POSTAGE PREPAID.

THE EXAMINER.

VOL. XXVII CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, JULY 31, 1876. NO. 31.

The Examiner

Is Printed and Published every Monday Forenoon,
BY
William L. Cotton,

OFFICE:
Corner Queen and King Streets.

TERMS—Per Annum, Postage prepaid by Publisher, $1.40 in advance; $1.62 if paid within the year; $2.00 if not paid within the year.

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SPACE.	1 w	2 w	3 w	4 w	5 w	6 w	7 w	2 m	3 m	4 m	5 m	6 m	9 m	12 m
1 Inch.	0.50	0.70	0.90	1.10	1.30	1.50	1.70	1.90	2.61	3.33	4.05	4.40	17.34	6.42
2 do.	1.00	1.40	1.80	2.20	2.60	3.00	3.40	3.80	5.22	6.66	8.10	8.00	5.61	12.84
3 do.	1.50	2.10	2.70	3.30	3.90	4.50	5.10	5.70	7.83	9.99	12.15	13.20	17.01	19.26
4 do.	2.00	2.80	3.60	4.40	5.20	6.00	6.80	7.60	10.44	13.32	16.20	16.60	22.68	25.68
5 do.	2.50	3.50	4.50	5.50	6.50	7.50	8.50	9.50	13.05	16.65	20.25	22.00	28.35	32.10
6 do.	3.00	4.20	5.50	6.60	7.80	9.00	10.20	11.40	15.66	19.98	24.30	26.40	34.02	51.36
7 do.	3.50	4.90	6.30	7.70	9.10	10.50	11.90	13.30	18.27	23.31	28.35	30.80	39.69	57.78
8 do.	4.00	5.60	7.20	8.80	10.40	12.00	13.60	15.20	20.88	26.64	32.40	35.20	45.36	64.20
9 do.	4.50	6.30	8.10	9.90	11.70	13.50	15.30	17.10	23.49	29.97	36.45	39.60	51.03	70.62
10 do.	5.00	7.00	9.00	11.00	13.00	15.00	17.00	19.00	26.10	33.30	40.50	44.00	56.70	77.04
11 do.	5.50	7.70	9.90	12.10	14.30	16.50	18.70	20.90	28.71	36.63	44.55	48.40	62.37	38.52
12 do.	6.00	8.40	10.80	13.20	15.60	18.00	20.40	22.80	31.32	39.96	48.60	52.80	68.04	44.94

All advertisements exceeding 12 inches will be subject to a discount of 10 per cent. additional, if continued for one year.

Auctioneers will be allowed 10 per cent. discount when they advertise to the amount of $30 per year; 15 per cent when to the amount of $45; and 20 per cent when to the amount of $60 per annum, and not otherwise.

The sum of 12 cents per line will be charged for each insertion of all "Special Notices;" and 25 cents for notices in editorial or news columns.

The sum of 50 cents will be charged for the insertion of all Marriage and Birth notices.

ALMANAC FOR AUGUST, 1876.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Full Moon, 5th day, 2h. 25m., a. m., S. W.
Last Quarter, 12th day, 5h. 46m. p. m., N., below horison.
New Moon, 19 day, 8h. 13m., a. m., S. E.
First Quarter, 26th day, 2h. 5m., p.m., S. E.

DAY	WEEK	SUN rise H	M	SUN sets H	M	MOON rises		HIGH water		DAY'S len'th H.	M.
1	Tuesday	4	47	7	25	5	48	7	45	14	38
2	Wedn'sd'y		49		24	6	31	8	42		35
3	Thursday		50		23	7	3	9	30		33
4	Friday		51		21	7	28	10	9		30
5	Saturday		53		20	7	48	10	47		27
6	Sunday		54		18	8	7	11	24		24
7	Monday		55		17	8	22	11	52		22
8	Tuesday		56		15	8	37	A	22		19
9	Wedn'sd'y		57		14	8	52	0	53		17
10	Thursday		58		12	9	9	1	26		14
11	Friday		0		11	9	31	2	10		11
12	Saturday		1		9	9	57	2	49		8
13	Sunday		2		8	10	36	3	50		6
14	Monday		3		6	11	32	5	20		3
15	Tuesday		4		4	M		7	3		0
16	Wedn's'dy		5		2	0	42	8	32	13	57
17	Thursday		7		1	2	7	9	37		54
18	Friday		8		0	3	36	10	22		52
19	Saturday		10	6	58	5	3	11	4		48
20	Sunday		11		56	6	24	11	35		45
21	Monday		12		54	7	43	M			42
22	Tuesday		14		53	8	59	0	4		32
23	Wean'sd'y		15		51	10	11	2	39		36
24	Thursday		16		49	11	20	1	15		33
25	Friday		17		47	A	37	1	54		30
26	Saturday		18		45	1	45	2	40		27
27	Sunday		19		43	2	49	3	33		24
28	Monday		21		42	3	39	4	41		21
29	Tuesday		22		40	4	29	6	1		18
30	Wedn'sd'y		23		48	4	53	7	15		15
31	Thursday	4	24	6	36	5	31	18	13	13	12

PRICES CURRENT.

