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The Grey Review.

Vol. V. No. 28.

DURHAM, Co. Grey, AUGUST 24, 1882.

Whole No. 232.

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POETRY

BROTHERS.

Four little feet on the fender, On a stormy winter's night, Four little feet on the white hard snow, In the cold, grey, dawning light.

Four little, busy, bare, brown hands, Ready for work or play, From the first stir of piping birds, To the last faint gleam of day.

Four strong feet in the press of life, Firm with the tread of health, Keeping step with each other yet In the race for fame and wealth.

Four weary feet on the fender, Four weary hands that ask Only the Master's "That will do," And then to let drop their task.

Of the woods, the fields, the school house, Their loves their hates and pains, And how they stood by each other Through changes, pleasures and pains.

At the end of earthly strife, Still hand in hand they are waiting For the dawn of a grander life.

When these brothers shall meet again, In the land for which we pray, When their feet tread the hills of God, Oh, what will they do and say

When their hands find their angel's work, And their hearts live in joy, Will they not still in memory keep Some sweet remembrance, calm and deep, Of the boys, when they were boys?

Bread Cast Upon the Waters.

On the 14th of October, 1866, the plateau to the northeast of the Thuringian city, Jena bore melancholy witness to the brief but bloody battle which opened the way for the triumphant entry of the French army into Berlin eleven days later.

"The German canaille must" he said, "be taught manners. Ten soldiers of a certain company of the 4th Infantry, quartered in the village of Waldorf, have been turned out by the inhabitants, and some of them badly wounded."

Davoust's cold eye lighted up as he curtly replied, "Send off a lieutenant with twenty men, and orders to choose ten of these ruffians at Waldorf and shoot them down. Where is Waldorf?" he then asked, turning to one of those useful creatures always to be found ready to serve an enemy as guide and interpreter, though to the hurt of their own countrymen.

"Well, there's Upper Waldorf, at the entrance of a narrow valley to the right; Middle Waldorf, beyond the hill; and Lower Waldorf, about half-an-hour's march further on."

And the marshal, without troubling himself more about the matter, went to sleep; it was quite enough for him that ten men were to be sacrificed.

Next morning at sunrise Lieutenant Lamotte, at the head of twenty men, set out to seek the village of Waldorf. They had to march across the battlefield, which was not a pleasant task, and they all heartily wished their errand over. Having gained a height commanding a view of two or three different valleys, the leader asked his guide whereabouts the village of Waldorf might be.

"There," replied the man, indicating a place to the left—"there is Upper Waldorf."

"En avant!" cried Lamotte, and half an hour later the execution party entered the village, and halted on an open space near the church, where the inhabitants were desired to assemble. The villagers were all up and doing, for the din of battle still sounding in their ears, few of them had slept that night. The soldiers compelled the men to form a line, while the women and children stood near, dreading the worst.

At this crisis the son of the parish clergyman confronted the invaders. He was a young man of about twenty years of age a student of theology; and happily, was not without some knowledge of French.

"As soon as he realized the perilous situation, he begged Lieutenant Lamotte for an explanation of his proceeding."

"I've orders to punish this village," replied the officer, "for the bad usage which our soldiers received here yesterday. The marshal commands ten of you to be shot. All I can do is to permit you to draw lots, or give up the offenders."

"But, sir," returned the youth, "your command is mistimed. You are the

first French soldiers to enter our village, which, lying hidden in this narrow valley, has hitherto escaped observation. There are two other places of the name of Waldorf, and it would be quite easy to convince yourself that we are guiltless of all provocation. I entreat you to spare the innocent."

"I have no time for investigation. My orders are to act against Waldorf, and this I am told is the place. I shall wait till you have agreed among yourselves which ten of you are to fall, and I can do no more."

Meanwhile the villagers had been informed of the impending doom. The women wept and entreated, while the men stood pale and speechless. Even the officer and his soldiers, used to the stern code of war, loathed the task assigned them; while the pastor's son in the firm persuasion that his representations would be a-voiding, pleaded his cause with a fervor and address that did not fail to make an impression.

