Summerside Journal,

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, COMMERCE, AGRICULTURE, AND NEWS

Vol. 3. Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, August 27, 1868. No. 47.

THE
Summerside Journal,
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY
THURSDAY EVENING,
BY
JOSEPH BERTRAM,
AT HIS OFFICE, CENTRAL STREET.

TERMS:

1 copy for one year, in advance, 6s. 3d.
" " half advance, 7s. 6d.
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Job Printing
of every description, performed with neatness and despatch, and at moderate rates, at the JOURNAL Office.

Almanac for September, 1868.

MOON'S PHASES.

Full Moon, 1st day, 11h. 45m. evening, S.
Last Quarter, 9th day, 5h. 52m., evening, S
New Moon, 16th day, 9h. 7m., morning, N.W.
First Qtr. 23rd day, 11h. 9m., morning. W.

D. MON	DAY WEEK	SUN rise	SUN sets	sun fast clock	sun's dec. north	moon rises	day's leng.
		h m	h m	h m		h m	h m
1	Tues	5 22	6 35	0 17	8 5	6 5	13 13
2	Wed	26	34	0 36	7 43	6 59	8
3	Thurs	28	31	0 55	7 21	7 24	3
4	Frid	30	30	1 15	6 59	7 50	0
5	Sat	31	28	1 35	6 37	8 20	12 57
6	Sun	5 32	6 26	1 55	6 15	8 55	12 54
7	Mon	33	24	2 15	5 52	9 24	51
8	Tues	34	22	2 35	5 29	10 2	48
9	Wed	35	20	2 56	5 7	10 50	45
10	Thurs	37	19	3 17	4 44	11 42	42
11	Frid	38	17	3 37	4 21	morn	39
12	Sat	39	15	3 58	3 58	0 42	36
13	Sun	5 40	6 13	4 19	3 35	1 52	12 33
14	Mon	41	11	4 40	3 12	2 29	30
15	Tues	42	9	5 1	2 49	4 18	27
16	Wed	43	7	5 22	2 26	sets	24
17	Thurs	44	5	5 43	2 3	7 5	21
18	Frid	45	4	6 4	1 39	7 42	19
19	Sat	46	3	6 25	1 16	8 18	17
20	Sun	5 47	6 1	6 47	0 53	8 47	13 14
21	Mon	48	5 59	7 7	0 29	9 28	11
22	Tues	50	57	7 28	south	10 12	7
23	Wed	51	54	7 49	0 17	11 1	3
24	Thurs	52	51	8 10	0 40	11 53	11 59
25	Frid	53	48	8 30	1 3	morn	55
26	Sat	54	46	8 51	1 27	0 42	52
27	Sun	5 55	5 54	9 11	1 50	1 40	11 49
28	Mon	56	43	9 31	2 14	2 36	47
29	Tues	57	41	9 50	2 37	3 36	44
30	Wed	58	39	10 10	3 0	4 35	41

Summerside Markets.

August 18.

Oats per bush	3s
Potatoes (new) per bush	3s
Turnips per bush	1s 3d
Butter per lb by Tub	1s a 13d
Lard per lb	10d a 11d
Tallow per lb.	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	9d
Beef per lb	4d a 5d
Mutton per lb	3d a 4d
Hides per lb	4d
Mackerel per doz	2s a 3s
Codfish per qt	16 a 18
Pork per lb by carcass	4d a 6d
Flour per bbl	45s a 50s
Oatmeal per cwt.	18s a 20s
Hay per Ton	50s a 60s
Pine Boards	10s
Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

Business Cards.

BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
Corner of Great George & King Streets, Charlottetown.
President—HON. DANIEL BRENAN.
Cashier—WILLIAM CUNDALL, Esquire.
Discount Days—Mondays & Thursdays.
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. from 2 p.m to 4 p.m.

UNION BANK.
Grafton St., Queen's Square, Charlottetown
President—CHARLES PALMER, Esquire.
Cashier—JAMES ANDERSON, Esquire.
Discount Days—Wednesdays & Saturdays.
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m to 1 p m., from 2 p.m to 4 p m.