Ch'town, July 25, 1876.

BREADSTUFFS.

...ckwheat Flour, per lb	0.03 to 0.3½
...our, per bbl	5.50 to 7.00
...our, per 100 lbs	3.00 to 3.25
...atmeal, per 100 lbs	3.25 to 3.50

FISH.

...dfish per qtl	3.50 to 5.00
...erring per bbl	4.87 to 6.49
...ackerel per doz.	0.48 to 0.72

BOARDS.

...emlock, 100 feet.	0.81 to 0.94
...ne do	1.62 to 2.40
...ruce do	0.97 to 1.30
...ingles, per M.	1.50 to 1.75

POULTRY.

...ickens, per pair	$0.40 to 0.60
...ucks, (each)	0.25 to 0.30
...owls, (each)	0.25 to 0.35
...artridges, (each)	0.00 to 0.00
...urkeys, (each)	0 80 to 1.75
...eese (each)	0.00 to 0.00

MEAT.

...ef, (small pieces) per lb	$0.08 to 0.16
...ef, per lb (by the quarter)	0.06 to 0.10
...m, per lb	0.10 to 0.12
...mb, per quarter	0.50 to 1.00
...mb, per lb	0.06 to 0.09
...tton, per lb	0.06 to 0.12
...rk, (small pieces) per lb	0.08 to 0.12
...rk, per lb (by the carcass)	0.06 to 0.08
...al, per lb	0.02 to 0.08

MISCELLANEOUS.

...pples per bushel	0.00 to 0.00
...rley per bushel	0.00 to 0.75
...utter (fresh) per lb	0.16 to 0.20
...utter per lb by the tub	0.16 to 0.17
...alfskins, per lb	0.06 to 0.10
...heese (new milk) per lb	0.14 to 0.16
...heese, per lb	0.05 to 0.08
...lover seed, per lb	0.00 to 0.00
...ggs, per doz.	0.10 to 0.16
...reen Peas,	0.16 to 0.20
...ay, per ton	9.00 to 10.00
...ides, per lb.	0.04 to 0.44
...oney, per lb.	0.25 to 0.32
...omespun, (men's wear) per yd.	0.65 to 1.00
...omespun, (women's do) per yd	0.35 to 0.48
...omespun Flannel, per yard	0.31 to 0.46
...ard, per lb	0.12 to 0.16
...ats, per bushe.	0.46 to 0.50
...otatoes, per bushel	0.40 to 0.50
...otatoes, new, per peck,	0.16 to 0.24
...earl Barley, per lb	0.03 to 0.04
...heepskins	0.16 to 0.20
...traw, per ton	2.50 to 3.00
...imothy Seed, per bush.	0.00 to 0.00
...allow per lb	0.07 to 0.10
...urnips, per bush.	0.20 to 0.24
...ool, per lb	0.17 to 0.25

BUSINESS CARDS.

COOMBS & WORTH,
JOB PRINTERS & BOOKBINDERS
51 WATER STREET,
Charlottetown, - - - P. E. Island.
Jan.17'76 1y

E. C. NELSON,
IMPORTER & REPAIRER
OF
SEWING MACHINES.
ADDRESS:—P. O. Box 303, Charlottetown.
Oct. 25, 1875.—1y

MacKENZIE & STUMBLES,
Auctioneers, Commission Merchants,
AND
GENERAL AGENTS,
77 North Side Queen Square,
Charlottetown, - - P. E. Island.
October 18, 1875.—1y

WILLIAM DODD,
Commission Merchant and
AUCTIONEER
QUEEN SQUARE,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.

CARVELL BROS.,
AUCTIONEERS,
Commission Merchants,
AND
GENERAL AGENTS.
Lower Queen St. Charlottetown, P. E. I.

HASZARD BROS.,
Commission Merchants & Auctioneers,
FORWARDING, MANUFACURERS,
AND
General Agents,
61 WATER STREET,
Opposite Merchants Bank,
Charlottetown, - - - - - P. E. I.
J. E. HASZARD, | HORACE HASZARD.
REFERENCES:
Messrs. Greenshields, Son & Co., Montreal,
Messrs. W. & R. Brodie, Quebec,
Messrs. J. S. Farlow & Co., Boston,
Henry Lawson, Esq., Halifax, N. S.
Hon. Daniel Davies, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
May 3, 1875.

REVERE HOUSE,
ADJOINING THE POST OFFICE,
ALBERTON, - - - - - P. E. I.

The subscriber has fitted up the above House in good style, and wishes to inform his friends, and the public generally that he is prepared to accommodate

Transient and Permanent Boarders.

Charges moderate. Good Stabling on the premises.

RICHARD GLADNEY, Proprietor.

