Senate News Room

POSTAGE PREPAID.

THE EXAMINER.

VOL. XXVII | CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, JULY 10, 1876. | NO. 28.

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.

CLUB RATES.

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

5 copies, one address,	- - - - -	$ 6.00
10 " " "	- - - - -	10.00
15 " " "	- - - - -	14.00
20 " " "	- - - - -	18.00

Clubs may be made up at any time, but not for a shorter period than a year.

RATES of ADVERTISING

THE following are the Rates and Terms of Advertising as agreed to by the publishers of newspapers in P. E. Island:—50 cents per inch for first insertion, and 20 cents for each continuation. Ten per cent. discount from this rate will be made on all Advertisements continued for 3 months; 20 per cent. if continued for 6 months; 30 per cent if continued for 9 months; and 40 per cent if continued for 12 month.

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	8.80	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	17.60	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 JULY, 1876.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Full Moon, 6th day, 11h. 25m., a. m., N. below horizon.
Last Quarter, 14th day, 9h. 43m. a. m., S. W.
New Moon, 21st day, 12h. 40m., a. m., N. below horizon.
First Quarter, 27th day. 11h. 6m., p.m., W. below horizon.

D. M.	DAY WEEK	SUN rise		SUN sets		MOON rises		HIGH water		DAY'S len'th	
		H	M	H	M	A		M		11	31
1	Saturday	4	18	7	49	3	53	5	52		31
2	Sunday		19		49	4	59	7	8		20
3	Monday		19		48	5	58	8	16		29
4	Tuesday		20		48	7	1	9	3		28
5	Wedn'sd'y		21		48	7	50	9	45		27
6	Thursday		21		47	8	29	10	27		26
7	Friday		22		47	8	58	11	9		25
8	Saturday		23		46	9	23	11	44		23
9	Sunday		23		46	9	42	A	20		23
10	Monday		24		46	10	0	0	42		22
11	Tuesday		25		45	10	14	1	23		10
12	Wedn'sd'y		26		44	10	38	2	0		18
13	Thursday		27		43	10	46	2	35		16
14	Friday		28		43	11	4	3	19		15
15	Saturday		29		42	11	26	4	19		13
16	Sunday		30		42	M		5	38		2
17	Monday		31		40	0	1	7	23		9
18	Tuesday		32		39	0	45	8	34		7
19	Wedn's'dy		33		39	1	51	9	46		6
20	Thursday		34		38	3	11	10	37		4
21	Friday		35		37	4	39	11	23		2
22	Saturday		36		36	6	8	11	57	14	50
23	Sunday		37		35	7	32	M			58
24	Monday		38		34	8	53	0	29		56
25	Tuesday		39		33	10	7	1	6		54
26	Wedn'sd'y		40		32	11	20	1	44		42
27	Thursday		42		31	A	31	2	26		49
28	Friday		43		30	1	56	3	13		47
29	Saturday		44		28	2	51	4	3		44
30	Sunday		45		27	3	57	5	20		42
31	Monday	4	46	7	26	4	57	6	41	14	40

PRICES CURRENT.

Ch'town, July 4, 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	3.25 to 3.50
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	0.50 to 1.00
Lamb, per lb	0.06 to 0.09
Mutton, per lb	0.06 to 0.12
Pork, (small pieces) per lb	0.08 to 0.12
Pork, per lb (by the carcass)	0.06 to 0.08
Veal, per lb	0.02 to 0.08
MISCELLANEOUS.	
Apples per bushel	0.00 to 0.00
Barley per bushel	0.00 to 0.75
Butter (fresh) per lb	0.16 to 0.20
Butter per lb by the tub	0.00 to 0.00
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.	0.08 to 0.12
Green Peas,	0.00 to 0.00
Hay, per ton	10.00 to 12.00
Hides, per lb.	0.04 to 0.44
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.	0.46 to 0.50
Potatoes, per bushel	0.36 to 0.40
Pearl Barley, per lb	0.03 to 0.04
Sheepskins	0.16 to 0.20
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.	0.20 to 0.24
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. G. 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, MANUFACTURERS,
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.

THE PRAIRIE.

The skies are blue above my head,
The prairie green below,
And flickering o'er the tufted grass
The shifting shadows go.—
Vague-sailing, where the feathery clouds
Fleck white the tranquil skies,
Black javelins darting where aloft
The whirring pheasant flies.

A glimmering plain in drowsy trance
The dim horizon bounds,
Where all the air is resonant
With sleepy summer sounds—
The life that sings among the flowers,
The lisping of the breeze,
The hot cicala's sultry cry,
The murmurous dream of bees.

