

Durham Standard

DEVOTED TO NEWS, POLITICS, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE, AND COUNTY OF GREY GENERAL ADVERTISER.

S. L. M. LUKE, Publisher.

PRICE, \$1 50, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 2.—NO. 40.]

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

[WHOLE NUMBER, 92.]

Law Respecting Newspapers.

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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.

ROB ROY HOTEL, PRICEVILLE, EDWARD McDONALD. Bar and Larder well supplied and good stabling.

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THE Bar is supplied with the best Wines and Liquors, and the Larder will be found at all times conducive to the comfort of the travelling community.

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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.

I AM GROWING OLD.

BY JOHN G. SAXE. My days pass pleasantly away; My night are blest with sweetest sleep, I feel no symptoms of decay.

I'm growing fonder of my staff; I'm growing dimmer in the eyes; I'm growing fainter in my laugh;

I see it in my changing taste; I see it in my changing hair; I see it in my growing waist;

Ah, me! my very laurels breathe The tale my reluctant ears, And every boon the hours bequeath,

Thanks for the years! whose rapid flight My sombre muse too sadly sings; Thanks for the gleams of golden light

Miscellaneous Reading

\$500 PRIZE STORY.

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;

On the morning that was to witness the return of the children, a lady approached the house, ascended the stone steps to the pillared portico, and entered a spacious hall,

"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."

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

"Miss St. George, Mrs. Serle's sister.—She has offered to remain here a little while."

"No time was mentioned. It was Mrs. Serle who wrote and proposed it. I thought it exceedingly kind and considerate of her, and accepted it gratefully."

"I accepted it for the children's sake.—Who is to overlook them? Glisson can take care of William, but Arthur and Isabel should be left to the entire companionship of servants."

Isabel." "You are very kind, Maria," he sadly answered. "But the house, deprived of the two children, would be more desolate than with them."

"I do not know. I have a general idea that she is not young. I once saw her at Mr. Serle's, but retain a very faint recollection of her."

"There; that's quite enough; you have most fully answered me," impetuously returned Mrs. Philip Danesbury.

A contraction of displeasure passed across Mr. Danesbury's ample brow. He could not understand his sister-in-law, and deemed these remarks to be unworthy of her.

"John," she returned, "I cannot help speaking out all my thoughts, but it is that I 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 sojourn here, arises from a dim hope that she may improve it into a permanent one."

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

Mrs. Philip untied the crapes strings of her bonnet as she spoke, and ran up stairs again. She was somewhat given to be dictatorial, but she was a thoroughly sincere, good woman at heart.

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."

"It's beginning," thought Mrs. Philip, but she did not choose to say so—she was fond of keeping servants in their places.

"My darling, don't sob so; be comforted." "Aunt Philip, I shall never see her again! I 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."

"But never to come back! never to come back!" he wailed. "Oh, mamma, if you would but come to me for one minute, only one!"

"Arthur she cannot return to you; you know it, my darling; but you will go to her."

"Because 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."

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

"Madam, to the sister-in-law of Mrs. 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, who appeared all complaisance. "The isolated condition of these poor children, left entirely to servants, struck me as being so pitiable, that I suggested to Eliza to come home with them for a short period, should it be agreeable to Mr. Danesbury. I did not know of their possessing so efficient a relative near to them."

"I have been there for a long visit. We appreciate your kindness, and shall be happy to render Miss St. George's visit agreeable to her."

Mr. Danesbury came in. Unusually noble he looked in his deep mourning attire, and with the saddened expression on his fine features. Ere he had well kissed his two children, he was obliged to hurry from the room: 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 be no better than a temporary visitor; an interloper. 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 before."

"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 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 temper was bad, Mrs. Serle would not put up with it, and at such times would make her feel that she was an intruder.

What an exceedingly fine man that Mr. Danesbury is!" exclaimed Mrs. Serle; "I should call him one of nature's true nobility. The child, Arthur, will be like him."

"And what a handsome house, returned Miss St. George. "Everything so well appointed and comfortable."

"My darling, don't sob so; be comforted." "Aunt Philip, I shall never see her again! I never thought it could be quite true till I came home now. Oh, mamma! mamma!"

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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. 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 asked.

"Miss St. George." "I cannot tell. Don't you like her?" "Not much," answered Arthur. "She 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 dinner, Arthur was not to be found. He had made his way into the factory to Thomas Harding. The latter shook him by the hand, and said he was glad to see him home again.

"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?"

"Master Arthur, sir, you see this arm," said Thomas Harding, holding it out, bared to the elbow, for his coat was off, and his shirt sleeves rolled up, at his work, "well, I'd have given that freely, ay, and the other to it. I wish I could."

"Aunt Philip says Giles was tipsy. And that if he had not been so, mamma would have been here now."

"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 himself, as he thought over his question.—"Why do people get tipsy?"

"I believe they can't tell, themselves, why. Nobody who is worth anything does so."

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

"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?" "No, that he does not! The jailer takes care of that. He is in prison, Master Arthur."

"For killing mamma?" "For letting the gate swing to, and frightening the horses. He is to be tried at the March 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 following, and adds—"His Royal Highness is descended, evidently, from a right royal stock!"

GENEALOGY OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES. His Royal Highness, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, &c., &c., who is now in our midst, is eldest son of Her Most Gracious Majesty, our present Queen,

VICTORIA, who is niece of the Kings William IV., and George IV., and daughter of Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, the fourth son of George III., who was son of Frederick, Prince of Wales, the son of George II., who was son of Sophia, Electress of Hanover, daughter of Elizabeth Queen of Bohemia, who was the daughter of

James I., who was son of Mary Queen of Scots, who was daughter of James III., of Scotland, who was son of Margaret, who was daughter of Henry IV., and Elizabeth, which Princess Henry II., the undoubted Heiress to the English Throne, the representative of the Red Rose, being the daughter of Edward IV., who was the son of Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, who was the son of

Anne Mortimer, who was the daughter of Roger, Earl of March, who was son of Phillipus, who was the daughter of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, who was son of Edward III., who was the son of Edward I., who was the son of King John, who was the son of Henry II., who was the son of Empress Maude, who was the daughter of Henry I., who was the son of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

Henry I. married Matilda, daughter of Margret, Queen of Malcoim of Scotland, who was daughter of Edward, (the ostracised), who was son of Edward II., who was brother of Edward III., the Confessor, the only Prince 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 Edmund I., who was son of Edward, called the Elder, 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 cat-harpings, who commenced to squander with the broom till she burst through the stays, cutting the topsis ties, grappled the monkey'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 forecastle to the inflamed eye of the astonished needle.