COUNTY OF GREY ADVERTISER,

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ued without a written order. No advertisement discontinued until paid for at the time of withdrawal, unless by consent of the THEODORE

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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

H.H. STOVEL, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, The Canada Landed Credit Company, MOUNT FOREST.

IDE. WE CDEDID CORONER,

LICENSED TO PRACTICE PHYSIC, SURGERY AND MIDWIFERY,

DURHAM.

Durham, Dec. 2, 1858.

D. DONOHUE, GENERAL MERCHANT, Traveller's Home Inn, Garafraxa Road, five miles from Durham.

Glenelg, Dec. 2, 1858. Dr. Dunbar, BORN SON SCHALE MOUNT FOREST.

Dec. 2, 1858. MA CO MINCO MOO

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

CHARLES D. McMILLAN. Durham, Dec. 2, 1858.

JOHN ELLIOTT, TAILOR.

THE Subscriber announces to the Public that he has commenced the above business in the premises adjoining the SCHOOL HOUSE,

be happy to attend to all orders in the above line, which will be promptly executed, with neatness and dispatch. JOHN ELLIOTT.

Durham, Nov. 25, 1858.

SAMUEL E. LEGATE, ISSUEROF MARRIAGE LICENSES DURHAM. Durham, Dec. 2, 1858.

S. B. CHAFFEY, Conveyancer,

Commissioner in Court of Queen's Bench Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Chaffey's Mills,

J. GEDDES,

Glenelg, Jan. 12, 1859. 5

Durham, Dec. 2, 1858.

Attorney at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyan MOUNT FOREST,

COUNTIES OF WELLINGTON AND GREY. Mount Forest, July 21, 1859

J. F. BROWN, DRUGGIST AND CHEMIST, DR. CRAWFORD.

Durham. T/EEPS constantly on hand a large assortment of Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Dye | CORONE FOR ThE COUNTY of CREY. Stuffs, Stationary, &c., &c.

LUMBER.

For sale, by private bargain, 400,000 feet

Cattle, grain, or reliable Notes will be taken in ROBERT DALGLISH, 3rd con. N. D. R. Bentinck.

DEVOTED TO NEWS, POLITICS, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE,

AND COUNTY OF GREY GENERAL ADVERTISER.

H. STOVEL,

CONVEYANCER,

MOUNT FOREST.

General Stage Office,

FERGUS.

TAGES leave this house for Guelph, Arthur,

Mount Forest, Durham, and Owen Sound

Every attention paid to the comfort of the

Travellers' Home Inn,

Township of Arthur,

17 miles from Fergus.

26 miles from Durham, 10 from Mount Forest, and

EF Every attention paid to the comfort of the

Good Stabling and an attentive hostler.

ALEX. B. McNAB.

POSTMASTER,

Conveyancer, Commissioner in Queen's Bench

and Commission General Agent.

AGENT FOR

BENTINCK POST OFFICE,

DURHAM, COUNTY OF GREY

INSURANCE.

The subscriber is Agent for the

Corn Exchage Fire and Inland

Navigation Insurance Co.

SURPLUS, OVER \$28,060.

Durham, 30th August, 1859.

situation for a tavern or country store.

Bentinck, 24th January, 1860.

Priceville, Jan. 20, 1860.

Priceville, January 20, 1860.

Durham, 27th Oct. 1859.

Durham, July 5, 1850.

mail, (post-paid) to

They are prepared to take risks on reasonable

ANDS FOR SALE.

FIVE acres of excellent land, situated on the Dur

mile from Allanpark P. O., and is an excellent

Terms extremely liberal.

ROB ROY HOTEL

PRICEVILLE,

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EDWARD McDONALD.

PRICEVILLE,

-- IBW-

E. B. McMILLAN.

W. R, ROMBOUGH,

CONVEYANCER,

DRAUGHTSMAN,

COMMISSIONER IN THE

Court of Queen's Bench.

ces given if required. Address, Bentinck P. O.

