your fader." The monkey bowed his thanks, but made no reply.

'John,' said a poverty-stricken man to his son, 'I've made my will to-day.'—'Ah!' replied John, 'you were liberal to me, no doubt.' 'Yes, John; I came down handsome. I've willed you the whole State of Virginia—to make a living in, with the privilege of going elsewhere if you can do better.'

A Kingston dry goods clerk was recently accommodated with the loan of a revolver to blow out his brains with, in order to spite a lady who had rejected him and married another. On sober second thought he sold the revolver, and got drunk.

According to a Western paper a young lady in that town 'appears as fresh and buoyant as the budding rose after passing through the dull-gilded sieve of a fragrant dawn.' May be so; you can't always tell.

A Nashville girl tried to hang herself because her nose was turning red.—'Tastes is warious,' said Sam Weller.—Some men spend large sums of money, time and whiskey, in bringing noses to a bright red.

It was starvation that forced the capitulation of Metz. With a population of about 100,000 souls, an army and garrison numbering 173,000, completely cut off from the surrounding country by a hostile and investing army of nearly 300,000 men, it was impossible to secure supplies of food. It is to be remembered that these 273,000 people, enclosed in and around Metz, had been thus 'caged cabin'd and confined' for over two months, and without hope of succor or relief. Bazaine was compelled by the despotic tyrant famine to surrender, in order to save the lives of the soldiers and people.

Romantic Marriage.

The New Orleans Picayune of the 13th ult. has the following:

A few days since a well dressed and handsome youth, of some eighteen years of age, appeared before one of our city Magistrates and asked if he could engage his services to perform a martial ceremony. The reply was in the affirmative, and the young man left, but shortly afterward returned, accompanied by a sombre looking female, middle aged, and dressed in black.

'Is the lady your mother?' inquired the magistrate.

'Oh, no, sir; this is the lady I desire to marry!' replied the youth, as the lady drew aside the veil, disclosing a countenance wrinkled and sere, but on which for the moment gleamed a sort of icy smile.

'Indeed.'

'Oh, yes, Sir.'

'But are you of age?'

'Not yet but this lady is my guardian. And she gives her consent.'

'Yes sir.'

The magistrate was in a quandary.—He didn't know exactly what to do.—He hated to sacrifice the youth, and join the bright faced May to the gloomy icy December.

'Isn't this rather a strange union?' he asked.

'Not at all,' replied the expectant bride. 'I have a large amount of property which I desire to leave to this young man. As I have relatives who might dispute the will were I to give it to him as a legacy, I prefer to marry him.'

'And you are content to marry this woman for her money?'

'Well, I shouldn't marry her for anything else!' frankly replied the boy lover. 'She ain't pretty.'

And without more ado the ceremony was concluded.

The Purity of Childhood.

It is of vast importance that the mind of childhood be kept pure and unsullied. It should early be taught that as a blot upon the fair surface of a sheet of paper can never be wholly erased, so an impure thought makes an imperishable mark upon the soul which no repentence can eradicate. This subject does not always receive proper attention.—When children are told that it is wrong to speak bad words, or to entertain improper thoughts, the effect it will have upon their hearts and lives should be explained to them. It is wonderful how quickly they understand and appreciate such a course.

Advice on Extension.

A young friend of ours, who has been contemplating an extension of relations, has had the following advice tendered him, which he will do well to heed:—Don't marry dimples, nor nose, nor ankles, nor eyes, nor mouths, nor necks, nor chins, nor smiles, nor other things.—These bits and scraps of feminity are mighty poor things to tie to. Marry the pure, true thing. Look after congeniality, kindred sympathies, disposition, education; if those be joined with social position, don't let them stand in your way. Get a woman—not one of those parlor singers—not one of those parlor automatons that sit down just to thump a piano and dote on a whisker. Living statues are poor things to call into consultation. The poor little miss that can scarcely fathom the depth of a dress trimming can't be a helpmate of any account. Don't throw away your time upon such a trifling thing.

Oxen Profitable.