Alberton, Sept. 13, 1875.

INTERNATIONAL!
CENTRAL STREET,
Summesi de, P.E. Island,
JOHN McKAY, PROPRIETOR.

THIS HOUSE, second to none on the Island for beauty of situation, comfort and convenience afforded, commends itself to the patronage of all who may visit the Island for business or pleasure.

Choice Sample Rooms to let.

Conveyances from Cars and Boats.

Ladies and Gentlemen will find it to their advantage to patronize this Hotel.

Feb. 21, 1876.—tf

INSURANCE.

ST. LAWRENCE
Marine Insurance Co.
OF
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
A. KENNEDY, ESQ., *President.*
JOHN F. ROBERTSON,
ARTEMAS LORD,
THOMAS MORRIS,
GEORGE D. LONGWORTH.
P. W. HYNDMAN,
W. D. STEWART.

Risks taken daily at their office, Exchange Building.

FRED. W. HYNDMAN, *Secretary*
Ch'town, April 24, 1876.—1y

MARINE
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
ROBERT LONGWORTH, Esq., President,
Hon. JAS. DUNCAN,
Hon. L. C. OWEN,
Hon. A. A. McDONALD,
Hon. J. C. POPE,
THOMAS HANDRAHAN, Esq.,
GEORGE R. BEER, Esq.

Risks taken daily at their office, corner Great George and Lower Water Streets.

F. W. HALES, Secretay.
Ch'town, March 22, 1875—1y

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON
AND GLOBE
INSURANCE COMPANY
FIRE AND LIFE.

Invested Funds, 1st Jan'y., 1874,	$21,628,356
Deposited with Receiver General of Canada,	162,800
Other Investments in Dominion of Canada,	367,091

FAIR RATES.
Prompt & Liberal Settlements.

Insurance against Fire effected upon Private Residences, Household Furniture and Farm Properties, for

One, Three or more years,
At Reduced Rates.

Office—Great George Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

R. R. FITZGERALD, Agent
Ch'town, July 27, 1874.—6m

POETRY.

THE DREAMER.

All day the white haired woman sits
Beside the open door and knits;
No living thing her dim eye sees,
As busy with old memories,
She dreams her dreams of what has been,
And knits her old time fancies in.

She thinks of those who long ago
Went out across the threshold low,
How many times her listening ear
Has thought familiar footsteps near,
And she has started up to find
A dead leaf rustling in the wind.

But never as of those who lie
Beneath the wind and tender sky,
With folded hands on quiet breast,
All wrapt about with peace and rest,
She thinks of them. For her they tread
The green earth with her. None are dead.

Though years have fallen like the leaves
Above the graves where summer weaves
Her grass fringed coverlets, to keep
Safe hid from us the ones asleep,
She sees them all. Not grass nor mold
Can hide the ones she loved of old.

She talks with them. When brown-winged bees
Make merry in the locust trees,
She thinks he comes and sits with her
Whose voice was love's interpreter.
O, dreamer! young again to-day,
What matter if your hair is gray?

Sometimes she thinks that round her knee
Her children play in happy glee,
And when they tired and sleepy grow,
She sings some song of long ago,
And on her loving mother breast
She rocks her little ones to rest.

O, dreamer, knitting all the day
Your dreams in with your stitches gray,
Yours is a happy, happy heart—
A haunted world from ours apart;
The years that turned your tresses gray
Have given you back your youth to-day.

LITERATURE.

WENDERHOLME.

CHAPTER IV.—*Continued.*

Mr. Prigley restored the harmony of the evening by admitting that the people who sold land were generally the old landowners and those who bought it were usually in trade—not a very novel or profound observation, but it soothed the wounded pride of Mrs. Ogden, and at the same time flattered a shade of jealousy of the old aristocracy which co-existed with much genuine sympathy and respect.

'But we shouldn't say Mister Stanburne now,' observed the Doctor, 'he's Colonel Stanburn.

'Do militia officers keep their titles when not on duty?' ask Mr. Isaac.

'Colonels always,' said the doctor, 'but captains don't, in a general way, but there are some places where it is the custom to call 'em captain all the year round. In the old militia times there was a Captain Blackstone in Shayton. You remember him well enough, Mrs. Ogden, but he died before Mr. Prigley came to the place. He was only a militia officer, but everybody captained him. I suppose Mr. Isaac here will be Captain Ogden some of these days.'

'I was not aware you intended to join the militia, Mr. Isaac,' said the clergyman. 'I am very glad to hear it. It will be a pleasant change for you. Since you left business you must often be at a loss for occupation.'

'I've had plenty to do until a year or two since in getting Twistle Farm into order. It's a wild place, but I've improved it a good deal, and it amused me. I sometimes wish it were to be all done over again. A man is never so happy as when he's very busy about carrying out his own plans.'

'You made a fine pond there, didn't you?' said Mr. Prigley, who always had a hankering after this pond, and was resolved to improve his opportunity.

