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NOTICE. The subscriber informs the public that he is prepared to execute all orders for Lathing and Plastering, in the most workmanlike style, and at moderate rates.

JOHN ELLIOTT, TAILOR.

THE Subscriber announces to the Public that he has commenced the above business in the premises adjoining the SCHOOL HOUSE, lately occupied by J. Wilson, Thinsida; and will be happy to attend to all orders in the above line, which will be promptly executed, with neatness and dispatch.

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LUMBER. For sale, by private bargain, 400,000 feet Seasoned first-class Lumber. Cattle, grain, or reliable Notes will be taken in exchange.

H. H. STOVEL, CONVEYANCER, Fire & Life Insurance Agent, MOUNT FOREST.

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R. D. COULSON, STAGES leave this house for Guelph, Arthur, Mount Forest, Durham, and Owen Sound DAILY.

Travellers' Home Inn, THEODORE ZASS, Township of Arthur, 16 miles from Durham, 10 from Mount Forest, and 17 miles from Fergus.

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LANDS FOR SALE. FIVE acres of excellent land, situated on the Durham Gravel Road West, 16 rods frontage, one mile from Allanpark P. O., and is an excellent situation for a tavern or country store.

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ARGYLE HOTEL, DURHAM, BY A. McFARLANE.

BAR AND LARDER WELL SUPPLIED. Good Stabling and attentive hostler. Durham 28 June 1860.

POETRY.

The Bold Volunteers--A Patriotic Song for the Times.

(Air--"The Red, White and Blue.") To repel any lawless invader Let us now, one and all, volunteer! And our Queen shall see how we can aid her.

Form, then! form into columns of order, And all earnestly master to drill! Each his rifle right manfully shoulder!

Miscellaneous Reading. \$500 PRIZE STORY. DANESBURY HOUSE. BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD. CHAPTER I.

THE MISTAKE--THE DINNER TABLE. It was a winter's afternoon, cold and bright, and the nursery window of Danesbury House looked out on an extensive and beautiful prospect.

"There's the baby, Glisson," she suddenly exclaimed, as a child's cry was heard from the adjoining room.

"Did you speak?" she asked. "The baby, Glisson. Don't you hear him?"

"Oh, sir," she panted, "there has been a sad accident at home. Mrs. Glisson has made a mistake, and given the baby the wrong medicine!"

"What have you done with the baby's medicine?" she exclaimed to Jessy.

"I have not done anything with it," was the reply. "I have not touched it."

"Where should I put it but in its place on the mantel-piece! I gave him some last night when I undressed him, and I put the bottle back. Somebody has been here meddling," continued the nurse in an angry tone.

"I tell you I have not," answered Jessy. "Where did you put it when you had used it last?"

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when she returned. "Found it of course I have," replied the nurse. "There shall be a stir about this; how dare anybody come and carry off my nursery things? It was in Mrs. Danesbury's closet, put among the spirits of camphor, and the magnesia, and the other bottles. They thought to play me a trick, I suppose, for they have been clearing the direction off; may be they'll get one played to them, in a way they won't like, before the day's out--It's that impudent Sarah! She said, at dinner, she'd be up to pranks, now mistress was away."

Mrs. Glisson poured out a teaspoonful of the mixture, and gave it to the child. Jessy, meanwhile, was thinking how very improbable it was that any servant, even Sarah, the careless and frolicsome under-housemaid, should presume to meddle with anything belonging to the nurse and baby. All in a moment--she could not tell how or why--a doubt flashed over her. Could Mrs. Glisson have overlooked the bottle? Letting her work fall, she started up, and with one bound cleared the space between the window and the mantel-piece. Sure enough, there was the missing bottle, pushed out of sight behind a child's toy.

"Oh, nurse what have you done?" she uttered. "Here's the baby's medicine been Miss Isabel's doll's house! What have you given to him?"

The nurse looked confounded, and turned her gaze from the bottle in Jessy's hand to the bottle in her own. They were precisely similar in shape and size, small round bottles, each about half full, with what, to appearance, might be taken for the same mixture. Jessy snatched the strange bottle from her, uncorked it and smelt it. She turned deadly pale.

"Mrs. Glisson, as true as that you are alive, you have killed the baby! This is the laudanum!"

"You are a fool for saying it," shrieked out Glisson, in her terror. "It can't be the laudanum bottle!"

Jessy knew it was: she recognized it as that which was kept in Mrs. Danesbury's private closet. She laid her two hands upon the woman's shoulders, and hissed forth strange words, in her grief and excitement.