The American Agriculturalist cites an instance of a man who purchased a yoke of cattle for $200, used them for hauling wood, rails, and everything else and for doing most of the plowing for spring crops on a farm of seventy acres. In June he sold them for beef for $260. Their labor paid well for the meal they consumed. On the same day he drove these oxen to market, he purchased another yoke for $490. After a few months he sold these for beef at an advance, which also paid well for the meal he fed to them, and purchased another yoke at once, and commenced feeding them meal, working them occasionally By this system of trafficking he made $300 in about a year, and had a good team constantly, receiving a good price for all grain fed them, besides making a large quantity of excellent manure.—He never purchases poor oxen, even at a cheap rate, as it requires many dollars worth of meal to get them into a fattening condition.

Some genius posted a letter to the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, on the 1st of April, in which only were the words "April Fool." Mr. Beecher retorts: "I have heard of men who wrote letters and forgot to sign their names, but never before met a case in which a man signed his name and forgot to write the letter."

A Notable Dialogue.

The accounts of the dialogue that passed between Napoleon and King William, when the former surrendered himself a prisoner, do not agree. Several different versions have been published, but we imagine that the correct one is about as follows:

Napoleon—'Parlez vous Francais, seigneur?'

King—'Nein! Ich bin ein Prusse.'

Napoleon—'Can talk English, eh?'

King—'Yaw—et was I kin English speak.'

Napoleon—'Vell I am ze Emperor of ze French.'

King—'Der tyful!'

Napoleon—'I surrendair as one prisonair.'

King—'Whew!'

Napoleon—'Vat you do viz me—eh?'

King—'Ah! Ich vill send you to der Brince Hohenzollern, so you can dalk to him not to accept der trone of Spain.'

Napoleon—'Umph! non!'

King—'Vell, I gives you to the charge of Von Bismarck, who you likes so mooch—eh?'

Napoleon—'Not for ze world.'

King—'Ten I gives you escort back to Paris and tells te peoples to say vat shall be done mit you.'

Napoleon—'Kill me rather.'

King—'Vot shall I do mit you ten, you ugly, wicked man?'

Napoleon—'Give me a glass of lager beer and pretzel!'

King—'So! you shall have 'em—and ten you shall go unter guard to Wilhelmshohe, and tere, till te vars pe over, you and der Brince Hohenzollern may talk apout te Spanish trone. After te vars, I vill put der Brince Hohenzollern on der trone of France, and you kin go to der tyful.' (The King calls in the officer of the guard and departs, leaving poor Louis Napoleon to his glass of lager and meditations.)

Turning the Scriptures on Him.

A worthy deacon in a town in Maine was remarkable for the facility with which he quoted scripture on all occasions. The Divine Word was ever at his tongue's end, and all the trivial as well as the important occurrences of life furnished occasions for quoting the language of the Bible. What was better, however, the exemplary man always made his quotations the standard of action. One hot day he was engaged in mowing with his hired man, who was leading off, the deacon following in his swath, conning his apt quotations, when the man suddenly sprang from his swath just in time to escape a wasp's nest.

'What is the matter?' hurriedly asked the deacon.

'Wasps!'

'Pooh!' said the deacon, 'the wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion,' and taking the workman's swath he moved but a step when the swarm of brisk insects settled about his ears, and he was forced to retreat, with many a painful sting, to his great discomfiture.

'Ah!' shouted the other, with a chuckle, 'the prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself, but the simple pass on and are punished.'

The good deacon had found his equal in making applications of the sacred writings, and thereafter was not known to quote Scripture in a mowing field.

A favorite amusement with Indianapolis boys is to touch a match to a load of hay, and then give vent to unseemly mirth at the alacrity with which the driver dismounts.

A SMART GIRL.—A proud and loving Missouri father, in setting forth the accomplishments of his daughter, said she could 'everlastingly paw ivory and howl, and thump a washboard like a mule.'