DURHAM,

OFFICE: - South end of the building recently

occupied by the late Mr. John Black.

The sale and purchase of Lands negociated on

Clear Deed can be given for the above prop;

Applications, with reference to the above if by

FREDRICK RICHARDSON, JUN.,

Bentinck P. O.

ham Gravel Road West, 16 rods frontage, one

JOHN MILLER

ravelling community.

travelling public.

Arthur, Dec. 16 1858.

Durham, Dec. 2, 1858.

Fergus, Dec. 16, 1858.

VOL. 2.—NO. 40.]

DURHAM, C. W., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1860.

PRICE, \$1 50, IN ADVANCE.

[WHOLE NUMBER, 92,

Isabel." POETRY.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

I AM GROWING OLD.

My days pass pleasantly away; My night are blest with sweetest sleep, I feel no symptoms of decay-I have no cause to mourn or weep; My foes are impotent and shy, My friends are neither false nor cold, And yet, of late, I often sigh-I am growing old.

My growing talk of olden times; My growing thirst for early news; My growing apathy to rhymes: My growing love of easy shoes; My growing hate of crowds and noise; My growing fear of taking cold, Al! whisper in the plainest voice-I am growing old.

Im growing fonder of my staff; I'm growing dimmer in the eyes I'm growing fainter in my laugh; I'm growing deeper in my sighs; I'm growing careless of my dress; I'm growing frugal of my gold ; I'm g. owing wise; I'm growing-yes-I'm growing old.

I see it in my changing taste; I see it in my changing hair; I see it in my growing waist; I see it in my growing heir; A thousand signs proclaim the truth, As plain as truth was ever told, That even in my vaunted youth, I'm growing old.

Ah, me! my very laurels breathe The tale in my reluctant ears, And every boon the hours bequeath, But makes me debtor to the years. Even flattery's honeyed words declare The secret she would withhold, And tell me in, " How young you are!" I'm growing old.

Thanks for the years! whose rapid flight My sombre muse too sadly sings; Thanks for the gleams of golden light That tint the darkness of their wings; Tie light that became from out the sky. Those heavenly mansions to unfold, Where all are blest, and none may sigh, "I'm growing old !"

Miscellaneous Reading

DANESBURY HOUSE.

BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD.

CHAPTER III.

THE DESOLATE HOUSE. (Continued)

Danesbury House was a handsome white

mansion, surrounded by fine grounds, with a smooth lawn sloping from the front; its eleand beautiful views of the neighboring coun-On the morning that was to witness the re-

turn of the children, a lady approached the house, ascended the stone steps to the pillared portico, and entered a spacious hall, on either side of which were the reception chambers. It was Mrs. Philip Danesbury, the widow of Mr. Danesbury's brother. She en-Lately occupied by J. Wilson, Tinsmith; and will Bar and Larder well supplied and good stabling, joyed a handsome income from the business, and resided near; a talkative, pleasant woman, young still, possessed of good sense, and of keen penetration. She was in Yorkshire, her native place, when the recent fatal event happened, and had now been home a dayor two Mr. Danesbury had seen her the previous day, and her present visit was to Glisson and the baby. While she was in the nursery talking, she observed her brother-in-law approaching from the factory, and went down THE Bar is supplied with the best Wines and stairs to meet him. "John," she began, as soon as they were Liquors, and the Larder will be found at all

times conducive to the comfort of the travelling in the sitting room, dashing at once into some news she had just heard, "Glisson says there's a lady coming here to be in Isabel's

"Not in Isabel's place," interrupted Mr. Danesbury, in a tone of pain. "No one can Provincial Land Surveyor, fill that. Do not say so."