The butterfly—a flying flower—
Wheels swift in flashing rings,
And flutters round his quiet kin,
With brave flame-mottled wings.
The wild pinks burst in crimson fire,
The phlox' bright clusters shine,
And prairie cups are swinging free
To spill their airy wine.

And lavishly beneath the sun,
In liberal splendour rolled,
The fennel fills the dipping plain
With floods of flowery gold;
And widely weaves the iron-weed
A woof of purple dyes
Where Autumn's royal feet may thread
When bankrupt Summer flies.

In verdurous tumult far away
The prairie-billows gleam;
Upon their crests in blessing rests
The noontide's gracious beam.
Low quivering vapours steaming dim
The level splendours break
Where languid lilies deck the rim
Of some land-circled lake.

Far in the East like low-hung clouds
The waving woodlands lie;
Far in the west the glowing plain
Melts warmly in the sky.
No accent wounds the reverent air,
No footprint dints the sod—
Lone in the light the prairie lies,
Rapt in a dream of God.

LITERATURE.

WENDERHOLME.

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Ogden, at the time when our story commences, was not much above sixty, but had reached an appearance of old age, though a very vigorous old age, which she kept without perceptible alteration for very many years afterwards. Her character will develop itself sufficiently in the course of the present narrative to need no description here; but she had some outward peculiarities which it may be well to enumerate.

She is in the kitchen at Milend, making a potato pie, or at least preparing the paste for one. Whilst she deliberately pressed the rolling pin, and whilst the sheet of paste becomes wider and thinner under the pressure of it as it travels over the soft white surface, we perceive that Mrs. Ogden's arms, which are bare nearly to the elbow, are strong and muscular yet, but not rounded into any form that suggests reminescence of beauty. There is a squareness and a rigidity in the back and chest, which are evidences rather of strength of body and a resolute character than of grace. The visage, too, can never have been pretty, though it must in earlier life have possessed the attractiveness of health; indeed, although its early bloom is of course by this time altogether lost, there remains a firmness in the fleshy parts of it enough to prove that the possessor is as yet untouched by the insidious advances of decay. The cheeks are prominent, and the jaw is powerful; but although the forehead is high, it suggests no ideas of intellectual development, and seems rather to have grown merely as a fine vegetable marrow grows than to have been developed by any exercise of thought. The nose is slightly aquiline in outline, but too large and thick; the lips on the contrary are thin and pale, and would be out of harmony with the whole face if the eyes did not so accurately and curiously correspond with them. Those eyes are of an exceedingly light grey, rather inclining to blue, and the mind looks out from them in what, to a superficial observer, might seem a frank and direct way; but a closer analyst of character might not be so readily satisfied with a first impression, and might fancy he detected some shade of possible insincerity or power of dissimulation. The hair seems rather scanty, and is worn close to the face; it is gray, of that peculiar kind which results from a mixture of very fair hairs with perfectly white ones. We can only see a little of it, however, on account of the cap.

Although Mrs. Ogden was hard at work in her kitchen making a potato pie, and although it is not yet ten o'clock in the morning, she is dressed in what in any other person would be considered an extravagent manner, and in a manner certainly incongruous with her present situation. It is a theory of hers that she is so exquisitively neat in all she does that for her there is no danger in wearing any dress she chooses, either in her kitchen or elsewhere; and as she has a natural love for handsome clothes, and an aversion to changing her dress in the middle of the day, she comes down at five o'clock in the morning just as if she had dressed to receive a small dinner party. The clothes that she wears now have in fact done duty at past dinner parties, and are quite magnificent enough for a lady at the head of her table, cutting potato pies instead of fabricating them, if only they were a little less shabby, and more in harmony with the prevailing fashion. Her dress is a fine flowered satin, which a punster would at once acknowledge in a double sense if he saw the farinaceous spatterings which just now adorn it; and her cap is so splendid with ribbons that no writer of the male sex would attempt to aspire to describe it adequately. She wears an enormous camoe brooch, and a long gold chain whose fancy links are interrupted or connected by little glittering octagonal bars, like the bright glass bugles in her head dress. The pattern of her satin is occasionally obscured by spots of grease, notwithstanding Mrs. Ogden's theory that she is too neat and careful to incur any risk of such accidents. One day her son Isaac had ventured to call his mother's attention to these spots, and to express an opinion that it might perhaps be as well to have two servants instead of one, and resign practical kitchen work; or else, that, if she would be a servant herself, she ought to dress like one, and not expose her fine things to injury; but Mr. Isaac Ogden received such an answer as gave him no encouragement to renew his remonstrances on a subject so delicate. 'My dresses,' said Mrs. Ogden, 'are paid for out of my own money, and I shall wear them when I like and where I like. If ever my son is applied to to pay my bills for me, he may try to teach me economy, but I am happy to say that I'm not depending upon him either for what I eat or for what I drink, or for anything I put on.' The other brother, who lived under the same roof with Mrs. Ogden, and saw her every day, had a closer instinctive feeling of what might and might not be said to her, and would as soon have thought of suggesting any abdication, however temporary, of her splendours, as of suggesting to Queen Victoria that she might manage without the luxuries of her station.