Lieutenant Lamotte now hesitated between military duty and human compassion, while the youthful spokesman appealed to conscience and the demands of authority higher than Marshal Davoust's. At last the officer consented to wait till a sergeant, despatched under the guidance of a rustic impressed into the service, should have brought further instructions from headquarters.

Meanwhile the wretched villagers stood waiting in unexpressed suspense; while the lieutenant, a true Frenchman, who soon mastered a painful emotion, even at the risk of appearing heartless, asked for some breakfast for himself and his men. This appeal was responded to by several of the women, who brought black bread, jugs of beer, and one or two small cheeses, which eagerly divided among themselves. The band of victims looked moodily on, more than one of them muttering, "Fine work this, feeding our butchers!"

"Even if they deserved the name," remarked the young theologian, "we are only doing what Christ commands. Whether these persons treat us with forbearance or not, we, at all events, will let them see that we are Christians."

"Nor did this gentle reproof remain without effect; some of the men made attempts to entertain the soldiers, who did not resist their advances; as now, their hunger satisfied, they felt in a kinder mood, and some of them even said, "What a pity to have to shoot these fellows, and all for a stupid mistake."

And now the sergeant and his guide reappeared upon the scene. The former handed the lieutenant a despatch, which was hastily opened, and ran thus: "Lose no time in talk. All one what village is punished, if only an example is made. Do your duty, and return immediately."

"Choose your men," said the officer, and looking very stern to hide his emotion. The women began their wailings anew, and even some of the men gave way and begged for mercy.

The young student, now falling on his knees, once more appealed to the officer. "I don't kneel to you," said he, "but I will pray to God to prevent you from soil- ing your conscience by such a cruel massacre."

His cool determination and courage quite overcame the officer, whose eyes filled with tears. He turned to his men, now drawn up in line, and without uttering a word, gave them a sign, of which they silently signified their comprehension. Then beckoning to the student, he whispered to him, "I am about to save you by a stratagem. Choose ten of your coolest hands, and range them in a line before me. I will then order my men to shoot them through the head. When I say 'fire!' the ten men must fall flat on the ground; the soldiers will shoot over their heads, and none of them will be hurt. I shall then order my men off the ground, whence none of your people must stir till we are fairly out of sight."

This decision was communicated to the villagers, whose distrust and alarm, however, proved so great that none of them would venture to come forward. So the pastor's son was the first to take up his position in front of the soldiers, saying, "I stand here in the firm conviction that no evil will befall me, and count upon such of you as have any right manly feeling to join me."

Young Conrad, a sturdy peasant, looking reassuringly at the young girl, who had recently been betrothed, was the first to advance, and eight of the other men readily followed him, all with the determined manner of men braving inevitable death, for none of them implicitly believed the assurance of safety. The women trembled and hid their faces; the children stood around awestruck, but yet inquisitive.

Once more the lieutenant's sharp eye masters his men, then came the word of command, "Present, take aim, and that high enough, so as you will do your work well."

The men perfectly understanding their officer, he now commanded them to fire. In the moment between his words and the peal of the muskets the ten villagers sank to the ground, and, without losing a second the officer cried, "Right about, march!"

When the measured tread of the retiring soldiers resounded through the silent village street, and the women ventured to look up, ten men lying motionless, and all appearance lifeless, met their view. With cries of alarm they rushed forward to see what had happened, and before their weeping was exchanged for joy, the last soldier had disappeared in the adjacent wood.

What these two young men had done was not to lose its reward. As for the pastor's son, a manifest blessing attended him through life. In course of time he ministered in his father's place to those whom he had rescued; and afterwards, being called to Leipzig, received the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and became well known throughout Germany as founder of a distinguished Protestantism—the Gustavus Adolf Verein. Meanwhile, the Waldorf people, whom from time to time he visited continued to hold him in grateful remembrance.

In 1856, three of the ten men above mentioned still surviving in Waldorf, a jubilee celebration of the great deliverance was proposed, and Dr. Grossman of Leipzig—the pastor's son, the young man whose self possession had prevented the great calamity—was invited to take a leading part in the festive proceedings, and gladly accepted the request. After a solemn religious service, he repaired to the spot where, fifty years before, he had faced the French execution party, and here related to the children and children's children of those whom he had saved in the foregoing story. The whole scene had been described as touching in the extreme. The three old men sat next to the speaker, and evidently vividly recalled the order which they had undergone in his company. In his address Dr. Grossman did not fail to make honorable mention of the officer whose humane device they owed their deliverance.