"You are not in a state clearly to distinguish one bottle from another."

There was not a moment to be lost. She left the woman to her own reflections, to the two bottles, and the child, and tore down the stairs--in the hall she encountered a man-servant, and Jessy laid hold of him, and dragged him towards the front door. The man thought she was wild.

"The baby's dying, Ralph. Fly for Mr. Pratt; don't let him lose an instant."

Ralph, after a prolonged state of bewilderment, started off, down the steps. Jessy followed him, and was running in a different direction, when a thought struck her, and she called again to the man.

"Tell him what it is, Ralph; it may save time. The baby has had a dose of laudanum given him, in mistake for his cough-mixture."

To the right, at a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile, rose the large and extensive buildings, known by the name of Danesbury Works. Jessy gained the spot, flew through the outer grounds, the passages, and into the private room of her master. Mr. Danesbury, a tall man of commanding presence, with noble intelligent features and earnest blue eyes, now some years past thirty, was standing by his fire, engaged with two gentlemen.

To see one of the handmaids burst upon him in that tremendous fashion astonished him considerably: he thought her wild, as Ralph had done.

"Oh, sir," she panted, "there has been a sad accident at home. Mrs. Glisson has made a mistake, and given the baby the wrong medicine!"

"Wrong medicine!" uttered Mr. Danesbury.

"She missed his cough mixture, sir, and she found it, as she thought, in my mistress's closet, and she gave him a teaspoonful. It was not the mixture, but the laudanum."

Mr. Danesbury, with a word of apology to the gentlemen, hastened from the room to the study, and called for Mr. Pratt, Jessy, he next said.

"I have, sir; I did not lose time; Ralph is gone for him."

It was a deplorable accident, and it happened at an unusually unfavorable moment, for Mrs. Danesbury was away from home--She had left Eastborough with her two eldest children the previous day, to pay a visit to London.

Eastborough was forthwith up in arms. To see one of the servants from Danesbury House come along, without his hat, at the pace of a steam-engine, dart into Mr. Pratt's, and to see the two, for happily by the surgeon was at home, go steaming back again, caused unheeded of houses to wonder; and ask each other what had occurred, and the news soon spread to them from the works; for these Jessy's errand had been learnt by the operatives; little William Danesbury had been poisoned.

Nothing but omets could have any counteracting effect upon so young a child, and those Mr. Pratt tried; but whether they would save him, could not yet be proved. Mr. Danesbury the first shock over, began to reflect that it might be better to send for his wife; who, whatever should be at home, would be the more satisfied to be at home than away. He determined to despatch Thomas Harding, one of his most esteemed foremen, who had been in the works many years.

"Jessy," said Mr. Danesbury, to the girl, "go back to the factory and tell your uncle to prepare for an immediate journey to London. After he is ready, he must come here to receive my instructions."

As Jessy went into the factory to do her master's bidding, she was assailed on all sides. Was the child dead? Could it be

brought round? How did it happen? But she would not answer one inquiry, until she had delivered the message to Mr. Harding, and when she did explain, it was very brief. A mistake of the nurse's in taking up the wrong bottle, she said, and Mr. Pratt could give no opinion yet, one way or the other.

In those days, railroads were not common, and the quickest way of general travelling was by posting. A chaise was ordered from the inn, and was soon at Danesbury House. Mr. Harding, equipped for the journey, was already there, had taken his orders from his master, and was now standing on the steps outside, talking with Jessy in an under tone. As the chaise rattled up, and turned round, he got inside, and just at that moment Mr. Danesbury came out again.

"Mind, Harding, how you break it to Mrs. Danesbury. Be as cautious as possible. Mr. Pratt does think there may be a little hope, tell her."

"I'll do it in the best way that ever I can, sir," he answered, the tears rising to his eyes with earnestness of feeling.

The chaise drove back at a swift pace, down the hill and through the small town, to the intense delight of the inhabitants, ever rejoicing in excitement, who flocked to their doors and windows to gaze after it as it rolled past, and at Thomas Harding seated bolt upright in it. They would have guessed his errand, had its object not transpired.

Mr. Danesbury had turned into the house again, but Jessy stood and watched the chaise down the hill; through the town she lost sight of it, but speedily saw it again, ascending the opposite hill, for Eastborough, a very small town, deserving little more than the name of village, was situated in a valley. Jessy was the daughter of a farmer who had a large family.

