Senate News Room

POSTAGE PREPAID·

THE EXAMINER.

VOL. XXVII CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, AUGUST 28, 1876. NO. 35.

The Examiner

Is Printed and Published every Monday Forenoon, BY

William L. Cotton,

OFFICE:

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THE EXAMINER will be forwarded to Clubs at the following rates per year—payment strictly in advance:—

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10 " " " - - - - - 10.00
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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.

D. M	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	A 5 48	M 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	Wedn'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, August 22, 1876.

BREADSTUFFS.	
Buckwheat Flour, per lb	0.03 to 0.3½
Flour, per bbl	5.50 to 7.00
Flour, per 100 lbs	3.00 to 3.25
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs	3.50 to 4.00
FISH.	
Codfish per qtl	3.50 to 5.00
Herring per bbl	4.87 to 6.49
Mackerel per doz.	0.48 to 0.72
BOARDS.	
Hemlock, 100 feet.	0.81 to 0.94
Pine do	1.62 to 2.40
Spruce do	0.97 to 1.30
Shingles, per M.	1.50 to 1.75
POULTRY.	
Chickens, per pair	$0.40 to 0.60
Ducks, (each)	0.25 to 0.30
Fowls, (each)	0.25 to 0.35
Partridges, (each)	0.00 to 0.00
Turkeys, (each)	0 80 to 1.75
Geese (each)	0.00 to 0.00
MEAT.	
Beef, (small pieces) per lb	$0.08 to 0.16
Beef, per lb (by the quarter)	0.06 to 0.10
Ham, per lb	0.10 to 0.12
Lamb, per quarter	0.00 to 0.00
Lamb, per lb	0.06 to 0.10
Mutton, per lb	0.06 to 0.11
Pork, (small pieces) per lb	0.08 to 0.12
Pork, per lb (by the carcass)	0.00 to 0.00
Veal, per lb	0.03 to 0.08
MISCELLANEOUS.	
Apples per bushel	0.00 to 0.00
Barley per bushel	0.00 to 0.75
Butter (fresh) per lb	0.18 to 0.24
Butter per lb by the tub	0.16 to 0.17
Calfskins, per lb	0.06 to 0.10
Cheese (new milk) per lb	0.14 to 0.16
Cheese, per lb	0.05 to 0.08
Clover seed, per lb	0.00 to 0.00
Eggs, per doz.	0.11 to 0.16
Green Peas,	0.08 to 0.12
Hay, per ton	7.00 to 9.00
Hides, per lb.	0.04 to 0.4½
Honey, per lb.	0.25 to 0.32
Homespun, (men's wear) per yd.	0.65 to 1.00
Homespun, (women's do) per yd	0.35 to 0.48
Homespun Flannel, per yard	0.31 to 0.46
Lard, per lb	0.12 to 0.16
Oats, per bushe.	0.50 to 0.60
Potatoes, per bushel	0.25 to 0.30
Pearl Barley, per lb	0.03 to 0.04
Sheepskins	0.30 to 0.40
Straw, per ton	2.50 to 3.00
Timothy Seed, per bush,	0.00 to 0.00
Tallow per lb	0.07 to 0.10
Turnips, per bush.	0.00 to 0.00
Wool, 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,
Summerside, 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,
Ch'town, April 24, 1876.—1y *Secretary*

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.

A FORSAKEN GARDEN.

In a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland,
At the sea-down's edge between windward and lee,
Walled round with rocks as an inland island,
The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.
A girdle of brushwood and thorn encloses
The steep square slope of the blossomless bed
Where the weeds that grew green from the graves of its roses
Now lie dead.

The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken,
To the low last edge of the long lone land.
If a step should sound or a word be spoken,
Would a ghost not rise at the strange guest's hand?
So long have the grey bare walls lain guestless,
Through branches and briars if a man make way.
He shall find no life but the sea-wind's, restless
Night and day.

The dense hard passage is blind and stifled
That crawls by a track none turn to climb
To the straight waste place that the years have rifled
Of all but the thorns that are touched not of time.
The thorn he spares when the rose is taken;
The rocks are left when he wastes the plain.
The wind that wanders, the weeds windshaken,
These remain,

Not a flower to be prest of the foot that falls not;
As the heart of a dead man the seedplots are dry;
From the thicket of thorns whence the nightingale calls not,
Could she call, there were never a rose to reply.
Over the meadows that blossom and wither
Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song;
Only the sun and the rain come hither
All year long.