VERY MEAN.—On last Sunday week the dwelling house of Mr. Wm. Crichton, in the Township of Normanby, was broke into while he was at church, by some mean scoundrel who stole from his chest a silver watch. Value about $20.—*Mt. Forest Confederate.*

AN UNPLEASANT OCCUPANT.—A Mr. Barber residing near Rothsay, has been suffering for some time from sickness, and could not tell what was the matter with him. He had at last to give up his work. He felt a kind of choking sensation in his stomach with a wish to vomit. A few days back he was relieved of a lizard about four inches long.—*Ib.*

INSANE.—A woman named Wilson, on the 16th concession of Maryborough, having lately been *confined*, through neglect or want of care was obliged to take a dose of salts and caught cold, this brought on insanity. She has now to be kept in a straight jacket and locked in a room by herself. Application has been made to the Asylum but on account of its being full she cannot get admittance. The child has been taken by a friend and is doing well.—*Ib.*

Is He Fat?

One of the most remarkable cases of sudden cure of disease was that of a rheumatic individual, with which is a ghost story.

There were a couple of men, in some old settled part of the country, who were in the habit of stealing sheep and robbing churchyards of the burial clothes of the dead. There was a public road leading by a meeting house, where there was a graveyard, and not far off a tavern. Early one moonlight night, while one of the miscreants was busy robbing a grave, the other went off to steal a sheep. The first one having accomplished his business, wrapped a shroud around him, and took a seat in the meeting house door to wait for his companion.

A man on foot passing along the road towards the tavern took him to be a ghost, and alarmed almost to death, ran as fast as his feet could carry him to the tavern, which he reached out of breath. As soon as he could speak he declared he had seen a ghost robed in white, sitting in the church door. Nobody would believe his story, but incredulous as they were, no one could be found that had courage enough to go.

At length a man, who was so afflicted with the rheumatism that he could scarcely walk, declared he would go if the man would carry him there. He at once agreed, took him on his back, and off they went. When they got in sight, sure enough it was as he said. Wishing to satisfy themselves well, and get as near a view as possible of his ghostship in the dim light, they kept venturing nearer and nearer.

The man with the shroud around him took them to be his companion with a sheep on his back, and asked, in a low tone of voice—

'Is he fat?'

Meeting with no reply, he repeated the question, raising his voice higher.

'Is he fat?'

Still no reply.

Then, in a vehement tone, he called 'Is he fat?'

This was enough. The man with the other on his back replied—

'Fat or lean, you may have him.'

And dropping the invalid he travelled back to the tavern as fast as his feet would carry him. But he had scarcely arrived there when along came the invalid, on foot too!

The sudden fright had cured him of rheumatism; and from that time forward he was a well man.

The Real Robin Hood.

Every one is familiar with the name of Robin Hood, although so little is known of him. His real name was Robt. Fitzroot, which degenerated in the mouths of the common people, into Robin Hood. He was an outlaw, who lived in the reign of Richard Cœur de Lion, and John, his successor, about the close of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth centuries. His headquarters were in Sherwood Forest, Nottinghamshire. He is said to have been a man of good birth; but, having squandered his property, took to the woods, and became what might be called a "gentleman robber." At the time of Robin's exploits, the forest laws were executed with great rigor; and it is said that William the Conqueror, and the Norman kings that succeeded him, destroyed thirty-six parishes, and pulled down thirty churches and depopulated the country for miles around in order to have a fine park for enjoying the pleasures of the chase; consequently, a great number of people were obliged to flee to the woods. These outcasts, having a common interest, banded together, and, by their vigilance and determination, were able to avoid the pursuits of their enemies. It is said that Robin had a hundred companions, able bodied men, who were so formidable that four hundred men dared not attack them.—He seemed to have pursued a certain system in his robberies, and, wishing to pacify his conscience, spared the poor and plundered the rich. He was particularly gallant to women; hence it is not strange that his exploits have been celebrated in a number of ballads and songs, extolling his chivalry, and humanity to the poor. His particular companions were Little John and Friar Tuck. At length feeling the infirmities of old age, and being attacked by illness, he went to a nunnery to be bled—nuns, at this time, being more or less devoted to the healing art; but in his case, out of revenge, it is supposed, for some attack upon their convent, they allowed him to bleed to death, in the eighty-seventh year of his age. Robin was buried under some trees near the convent, and a stone, duly inscribed, marks the spot.—*Oliver Optic's Magazine.*

G. A. Mason the whiskey detective of Toronto is a free man again, having just been released from gaol, a few days ago, much to the dismay of the Toronto publicans.