"Well, you know what I meant, John .-Unfortunately no one ever can fill it, in any sense of the word. She was worth more than many of us who are left. Poor, poor Isabel!" Mr. Danesbury sat silent, his countenance betraying a shade more of its deep sorrow .-He was not a demonstrative man, and he

buried his grief within him. "But there is somebody coming to rule the reasonable terms. The most respectable referenhousehold and manage the children," proceeded Mrs. Philip Danesbury. "Who is

"Miss St. George, Mrs. Serle's sister .-She has offered to remain here a little while." "A 'little while!' That means an inde-

finite period, I suppose." Serle who wrote and proposed it. I thought does not improve. it exceedingly kind and considerate of her, "It's a disagreeable face, if ever I saw and accepted it gratefully."

such a hurry ?" continued Mrs. Philip, in her she'd smooth it, I expect." hasty way. "I accepted it for the children's sake .-

care of William, but Arthur and Isabel having a try at John?" should not be left to the entire companionship "The better plan would have been-John," lawn. It was fitted up with rich silk damask

BAR AND LARDER WELL SUPPLIED. she broke off, "I had been turning things over in my mind, before I knew of this Miss St George scheme, I think Arthur should be entered, and welcomed the two ladies grace
"Why did he drink?" he sobbed. "Why did he d placed at school, and I will take charge of fully, as though she were the mistress of the Philip. "And they are nothing else," she to the memory of the late king's father.

"You are very kind, Maria," he sadly answered. "But the house, deprived of the two children, would be more desolate than with them. What objection do you see to Miss St. George staying here-tor I think I detect am Mrs. Philip Danesbury. This, I prethat you have an objection ?"

"A minute. John: answer me a question or two before I answer yours. What age is this Miss St. George ?"

most fully answered me," impetuously return | children, I fancied Mrs. Philip Danesbury's | have been here now." ed Mrs. Philip Danesbury. "Take care of residence was in Yorkshire."

yourself, John." "Take care of myself! In what way?" the real mistress of this house. She will Philip. play her cards with the hope and view to be your second wife, John; mind she does not play them to win."

these remarks to be unworthy of her.

"John," she returned, "I cannot help speaking out all my thoughts, but it is that am anxious for the children's welfare and your happiness. You cannot understand these things, but I can; and rely upon it, this lady's motive, in proffering a temporary also another evil-that it will cause rebellion and warfare with the servants. You look surprised, but I tell you you have had no experience in these things, and do not understand them."

No, Mr. Danesbury did not understand it at all, and he certainly did not believe it. He asked Mrs. Philip to remain to dinner.

"I will," she replied, "and I shall let Miss St. George know, unmistakably, that I am Mrs. Philip Danesbury, the nearest kin you and the children have, and quite competent to direct the affairs of Danesbury House, where direction may be necessary, without her assistance." Mrs. Philip untied the crape strings of her

bonnet as she spoke, and ran up stairs again. but she was a thoroughly sincere, good woman at heart. Glisson opened her griev-

"I hope this new person's not going to take too much upon herself, ma'am, for it's what I shan't be able to put up with. I'd do anything for a Danesbury, and for my dear late mistress, who was a mistress in a thousand, but an interloper is a different sort of thing. Master said we were to take our orders from her." "It's beginning," thought Mrs. Philip, but

she did not choose to say so-she was fond of keeping servants in their places. "Miss St. George is a relative of poor Mrs. Danesbury, and every respect must be shown her, Glisson," she said, in an authoritative tone .time she is to remain."