The sun burns sere and the rain dishevels
One gaunt, bleak blossom of scentless breath.
Only the wind here hovers and revels
In a round where life seems barren as death.
Here there was laughing of old, there was weeping,
Haply of lovers none ever will know.
Whose eyes went seaward a hundred sleeping
Years ago.

Heart handfast in heart as they stood, 'Look thither,'
Did he whisper? 'Look forth from the flowers to the sea,
For the foam-flowers endure when the rose-blossoms wither,
And men that love lightly may die—but we?'
And the same winds sang and the same waves whitened,
And forever the garden's last petals were shed,
In the lips that had whispered, the eyes that had lightened,
Love was dead.

Or they loved their life through, and then went whither?
And were one to the end—but what end who knows?
Love deep as the sea as a rose must wither,
As the rose-red seaweed that mocks the rose.
Shall the dead take thought for the dead to love them?
What love was ever as deep as a grave?
They are loveless now as the grass above them
Or the wave.

All are at one now, roses and lovers,
Not known of the cliffs and the fields and the sea.
Not a breath of the time that has been hovers
In the air now soft with a summer to be.
Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons hereafter
Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now or weep,
When as they that are free now of weeping and laughter
We shall sleep.

Here death may deal not again forever;
Here change may come not till all change end.
From the graves they have made they shall rise up never,
Who have left nought living to ravage and rend.
Earth, stones, and thorns of the wild ground growing,
While the sun and the rain live, these shall be;
Till a last wind's breath upon all these blowing
Roll the sea.

Till the slow sea rise and the sheer cliff crumble,
Till terrace and meadow the deep gulfs drink,
Till the strength of the waves of the high tides humble
The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink,
Here now in his triumph where all things falter,
Stretched out on the spoils that his own hand spread,
As a god self-slain on his own strange altar,
Death lies dead.

A. C. Swinburne, in London Athenæum.

LITERATURE.

WENDERHOLME.

CHAPTER VIII.—*Continued.*

How good the child had been! How brutally Ogden had felt that he had used him! Little Jacob had been as forgiving as a dog, and as ready to respond to the slightest mark of kindness. He He had been the light of the lonely house with his innocent prattle and gaiety. Ogden had frightened him into silence, and driven him into the kitchen, where he had many a time heard him laughing with old Sarah and Jim, and been unreasonably angry with him for it. Ogden began to see these things in a different light. 'I used him so badly,' he thought, 'that it was only natural he should shun and avoid me.' And then he felt and knew how much sweet and pure companionship he had missed. He had not half enjoyed the blessing he had possessed. He ought to have made himself young again for the child's sake. Would it have done him any harm to teach little Jacob cricket, and play at ball with him, or at nine pins? The boy's life had been terrible lonely, and his father had done nothing to dissipate or mitigate its loneliness. And then he felt a bitter sense that he had really loved the child with an immense affection, but that the coldness and roughness and brutality of his outward behavior had hidden this affection from his son. In this, however, Mr. Ogden had not been quite so much to blame as in the agony of his repentance he himself believed. His self-accusation, like all sincere and genuine self-accusation, had a touch of exaggeration in it. The wrong that he had done was attributable quite as much to the temper of the place he lived in as to any peculiar evil in himself as an individual man. He had spoiled himself with drinking, but every male in Shayton did the same; he had been externally hard and unsympathetic, but the inhabitants of Shayton carried to an excess the English contempt for the betrayal of the softer emotions. In all that Ogden had done, in the whole tenor of his life and conversation he had merely obeyed the great human instinct of conformity. The majority of men are so constituted that they naturally take the colour of the society about them, and are scarcely answerable as individuals for the conduct they learn from it. They cannot originate a life other than the life they see and mix with. Philosophers may give a higher ideal in books, and the local clergyman, who has the advantage of 'being visible in the flesh, may preach a holier and a better way, but a man's law is the custom of his class. A few eccentrics may venture to depart from this and to be disloyal to custom, that they may be loyal to the inward law of conscience, or the doctrines that were preached in Galilee; but it is found in practice that these eccentrics cannot continue to live in the locality whose customs they rebel against, and that sooner or later they have to leave it. The only possible salvation for a Shaytonite was a love of money intense enough to produce a certain form of associatism. Jacob Ogden had this, and was saved by it—at least from the danger of *delirium tremens*; but Isaac, though he valued his pecuniary independence, had not the passionate desire for wealth which requires a certain strength of imagination. Therefore the slough of drink had been inevitable for him as a Shaytonite, for the only motives which can induce a Shaytonite from drinking are the conviction that it would interfere with the accumulation of money and a love of money stronger than the love of gin. Had he lived anywhere else—had he even lived at Sootyhorn—he would have been a different man. Such as he was, he was the product of the soil, like the hard pear or sour apple that grew in the dismal garden at Milend.

