

Durham Standard,

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

S. L. M. LUKE, Publisher. VOL. 2.—NO. 43.] DURHAM, C. W., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1860. [WHOLE NUMBER, 95.

Law Respecting Newspapers.
1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals, the publisher may send them until all arrears are paid; and subscribers are responsible for all numbers sent.
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4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and their periodicals are sent to the former directions, they are held responsible.

Rates of Advertising.
Six lines and under, first insertion 50 cents.
Each subsequent insertion 13 "
Six to ten lines, first insertion 75 "
Each subsequent insertion 25 "
Above ten lines, first insertion (per line) 8 "
Each subsequent insertion (per line) 2 "
Cards in the Business Directory, ten lines and under, per annum \$4.00
Do. for six months \$3.00
All advertisements must be accompanied by written instructions, and none will be discontinued without a written order.
No advertisement discontinued until paid for at the time of withdrawal, unless by consent of the publisher.
All letters and communications addressed to the editor must be Post paid.
Money letters, properly mailed and registered at the risk of the publisher.
No unpaid letters taken from Post Office.
S. L. M. LUKE, Proprietor.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

H. H. STOVEL,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES,
MOUNT FOREST.

DR. WOODCOCK,
CORNER,
LICENSED TO PRACTICE
PHYSIC, SURGERY AND MIDWIFERY,
DURHAM.
Durham, Dec. 2, 1858. 1

D. DONOHUE,
GENERAL MERCHANT,
Travellers' Home Inn,
Glenclegh, Dec. 2, 1858. 1

Dr. Dunbar,
PHYSICIAN,
MOUNT FOREST.
Dec. 2, 1858. 1

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

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, Tinsmith; and will 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. 1

SAMUEL E. LEGATE,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES
DURHAM.
Durham, Dec. 2, 1858. 1

S. B. CHAFFEY,
CONVEYANCER,
Commissioner in Court of Queen's Bench
AND
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Chaffey's Mills,
Glenclegh, Jan. 12, 1859. 7

J. GEDDES,
Attorney at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c.,
MOUNT FOREST,
COUNTIES OF WELLINGTON AND GREY.
Mount Forest, July 21, 1859. 33

J. F. BROWN,
DRUGGIST AND CHEMIST,
Durham.
KEEPS constantly on hand a large assortment of Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Stationery, &c., &c.
Durham, Dec. 2, 1858. 1

LUMBER.
For sale, by private bargain,
400,000 feet
Seasoned first-class Lumber.
Cattle, grain, or reliable Notes will be taken in exchange.
ROBERT DALGLISH,
3rd con. N. D. R. Bentinck.
May 10, 1860. 75-ly.

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

UNION HOTEL
AND
General Stage Office,
FERGUS,

R. D. COULSON,
STAGES leave this house for Guelph, Arthur, Mount Forest, Durham, and Owen Sound DAILY.
Every attention paid to the comfort of the travelling community.
Fergus, Dec. 16, 1858. 3

Travellers' Home Inn,
BY
THEODORE ZASS,
Township of Arthur,
26 miles from Durham, 10 from Mount Forest, and 17 miles from Fergus.
Every attention paid to the comfort of the travelling public.
Good Stabling and an attentive hostler.
Arthur, Dec. 16, 1858. 3

ALEX. B. McNAB,
POSTMASTER,
Conveyancer, Commissioner in Queen's Bench and Commission General Agent.
AGENT FOR
The Canada Landed Credit Company,
BENTINCK POST OFFICE,
DURHAM, COUNTY OF GREY
Durham, Dec. 2, 1858. 1

INSURANCE.
The subscriber is Agent for the
Corn Exchange Fire and Inland Navigation Insurance Co.
SURPLUS, OVER \$28,000.
They are prepared to take risks on reasonable terms.
JOHN MILLER
Durham, 30th August, 1859. 39-4f

LANDS FOR SALE.
FIVE acres of excellent land, situated on the Durham (Gravel Road West, 16 rods frontage, one mile from Allanspark P. O., and is an excellent situation for a tavern or country store.
Clear Deed can be given for the above property.
Terms extremely liberal.
Applications, with reference to the above if by mail, (post-paid) to
FREDRICK RICHARDSON, JUN.,
Bentinck P. O.
Bentinck, 24th January, 1860. 1