She had received a good plain education, and her father had not thought it beneath Danesbury's, to wait upon and walk out with the two eldest children; Jessy had, at first, somewhat rebelled at it, not having thought she should be sent out to service. Thomas Harding's wife was her father's sister.

Whilst that chaise was nearing the end of its forty mile journey, a merry party had assembled around a well-lighted dinner table in a handsome house in Bedford Row, the metropolitan locality where so many men of law congregated. Mr. and Mrs. Serle were its owners, and sat at either end. By the side of the former, who was an eminent solicitor, sat Mrs. Danesbury, an elegant woman of thirty years, with beautifully refined features and dark eyes, thoughtful and expressive.

Opposite to her in a drab silk gown, sat Miss St. George, who was sister of Mrs. Serle, and lived there because she had no other home. Next to Mrs. Serle was a young man, Walter St. George; he was in Mr. Serle's office, and had been invited to dinner to meet Mrs. Danesbury; and the middle of the table was occupied by four children, two little Serles and Arthur and Isabel Danesbury. Mrs. Danesbury was first cousin to Walter St. George, and both of them were more distantly related to Mrs. Serle and her sister.

The children's dining at this late hour was unusual; but they had been out with the ladies, eight o'clock, and had lost their own dinner in the middle of the day. Of course they enjoyed amazingly the dining by candle-light.

"But, sir," suddenly cried Arthur Danesbury, leaning forward that he might see Mr. St. George, "you have not told me about the tower. Do you often go to it?"

"Well; no, I don't," smiled Mr. St. George. "But I will take you."

Mrs. Danesbury laughed. "Arthur has a book at home, describing the glories and wonders of the tower in days gone by," she said; "I'm sure, if you have any of your own, and you should not separate those marbles from the present tower, by any process of reasoning whatever; so I fear disappointment will be in store for him when he shall visit it."

Mr. St. George could scarcely take his eyes from the boy, who was still bending forward, so remarkably intelligent did he think his countenance. Fair, with a broad, white, intellectual forehead, his features gave promise of the same high order of beauty that distinguished his father's, and he possessed the same large, clear, earnest blue eyes. He was in his eighth year, his sister two years younger. A servant placed a glass of porter by his side, and recalled him to his dinner.

"Oh, water for me, if you please," said the child.

"Water, sir?"

"Yes," replied Arthur, "and for my sister also. We always drink water."

There was no water on the side-board; it was a beverage not frequently called for at Mr. Serle's, and one of the servants had to go down stairs for some. Matthew and Charlotte Serle had each their small silver mug of porter.

"Your children are not going to drink water?" exclaimed Mr. Serle, when she saw the water placed for them. "This cannot hurt them, Mrs. Danesbury; it is only porter, not stout."

"Thank you," replied Mrs. Danesbury, "they never take anything but water."

"You don't know what's good for them, I see," interposed Mr. Serle. But the subject dropped.

To be resumed, however, at desert. In pouring out the port wine, Mr. Serle filled four glasses three parts full, and passed them to the children.

"Oh! I beg your pardon for not speaking sooner," interposed Mrs. Danesbury; "I did not observe. Arthur and Isabel do not take wine."

"No, take wine! and not take beer!" uttered Mr. Serle; "why, do you intend to make little hermits of them? I can assure you, these children, when they are indulged by dining with us, and on Sundays, look for their glass of wine, filled up to the pretty, as eagerly as we look for ours."

"I never heard of such a thing as punish-

ing children in that way," cried Miss St. George.

"It is no punishment," was Mrs. Danesbury's reply. "They are not accustomed to it, and therefore do not wish for it."

"All moonshine!" laughed Mr. Serle, "Drink it up, children."

"No; I must repeat that I prefer they should not," returned Mrs. Danesbury.

Her manner and tone, though perfectly courteous and lady-like, were unmistakably decisive, and no more was said. The little Serles drank their wine, and when the children had eaten some pears and oranges, they were all despatched to the nursery to play.

"How can you force those nice children of yours to drink water?" began Mrs. Serle, turning to her guest. "Do you do it upon principle? as people say."

"I do it because I believe it to be good for them," was Mrs. Danesbury's answer.

"But you cannot possibly think that the small portion of beer and wine which our children have just taken, can have done them any harm?"

"Whether it has done them harm, I cannot say; but I will say that water would have done them more good, even for their health's sake."

"Even for their health's sake!" repeated Mrs. Serle. "I scarcely follow you. There is nothing else that could be benefited by it."