When the potato pie stood ready for the oven, with an elegant chimney in the middle and various ornaments of paste upon the crust, Mrs. Oyden made another quantity of paste, and proceeded to the confection of a roly-poly pudding. She was proud of her roly-polies, and, indeed, of everything that she made or did; but her roly-polies were really good, for as her pride was here more especially concerned, she economized nothing, and was especially liberal in preserves. She had friends in a warm and fertile corner of Yorkshire who were rich in apricots, and sent every year several large pots of delicious apricot preserve, and she kept this exclusively for roly-polies, and had won thereby great fame and reputation in Shayton, where apricot puddings were by no means of every day occurance.

The judicious reader may here criticise Mrs. Ogden, or find fault with the author, because she makes potato pie and roly-poly on the same day. Was there not rather too much paste for one dinner—cooked paste that roofed over the savoury contents of the pie-dish, and boiled paste that enclosed in its ample folds the golden lusciousness of those Yorkshire apricots? Some reflection of this kind may arise in the mind of Jacob Ogden when he came back from the mill to his dinner. He may possibly think that for the day the pie might be advantageously repaced by a beefsteak, but he is too wise not to keep all such reflections within his own breast. No such doubts or perplexities will ever disturb his mother, simply because she is convinced that no man can eat too much of her pastry. Other people's pastry one might easily get too much of, but that is different.

And there is a special reason for the pudding to-day. Little Jacob is expected at dinner time, and little Jacob loves pudding, especially apricot roly-poly. His grandmother, not a very affectionate woman by nature, is, nevertheless dotingly fond of the lad, and always makes a little feast to welcome him and celebrate his coming. On ordinary days they never have any desert at Maitland, but as soon as dinner is over, uncle Jacob hastily jumps up and goes to the cupboard where the decanters are kept, pours himself two glasses of port, and swallows them one after the other, standing, after which he is off again to the mill. When little Jacob comes, what a difference! There is a splendid desert of gingerbread, nuts, apples, and *fruits glaces;* there are stately decanters of port and sherry, with a bottle of sparkling elder-flower wine in the middle, and champagne glasses to drink it from. There is plenty of real champagne in the cellars, but this home-made vintage is considered better for little Jacob, who feels no other effect from it than an almost irresistable sleepiness. He likes to see the sparkling bubbles rise; and, indeed, few beverages are prettier or pleasanter to the taste than Mrs. Ogden's elder-flower wine. It is as clear as crystal and sparkles like the most brilliant wit.

But we are anticipating everything; we have jumped from the very fabrication of the roly-poly to the sparkling of the elder-flower, of that elder-flower which never sparkled at Milend, and should not have done so in this narrative, until the pudding had been fully disposed of. The reader may, however, take that for granted, and feel perfectly satisfied that little Jacob has done his duty to the pudding, as he is now doing it to the nuts and wine. He has a fancy for putting his kernels into the wine glass and fishing them out with a spoon, and is so occupied just now, whilst grandmother and uncle Jacob sit patiently looking on.

'Jerry likes nut, says little Jacob; I wonder if he likes wine too.'

'It would be a good thing,' said Mrs. Ogden, with her slow and distinct pronunciation—'it would be a good thing if young men would take example by their 'orses, and drink nothing but water.'

'Nay, nay, mother,' said uncle Jacob, 'you wouldn't wish to see your lad a tetotaler.'

'I see no 'arm in bein' a teetotaler, and I see a good deal of 'arm that's brought on with drinking spirits. I wish the lad's father was a teetotaler. But come' (to little Jacob) 'you'll have another glass of elder-flower. Well, will'n't ye now? Then 'ave a glass of port; it'll do you no 'arm.'