He had been sitting on the bed for more than an hour, when he heard a knock at the door, It was old Sarah who announced the arrival of Mr. Prigley and Mrs. Ogden. Mr. Prigley had been to fetch her from the place where she had been visiting, and endeavored to offer such comfort to her during the journey as his heart and profession suggested. As on their arrival at Milend there had been no news of a favourable or even hopeful kind, Mrs. Ogden was anxious to proceed to Twistle immediately, and Mr. Prigley had kindly accompanied her.

The reader may have inferred from previous pages of this history that, although Mr. Prigley may have been a blameless and earnest divine, he was not exactly the man best fitted to influence such a nature as that of Isaac Ogden. He had little understanding either of its weakness or of its strength—of its weakness before certain forms of temptation, or its strength in acknowledging unwelcome and terrible facts. After Mrs. Ogden had simply said, 'Well, Isaac, there's no news of him yet,' the clergyman tried to put a cheerful light on the subject by expressing the hope that the boy was safe in some farmhouse. Mr. Ogden answered that very farmhouse within several miles had been called at, and that Twistle Farm was the last of the farms on the moor side. It was most unlikely, in his opinon that the child could resist the cold so long, especially as he had no provisions of any kind, and was not even sufficiently clothed to go out; and as he had certainly not called at any house within seven or eight miles of Twistle, Mr. Ogden could only conclude that he must have perished on the moor, and that the thick fall of snow was all that had prevented the discovery of his body.

Mrs. Ogden sat down and began to cry very bitterly. The sorrow of a person like Mrs. Ogden is at the same time frank in its expression and perfectly monotonous. Her regrets expressed themselves adequately in three words, and the repetition of them made her litany of grief: Poor little lad!' and then a big burst of weeping, and then 'poor little lad!' again perpetually.

The clergyman attempted to improve the occasion in the religious sense. 'The Lord has given and the Lord hath taken away,' he said, and then after a pause he added, 'blessed be the name of the Lord.' But this brought no solace to Ogden's mind. 'It was not the Lord who took the lad away,' he said, 'It was his father that drove him away. I am a sort of a murderer; and if they took me and hanged me it would be too good for me. I had the nicest little lad and—O God!

A great agony came over him, and he flung himself on his breast upon the sofa and buried his face in the cushions. Then his mother came slowly and knelt by his side. Precious maternal feelings that had been as it were, forgotten in her heart for twenty years, like jewels that are worn no more, shone forth once more from her swimming eyes. 'Isaac, lad,' she said, with a voice that sounded in his ears like a far off recollection of boyhood, 'Isaac, lad, it were none o' thee as did it—it were drink. Thou wouldn't 'ave hurt a hair hof his head. Then she kissed him.

It was a weary night at Twistle. Nobody had any hope left, but they felt bound to continue the search, and relays of men came up from Shayton for the purpose. They were divided into little parties of six or eight, and Mr. Jacob directed their movements. Each group returned to the house after exploring the ground allotted to it, and Mr. Ogden feverishly awaited its arrival. The ever-recurring answer, the sad shake of the head, the disappointed looks, sank into the heart of the bereaved father. About two in the morning he got a little sleep, and awoke in half an hour somewhat stronger and calmer.