'Yes, I need a small sheet of water. It is of use to me nearly all the year round. I swim in it in summer, I skate on it in winter, and in spring and autumn I can sail about on it in a little boat, though there is not much room for tacking, and the pond is too much in a hollow to have any regular wind.'

'Ah! when the aquatic passion exists in any strong form,' said the aquatic Mr. Prigley, it 'will have its exercise, even though on a small scale. One of the great privations to me in Shayton is that I never get any swimming.'

'My pond is very much at your service,' said Mr. Isaac, politely. 'I am sorry that it is so far off, but one cannot send it down to Shayton in a cart, as one might send a shower-bath.'

Mrs. Ogden was much pleased to see her scheme realising itself so naturally, without any ingerence of her own, and only regretted that it was not the height of summer, in order that Mr. Prigley might set off for Twistle Farm the very next morning. However enthusiastic he might be about swimming, he could scarcely be expected to explore the too cool recesses of the Twistle Pond in the month of November—at least for purposes of enjoyment; and Mrs. Ogden was not Papist enough to encourage the good man in anything approaching to a mortification of the flesh.

But Mr. Prigley relieved her mind by asserting in a very emphatic manner that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to see the pond at any time of the year, and that his aquatic passion, like that of Mr. Isaac, took various forms, and adapted itself to the season. Mrs. Prigley's countenance began to wear an expression of uneasiness, if not positive alarm, for she had hitherto congratulated herself on the very circumstance which her lord regretted—namely, the absence of deep water in the valley of Shayton. There was nothing but a little brook, which in any other region would have clothed itself with all the loveliness of shady alder, and graceful birch, and broad fern, and blue hyacinth, and trailing pedlar's basket, and a thousand other charms and beauties too long to enumerate, but which in the Shayton valley happened to pass close to the works of an extensive calico printer, where the refuse of the dyes that made the calico lovely and desirable in the eyes of drapers and their customers produced quite an opposite effect on the poor brook, so that no fish could live in it, and scarcely even the thirstiest of cows would drink of it until it had purified itself by a long pilgrimage and diluted its dark waters by admixture with the clearer tributaries which joined it.

Little Jacob had been admitted to the ceremony of tea, and had been a model of good behaviour, being 'seen and not heard,' which in Shayton comprised the whole code of etiquette for youth when in the presence of its seniors and superiors. Luckily for our young friend, he sat between the doctor and the hostess, who took such good care of him that by the time the feast was over he was aware, by certain feelings of tightness and distension in a particular region, that the necessities of nature were more than satisfied, although, like Vitellius he had still quite appetite enough for another equally copious repast if only he had known where to put it. If Sancho Panza had had an equally indulgent physician at his side, one of the best scenes in 'Don Quixote' could never have been written, for Dr. Bardly never hindered his little neighbour, but, on the other hand, actually encouraged him to do his utmost, and mentally amused himself by enumerating the pieces of tea cake and buttered toast, and the helpings of crab and potted meat and the large spoonfuls of raspberry jam which our hero silently absorbed. The doctor, perhaps, acted faithfully by little Jacob, for if nature had not intended boys of his age to accomplish podigies in eating, she would surely never have endowed them with such vast desires; and little Jacob suffered no worse results from his present exercise than the uncomfortable tightness already alluded to, which as his vigorous digestion operated, soon gave place to sensations of comparative elasticity and relief.

The parson's children had not been admitted to witness and partake of the festival, but had had their own tea—or rather, if the truth must be told, their meal of porridge and milk—in a nursery upstairs. They had been accustomed to tea in the evening but of late the oatmeal porridge which had always been their breakfast had been repeated at tea time also, as the Prigleys found themselves compelled to measures of still stricter economy. People must be fond of oatmeal porridge to eat it with pleasure seven hundred times a year; and whenever a change did come the children at the parsonage relished it with a keenness of gastronomic enjoyment which the most refined epicure might envy, and which he probably never experienced. The decoction which in England is supposed to possess the flavour of coffee, and which no foreigner can swallow without mingled astonishment and horror, seemed to these children a drink of exquisite delicacy, though something of its delightfulness may, it is true, be attributed to the treacle with which Mrs. Prigley liberally sweetened it. They cared much less for tea, which seemed to them comparatively thin and poor; and such tea as these children tasted, rendered obaque by a cloud of blue milk, was certainly not likely either to injure the nervous system or exhilerate it.