Glisson made no reply. She went out for the baby, who had been laid down for his vated site causing it to command extensive midday sleep, and brought him in. The sleeves of his embroidered white frock were tied up with black silk ribbon, and he wore a

"Poor little motherless darling!" uttered Mrs. Philip, taking the child, and clasping him to her. "I wish papa would give you to me, my little god-son," she murmured, covering his sweet face, so lovely in its rosy flush, with kisses. The tears came into her eyes as she gazed on him-for the having no children had been Mrs. Philip Danesbury's great trial in life. "Glisson," she suddenly exclaimed, "how did that dreadful mistake happen? How came you to be deceived in the medicine?" "Ma'am," said the nurse, turning round in

a sort of frenzy, " I'll go down upon my knees and beg you not to ask me! I have been almost mad ever since, thinking of it! and, if I have to talk of it, it will drive me quite so. I wish I had been dead before it had happen-

She sat down in the rocking-chair, threw her apron over her head, and burst into a storm of wails and sobs. Mrs. Philip walked about with the child, and considerately abstained from further allusion to it. In the midst of this, the travellers were seen approaching. It was a clear, frosty day, and they were walking up from the Ram, where the stage-coach stopped. The two children, in their sombre black attire, were accompanied by two ladies, one of whom was in deep mourning, the other in slighter.

"Why, there's two of them !" unceremoniously, uttered Glisson, who had made her way to the window. " Miss St. George has put on deep black to

be like the family, as she is to stay here," decided Mrs. Philip; " and the other must be Mrs. Serle." She eyed Miss St. George critically as she

spoke. Glisson did the same. A thin, shorteyes, a sharp nose, and flaxen hair; Miss St. the horses?" "No time was mentioned. It was Mrs. George was one of those whom black attire

"But what ever made you accept it, all in If she knew anybody was looking at her, "Five-and-thirty, if she's a day, and a

soured woman !" was Mrs. Philip Danes-Who is to overlook them? Glisson can take bury's mental comment. "Won't she be

room, a spacious apartment opening to the here with us."

"To whom have we the honor of speaking?" demanded Mrs. Serle.

"Madam, to the sister-in-law of Mrs.

who appeared all complaisance. "The "Master Arthur, sir, you see this arm," "I do not know. I have a general idea isolated condition of these poor children, left said Thomas Harding, holding it out, bared. that she is not young. I once saw her at Mr. entirely to servants, struck me as being so to the elbow, for his coat was off, and his Serle's, but retain a very faint recollection of her. I fancy she is older than Mrs. Serle; and that she lives with her because she has no o'her home."

There; that's quite enough; you have tive near to them. From the remarks of the that if he had not been so, mamma would the failure and the short period, should it be agreeable to Mr. Danesbury. I did not know of their possessing so efficient a relative near to them. From the remarks of the that if he had not been so, mamma would be agreeable to Mr. Danesbury. There; that's quite enough; you have

"I have been there for a long visit. We appreciate your kindness, and shall be happy "It will be a terrible temptation to a wo- to render Miss St. George's visit agreeable to man in her position, the getting herself to be her," was the somewhat frigid answer of Mrs himself, as he thought over his question .-

Mr. Danesbury came in. Unusally noble he looked in his deep mourning attire, and why. Nobody who is worth anything does with the saddened expression on his fine fea-A contraction of displeasure passed across tures. Ere he had well kissed his two chil-Mr. Danesbury's ample brow. He could not dren, he was obliged to hurry from the room: understand his sister-in-law, and deemed their sight brought his loss, and theirs, too painfully to his memory.

"Harriet " exclaimed Miss St. George, the moment she was alone with her sister in the chamber to which they had been shown, "I shall go back with you; I shan't stop here. The idea of being domineered over by that sharp woman! She is mistress, and I should sojourn here, arises from a dim hope that she be no better than a temporary visitor; an inmay improve it into a permanent one. I see terloper. I did not come down, and go in mourning for that."

"You will do no such thing, Eliza. You are come, and you must remain. She is not mistress, she does not live here." "But she comes armed with full power to

do as she pleases in the house; there's no doubt of it. She'll be here forever." "Nonsense. Stop, and feel your way.-You will supersede her if you try. And if you don't, you are only where you were be-

"I hate children," cried Miss St George .-And to assume to 'love' these will be more difficult than I thought, with her shrewd eyes upon me."