SUMMERSIDE BANK.
Central Street, Summerside, P. E. Island
President—Hon. JOHN R. GARDINER.
Cashier—E. L. LYDIARD, Esquire
Discount Days—Tuesdays and Fridays.
Notes for Discount must be in before 11 o'clock on Discount days.
Hours of Business—10 a. m., to 1 p. m. from 2 p. m., to 4 p. m.

DR. JARVIS
Has Removed His Residence to the House
(lately occupied by Mr McKinlay)
next to Thomas Hunter, Esq., St Eleanor's. He may be consulted every forenoon at the Drug Store of W. T. HUNT & Co., Summerside.
St. Eleanor's, May 18, 1868.

KITSON CASEY, M.D.,
Physician, Surgeon & Accoucheur
formerly Assistant Surgeon in the U. S. Navy, offers his professional services to the people of Summerside and vicinity. He can be consulted at his office, over the Store of Messrs Green & Schurman, in Summerside.
June 13, 1867. tf

DR. J. PRICE,
Physician & Surgeon,
OFFICE—At the SUMMERSIDE DRUG STORE, next door to Bank, Central Street
SUMMERSIDE, ... P. E. ISLAND.
October 12, 1865.

Co-Partnership Notice.

THE Subscribers have this day entered into CO-PARTNERSHIP as BARRISTERS and ATTORNIES-AT-LAW, under the name, style and firm of
ALLEY & DAVIES
OFFICE,—O'HALLORAN'S BUILDING,
GREAT GEORGE STREET.
GEORGE ALLEY,
LOUIS H. DAVIES

Business Cards.

R. & W. T. HUNT,
Commission Merchants,
GENERAL AGENTS AND
AUCTIONEERS.
SALESROOM AND OFFICE
Head of Queen's Wharf.
(opposite the Store of Wm. T. Hunt & Co.)
Summerside, P. E. Island.
April 2 1868. 1y

WILLIAM BEAIRSTO,
Commission Merchant,
Auctioneer & General Agent,
WATER STREET,
Summerside, ---------- P. E. Island
Jan. 21, 1868.

James Greenough,
FLOUR
Commission Merchant.
No 47 Commercial Street
Corner of Clinton Street - - - - BOSTON

CARVELL BROTHERS,
AUCTIONEERS,
Commission Merchants,
And General Agents,
BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET.
Charlottetown, - - - - - P. E. Island

ROCKLIN HOUSE,
Kent Street, Charlottetown,
SIMON D. FRASER, PROPRIETOR.

Permanent and Transient Boarders will find the above House to give satisfaction.
Ch'town, June 13, 1868.

WILLIAM DODD,
Commission Merchant,
And Auctioneer,
QUEEN SQUARE,
CHARLOTTETOWN - - - P. E. ISLAND

JABEZ HUDSON,
Authorized Auctioneer,
GENERAL AGENT, &c.,
TRYON, - - - - - - P. E. I.
June 27, 1867.

HANFORD BROTHERS,
Successors to Thomas Hanford,
Commission Merchants,
And General Agents.
11 NORTH MARKET WHARF,
ST. JOHN, N. B.,
Chas. U. Hanford..... Fred.S.Hanford.

C. L. RICHARDS,
Importer and Wholesale Dealer in
British & Foreign Groceries.
1, Head North Wharf,
ST. JOHN, - - - NEW BRUNSWICK.
Dec. 6, 1867. 1y

J. H. ALLEN,
Commission Merchant,
And Dealer in Provisions, &c.
MARKET STREET,
St. John, N. B.

Gives personal attention to the Sale and Purchase of every description of Goods.
May 9, 1868.

Barber Shop!

THE subscriber respectfully announces to the people of Summerside, and the public in general, that he has opened a
BARBER SHOP!
on Water Street, in the room adjoining the Post Office, where he is prepared to do all work appertaining to his profession. Best assortment of
Hair Oils, Hair Restorers, Tooth Powders, Dyes, &c.,
always on hand on the most reasonable terms
Boxes CRYSTAL BLUE also for sale.
RAZORS carefully put in order
CHAS. OTTO WINKLER.
Summerside, Jan 30, 1868.