Mrs. Ogden's admiration for teetotalism was entirely theoretical. She approved of it in the abstract and in the distance, but she could not endure to sit at table with a men that did not take his glass like the rest; the non conformity irritated her. There was a curate at Shayton who thought it his duty to be a teetotaler in order to give weight to his arguments against the evil habit of the place, and the curate dined occasionally at Milend without relaxing from the rigidity of his rule. Mrs. Ogden was always put out by his empty wine-glass and the pure water in his tumbler, and she let him have no peace; so that for some time past he had declined her invitations, and only dropped into tea, taking care to escape before spirits and glasses were brought forth from the cupboard, where they lay in wait for him. The reader need therefore be under no apprihension that little Jacob was likely to be educated in the chilly principles of teetotalism; or at least he may rest assured that however much its principles might be extolled in his presence, the practice of it would neither be enforced nor even tolerated.

'I say, I wish my son Isaac was a teetotaler. I hear tell of his coming to Shayton time after time without ever as much as looking at Milend. Wasn't your father in the town on Tuesday? I know he was, I was told so by those who saw him; and if he was in the town, what was to hinder him from coming to Milend to his tea? Did he come down by himself, or did you come with him, Jacob?'

'I come with him, grandmother.'

'Well, and why didn't you come here, my lad? You know you're always welcome.'

'Father had his tea at the Red Lion. Well, it wasn't exactly tea, for he drank ale to it; but I had tea with him, and we had a lobster.'

'I wish he wouldn't do so.'

'Why, mother,' said uncle Jacob, 'I see no great 'arm in drinking a pint of ale, and eat a lobster; and if he didn't come to Milend, most likely he'd somebody to see; very likely one of his tenants belonging to that row of cottages he bought. I wish he hadn't bought 'em; he'll have more bother with 'em than they are worth.'

'But what did he do keeping a young boy like little Jacob at the Red Lion? Why couldn't he send him here? the lad knows the way I reckon.' Then to her grandson—'What time was it when you both went home to Twistle Farm?'

'We didn't go home together, grandmother. Father was in the parlour at the Red Lion, and left me behind the bar where we had our tea, till about eight o'clock, when he sent a message that I was to go home by myself. So I went home on Jerry, and father stopped at night at the Red Lion.'

'Why, it was after dark, child! and there was no moon!'

'I'm not afraid of being in the dark, grandmother; I don't believe in ghosts.'

'What, hasn't th' child sense enough to be frightened in the dark? If he doesn't believe in ghosts at his age, it's a bad sign, but he's got a father that believes in nothing at all, for he never goes to church; and there's that horrid Dr. Bardly——'

'He isn't horrid, grandmother,' replied little Jacob, with much spirit; 'he's very jolly, and gives me things, and I love him; he gave me a silver horn.'

* * * * * * *

'I'm sure it's that Dr. Bardley,' says Mrs. Ogden, 'that's ruined our Isaac.'

'Why, mother, Bardly's one of the soberest men in Shayton; and being a doctor besides, he isn't likely to encourage Isaac into bad 'abits.'

'I wish Isaac weren't so fond on him. He sets more store by Dr. Bardly, and by all that he says, than by anyone else in the place. He likes him better than Mr. Prigley. I've heard him say so, sittin at this very table. I wish he'd like Mr. Prigley better, and would visit him a little. He'd get nothing but good at the Parsonage; whereas they tell me—and no doubt it's true—that there's all sorts of wicked things in Dr. Bardly's museum, and many a bad book in his library. I think I shall ask Mr. Prigley just to set ceremony on one side, and go and call upon Isaac up at Twistle Farm; no doubt he would be kind enough to do so.'

'It would be of no use, mother, except to Prigley's appetite, that might be a bit sharpened with a walk up to Twistle; but supposin' he got there and found, Isaac at 'ome Isaac 'ud be as civil as civil, and he'd ax Prigley to stop his dinner, and Prigley 'ud no more dare to open his mouth about Isaac's going's on than our servant lass 'ud ventur to tell you as you put too mich salt in a potato pie. It's poor folk as parsons talks to; they will'nt talk to a chap wi' ten thousand pounds till he axes 'em except in a general way in a pulpit.'

'Well, Jacob, if Mr. Prigley were only just to go and renew his acquaintance with our Isaac, it would be so much good and it might lead to his amendment.'

'Mother, I don't think he needs so much amendment. Isaac's right enough. I believe he's always sober up at Twistle; isn't he, little 'un?

Little Jacob, thus appealed to, but in rather a doubtful and reserved manner, as if something remained behind which he had not courage to say. His grandmother observed this.

'Now, my lad, tell me the whole truth. It can do your father no harm—nothing but good—to let us know all about what he does. Your father is my son, and I have a right to know all about him. I'm very anxious, and 'ave been ever since I knew he was going to the Red Lion. I 'oped he'd given that up altogether. You must tell me—I insist upon it.'

Little Jacob said nothing but began to cry.