It is unnecessary to pursue the details of these sufferings. The days passed, but brought no news. Dr. Bardly came back from Wenderholme, and seemed less affected than would have been expected by those who knew his love and friendship for little Jacob. He paid, however, special attention to Mr. Isaac, whom he invited to stay with him for a few weeks, and who bore his sorrow with a manly fortitude. The doctor drank his habitual tumblers of brandy every evening before going to bed, and the first evening, by way of hospitality had offered the same refreshment to his guest. Mr. Ogden declined simply, and the offer was not renewed. For the first week he smoked a great deal, and drank large quantities of soda-water, but did not touch any intoxicating liquorr. He persevered in this abstinence, and declared his firm resolve to continue it as a visible sign of his repentance, and of his respect to the memory of his boy. He was very gentle and pleasant, and talked freely with the doctor about ordinary subjects; but, for a man whose vigour and energy had manifested themselves in some abruptness and rudeness in the common intercourse of life, this new gentleness was a marked sign of sadness. When the doctor's servant, Martha, came in unexpectedly and found Mr. Ogden alone, she often observed that he had shed tears; but he seemed cheerful when spoken to, and his grief was quiet and undemonstrative.

The search for the child was still actively pursued, and his mysterious disappearance became a subject of absorbing interest to the neighborhood. The local newspapers were full of it, and the 'Sootyhorn Gazette' contained a terrible story of Mr. Ogden's cruelty to his child. The writer was an inhabitant of Shayton who had the misfortune to have Mr. Jacob Ogden for a creditor and who had been pursued with great rigour by that gentleman. He got the necessary data from the policeman who had brought the whip back from the pond and gave such a description of it as made the flesh creep on the bones of the people of Sootyhorn, and their cheeks redden with indignation. The doctor happened to be away from the house when the newspaper arrived, and Mr. Isaac opened it and read the article. The facts stated in it were true and undeniable, and the victim quailed under his punishment. If he had ventured into Sootyhorn he would have been mobbed and pelted, or perhaps lynched. He was scarcely safe even in Shayton; and when he walked from the doctor's to Milend, the factory operatives asked him where his whip was, and the children pretended to be frightened and ran out of the way. A still worse punishment was the singular gravity of the faces he met—a gravity that did not mean sympathy but censure. The 'Sootyhorn Gazette' demanded that he should be punished—that an example should be made of him, and so on. The writer had his wish without the intervention of the law.

After a few weeks the mystery was decided to be insoluble, and dismissed from the columns of the newspapers. Even the ingenious professional detectives declared that they were at fault, and could hold out no hopes of a discovery. Mr. Ogden had with difficulty been induced to stay at the doctor's during the prosecution of these inquiries; but doctor Bardly had represented to him that he ought to have a fixed address in case news should arrive, and that he need not be wholly inactive, but might ride considerable distances in various directions, which indeed he did, but without result.

Mrs. Ogden remained at Milend, but whether from the strength of her nature or some degree of insensibility, she did not appear to suffer greatly from her bereavement, and pursued her usual household avocations with her accustomed regularity. Mr. Jacob went to his factory, and was absorbed in the details of business. No one put on mourning, for the child was still considered as probably alive, and perhaps his relations shrank from so decided an avowal of their abandonment of hope. The one exception to this rule was old Sarah, at Twistle, who clad herself in a decent black dress that she had by her. 'If t' little un's deead,' she said, 'it's nobbut reight to put mysel' i' black for him; and if he isn't, I'm so sore in my heart ovver him 'at I'm fit to wear nought else.'

CHAPTER IX.

The reader may remember that on the night of little Jacob's disappearance the doctor was absent from Shayton. He had set off that morning for Sootyhorn on some business connected with the militia, and as the reader has hitherto been confined within the valley of Shayton and the barren moors that surround it, where, it must be admitted, there is nothing interesting to be seen, perhaps he would be glad to take the empty seat in the doctor's gig.

Since the reader will only take that spare seat in a spiritual sense, let us hope that he will not be greatly incommoded by a practice of the doctor's which would be highly inconvenient were he present in the body. Dr. Bardly would never pass an old woman with a bundle or an old man with a pack on his back, or even a young woman and a child who had a long ways to go, without stopping his grey mare with a low whistle, and ordering the pedestrian in a peremptory tone to 'git up and ride.' There was especially an old woman who walked three or four times a week from Shayton to Sootyhorn on mysterious little peddling business of hers, and who so often profited by the doctor's gig that the Sootyhorn people had standard jokes on the subject. Some said that the pair were engaged to be married, others affirmed that the old lady was the doctor's aunt, and others that she was his grandmother; but the most malicious invention reported that notwithstanding the poverty of her appearance, she was possessed of considerable wealth, and that the doctor, who had long been aware of this, had an eye to an inheritance.