ROB ROY HOTEL,
PRICEVILLE,
NEW
EDWARD McDONALD.
Bar and Larder well supplied and good stabling.
Priceville, Jan. 20, 1860. 59-8

SAUCBEN HOTEL,
PRICEVILLE,
NEW
E. B. McMILLAN.
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.
Priceville, January 20, 1860. 59-8

W. R. ROMBOUGH,
Provincial Land Surveyor,
CONVEYANCER,
DRAUGHTSMAN,
—AND—
COMMISSIONER IN THE
Court of Queen's Bench.
The sale and purchase of Lands negotiated on reasonable terms. The most respectable references given if required. Address, Bentinck P. O. Durham, 27th Oct. 1859. 47-1y

DR. CRAWFORD,
DURHAM,
CORONER FOR T. E. COUNTY OF GREY.
Office:—South end of the building recently occupied by the late Mr. JOHN BLACK.
Durham, July 5, 1859. 83-1y

ARGYLE HOTEL,
DURHAM,
BY
A. McFARLANE.
BAR AND LARDER WELL SUPPLIED.
Good Stabling and attentive hostler.
Durham, 28 June 1859. 82-1y

POETRY.

Where there's a Will, there's a Way.

Aut veniam viam, aut faciam.
It was a noble Roman,
In Rome's imperial day,
Who heard a coward croaker,
"They're safe in such a fortress;
There is no way to shake it—"
"On!" exclaimed the hero,
"I'll find a way, or make it!"
Is fame your aspiration?
Her path is steep and high;
In vain he seeks the temple,
Content to gaze and sigh;
The shining throne is waiting,
But he can't take it,
Who says, with Roman firmness,
"I'll find a way, or make it!"

Are Riches worth the getting?
They must be heavily sought;
With wishing and with fretting,
The boon can not be bought;
To all the prize is open,
But only he can take it,
Who says, with Roman courage,
"I'll find a way, or make it!"
In Love's impassioned warfare,
The tale has ever been
That victory crowns the valiant,
The brave are they who win;
Though strong in Beauty's castle
A lover still may take it,
Who says, with Roman daring,
"I'll find a way, or make it!"
J. G. SAXE.

Miscellaneous Reading.

\$500 PRIZE STORY.

DANESBURY HOUSE.
BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD.
CHAPTER VI.
TRAINING.
(Continued)

It was a fair scene. The golden gleam of summer shone upon the land, the luxuriant corn already gave token of a plentiful harvest, the grateful scent of the new-mown hay told that thresher was cut, and the cattle were lazily stretched beside the glittering pools. Especially peaceful seemed the still air, the calm landscape, as these fair country scenes do seem, on the Day of Rest.

Walking home from morning service was a group, amidst other groups. Mr. Danesbury, his daughter and her governess, and his four sons, Arthur, William, Robert and Lionel: for the time has gone by, reader, and Robert Danesbury, the young infant, is now eight year old, and his brother Lionel is seven. Two children only had the second Mrs. Danesbury.

Mrs. Danesbury did not attend church that day; she had one of her nervous headaches, and remained in bed: she often did have them; the servants declared they came on from her indulged fits of "temper;" but whatever may have been their cause, they did not tend to render the house more pleasant.

Arthur had returned from keeping his first term at Cambridge, though intended to be only what his father was before him, a commercial man, the very highest educational advantages were being afforded him. To say that Arthur was growing up good-looking would not be saying enough: a more noble-looking youth, both in face and form, it was impossible to conceive: lofty in mind, lofty in person, lofty in countenance, was Arthur Danesbury.

Mrs. Danesbury had risen when they got home, and they sat down to dinner, which was always taken early on the Sunday. Arthur and Isabel drank water, as was customary, but beer was supplied to the three younger boys—and there, for those young children, lay the error; for the first Mrs. Danesbury's theory was right. When the cloth was removed, a full glass of rich wine was poured out for them; it was the usual Sunday-treat—the accompaniment to the fruit and cakes; they were all three fond of it; they had learned to be; and they, somehow, in their little minds, connected the wine and Sunday together, and believed the wine must be a very good thing, as they always had it on that day.