North British and Mercantile
INSURANCE COMPANY.
FIRE AND LIFE.

Established 1809.

CAPITAL: TWO MILLIONS, Sterling.
HEAD OFFICES:
EDINBURGH & LONDON.
G. W. DEBLOIS,
Agent at Charlottetown.
Charlottetown, June 20, 1868 —1y

THOMAS KELLY,
Barrister - at - Law
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
SUMMERSIDE, - - - - P. E. ISLAND.
aug 9, 1866

A. W. ANDRES,
Marble Worker,
Point Du Chene, Shediac N. B.

MONUMENTS, TOMBS, GRAVE-STONES, &c., &c.
AMERICAN AND ITALIAN MARBLE constantly on hand.
Can furnish Gravestones and Monuments at a less price than any other establishment in the Provinces, and pay a duty besides.
ORDERS can be left at BERTRAM'S Book Store and at D. ENMAN'S, Esq., Summerside, or sent to
A. W. ANDRES.

POINT DU CHENE HOUSE,

THE subscriber would beg to call the attention of the travelling public to this well-known and favorite Hotel, situated at the Head of the Railway Wharf, at Point Du Chene, N. B.

Its advantages as a residence for parties in quest of health cannot be surpassed. The air is pure, bracing and invigorating, while there is every facility for deep sea bathing.

The trains for St. John leave the door twice every day. The charges will be found moderate, the table good; and the proprietor hopes by strict attention to the requirements of his customers, to ensure general satisfaction.

Passengers landing from the steamer in the morning can get breakfast before leaving in the 7 o'clock train.

PETER SCHURMAN, Proprietor.

P. S.—Being himself a P. E. Islander, the Proprietor would hereby respectfully request a share of the Island patronage.
Pt. Du Chene, june 18, '68. 3m

£3 17s. 6d.

The Celebrated Common sense Family Sewing Machine.
Improved and Perfected.

EVERY MACHINE WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.

For elegance of Finish it has no Rival, High Price or Low.

Simple, Durable, Compact, and Cheap.

The Celebrated Common Sense Family Sewing Machine is now presented to the public, with all the improvements that can well be combined in a Sewing machine. Great labor and pains have been bestowed to bring this Machine into the very highest circle in the scale of Sewing Machines. It is acknowledged by the best judges to stand entirely above and beyond any cheap Machine ever produced before.

It will sew anything that can be sewed on any high priced machine in the land, just as nicely and just as rapidly. It will sew from Swiss Muslin up to Bever Cloth, at the rate of twelve hundred stitches per minute.

This machine has a new style of feeding apparatus, which makes the Machine Self-guiding. The cloth, without the aid of either hand, will run nearly as true as when guided by Barnum's self sewer. This is an advantage not possessed by any other machine in the world, high price or low. This is one reason why this machine is so easily managed by children. A girl with one hand can use it more successfully than she could ordinary machines with two hands.

This Machine will Stitch, Hem, Fell, tuck, Quilt, Cord, Bind, Braid, and embroider in a most superior manner.

Printed Instructions, German or English, Screw Driver, Hammer, Oil Can, Four Needles, and Table Clamp, accompany each Machine without extra cost.

These Machines can be seen at Bertram's Book Store, or at the Store of
HENRY A. HARVIE,
Agent for P. E. Island.
June, 25 1868.—3m

P. E. ISLAND
Steam Navigation Co's.
STEAMERS,
"PRINCESS OF WALES" AND
"HEATHER BELLE."

The Steamer "Princess of Wales"

WILL leave CHARLOTTETOWN for PICTOU every TUESDAY and THURSDAY morning at 5 a.m., in time for the morning train for Halifax.

Leaves PICTOU for CHARLOTTETOWN every TUESDAY and FRIDAY evening, after arrival of Train from Halifax.

Leaves PICTOU for PORT HOOD every THURSDAY morning at noon, immediately after arrival of Train from Halifax, returning to Pictou the following morning.

Leaves CHARLOTTETOWN every TUESDAY and FRIDAY night for SUMMERSIDE and SHEDIAC, at 7½ p. m. Will connect with Wednesday and Saturday morning's Train's.