"Yes," said Mrs. Danesbury, "their taste. We should be very cautious what taste we impart to, or cultivate in a child. A child cannot dislike water naturally; it is its natural beverage, as, rely upon it, it is intended to be the natural beverage of man. A child should never be allowed to drink anything else (except at those seasons, tea and breakfast, when milk is substituted; whether at dinner, or when thirsty, let it have its appointed drink--water. Confine a child's drink to water, and he will obey the law of nature, and grow up, loving the water. I believe that it is of the utmost importance that he should be allowed to do so."

"I don't see why."

"As soon as a child can sit down to table and eat dinner, how many patients give the child beer to drink with it! Take your own children, for example, have you accustomed them to drink water?"

"No," was Mrs. Serle's reply; "but then, London water is such wretched stuff. Since the children could sit at table they have always had a little cup of beer."

"Just so," returned Mrs. Danesbury; "you deprive your children from tasting water, and in a few years' time they will have lost their relish for it--if they have not done so already. You impart to them a taste (a forced, acquired taste, mind!) for stronger beverage, and indulge the taste until they learn to love it; naturally, after that, water appears insipid. Once let a child lose his liking for water, through disease, through accustoming him to drink an artificial beverage, and you rarely find him regain it in after life. Many grown persons will say, 'I cannot bear water; I could not drink it!'"

"I could not," interrupted Mr. St. George. "I never did drink it, and I am sure I could not begin now."

Mrs. Danesbury smiled; for she saw they all could have joined in his words, and it illustrated her theory. "Just so, Walter," she remarked; "you were not allowed to drink water when your tastes, for good or for ill, were being formed. As our tastes are trained in childhood, so will our after likings be."

"Then, it is not that you think so ill of beer and wine, as that you wish yours to grow up fond of water?" observed Mr. Serle.

"That is chiefly it: they must grow up fond of one or the other. My objection to children's taking beer or wine would be less strong, could I make sure that they would always partake of them in strict moderation; but who can answer for the future? I think," continued Mrs. Danesbury, smiling upon them pleasantly, but with deprecation, "though you must not take offence at my saying it, that when parents do not oblige their children to drink water as their common beverage, they are guilty of a positive sin."

"Oh! Mrs. Danesbury!"

"A sin against the child; and perhaps," she added, in a lower tone, "against God, who has sent him into the world to be trained to morality and goodness."

There was a pause. It was Mr. Serle who broke it. "Are these your own sentiments chiefly, Mrs. Danesbury, or your husband's?"

"They are mine. I believe my husband thinks with me, but his hands and head are so full of business that he gives but little heed to what he would call domestic points. He has entire confidence in my management."

"Well; it is hard upon the children."

"Hard upon the children! how can you take up so mistaken an idea? It is quite the contrary. Had I said to my children at dinner, just now, take which you like best, beer or water, they would have chosen the water. Water, I say, assimilates itself naturally with child's palate; beer does not. Give a glass of beer to my children, who have never had any, and they would find it salt, bitter; disagreeable as a dose of medicine."

"But, Mrs. Danesbury, if you keep your children--let us say the boy--to water, so long as you have control over him, you cannot expect that he will confine himself to water, when he becomes a man."

"I do not know that," she answered; "I trust to be able to implant in him other wholesome training, besides that of drinking water; I mean, touching his own responsibility of action. But whether he shall confine himself to water or not, I shall have the comforting consciousness of knowledge that I have done my duty by him, in bringing him up to like it. When Matthew and Arthur, your boy and mine, shall stand side by side in after years, the one loving water the other despising it, the one regardless of stimulants, the other craving for them, what will have made the difference, but the opposite mode in which they were reared? You do what you can to eradicate the natural liking for water implanted in the child, I do all I can to foster it. Believe me, Mr. Serle, we should all do well to bring up our children to drink water."

"Madam," interrupted a servant, entering the room and addressing Mrs. Danesbury, "there's a gentleman below, asking to see you."

"A gentleman!" repeated Mrs. Danesbury in surprise, who had no friends in London, and thought the man must be mistaken--"For me! Are you sure?"

"He asked for Mrs. Danesbury. He has a plaid shawl round his neck, madam, and a white top coat on. He said he came from Eastborough, and his name was Harding--Thomas Harding."

The words seemed to electrify Mrs. Danesbury, and she turned pale as death, as she started from her seat. "What can be the matter?" she uttered. "Something must be amiss with my husband or my child!"