Mrs. Danesbury, the present, had been positive on this point: it may be said, obstinate. She would not bring them up to drink water. She would not let them taste it at their meals; and, if they complained of thirst

in the day, would order a glass of table-beer brought in for them. The fact, that it had been the wish and maxim of the first Mrs. Danesbury, no doubt influenced her in thus acting; for a jealous feeling towards that lady's memory—ay, and toward the children—rankled in her heart. Mr. Danesbury did not interfere. Always a temperate man himself, sprung from a temperate family, and partaking, whether of wine or beer, only in strict moderation, he saw no harm in the children's doing so, and never cast a thought as to its bringing harm for the future.

But there is other training required from a mother to a child, besides that desirable one of confining its drink to water. Few are more deeply impressed with the responsibility resting on a mother, or more earnestly anxious for her children's welfare, than had been the first Mrs. Danesbury; few, let us hope, are more careless of it than was the second. I speak of welfare in the highest sense of the term,—that they should be great and good here, and inheritors of eternal life hereafter. Isabel, Mrs. Danesbury, knew that this sort of welfare can best be attained (I had almost said only be attained) by incessant care, and watchfulness, and training of a child, from its very earliest years. She never omitted to take her child, Arthur, from the time he was two years old, to herself, for ten minutes after breakfast. She would put him on her knee, and read a little, and talk to him about God, and about his own childish duties—what he must do, what he must not do.—She would speak in a low, persuasive, loving voice, which, of itself, was sufficient to draw the love of the child. Generally speaking, she was so invariably as in the morning, for engagements sometimes prevented her, she would take him so in the evening, and whisper pleasant words of angels loving him and watching over him in his sleep. She rarely failed to hear him his prayers herself, not trusting even to Glisson, for as a general rule, servants do not care whether they are said reverently or irreverently. In the day-time, she had him with her a great deal, and was always striving to form his mind for good.—One thing which she impressed fully upon him was, that this world was not his home; that, at the best, he would be in it but a short period; and she taught him to live so as not to dread death. Before she was taken from him, Arthur's mind, naturally a tractable one, had been moulded well, and he had learned the fact that he had grave responsibilities upon him, momentous duties to fulfil, and that, as his conduct was, so would his prosperity and happiness be. These seeds never could have been eradicated from Arthur Danesbury's heart. Even had he been assigned to the charge of his step-mother, his own sense of right, so efficiently imparted to him, and the exceeding reverence, the perfect love, he had borne for his mother would have kept him safe. But the clergyman with whom he was placed proved an admirable seconder of the principles of Mrs. Danesbury. Isabel had been taken by her mother in like manner, and her governess was a Christian gentlerwoman, so that she was also fortunate.—But the other children; how was it with them?

Eliza, Mrs. Danesbury, had about as much notion of this sort of training as the man in the moon. She was certainly anxious for the welfare of her children, but all in a temporal point of view; she hoped they would be grand and rich men, and rise to eminence in the world. She was very fond of them, and indulged them much, but she took no pains, except wrong ones, to correct their tempers; pampered and indulged, they would be often passionate and naughty, Robert especially; sometimes she did not check him at all, and sometimes, if she was in an ill humor herself, she would punish them with inexorable harshness, besting them with severity.—She never impressed upon them that they had duties to perform to themselves and to others, children though they were; she never spoke of the necessity of self-restraint, or taught them when to exercise it. As to their religious obligations, they were taught their prayers, and would repeat them to the nurse who had succeeded Glisson, hurrying them over at railroad speed, and they were made to learn the catechism, and were taken to church, all in a genteel, orthodox sort of way, very well for show, but very unserviceable for use. If the boys did pick up a glimmer of anything better, they got it from Mr. Danesbury, who would often gather them around him on a Sunday evening, read to them, and talk seriously to them.—But the duty of implanting serious lessons lies with a mother, far more than with a father, and Mrs. Danesbury did not attempt them. She was fidgety about their appearance—that their dress should be handsome, always in order; she was anxious that they should be polite in manner, and there it ended. William, of course, is included in these remarks, though he did not come in for much indulgence; but