Leaves SHEDIAC for SUMMERSIDE and CHARLOTTETOWN every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY afternoons, immediately after arrival of Train from St. John.

The Steamer "Heather Belle"

Leaves CHARLOTTETOWN at 3 a.m., every Saturday morning for PICTOU.

Leaves PICTOU at 9 a. m., same day, for MURRAY HARBOR, GEORGETOWN and SOURIS, remaining at either Souris or Georgetown over Sunday.

Leaves PICTOU every MONDAY for CHARLOTTETOWN, after arrival of Train from Halifax.

FARES:

Charlottetown to Pictou, or back,		£0	12	0
Pictou to Georgetown,	"	0	9	0
" Port Hood,	"	0	12	0
Ch'town to Summerside,	"	0	9	0
" Shediac,	"	0	18	0
" St. John,	" $4.50 or	1	8	1½
" Eastport,	" 6.00	1	17	6
" Portland,	" 8.00	2	10	0
" Boston,	" 9.00	2	16	3
" Halifax,	" 4.00	1	4	0
" Port Hood,	"	1	4	0
" Georgetown,	"	0	9	0
" Souris,	"	0	12	0

F. W. HALES, Sec'y.
May 21, 1868.

Wool! Wool!

THE STANFIELD WOOLEN MILLS at TRYON, having been thoroughly reconstructed and enlarged by additional machinery and Steam Power, will continue to manufacture Cloth from custom wool as heretofore, and at the usual rates. Having doubled their facilities for manufacturing, and procured skillful operatives for every department, the Company feel confident of giving their customers greater satisfaction generally, by manufacturing a better quality of Cloth, and making quicker returns of wool left with them. In addition to the various kinds of CLOTH previously made, they are manufacturing SEVERAL NEW STYLES FOR MEN'S WEAR, and full width Blanketing.

Wool, which must be clean washed, free of mats and coarse locks, and of good quality, may be left at Hon. H. J. Callbeck's, Charlottetown, or at the mill.

STANFIELD WOOLEN CO.

POETRY.

OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.

I've been thinking, I've been thinking,
What a glorious world were this,
Did folks mind their own business more,
And mind their neighbor's less.
For instance, you and I, my friend,
Are sadly prone to talk
Of matters that concerns us not,
And others' follies mock.

I've been thinking, if we'd begin
To mind our own affairs,
That possibly our neighbors might
Contrive to manage theirs.
We've faults enough at home to mend—
It may be so with others;
It would seem strange if it were not,
Since all mankind are brothers.

Oh! would that we had charity,
For every man and woman;
Forgiveness is the mark of those
Who know to "err is human."
Then let us banish jealousy—
Let's lift our fallen brother,
And as we journey down life's road,
"Do good to one another."

J. WILLOT.

True Humorist.

Select Literature.

CRIME DETECTED;

OR, THE MIDNIGHT WATCH.

BY A. T.

I DON'T think that I was ever out in a hotter day in Australia than the one of which I am now about to write. The sun had been pouring down streams of firey light, that made me thank my stars I was not in 'Force' uniform, though, as it was, the heat burning through the tweed coat upon my back made me feel as if it was cast iron, and rivited upon my body. My poor animal felt the fatigue and almost insufferable heat quite as much as I did, I dare say; while the flies, those tormenting nuisances of bush life, nearly drove both him and me mad.

Very beautiful in early morning is the green scattered "bush" of Australia. A thousand beauties may be freshly discovered, as it were, at every fresh mile of travel. In one spot, grand, crooked old leaves lean caressingly over some tortuous and glistening creek, or stand sentinel over their own reflections in the placid water. Early birds calls to each other from scented golden wattles, or wash themselves in the shadow of the old gum-trees upon the edge of the creek. It it is the season for the stately magpie, he utters those delicious gurgles of music, that cannot be compared with the notes of any other bird in the wide world, or stalks proudly over the grassy slopes, as if he really believed he and his were "monarchs of all they surveyed."