Little Jacob was conducted to the nursery, where he found his young friends in a state of excited expectation. It was understood that this was to be a magiclantern night. Papa possessed one which he kept locked up in his study, and displayed only on rare occasions. Mrs. Ogden and uncle Jacob were entreated to spend the evening and accepted; but Mr. Isaac who began to feel the necessity for alcohol and tobacco, of which there were no sign at the parsonage, resolved to make his escape, which he did under the pretext that old Sarah would be sitting up for him at Twistle, and that the road was long. So he rode off on his mare, which had been duly cared for in Mr. Prigley's empty table, and transferred her in the space of ten minutes to the stable at the Red Lion, transferring himself at the same time to the parlour in that house of entertainment—a place redolent with the odours his nostrils best appreciated. Here he would have remained till he was put to bed, if the worthy doctor had not (only too well) known where to find him, and invited him to smoke his pipe and drink a glass in his own house; for the doctor, as we have said, was neither in practice nor precept a teetotaler.

As the magic lantern was supposed to be displayed for the amusement of little Jacob, his grandmother and uncle might partake of the pleasure without any sacrifice of their dignity as grown-up people; and they found the entertainment quite interesting and delightful, though the only delight they acknowledged consisted in witnessing that of the children. There were five little Prigleys, and it is a curious fact that the parson's children were the only ones in the whole parish that did not bear Biblical names. All the other householders in Shayton sought their names in the Old Testament, and had a special predilection for the most ancient and patriarchal ones; but the parson's boys were called Henry and William and Richard, and his girls Edith and Constance—not one of which names are to be found anywhere in Holy Scripture, either in the Old testament or the New.

When Mr. Prigley had displayed all the slides of his magic lantern, the children returned to the nursery, and the parson made an attempt to sound Mr. Jacob Ogden on the subject of architecture by showing him a book of engravings, in which all the English varieties of ecclesiastical Gothic were amply described and illustrated. But Mr. Prigley's efforts only resulted in bringing home to his mind the discouraging conviction that his visitor was in a state of total darkness on the subject. Architecture was not in his business, and he felt under no obligation to burden his memory with the, to him, over-subtile and fanciful differences between early English, and decorated, and perpendicular. The only architecture that he really loved and understood was that of an extensive cotton mill, with eighty windows on a side, all exactly alike, and a tall chimney for a tower; and such a mill was to his feeling a finer sight, and a sight that awakened more earnrst interest and enthusiasm than all the churches and cathedrals in Mr. Prigley's engraving book. The parson was not a man of cultivated taste; he had the superstitius veneration for all Gothic architecture which accepts all authentic Gothic as admirable, and cannot discriminate between the good and middling, and the positively bad artists who designed the cathedrals of the middle ages; nor was his knowledge very accurate or extensive. But Mr. Prigley differed radically and essentially from his guest, and from every other man in Shayton, in having the idea for the beautiful and some enthusiasm for it. Even the doctor had not the slightest tincture of this passion, but devoted himself wholly to scientific truth. What Mr. Jacob Ogden cared for may be told in a future chapter.

CHAPTER V.

About a month later in the year, when December reigned in all its dreariness over Shayton, and the wild moors were sprinkled with a thin covering of snow, little Jacob began to be very miserable.

His grandmother had gone to stay a fortnight with some old friends of hers beyond Shayton, and his father had declared that for the next two Sundays he would stay at Twistle, and not 'go bothering his uncle at Milend.' Mr. Prigley had walked up to the farm and kindly offered to receive little Jacob at the parsonage during Mrs. Ogden's absence; but Mr. Isaac had declined the proposal rather curtly, and, as Mr. Prigley thought, in a manner that did not sufficiently acknowledge the kindness of the intention. Indeed the clergyman had not been quite satisfied with his reception; for although Mr. Isaac had shown him the pond and given him something to eat, there had been, Mr. Prigley thought, symptons of secret annoyance or suppressed irritation. Little Jacob's loneliness was rendered still more complete by the continued absence of his friend the doctor, who, in consequence of a disease then very prevalent in the neighborhood, found his whole time absorbed in professional pressing duties, so that the claims of friendship, and even the anxious interest which he took in Mr. Isaac's moral and physical condition, had for the time to be considered in abeyance. We have already observed that Mr. Jacob Ogden, Milend, never came to Twistle farm at all, so that his absence was a matter of course; and as he was not in the habit of writing any letters except about business, there was an entire cessation of intercourse with Milend.

It had been a part of Mr. Isaac's plan of reformation not to keep spirits of any kind at the farm, but he had quite enough ale and wine to get drunk upon in case his resolution gave way. He had received such a lecture from the doctor after that evening at the parsonage as had thoroughly frightened him. He had been told with the most serious air that a doctor knows how to assume, that his nervous system had already been shattersd, that his stomach was fast becoming worthless, and that if he continued his present habits his life would terminate in eighteen months. Communications of this kind are never agreeable, but they are especially difficult to bear with equanimity when the object of them has lost much of the combative and recuperative powers which belong to a mind in health; and the doctor's terrible sermon produced in Mr. Isaac, not a manly strength of purpose that subdues and surmounts evil and passes victoriously beyond it, but an abject terror of its consequences, and especially a nervous dread of the Red Lion. He would enter that place no more, he was firmly resolved upon that. He would stay quietly at Twistle Farm and occupy himself—he would try to read. He had often regretted that business and pleasure had together prevented him from cultivating his mind by reading, and now that the opportunity had come he would seize it, and make the most of it. He would qualify himself to direct little Jacob's studies, at least so far as English literature went. As for Latin, the little he ever knew had been forgotten many years ago, but he might learn enough to judge of the boy's progress, and perhaps help him a little. He knew no modern language, and had not even that pretension to read French which is so common in England, and which is more injurious to the character of the nation than perfect ignorance, whilst it is equally unprofitable to its intellect. If Mr. Isaac was an ignorant man he had at least the great advantage of clearly knowing that he was so, but it might not even yet be too late to improve himself. Had he not perfect leisure? Could he not study six hours a day if he were so minded? This would be better than destroying himself in eighteen months in the parlor of the Red Lion.