Now this last supposition was nearer the truth than the Sootythorn people imagined, except only as to the doctor's knowledge of the fact. Old Nanny Pickering was a rich woman; but the doctor honestly believed her to be a poor one. The very fact of her wealth made her life lonely, for she could not trust a servant in a cottage where rolls of five-pound notes were hidden in mattresses and pillow-cases, and old stockings full of gold were stowed away under the thatch. The only protection that Nanny Pickering trusted in was her hitherto unblemished reputation for indigence, which she took every means to extend and maintain. She lived in a tiny cottage, by the side of a small brook, about a mile from the highroad, and entirely concealed from it by a thick wood. She thankfully received alms from farmers and others who had less capital than herself; and, as Lady Helena Stanburn proposed to distribute blankets and flannels at Christmas, the doctor had mentioned Nanny Pickering as a poor object of charity, which gratified Nanny for two very distinct reasons, since it saved her the expense of purchasing a blanket for herself, and kept up her assumed character as a poor woman.

The road from Shayton to Sootythorn passed through a narrow and still beautiful valley, but the solitude of it was interrupted by two preposterous manufacturing villages, which, as they could not become broader, lengthened themselves as they grew richer and more populous, till it required no great stretch of imagination to predict that the turnpike road would one day become a street, and the two towns be united by a living lien, like the Siamese twins. At the date of this history, however, portions of the road so effectually shut in on all sides by the steep hills that the traveller might imagine himself in some secluded valley of the lake district, a hundred miles from factory smoke. It was in a seclusion of this kind that Nanny Pickering lived, and her figure was the only living object within range of the Doctor's vision as he drove along that portion of the road.

'Now Nanny get up and look sharp,' said the doctor, who was far from being ceremonious in the manner of his invitations; and Nanny who had attained by practice consummate precision and agility in the the art of climbing into the gig was by his side in an instant. Dr. Bardly who liked to see people, especially old people, active and prompt, paid his companion a compliment, though compliments were seldom heard from his veridical lips. 'Why Nanny you seem to me to be getting younger and younger,' he said, 'you jump up same as a lass, and you never ail as I see on.'

'Folk have need to be strong and healthy when they have to earn their breed,' said his companion.

The mare trotted along at her accustomed pace, and there was little conversation between the travellers; indeed they went a distance of two miles in perfect silence, when the doctor said:

'You live very lonesome, Nanny, you should have a bit of a lass to live with ye—somebody as could nurse ye if ye wanted it, or come and fetch me if you were noan so well, like.'

'I cannot afford it, I cannot afford it.'

'Well, but then you should find some other old body, same as yourself, and you might both live together. There's two or three about Sootythorn, and you might happen find one as you could agree with.'

'Nay; one mistress is enough i' one house. It's plenty to have a bad temper o' one's own, beout havin' to bide other folk's.'

'Well, hang it, then you mun get wed. I see nout else for't.'

'When they're gettin' old,' said Nanny, 'and han no brass, it isn't easy to wed 'em.'

Much facetious conversation ensued on this inexhaustible topic, but as it was conducted by both speakers in the purest Lancashire dialect, which the refined reader probably despises, it will be more prudent not to report it. One might write a dissertation to prove the vigour, and the terseness, and the venerable antiquity of that variety of speech, which ought to be studied as an independent idiom, and not confounded with corrupt and vulgar English, like the English of the uneducated Londoner; but such a dissertation would be written, however eloquently, in vain. The old provincial languages are passing away from the face of the island, and the time is at hand when the pure dialect of Lancashire will have given place to the English of the school-master and the penny-a-liner. This may be in many ways a great gain—it will bring an important population into closer and easier relations with the other inhabitants of the island—but it will not be an unmixed gain; and a thousand pregnant turns of expression, a thousand keen edged phrases that have been sharpened by the wit of many generations, will be lost for ever to our soft-tongued posterity.