William had one advantage not enjoyed by Robert and Lionel—he was often at Mrs. Philip Danesbury's. And that lady, suspecting, or rather knowing, the state of affairs at home, strove to supply to him a part of a mother. Still it was not like regular watchfulness, uninterrupted progress, for what was done at Mrs. Philip Danesbury's, was undone at home. Mrs. Danesbury very much disliked Mrs. Philip, and would not suffer her own boys to go there, except for a formal visit now and then. You will gather from these remarks, that the young Danesburys were growing up without acquiring any moral safeguard within themselves, to keep them from the evil temptations of the world, with which they must sometimes be brought into contact.

One day when Arthur was at home, he took William to his room, talked to him, and told him he wished he would confine his drink to water.

"I don't like water, Arthur. Beer is nicer."
"But you are aware, you have heard, that our own mamma wished us to drink it; and you would so very much oblige me by doing so."

Truth to say, the last argument had most weight with William; for he was very fond of Arthur, and wished to do what he desired. So the next day at dinner, he requested the servant to give him water not beer. He made a face over it, however, and put it down as soon as tasted, upon which Mrs. Danesbury said some mocking words to him, which set him still more against the water; and she actually, positively, told her own two children that they might have a double portion of beer if they wished it, to "teach Arthur sense." After dinner, William whispered to Arthur that he was very sorry, but he never should be able to drink the "nasty water" with dinner. Of course he could not; the child had never been accustomed to drink it; Mrs. Danesbury had given him the taste for stronger things.

On this Sunday, as they sat at dinner, Arthur was describing to them his university life. He appeared to have formed a close friendship there: it was with a young man of his own age, who had matriculated at the same time as himself, the Honorable Reginald Daere.

"Those college friendships do not continue in after life, Arthur," observed Mr. Danesbury.

"Mine with Daere will not, I daresay," replied Arthur, "for our paths will lie far apart. He will be a peer of the realm; I, but Arthur Danesbury of the iron works. But it is very pleasant, while it does last. I like him excessively, and keep him out of mischief; but for me, he would be over head and ears in it."

"You keep him out of mischief!" laughed Mr. Danesbury.

Arthur laughed also.

"It is true though, sir."

On the afternoon of the following day, Monday, Mr. Danesbury was walking along a somewhat unfrequented path at the back of his factory, when a woman all in rags, a beggar, apparently, came in view. He took no notice of her; he was deep in thought; but the beggar halted as he passed.

"Master!"

It was Glisson! Mr. Danesbury was shocked when he recognized her. She leaned against the wall, and broke out in wails of sobs.

"Oh, master! my dear master!"

"Glisson, what has happened? How is it that you are like this?"

"I'm just a beggar on the face of the earth, sir. I have no home and no food, and nobody in the wide world to give me shelter—I was coming to the old familiar home-place, to sit myself down in the fields and to die."

"You appear to be ill—almost helpless?"

"That's what the rheumatic fever has left me. I caught it, and the parish doctor says I shall never have the proper use of my hands and arms again, and my legs totter under me."

"What have you been doing since you left us?"

"Ah! what have I been? When Mrs. Danesbury turned me out—and most cruelly she behaved to me; ay, master, I must say it, though she is your wife, and may the Lord help the poor children when they fall under her temper—I went to London. Not direct, for I stayed here and there upon my road; I was almost mad, what with one wretch or thought or other. All at once I thought I'd go off to London, and find out my brother and his wife. Well, sir, I did; and a fine state I found them in. Oh, sir, those that live in the country have need to be thankful, for they don't know what some parts of London is! It's just a hell upon earth."

"You drew out your money, Glisson?"

"Yes, sir; I lent it to them to set up again—a hundred pounds of it; the odd thirty I kept myself; and he took a green grocer's

shop, and I lived with 'em. That's eight years ago. And how long did the fins shop last? Not four years; the profits were swallowed up, and they are all gone to the dogs again."

"But what have you been doing?"