There were not many books at Twistle but there were books. Mr. Isaac differed from brother Jacob and from the other, men in Shayton, in having long felt a hankering after various kinds of knowledge, though he had never possessed the leisure or the resolution to acquire them. There was a bookseller's shop in St. Andrew's Square, in Manchester, which he used to pass when he was in the cotton business on the way from the Exchange to a certain oyster shop where it was his custown to refresh himself, and he had been occasionally tempted to make purchases, amongst the rest the works of Charles Dickens and Walter Scott, and the 'Encyclopedia Britannica.' He had also bought Macaulay's History of England, and subscribed to a literary edition of the British poets in forty volumes, and a biographical work containing lives of eminent Englishmen, scarcely less voluminous. These, with several minor purchases, constituted the whole collection—which, though not extensive, had hitherto much more than sufficed for the moderate wants of its possessors. He had read all the works of Dickens, having been enticed thereto by the pleasant merriment in 'Pickwick;' but the Waverley Novels had proved less attractive, and the forty volumes of British poet reposed uncut upon the shelf which they adorned. Even Macaulay's history, though certainly not less readable than any novel, had not been honored with the first perusal; and Mr. Ogden kept his books in a bookcase with glass doors, the copy was then technically a new one.

He resolved now that these books should be read, all except perhaps the 'Encyclopedia Britannica,' for Mr. Ogden was not then aware of the fact, which a successful man has recently communicated to his species, that a steady reading of that work according to its alphabetical arrangement may be a road to fortune, though it must be admitted an arduous one. He would begin with Macaulay's history, and he did begin one evening in the parlor in Twistle Farm after Sarah had removed the tea things. He took down the first volume and began to cut the leaves. Then he read a page or two, but in spite of the lucid and interesting style of the historian, he felt a difficulty in fixing his attention—the difficulty to all who are not accustomed to reading, and which in Mr. Ogden's case was perhaps augmented by the peculiar condition of his nervous system. So he read the page over again but could not compel his mind to follow the ideas of the author; it would wander to matters of every interest and habit, and then there came a sense of unutterable darkness and blankness, and a craving—yes, an all but irresistable craving—for the stimulus of drink. There could be no harm in drinking a glassful of wine—everybody, even ladies, might do that—and he had always allowed himself wine at Twistle. He would see whether there was any in the decanters. What! not a drop. No port in the port decanter, and in the Sherry decanter nothing but a shallow stratum of liquid which would not fill a glass, and was not worth drinking. He would go and fill both decanters at once. There ought always to be some ready in case any one should come. Mr. Prigley might walk up any day, or the doctor might come and he always liked a glass or two of port.

To be Continued.

CORRESPONDENCE.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D.C., July 17, 1876.