After passing for several miles through narrow gorges, which were sometime thickly planted with fir trees, and sometimes walled and buttressed with lofty cliffs of dark-grey sandstone, the doctor's gig emerged into a wide basin bounded by hills a thousand feet high, but so gradual in slope that their summit or at least their skyline for it would have difficult for a pedestrian to fix upon any definite summit, was at seven miles from the level ground in the valley in every direction. This, skyline was not particularly interesting or beautiful, for its curves were so little accentuated that, as a local photographer found out when he began to practice the dry collodion process, and to take a series of views in the neighborhood, they offered scarcely any picturesque variety; but though the inhabitants were not very imaginative, they had imagination enough to feel a grandeur which the scenery here rather suggested than realized, and the basin of Sootyhorn had a certain reputation. The town was situated very conveniently in the middle of it; and a pleasant trout stream which, as it descended from the hills, passed through some rocky dells and ravines, which were not without sublimity when you once got fairly to the bottom of them, supplied many factories with water, and issued from the town, like a country lady from a visit to Manchester, a good deal dirtier than when it entered therein.

To be Continued.

ADAM SMITH.

The founder of the science of business was one of the most unbusinesslike of mankind. He was an awkward Scotch professor, apparently choked with books and absorbed in abstractions. He was never engaged in any sort of trade, and would probably never have made sixpence by any if he had been. His absence of mind was amazing. On one occasion, having to sign his name to an official document, he produced not his own signature, but an elaborate imitation of the signatnre of the person who signed before him; on another, a sentinel on duty having saluted him in military fashion, he astounded and offended the man by acknowledged it with a copy—a very clumsy copy no doubt—of the gestures. And Lord Brougham preserves other similar traditions. 'It is related,' he says, 'by old people in Edinburgh that while he moved through the Fishmarket in his accustomed attitude—that is, with his hands behind his back, and his head in the air—a female of the trade exclaimed; taking him for an idiot broken loose, 'Hech, sirs, to see the like o' him to be aboot. And yet, he is well enough put on (dressed). It was often so too in society. Once, during a dinner at Dalkeith, he broke out in a loud lecture on political matters of the day, and was bestowing a variety of severe epithets on a statesman, when he suddenly perceived his nearest relative sitting opposite and stopped; but he was heard to go on muttering, 'Deil care, Deil care, it's all true.' And these are only specimens of a crowd of anecdotes. They wonder that such a man should have composed the "Wealth of Nations," which shows so profound a knowledge of the real occupations of mankind, is enhanced by the manner in which it is written. It was not the exclusive product of a life-long study, such as an absent man might, while in seeming abstraction, be really making of the affairs of the world. On the contrary, it was in the mind of its author only one of many books, or rather a single part of a great book, which he intended to write. A vast scheme floated before him much like the dream of the late Mr. Buckle as to a history of Civilization, and he spent his life accordingly, in studying the origin and progress of the sciences, the laws, the politics, and all the other aids and forces that man from the savage to the civilized state. The plan of Adam Smith was indeed more comprehensive even than this. He wanted not only the progress of the race, but also of the individual; he wanted to show how each man being born, as he thought, with few faculties, came to attain to many faculties. He wanted to answer the question, how did man, race or individual, come to be what he was? These immense dreams are among the commonest phenomena of literary history, and as a rule the vaster the intention the less the result. The musings of the author are too miscellaneous, his study too scattered, his attempts too incoherent, for him to think out anything valuable, or to produce anything connected. But in Adam Smith the very contrary was the fact. He produced an enduring partical result in consequence of comprehensive and diffused ambition. He discovered the laws of wealth in looking for the natural progress of opulence.—*Fortnightly Review.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Lawyers' houses are built on the heads of fools.

The *Herald* estimates that there are 40,000 workingmen out of employment in New York.

The Hankow, a vessel drawing 27½ feet of water, passed lately through the Suez Canal, which, instead of filling up as was predicted, has been improved by constant dredging. During the past year 84,446 passengers went through the canal, and the increase of tonnage was 16 per cent.

The Rev. E. E. Jenkins, who has just returned from a prolonged stay among the Japanese, has publicly declared at Nottingham that England will soon be beat in the educational race by the Japanese. He said that the proportion of children at school in Japan is already as great as in England.

The large sum of £70,000 remaining over from the fund collected in England for the wounded during the Franco-German campaign, is still lying idle at Coutts's. An effort is being made by a few of those connected with the administration of the fund to utilize some portion of it in aid of the wounded in Servia and Turkey.