"Nothing. I have just grubbed on with 'em in their vice and wretchedness; selling my clothes, and starving till I can strave no longer, so I resolved to come home hereto die. I have been six days walking it, Master John."

Master John! the old familiar title of his boyhood.

"Glisson," he resumed, in a tone of deep commiseration, "have you relinquished that unfortunate habit, which they tell me you took to?"

She shook her head.

"No, sir."

"No!"

"The craving for drink has grown upon me. My odd pounds went in it. It's more to me now than food."

"Oh, Glisson!"

"As long as I was in your house, sir I kept it under: I should have kept it under still, for I knew I must do it. I did drink a drop at times, but not much to harm me. What possessed me to take so much the night Mrs. Danesbury found me, I can't tell. But, up in that dreadful London, in the midst of bad example, with nothing but poverty, and ruin, and rags, and famine around me, and flaring gin-shops at every turn of a step, which make the best drink when they would not—that did for me. It does for thousands. My brother might have been sober enough, but for them enticing places, and his business would have gone on."

"Glisson, what could have been your inducement to fall into such a habit?" inquired Mr. Danesbury. "What was the commencement?"

"Do you remember a cook you once had, sir?—a fat, red-faced woman; Dolly, we used to call her in the kitchen; one of the best cooks that ever came into the house.—She left after William was born."

"Yes I do remember her," said Mr. Danesbury, who had been casting back his thoughts.

"She taught me. She drank gin; a great deal of it. As soon as ever my mistress had been into the kitchen in the morning to give orders, she'd begin; and she never left off throughout the day. Yet she would send up her dinner properly, and do her work well, and never show it. There was no baby then, for little John had died, and I took to steal down stairs at night, and sit with her in the kitchen, after the servants had gone to bed, and drink some with her. I got a liking for it, Master John, and it stuck to me; and I could not leave it off."

"Glisson," he uttered, after a pause, a sharp pang striking him like a dart, "could it be, that this was the cause of your giving the child the laudanum—and so leading to the death of your mistress?"

"Too true; too true!" she shrieked—

"And I have had my dear mistress's face before me ever since, and I have drunk worse, to drown it. Fare ye well, sir; fare ye well forever."

She turned off, sobbing and moaning; and Mr. Danesbury saw her sink down behind a tree at some distance.

What should he do with her? He could not let her starve. Painful as had been the last revelation to him, he yet felt he must give her succor. He was a considerate, benevolent man, and he would have been so to an enemy. Thomas Harding approached, and Mr. Danesbury informed him of what had occurred.

"It never was that object I saw pass round, as I was waiting at the gate to give the signal for the bell!" he exclaimed. "A bundle of rags, sir; sent, as if with age, with a stick in her hand to lean upon?"

"The same," answered Mr. Danesbury; "that was Glisson. Harding, I must get somebody to take her in. Do you think any will be found to have her?"

"Plenty, sir, if only from the respect they owe your late mother, whose servant she was.—Let it once be known that it is your wish, and twenty will come forward."

"I will pay a weekly sum for her support. Do you arrange it for me? Let her be comfortable."

"I'll see about it at once, sir."

"Ay; she must be got in somewhere; look at her there, under that tree."

Before an hour had elapsed, a home was found for Glisson, and she was conveyed to it, sitting miserably.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Canada vs. United States.

Cor. Scientific American.

I went by the way of Buffalo and the Great Western Railroad of Canada. No sooner was that line reached than the hand of "John Bull" was apparent. The track was better ballasted and boxed over; the stations neater, and the signal apparatus on a more complete scale than we generally have such things "on our side of the fence." As far as could be judged from the motion of the train, the alignment and surface of the track must have been in very fair order. Take it altogether, this line is quite creditable to our neighbors. They have had some ugly accidents on that road, however, in their time, as many of your readers may recollect.

Five weary days on the Missouri river between St. Louis and Kansas City! O, those miserable-looking little river towns, with their squalid, listless population! Every man, woman and child is a protracted advertisement of "fever and ague on short notice." Yes—if we are to believe the assertions of men interested in the growth of those gloomy spots—all these pigmy places are destined, at some future time, to be the mammoth and magnificent termini of important