From about the 20th ult. until last Friday, the mercury in the thermometer at the Signal Office in this city remains above 90°, except in two or three instances of a few hours duration. The average temperature for that period was about 96°. The nights were almost as intolerable as the days and sleep was almost out of the question. The list of the dead from sunstroke and those more or less permanently disabled by the terrible heat is very large; and the stockholders of the various street railway lines regard with great anxiety and many apprehensions of bankruptcy the daily increasing number of death among their stock. The situation in the House and Senate Chambers was such as to excite the sympathy of even those who regard Members of Commons as public enemies, deserving the reprobation of all honest men. Neither apartment has any direct communication with the outside air, but they are artificially supplied and are almost entirely surrounded by retiring and committee rooms. The thermometer usually ranges from 90° to 100°, and the distress of the Members of the House was augmented by the obstinacy of 'blue Jean' Williams whose sturdy denunciation of extravagence has led to cutting off the usual supply of lemonade. But the heat has given away to a delightfully cool atmosphere for the past forty-eight hours and the interest in mundane things is gradually reviving. The dead-lock between the Democrats of the House and the Republicans of the Senate appears as formidable as it did two weeks ago, although a few of the bills in dispute have been compromised. Among those still before Conference Committees are the legislative, the army and the consular and diplomatic bills. Almost every day during the past two weeks assurance have been sent from this city that they were in a fair way to be compromised; but the results have not justified such predictions, and I hear it whispered now, that an agreement is not likely to be reached on some of them at least, and that the Democrats will consent to no adjournment this summer—only a recess. The silver bill as agreed to, provides for the issue of $50,000,000 subsidiary coin—silver to be a legal tender for five dollars, and the greenbacks paid into the Treasury for silver, *not* to be retired. The river and harbor bill which passed the House some months ago, and which was so generally denounced as a swindle, is now before the Senate; but its treatment by that body so far justifies no hope that its responsible features will be wisely modified. On the contrary, Senators manifest quite as much eagerness to make themselves popular at home at the expense of the Treasury, as did the Members of the Lower House, by procuring appropriations for mud puddles, frog ponds and unnavigable streams. It is expected that another struggle will take place to-day in the Banking and Currency Committee on theproposition to repeal the resumption act, but the defeat of the soft money wing is confidently predicted. It is a subject fraught with much embarassment to the Democrats, and they play around it as a small dog of experience does around a large wood chuck, knowing its dangerous character, yet determining on the mastery. The House managers in the Belknap trial have finished their evidence, except what will come from the examination of Evans who, up to Saturday night, had not put in an appearance. It is the general verdict that they have handled the case very successfully, so far as evidence was attainable. But I believe the impression is growing that they will fail of securing a conviction, unless Evans can give something more positive than anything heretofore proved, as Marsh, who has been chiefly relied on to prove Belknap's official conduct to have been influenced by bribes, testifies that there was no bargain or understanding of any kind that the ex-Secretary was to receive anything from the Fort Sill appointment. The tendency of Marsh's testimony has been, I think, to convince the public that the two Mrs. Belknaps had more to do with the appointment than their husband, if there was even a tacit understanding as to a reciprocation of favors, it was between them and Marsh. President Grant's recent letter, releasing Mr. Bristow from obligations of secrecy, is regarded as a shrewd check-mate move. Yaryan appears to be in danger of forfeiting the sympathy extended to him because of his summary dismissal by his ungarded utterances and his proness to repeat idle gossip. The ripple occasioned by Mr. Jewell's resignation has to a great extent subsided. I don't think the President could surprise even his own party now. His eccentricities are so well known that his probable action in any case only excites curiosity.

SAXON.

SCENES IN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

One incident only of general interest occurred. Sir Eardley Wilmot endeavored to have the Lord Chief Justice's salary raised to £8,000 a year on account of his long and distinguished services, but the proposal was to Mr. Whalley what the waving of a red flag would be to an excitable bull in a pasture. The hon and irate member challenged the proposal in no measured terms, and with much indignation. Had the house not heard of the great Tichborne case? Had not the Chief Justice sent that unhappy baronet to a dungeon? What had the British public said about the condition of the trial in petition after petition? The house shouted 'order,' but the more they shouted the louder and warmer became Mr. Whalley, until the Chairman, Mr. Raikes, interfered firmly, ruled the hon. member out of order, and restored the discussion to its former wearisome level.

At nine o'clock the house reassembled, if ten members can be regarded as constituting a house. Of these seven were Ministerialists and three Liberals of varying shades. Mr. Dillwyn was called upon, and addressed the benches for a considerable time on the enlivening subjects for the lunacy laws. His audience once touched 23. The hon. member was allowed to close his speech in peace, but a like fortune did not await his seconder, Sir Eardley Wilmot. He had scarcely commenced his speech as seconder when Mr. Ripley, seeing nothing before him but emptiness, requested the Speaker, who is officially not colour but number blind, to count, and, nothing loth, the Speaker did. Three minutes' interval added Mr. Ward Hunt and a member unknown to fame to the twenty odd already present, and then came the end.

THE ESCAPE OF THE FENIANS.

Letters from Freemantle give details of the chase of the six escaped Fenian convicts. They were recognized by the water police, who informed the Governor that the convicts were on board the whaler, Catalpa, of New Bedford, Capt. Anthony. The Governor commissioned the screw steamer Georgetta as a war steamer, put on board some howitzer and a body of military pensioners, and sent them in pursuit. The Georgetta next day came up with the Catalapa, and fired a shot across her bows but she would not stop. Coming within hailing distance a parley commenced. Superintendent Stone said: 'I demand in the name of the Government of Western Australia, six escaped convicts now on board your vessel. If you don't give them up you must take the consequences.' Captain Anthony: 'I have no prisoners on board.' 'You have; I see three of them on deck,' replied Superintendent Stone. Captain Anthony: 'I have no prisoners; all are seamen belonging to the ship.' Superintendent Stone: 'I will give you fifteen minutes to answer my request.' After that interval Stone again demanded the convicts. The Captain said he had none on board. Stone pointing to a gun and being ready to fire said: 'If you do not I will fire into and sink you,' Captain Anthony: 'I am on the high seas and that flag (pointing to the stars and stripes) protects me.' Mr. Stone: 'You have committed a misdemeanor against the laws of the colony. Your flag won't protect you in that.' Captain Anthony: 'Yes it will, or in felony either.' Superintendent Stone: 'Will you let me on board your ship?' Capt. Anthony: 'No, you shan't.' Mr. Stone: 'Then your Government will be communicated with, and you must take the consequences.' Captain Anthony: 'All right.' During this the men were under arms ready to act on the defensive. Capt. Anthony had previously, at Freemantle, taken legal advice as to the boundaries of neutral waters. Public feeling was strong in favor of decisive action being taken by the British Government.