Later in the day, too, when the thermometer stands no higher than 103 or 104 or so, one may yet enjoy a ride through the glades of our eastern forest. The screams of the cockatoos are discordant, no doubt, but how enjoyable it is to catch a glimpse of them hovering over some tall tree or resting upon a bough, with outspread wing swaying themselves to and fro in the very enjoyment of pure life. Cawing crows are nasty things, too, and suggestive of something that one doesn't at all want to come in contact with; nevertheless, their feathers are so glossy and black, and the clear blue sky unflecked by a single cloud, throws their wings out into such bold relief above the green tree-tops, that one cannot but try to forget their disagreeable habits, and admire them as a part of a very Australian bush scene.

Well, I cannot be sure that you will exactly know what I am driving at, but I am coming to the point. After assuring you that I admire and enjoy the beauty of bush scenery as much as any one, when it is really admirable and enjoyable, I defy any man living to picture to himself or to endure a more detestable ordeal than a ride through that same beautiful bush scenery on the sort of day when my story commences. Over a long, broad, treeless plain, we will say, with the sun burning up every blade of grass dry and brown, and pouring down upon your miserable heads; or on a lonely track, when only now and then a tree comes aggravatingly near the road to make you wish for shade, if it were but for one moment; I say aggrivatingly, for I think that, with respect to shade, those same eucalypti are the most aggravating trees in the universe. Fortunately I was in no hurry upon that particular day. I was returning from the successful accomplishment of a troublesome piece of police business, and was only anxious to get to my destination for the night, and over the seemingly interminable day of heat I had just passed through; but had I been upon the most urgent business in the world, it would have been next to impossible for my poor horse to have galloped many miles at a stretch, with the thermometer standing so high as it did that day.

Poor Vino! I fancy I see her now, as we neared the lonely bush inn, where she was as certain as I was myself of rest and refreshment. She was a glossy bright bay, strongly built, and yet a half-blood; and although she bore no broad arrow branded on her silky coat, she had been in the Force many years. She was a detective's animal, and I had ridden her most of the three years during which I had seen colonial service. I do believe she was almost as good as a detective, as I was myself; and I am not ashamed to own that her sagacity and instinct—whatever you may choose to call it—gave me many a hint, of which I never found it to my disadvantage to avail myself.

The sun then was just dipping below the tops of the trees as Vino pricked up her ears with a glad whinny, and I perceived, away through the heavy bush that was thickly scattered over the grassy plain over which we passed, the long, weather-boarded "Wallaby Hotel," which was my destination for the night. I had been there before, but in such different guise, that I had no fear of mine hoste recognizing me; nor did I much care though he should, save that the usual caution of a detective officer made me prefer secrecy, with a view to some possible future contingency.

As we neared the hotel I perceived a bullock dray approaching it from an opposite direction to that in which I myself travelled, and just as I drew up at the door the team also came to a halt in front of it; while the driver leisurely tumbling himself off the empty dray, proceeded into the bar, one might guess for the purpose of obtaining a nobbler. All this was very natural, and there was nothing whatever suspicious about it; but as this man passed Vino, from whose back I had just alighted, she turned her head sideways, with a suspicious twist that I well knew and gave a sniff at the man's back, pretty much as a dog might do, when he happened to come in contact with a person, his instinct told him, was not to be trusted.

This was quite enough for me; and as I threw the bridle over the hook, I took a close survey of the bullock driver. He was a young, fair haired, and soft-featured man, certainly not more than twenty-seven years of age, dressed in the usual careless dress of a teamster; and the expression in his face of listless dreaminess—in sho t, just such an expression as one might expect to see in the face of a man of little intelligence, who passed most of his time on the monotonous roads of a bush country.

As I entered the bar he asked for a pint of ale, and, receiving it, sat down on a bench that ran along the wall, and seemed absorbed in imbibing it, and in gazing listlessly out at his bullocks. Casting but a glance at him as I passed, I informed the landlord of my intention of passing the night there, and requested that my horse might be carefully attended to. I have already spoken of my tweed co t. I was dressed in a suit of tweed, and to all appearance might have been a comfortable farmer, or a country storekeeper on my way to, or from transacting some business connected with my livilihood, at the not very distant large township.

"It's been a terrible hot day, landlord," I observed, as I availed myself of the drink I had ordered.