She sighed as she turned to the glass, and began to arrange the bands of her very light She was somewhat given to be dictatorial, hair. She had no parents, no money, and had been obliged to her sister for a home .-She was not always comfortable in it; her of Wales, &c., &c., who is now in our midst, with it, and at such times would make her our present Queen, feel that she was an intruder. To get away pect, and the damper cast on it by the sight Duke of Kent, the fourth son of and words of Mrs Philip was a mortifying George III., who was son of disappointment. Whether she, or Mrs Serle Frederick, Prince of Wales, the son of for her, had cast a glance to the possibility George II., who was son of that time and luck might transform her iuto George I., who was son of Mrs Danesbury, cannot be told.

"What an exceedingly fine man that Mr Elizabeth Queen of Bohemia, who was the Danesbury is!" exclaimed Mrs. Serle; "I should call him one of nature's true nobility. James I., who was son of The child, Arthur, will be like him." "Jessy, I hope you hear me also. I dare say And what a handsome house, returned James III,, of Scotland, who was son of

you will get on very well with her, for the Miss St. George. "Everything so well ap- Margaret, who was daughter of pointed and comfortable." "Ay, plenty of wealth here, Eliza. If you can succeed in establishing a firm footing,

you will be fortunate." Mrs Philip Danesbury, meanwhile, was Edward IV., who was the son of looking about for Arthur who had disappear- Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, who was ed. She found him in the little room where Mrs Danesbury used to assemble her chil- Anne Mortimer, who was the daughter of dren for the ten minutes after breakfast in the Roger, Earl of March, who was son of morning, to read to them their Bible stories Phillippa, who was the daughter of and to talk of heaven. It was a duty she Lionel, Duke of Clarence, who was son of never omitted, and the children had learnt to Edward III., who was the son of love it. Arthur was stretched across the low Edward II., who was the son of

"My darling, don't sob so; be comforted." Henry I., who was the son of "Aunt Philip, I shall never see her again! never thought it could be quite true till I came home now. Oh, mamma! mamma!" "My child, be comforted, she is better off: she is gone to heaven."

back!" he wailed. "Oh, mamma, if you Edward III., the Confessor, the only Pricewould but come to me for one minute, only "Arthur she cannot return to you; you

know it, my darling; but you will go to her." "But it is such a long while !" "It will come, my child. She is one of Edmund I., who was son of God's angels now, and she will watch over Edward, called the Elder, who was son of you here, and wait for you." The sobs nearly choked him.

"Arthur, do you know why I am sure your mamma is happy, and has gone to the rest promised to the people of God ?" "Becsuse she was good," he sobbed. "No. my darling: she was good; better

than most people are; but she is gone because she loved Christ, and put her whole trust in Him. She had always taken God for her guide. She taught you to do so, Arthur." "Yes," answered the child; and he gradually grew calmer.

"Aunt Philip," he presently said, a catching sob seizing his breath occasionally, the broom till she burst through the stays, ish, vinegar-looking lady, with cold, light "how could that Giles let the gate fall against "Because he was a wicked man," prompt-

ly answered Mrs. Philip, whose indignation was sure to break loose when she thought of one," cried Glisson; "as cross as two sticks. the accident, and its lamentable consequences. "He had got horribly tipsy, my dear, and could not hold it back." "Would it have happened if he had not

"No, of course not: but for Giles's drink- of gold dust worth \$7,000. ing that night, your mamma would have been It is calculated by the best judges that The visitors were shown to the drawing- alive and well now; and, perhaps, sitting England will have to import produce to the

added, as if in apology for her word, "when they drink themselves into that state."

"I never will," said Arthur. You, my dearest! Oh, no, never.—
Your dear mamma would be grieved in heaven, if she were to look down and see you, even once, so far forgot yourself."

The child gazed upwards at the blue sky, almost as if he were looking for his mother's face there.

face there. Soon, he gave his head that very decided shake, which in him, child as he was expressed firm, inward resolve.