"I am unknown to me, and never heard more of him, though I have often remembered him in prayer. It would cheer my last days could I once more see him and thank him."

That very year there resided at Lyons, where very likely he still may live, an invalid veteran officer of the army of Napoleon I., who, after a changeable life, found himself in old age forgotten, lonely, and poor. His only support was a small pension, and his amusement to frequent a cafe, where he read the news and studied the politics of the day. One afternoon in November, 1856, he went as usual to his cafe, and took up the newspaper which came first to hand. This chanced to be the Augustus Gazette, which, as he had passed several years in Germany, he was able to understand very well. His attention was attracted by a letter from Jena with an account of the Waldorf jubilee.

"Waldorf!" thought he, "surely I know that place; where can I have heard of it?" When the gray-haired captain Lamotte had finished reading the report, his excitement, a very uncommon phenomenon in him, drew the notice of the other gentlemen present. "Davoust!" he cried, "Waldorf, ten men, the parson's son! Did I dream all this, or really see it happen?"

Long years of change, a hundred other military adventures, had well nigh effaced from the veteran's memory what he now saw before him clearly recorded in black and white. So the pastor's son still lived—still remembered with a grateful heart the preserver of his native village. Not for years had so bright a ray cheered the heart of the old soldier.

The same night he wrote to Dr. Grossman, of Leipzig, who unfortunately was now ill, with only, as it turned out, a few months to live. The soldier's letter, thankfully received as an answer to prayer, brightened the last days of the excellent divine, who did not let so welcome a communication remain unresponded to. The affair became public, Captain Lamotte's merit was officially recognized, the King of Saxony and the Duke of Sax-Weimar both sending him the Orders of the Legion of Honor, and a pension befitting his position and services. A translation of Dr. Grossman's narrative appearing in certain French journals, so attracted attention to Lamotte as a man and an officer, and even without his well-earned decorations and his sovereign's substantial reward, he would have been known and honored, and no longer the forlorn habitue of the Lyons coffee-house.—The Christian Treasury.

It is reported that the coronation of the Czar has been definitely fixed to take place at Moscow on October 1st. It is believed that the announcement however, is possibly designed only to mislead the Nihilists.

The Gordon House stables, Orangeville, were completely destroyed by fire on Thursday morning. Several valuable carriages, sets of harness, one horse, and about fifteen tons of hay falling victims to the flames. Loss, \$2,000; no insurance.

The Jesuits of Quebec are again agitating for the restoration to them of all their property confiscated during Henry IV's reign. The restoration is demanded as an act of justice, and the list of properties referred to contain some which are now of great value. The promoters of the agitation suggest that some of the outlying territory to be given as recompense.

The Gaelic.

Prepared especially for the Review.

Like races that perish on the approach of civilized life, languages die out, leaving behind them traces repulsive with interest to the philologist, the antiquarian and historian amongst man-kind. The Greek and the Latin have long been dead languages but they are still read by many ardent students as models of literary excellence and they continue to exert plastic influence on the modes of thought and expression in the arts of poetry, painting and sculpture among men, even in our own day.

The Scotch and Irish languages are fast dying out and when they cease to be spoken languages, they will be read as languages glowing with singular patriotism, heroism and song. The Gaelic is doomed to the same fate but when it is no longer a living tongue it will nevertheless contain treasures that cannot fail to engage the attention of men of genius, learning and culture either in the original or in the translation. As just indicated, there are three things worthy of note in the further illustration of our position—