In Ottawa, a few days ago, a man named Humprise was coming home in a wagon from a blue-berry excursion when he fell asleep. Three men came along and made off with the berries. He awoke, and called to them to stop, but they refused to do so, when he fired at them, killing one, John Latchford, District Orange Master. Humphrise has been arrested for murder.

A wealthy resident of Holland died in 1691, leaving large estates but no heirs of his own body. The property was appropriated by William of Orange. These estates are said to amount in the aggregate to $116,000,000 and have been witheld from the proper heirs, whose descendents have now taken proper steps to recover the same. Several of these heirs are in America, one being Christian Metzer, a stone mason of Buffalo.

Buffalo County, Nebraska, is reported as almost cleaned out by grasshoppers. North Platte, Lincoln County, had them about a month ago, and they entirely destroyed the corn crop, eating the stalks to the ground. The other counties, however, are comparatively uninjured—while in Kansas there seems almost to be room for the operation of these pests, as the crops are so plentiful that the farmers scarcely know what to do with them.

A portion of the gigantic statue of liberty, presented by the French nation to the American people, has arrived in New York and has attracted a great deal of attention. The statute, when completed, will represent an erect figure of Liberty holding a torch in her extended right hand. A beacon is to be lit on the torch, to show the way into New York harbor, on an island at the entrance of which the statute is to be placed. The statue is to be one hundred and twenty feet high and the pedestal forty feet. It will cost about $125,000. The French subscribe for the money to pay for the statue itself, while the Americans are to provide the pedestal and bear the cost of erection. The collosus is intended to commemorate the old alliance of France and the American republic.

THE PRICE OF FOOD IN OLD TIMES.—Amid the never ending comments on the high price of provisions it is difficult for us to realize the fact that a time existed in Britain's history when wheat, as food for one hundred for a whole day, was worth only a shilling, and the average price of a sheep fourpence. In the reign of Henry I, the price of wine rose to sixpence a quart for red and eightpence for white. And when wheat was one shilling and sixpence a quarter, as it sometimes was, to weigh sixty-four ounces, and the whole grain ninety-six. Think of purchasing a six puond loaf of good wheaten bread for a faathing! In the nineteenth year of the reign of Edward I., the price of provisions in the city of London was fixed by the Common Council at a tariff by which two pullets were sold for three halfpence, a patridge or two woodcocks for the same, while a fat lamb was to be sixpence from Christmas to Shrovetide, and the rest of the year fourpence. In the fourteenth century Parliament fixed the price of a fat ox at forty-eight shillings, a shorn sheep at five shillings, two dozen of eggs at threepence, and the best wine at twenty shillings per ton. An Act of Parliament, passed in 1533, settled the value of beef and pork at a halfpenny per pound, and veal at three farthings.

Blackwood for August, republished by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., 41 Barclay Street, New York, is as usual, full of good reading. 'A Woman Hater—Part III,' is a continuation of the new serial. The suddenness with which this part closes is quite exasperating. 'Domestic Yachting' is a pleasant account of a month's cruise in the English Channel, from Cowes to Cornwall, and across to the Channel Islands and Cherbourg. Yacht owners are advised to learn practical seamanship, if they want to get the full pleasure from yachting. The next article, taking up a new translation of Moliere, discusses his power as a dramatist, and gives many extracts from his principal plays, illustrating his ridicule of the follies, and his satire of the vices, of his age. 'A Run through Kathiawar,' a peninsula north of Bombay, introduces us to a part of India little travelled, in consequence of the difficulty of procuring food and conveyances. It is a large province almost entirely under the rule of native princes, and the present traveller made the most of his opportunity of examining the social pecularities and the scenery and antiquities. 'The Philosophers's Pendulum' is the story of a monomaniac, who tries to avoid being unhappy, by wishing for as little happiness as possible. 'Calderon's Tragedies of Jealousy' are the theme of the next article, which, after contrasting them with Shakespeare's treatment of the same passion, gives an outline, with extracts, of several of the principal tragedies.

The periodicals reprinted by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co. (41 Barclay Street, N. Y.) are as follows: *The London Quarterly, Edinburgh, Westminster,* and *British Quarterly Reviews,* and *Blackwood's Magazine.* Price $4 a year for any one, or only $15 for all, and the postage is prepaid by the Publisher.