"No, Aunt Philip, I will never, drink .-

How long is she going to stay?" he added. "Who, my dear?"

"Miss St. George." "I cannot tell. Don't you like her?" "Not much," answered Arthur, "Sho. told me she was going to be with us, instead of mamma."

Mrs. Philip Danesbury wondered what, there could be, or not be, in Miss St. George, that nobody seemed to like her. She only hoped her brother-in-law would fall into the general opinion. When they assembled to sit down to din-

ner, Arthur was not to be found. He had made his way into the factory to Thomas Harding. The latter shook him by the hand, Danesbury, the aunt of the dear children. I am Mrs. Philip Danesbury. This, I presume, is Miss St. George, who has kindly proffered us a visit."

"I proffered it for her," smiled Mrs. Serle, "I proffered it for her," smiled Mrs. Serle, "Mr. Harding," whispered the child, struggling to hide the tears, which would rise to his eyes, "could you not have helped the gate from falling on the horses?"

" And that's true, Master Arthur." "Why do they let people get tipsy?"

"Who let them, dear ?" "I don't know," said the child, puzzled "Why do people get tipsy?" "I believe they can't tell, themselves,

"You don't, do you, Mr Harding?" "No; I'm thankful to say I have keptfrom that falling all my life," he fervently

"And papa does not?" "No, no, child. I tell you nobody, who is good, does such a disgraceful thing. Only poor creatures who have no self-restraint." "Does Giles get tipsy now?"

care of that. He is in prison, Master Ar-" For killing mamma!" "For letting the gate swing to, and fright-

ening the horses. He is to be tried at the March

"No, that he does not! The jailor takes.

assizes." "Is Master Danesbury here?" called out a servant-man, who had come in search of him. "Oh, there you are, sir. Dinner's waiting." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Prince's Genealogy.

The Quebec Vindicator publishes the follewing, and adds-"His Royal Highness is descended, evidently, from a right royal

GENEALOGY OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES. His Royal Highness, Albert Edward, Prince

temper was bad, Mrs. Serle would not put up is eldest son of Her Most Gracious Majesty. from it, and take the sway in such a house as | who is niece of the Kings William IV., and Mr Danesbury's, had been a glowing pros- George IV., and daughter of Prince Edward,

Sophia, Electress of Hanover, daughter of

Mary Queen of Scots, who was daughter of

Henry IV., and Elizabeth, which Princess was the undoubted Heiress to the English Throne, the representative of the Red Rose, being the daughter of

sofa where his mamma used to sit, crying as Elward I., who was the son of if his heart would break. Mrs. Philip Danes- King John, who was the son of bury closed the door, sat down, and drew him | Henry II., who was the son of Empress Maude, who was the daughter of

Henry I. married Mathilda, daughter of Margret, Queen of Malcolm of Scotland, who was daughter of Edward, (the ostracised), who was son of "But never to come back! never to come Edward II., who was brother of

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

at that time in England who could pretend any right to the Crown. Edward the Confessor was son of

Ethelred II., who was son of Edgar, who was son of ALFRED THE GREAT.

A Thrilling Scene.

A VESSEL NEARLY FOUNDERED.

A noise was heard on deck, the dog-watch sprung from his caboose, seized the gig-whip, and laying it over the dead-eyes of the buoy, made him shin up the bowsprit, catch hold of the sky-scraper, which he used so freely on the keelson that he rubbed off the shoe of the anchor, which was caught up by the catcutting the topsail ties, grappled the monk-ey's tail, which knocked a Jew's eye out of the Turk's head caught the ship round the waist with one hand, boxed the compass with the other, till the cook cried, and the captain applied the leeches of the foresail to the inflamed eye of the astonished needle.

A Californian, while chopping wood a while ago, found in the butt of a hollow tree, a bag

value of full \$45,000,000 between now and

DURHAM. BY Seasoned first-class Lumber. A. McFARLANE.