1. Ossian's poems.—There were unwritten ballads handed down from one generation to another in the Highlands of Scotland similar to those which were current among the people in ancient Greece and Asia's poems are accordingly similar in some respects to Homer's Iliad and Odyssey; but Ossian's poems have properties peculiar to themselves—they are rich in traditional lore, in native scenery, and in local phenomena; they are soul-stirring with daring adventure, valor and prowess; they are marked with pictorial description, with bold imagery and with glowing pathos. It is, therefore, not a matter of wonder that Ossian's poems are regarded by many with much appreciative favor.—Napoleon I. read them with avidity through all his campaigns. They are read by not a few in private and they are by the learned made the subject of criticism, dissertation and commendation. Another testimony as to their high literary merit is the fact that Ossian's poems which were collected by James MacPherson in the Highlands of Scotland and published by him in Scotch, are claimed to be of Irish origin—Irish scholars had attacked MacPherson with bitter bitterness and attempted to prove that the whole of the Ossianic poetry was Irish. Eugene O'Curry, professor of Irish literature in the Catholic University of Ireland, and one of the best scholars that Ireland possessed, had elaborated this theory and claimed as Irish the whole of Ossian's poems. To substantiate these claims, an Irish version had been published, but the expectations of Irish scholars with regard to it had been disappointed inasmuch as the editors never gave anything to show where it came from, nor in fact knew anything about it. The internal evidence given by the poems themselves went to prove their Scotch extraction, for though the scenes and incidents in two of the principal poems were laid in Ireland yet the heroes of them were Scotch and exalted in rank above the Irish heroes, a circumstance which would not have occurred had Irishmen been singing the deeds of their own countrymen. The construction of the poems was also distinctly Scotch. There was evidence in the unwritten topography of Scotland that Fingal and other heroes were of Scotland. The Highland society's evidence proved clearly that MacPherson had really collected these legends in the Highlands, one person declaring that he had heard these poems "before MacPherson knew his left hand from his right." MacPherson, also, was never in Ireland, and never showed to have any communication with people living there. All these facts taken in conjunction were strong evidence that the Ossianic poetry was Scotch and not Irish.

2. Modern Gaelic poets and their poetry.—Besides Ossian's poems, there are in the Gaelic other literary gems and poets of no mean order. Foremost among these was William Ross, of Skye, a teacher by profession, who lived at the time of Prince Charles, the young pretender, and who wrote an "Elegy in Commemoration of Prince Charles," the "Praise of the Gaelic Maiden," and the "Cuckoo of the Trees." A book of Gaelic poetry had recently been compiled by the Rev. McLean Sinclair, of Nova Scotia, a book particularly interesting to Canadians as being the first book of Gaelic poetry edited and compiled in Canada. The chief poems in it were by John McLean, a native of Scotland who left his native land to settle in the forests of Nova Scotia. He possessed talent of a high order, one of the most beautiful of his works being, "Elegy on the death of Alexander McDonald," the last independent lord of Glengarry. Of living Gaelic poets the best was Mrs. Mary MacKellar, who wrote with equal ease and elegance in English and her native Gaelic, and who held a high place in the rank of modern poets. The "Lament by Lochiel" was very fine, being complimentary to Campbell's beautiful poem of "Lochiel's warning." Mrs. MacKellar had also translated some poems of Professor Blackie, whose zeal for Gaelic was well-known, into Gaelic, one of the best being the "Bivulet of the Lofy Head." The "Celtic Garland," published in 1881, by Mr. Henry White, contained some fine poems, a notable one being "Scotland Yet," by Dr. McLaughlin, of Mull.

Viewed in the light of such a list of distinguished names, which may be easily increased it is clear that the Gaelic is a language which contains fine specimens of literature.