"Frightful, sir," he replied, glancing at the thermometer that hung in the bar behind him. 'At two o'clock the glass stood at 112, and I say that's two hot for any white man."

"Or a black one either," I answered carelessly. "Well, will you see about my animal, if you please? By and by, when I get a bit cool, I'll go and see that she's all right myself,"

The landlord left to see after Vino, and I remained sipping my brandy and water, and slyly watching the bullock driver, who still kept silence opposite. His eyes seemed to be fixed on the belt of the forest, which skirted the grass a little distance; and had it not been for the entire absence of any intellectual appearance of face or expression, one might have fancied he was engaged in trying to solve some knotty problem, to the entire forgetfulness of everything around him.

At this moment a woman entered the bar. I am not one to forget faces readily; it is my trade to remember, and I recollected having seen the very same face when I visited the "Wallaby" some eighteen months before. This woman was a quiet, staid-looking person of about thirty years of age, precise in her movements, and rather slow. She was quite respectable looking, but had not a single iota of the too common "flashiness" of a colonial bar made.

Very possibly the landlady had sent her in to attend to the bar just then; at any rate, she commenced, in a mechanical sort of a way, to rince out some glasses, and to polish them in the same mechanical sort of a manner, without lifting her eyes, that I could observe, from her employment. My seat commanded a view of both her and the bullock driver, it is true, but my thoughts were engaged so entirely with the latter that I paid but little attention to the bar-maid, and she was not one of those obtrusive ones, who, for "the good of the house," will insist upon making themselves conspicuous.

My man, however, appeared so completely absorbed in his ale and himself, and manifested so little inclination to move, that at length I turned my regards toward the woman. At the moment I did so, she lifted her eyes carelessly toward the door, and something she saw there distended them with some feeling of terror, while her cheeks grew ashy pale, and her lips as rigid as stone; the glass in her hand, too, had almost escaped her fingers, but, with a strong efforts she placed it upon the tray and caught hold of the counter as it to support herself, while she turned a quick, piercing glance first toward me, and then toward the bullock-driver—there her eyes rested.

Naturally I looked at the door to see what had occasioned the strange change in this quiet woman's face. I saw nothing that could possibly have affected her, turn it any way I would. The patient-looking bullocks were standing drowsily under their heavy yokes directly in front of the entrance and nothing else was in view, save a grassy patch of land over their backs and further away the green bush, now beginning to look dimmer, that the sun had nearly set, and was throwing long shadows beneath the trees

I own to being completely puzzled but was beginning to be quite in my element. I like to be puzzled; and the detective instinct has grown so strong with habit, that to perceive there is a secret, is to give me an insatiable craving to find it out.

I could not fancy the bar-maid was acquainted with the man, for the gaze she fixed on him was not one in which was the anxiety to find some trace of old acquaintance, it was a look with which you might regard a person in some way notorious to find out what constituted his peculiar difference from other of his fellow men. And yet the woman's eyes still retained that strange terror with which she had seen the unknowing something in her look out through the doorway.

All this, you will understand, scarcely occupied a moment of time: and, after her straight, quick survey of the bullock driver, the woman sauntered idly as it were round the counter and stood in the doorway. She looked first up the road and then down it, and then she looked directly before her. Of course, I could but judge from the movement of her head, as I was now behind her, but whatever she looked at, she remained but for a moment and the returned to the bar.

My friend the driver now began to show symptoms of a move. He lifted the long-handled whip which he had leaned against the seat and went to look out of the door likewise, and then he returned to the bar, and called for a nobbler of spirits. Tossing it off at a mouthful, as it were, he appeared to have reached some determination, for as soon as he had swallowed it, he walked outside, and commenced rapidly to unyoke his bullocks. There was a veranda in front of the public house, and, finishing my glass, I stroled out, with my hands in my pockets, to watch my friend the driver inhis arrangements.

"They are a fine team, mate," I observed, "and in good condition. I wouldn't care if I had such another. Horses are no good in rough bush land where mine lies. You're going to camp here to-night?"

"Yes" he answered, quietly. "I did think of pushing on to Cole's Creek, but it's later that I thought; and the day's been so terrible hot the cattle's regular baked."