MISCELLANEOUS.

In the hundred years since 1775 there have been only six popes.

It is stated that Derby and Minister Pierrepont have commenced negotiating new Extradition Treaty.

The Bulgarian insurrection is reviving. It is alleged that the Sultan's condition is serious and abdication imminent.

The 'Telegraph' says that the Duke of Marlborough will succeed the Duke of Abercorn, as Lord Lieut. of Ireland.

The Turkish losses for the past ten days are 300 killed, and 560 wounded. The Servians lost 2,500 men, and five cannon.

Another Turkish onslaught at Granada was also repulsed after ten hours fighting. This was a most important victory for Servia.

Gaulois says that Schouvalof, Russian Ambassador to Great Britain, insists upon being recalled, as his position in London is intolerable.

Mr. Hiff, the cattle king of Colorado, is assessed in Weld county alone for 16,000 head of cattle. For sixty miles along the Platte one sees no brand but his.

The Turks are assuming the offensive everywhere. They attacked Gen. Olympics at Drina on Thursday, with ten battallions, fought six hours, and were repulsed with great loss, and pursued.

At an English watering-place there is a master of ceremonies, who officiates in the ball-room, and introduces those who are desirous of dancing. The acquaintance ceases with the ball, unless continued by mutual consent.

'He who is his own counsel has a fool for his client,' is a maxim that lawyers are fond of quoting. But Baron Grant, the famous financier, the superior Jim Fiske of London, has dared the experience of ages, and after having been abandoned by his lawyers he conducted his own case in a London Court. He did it with surprising ability.

OTTAWA, July 25.—Two men named Barney Lorocque and Hugh McMillan got into a dispute recently at Cumberland, about fourteen miles from the city, which ended in a fight, during which McMillan stabbed Larocque with a fork in the breast. Larocque died on Monday from the effects of the wound. The murderer has since been arrested and placed in L'Original jail. About a year ago McMillan shot his wife as he said, by accident.

Wendell Philips has published a letter on the Indian War, in which he arraigns the dead Custer and the living Sheridan, and the Government, for their proceedings towards the Indians. It is a very powerful letter, and will doubtless attract very much attention. The whole question of the relations between the United States Government and the Indians requires re-consideration. But it is not likely that any change will take place in the government policy. The 'Indian War' began when Columbus set his foot on this Continent. It will be diffiult to stop it now.

THE ARMY WORM.—A gentleman from Long Island, King's Co., N. B., gives the unpleasing intelligence that the pest, about which there was so much excitement last summer, and known as the 'army worm,' is again making its appearance in some part of the country. On Sunday last, he saw a mass three feet in length and five inches thick, and which contained thousands upon thousands of the nasty insects, worming their way along at the rate of about one foot per hour. It is probable that the great heat of the past week has been very favourable to their development; and no exertions should be spared on the part of the country people to prevent them spreading. A horde such as that mentioned would spread over and ravage half an acre of ground in a day, if not arrested.

'It is fearful to contemplate the amount of misery that is hidden away in the tenement dens of New York. In these forlorn abodes, without hope of relief, although within hearing of the busy world without, men, women and children die of starvrtion slowly waste away for want of nourishing food until merciful death comes to their rescue. Such a scene, surrounded with a double measure of horror because the sufferers were little children, was witnessed by a police officer one morning lately in Washington street. Four orphans, the oldest not more than eleven years of age, were found dying of starvation on the bare floor of their wretched apartment. They had not eaten anything since the previous Monday. This is a centennial scene not laid on the programme. It makes an awful tableau.'

A prisoner was being tried for sheep-stealing, and he was asked by the presiding judge, an Irish chief baron, what he had to say in his defense. "Ah, sure, yer lordship didn't meself and me fawther and me grandfawther all vote for yer lordship when ye put up for Tipperary? And, begorra, didn't we carry yer lordship to the head of the poll?" "True, true," murmured the judge, and he was visibly affected by the remonstrance. He looked kindly at the prisoner at the bar and in summing up directed the jury to acquit him, though the evidence was very strong for a conviction. The jury felt the pressure put upon them, and the foreman, in giving the verdict, said, "Well, yer lordship I suppose we must call him 'not guilty;' but faith, yer lordship there'll not be a sheep at all left in the country." To which his lordship complacently replied, "Ah, never mind, gentlemen—never mind the mutton. Acquit him, and ate beef." And acquitted he was.