3. The study of the Gaelic by men of culture.—No language can with all its idioms be translated into another and the higher is the literature contained in it, the more difficult is it to translate into another its own turns of thought, fine shades of sentiment and rare beauties of expression. No translation, however good, can bring out the original with perfect exactness; accordingly, Robert Hall, the great preacher, learned one of the modern languages in order that he might read its choice literature without any drawback. Actuated by a similar motive, Professor Blackie a man of versatile genius, has devoted himself to the study of Gaelic. The manner in which he began to learn that language is unique. He thereon speaks in the humorous strain—"Well, I grew up in the humorous and apathy, like other young men who had received the benefit of a classical education, and made the usual tour through the Highland glens, from Ballater to Blair-Athole and Loch Tay, without taking note that there was any such language as Gaelic in the world. Some ten or fifteen years ago, however, having arrived at man's estate, and learnt better how to use my eyes and ears, upon one of my frequent vagabond flights through the Highland hills, I took up my quarters for some weeks at Kenloch Ewe, and then and there I picked up my first mustard seed of the rare old language, somewhat as follows: It seemed only a human thing to talk occasionally to the men who hang about inns and give tendance to men and horses, and as the weather cannot always be talked about, and even dogs, grones, and salmon will occasionally fail, I fell upon the idea of trying a little philology. So I inquired of the lad who was lighting the bell-stand of the Rosinane that was to lead us a east towards Loch Torridon what was the Gaelic for horse. 'Each,' he replied. Here of course I recognized one of my oldest acquaintances in the grammar school—each, with the tail lopped off, and the original Indo-European softened down after the favorite fashion of the Celtic-Ionian Celts into 'ch.' So far successful, I then asked the Gaelic for mare, and got for answer capull. Here again was an old college friend whom I remembered having first seen in company with that pleasant little puggy lymy (Lepidus komuensis) of the Augustan age, from whom to quote fluently was considered a valid certificate for the degree of D. D. in the then extant Marischal College of Aberdeen. Encouraged by this first essay, I went on to ask what was the name of that high hill there, pointing to a huge, jagged Ben, a little to the south, with two sharp points jutting by a long ridge or spine, identical all along, as it were with certain teeth. 'That,' said the lad, 'is Ben Eigh.' 'And what does Eigh mean?' 'A Eigh.' Here my Latin was at fault, that this word also signified 'toe'; and that both the English and the Gaelic could be scientifically deduced from the Greek *pegnumi*. A note, however, the Latin dropped again; and, taking part in the usual conversation according to the Presbyterian form, next, Sunday, to the school-house (there being no church in that quarter), I determined to notice specially what word would be repeated oftener in the course of the service; this turned out to be *agay*; in which, of course, I immediately recognized the Latin *ago*, the German *agut*, and the Scotch *ek*, all I have no doubt connected with the verb *agere*, to increase. Proceeding on the same track, I found that nothing was easier than to call a small collection of Gaelic words from the mere names of the places through which I travelled, aided by accidental incidents. The very names of the broad sloping Ben which I saw before me every morning on the north side of Loch Maree, Ben *Stabh*, was manifestly the Latin *staba*, and that from the Greek *klino*, the original form of the English *lean*."

As a linguist, he traced the Gaelic in its affinities to other languages, acquired a thorough knowledge of it, and became so enamored with it, that he has by an appeal to the public raised funds enough to erect, in the University of Edinburgh a chair in the interest of Gaelic literature. O. S.

Artemesia Council.

This Council met in the Town Hall, Fleshton, on Monday, Aug. 2nd. Present, Messrs. Christie, Webster, Elliott, Wright, and Pedlar.

Minutes of July session read and confirmed. Communication from James Haney laid over until next meeting of Council.

Messrs. J. Brodie and B. Olyver waited on Council re-grant to Artemesia Agricultural Society. Messrs. Munshaw and Danube waited upon council re-training swamp near Fleshton cemetery. Mr. Duncan Campbell waited upon council re-grant to repair valley road. Mr. Sloan waited upon council re-grant to complete drain on 10th Con. swamp.

A petition from John Teeter and others was presented and read. Accounts as follows presented and read—A. B. Fawcett, printing advertising, &c., \$55.25. Wm. Richardson, stationery, telegrams, \$5.90. R. J. Sproule, postage, \$2.96.

Treasurer's monthly statement presented, and read, showing a balance of cash on hand \$289.00. Reports of Messrs. Wright and Webster re-travel road grants presented and read.

By-Laws numbers 342, 343, 344, & 345, to levy rates, to levy school rates, to levy police trustees rates, and to permit T. G. & B. R. to place cattle guard on road allowed, respectively, introduced and read a first time.

Mr. Elliott moved, see by Mr. Webster, that By-Laws Nos. 342, 343, 344, 345 be read a second time.—Carried.

Mr. Elliott moved, see by Mr. Webster, that the Council go into Committee of the whole on by laws Nos. 342, 343, 344, 345.—Carried.

Mr. Webster moved, see by Mr. Wright, (over).