"I think you're right. There's plenty of feed here and water, too, I think," and I moved inside to order supper.

To be Continued.

LET YOUR WIFE KNOW YOUR CIRCUMSTANCES.—It is a custom too common with the men of the world to keep their families in utter ignorance of the situation of their business. The wife knows nothing—has not even an idea—of the amount of her husband's fortune, whether it is to be counted by hundreds or thousands. What can a woman, kept in such ignorance, learn? She spends, as a matter of course, all he gives her to spend, with a full confidence that when that is gone, and she asks for it, he will give her more. If an unmarried woman works, she may go with a bold, unblushing face, and demand her wages; but a wife can demand nothing; her claim is only for bare necessity; and generous men, on that account, are often too indulgent—too fearful of letting a wife know the exact state of their fortune. 'Tis all wrong. Husband and wife have a mutual interest; every wife should know the exact state of her husband's finances, understand his plans, and aid him, if possible, with her counsels, and then these terrible catastrophes would not so often happen. Many a wife who is plunging her husband deeper and deeper into debt from ignorance, would, if she knew his embarrassments, be the first to retrench, the first to save, and with true womanly sympathy and generosity, help him to reinstate his falling fortunes.

FAMINE IN SPAIN.—Advices from Spain state that there is more distress throughout the country than at any previous time during the last half century. Entire provinces are even now, in the height of summer, suffering severely and threatened with famine, and the prospects of the revenue collections are proportionately jeopardised. From Old Castile, always regarded as the granary of Spain, thousands, it is said, are flocking to the neighboring provinces in search of labor and food, and the streets at the chief central cities, and even of the capital itself, are crowded with an influx of people imploring aid for themselves and their families. A general opinion seems prevalent that affairs cannot remain in their present condition. "Hunger," it is remarked, "is the most powerful ally of revolutionists, and the people, overburdened with taxes they cannot pay, and pressed by sheer want, will be readily induced to ascribe their sufferings to the present Government."

HOW MANUFACTURES DEVELOP A CITY.—A good illustration of what manufactures will do for a place when encouraged (says a Pennsylvania paper) is afforded by the flourishing town of Canton, Ohio, where reapers and mowers are made. When the inventor went there a few weeks ago, it was the dullest and least progressive town in the State, and was retrogading in wealth and population. He asked for ten thousand dollars from the citizens to help him. They raised and gave it to him. The following are the results of the investment:—Two large agricultural implement manufactories of plows excessively, one of stoves and hollow ware, one of reaper and mower knives, and of saddlery hardware, two of horse rakes, one of farm wagons, one of cultivators, one of wrought iron bridges, one of soaps, and others more or less extensive. These are not small concerns. The machine interest alone supports two thousand five hundred men. The town has trebled in population, quadrupled in wealth, besides developing a home market for farm products which is stimulating production and enriching farmers in the country tributary to it.

OUR HEAVY TAXES—WILL THE PEOPLE BEAR THEM.—The people of the United States are more heavily taxed than any other people in the world. Even in England, where there is a stupendous national debt and one larger than ours, and where there is a costilo system of royal government to support, the taxes are are not so great or burdensome. We speak only of national taxation. But if we take into account our local taxes, in addition to those imposed by the federal government, to our State, county and municipal taxes, the burden is enormous beyond anything known or borne heretofore. The patient submission of the American people is surprising. No other people having the same liberty and suffrage and free election of those who make the laws and govern the country would submit to such overwhelming and unnecessary taxation. But will the American people continue to bear it? We think not, for to do so would be contrary to all experience and to human nature. One of two things must happen; either the taxes must be grately reduced or repudiation in some form or other will be resorted to for relief.—*N. Y. Herald.*

A French paper gives the following receipt: In order to make an Ophelia bonnet, go into the garden or to a Flourist's. Take ten or fifteen roses or other flowers, work them into a wreath, which place around your head, and that crown is the bonnet. In place of flowers you may take fruit, but if you determine on strawberries, be careful not to have them too ripe.

There are now 1,263 Mormons at Castle Garden awaiting transportation to Utah, and 2,100 more are expected from Europe soon.