'Nay, nay, Lad,' said his uncle, 'a great felly like thee should never skrike. Thy grandmother means nout. Mother, you're a bit hard upon the lad, it isn't fair to force a child to be witness again' its own father.' With this uncle Jacob rose and left the room, for it was time for him to go to the mill; and then Mrs. Ogden rose from her chair, and with the stiff stately walk that was habitual to her, and that she could never lay aside even strong emotion, approached her grandson and bending over him, gave him one kiss on the forehead. This kiss, be it observed, was a very exceptional event. Jacob always kissed his grandmother when he came to Milend; but she was invariably passive, though it was plain that the ceremony was agreeable to her from a certain softness that spread over her features, and which differed from their habitual expression. So when Jacob felt the old lady's lips upon his forehead, a thrill of tenderness ran through his little heart, and he sobbed harder than ever.

Mrs. Ogden drew a chair close to his, and putting her hand on his brow so as to turn his face a little upwards that she might look well into it, said, 'Come now, little 'un, tell granny all about it.'

What the kiss had begun the word granny fully accomplished. Little Jacob dried his eyes and resolved to tell his sorrows. The poor child had not very much to say, and at his age—though the power of narrating incidents or occurrences is already developed, except that such narratives are more frequently imaginative than accurate—that of explaining the sorrows and distresses of the mind is not yet developed at all, though these distresses may be felt most acutely. A woman ill-used by her husband will pour floods of narrative and complaint in the ear of her confidential friend—she will expiate for hours on the delinquencies of the the monster to whom a cruel fate has bound her—she will subject all he has said and all that he has done to the most careful and severe analysis—and by processes of elaborate induction not only arrive infallibly at his most secret thoughts, but even discover motives and intentions of which he himself is not in the least aware. But a child that is ill-used by its father cannot ascertain for itself the boundary that separates a just parental authority from tyranny; and though it feels that life is embittered for it by the fear of a capricious and unaccountable power, it cannot make plain to a third person in what the tyranny precisely consists. For tyranny does not consist in the infliction of suffering, however severe, if the infliction is inflicted by rule, and is proportionate to the offence; and the child's great difficulty is that he is unable to prove the capriciousness of his tyrant. If an Oriental despot cuts off a slave's ear in a rage, it is the act of a tyrant; but if a man has his head cut off because he has, after due trial, been found guilty of murder, and judicially condemned in conformity to the laws of his country, we do not call that tyranny. Now, when a child complains of ill-usage, he has not the art to select instances of pure tyranny alone, and does not know how to present them in a sufficiently odious light, but is just as likely, in the confession of his ideas, and under the general sense of indignation and revolt, to mention some instances in which he has not suffered from an act of tyranny at all, but has merely incurred punishment for some fault. And this is exactly what happened in the present instance.

'Grandmother,' said little Jacob, 'father is so—so——'

'So what, my lad?'

'Well, he beats me, grandmother!'

Now Mrs. Ogden, though she loved Jacob as strongly as her nature permitted, by no means wished to see him entirely exempt from corporal punishment. She knew, on the authority of the Scripture, that it was good for children to be beaten, that the rod was a salutatory thing; and she at once concluded that little Jacob had been punished for some fault which in her own code would have deserved such punishment, and would have drawn it down upon her own sons when they were of his age. So she was neither astonished nor indignant, and asked, merely by way of continuing the conversation,—

'And when did he beat thee, child?'

If Jacob had been an artful advocate of his own cause, he would have cited one of those instances, unhappily too numerous during the last few months, when he had been severely punished on the slightest possible pretexts, or even without any pretext whatever; but as recent events occupy the largest space in our recollection, and as all troubles diminish by a sort of perspective according to the length of time that has happened since their occurrence, Jacob of course, instanced a beating that he had received that very morning, and of which certain portions of his bodily frame, by their uncommon stiffness and soreness, still kept up the most lively remembrance.

'He beat me this morning, grandmother.'

'And what for?'

'Because I spilt some ink on my new trousers that I'd put on to come to Milend.'

'Well then my lad, all I can say is that you deserved it, and should take better care. Do you think that your father is to buy good trousers for you to spill ink upon them the very first time you put them on? You'll soon come to ruin at that rate. Little boys should learn to take care of their things; your uncle Jacob was as kerfle as possible over his things; indeed he was the kerflest boy I ever saw in all my life, and I wish you could take after him. It's a very great thing is kerfleness. There's people as thinks that when they've worn their money upon a thing, it's no use lookin' after it and mindin' it, because the money's all worn and gone, and so they pay no heed to their things when once they've got them. And what's the consequence? They find that they have to be renewed, that new ones must be bought when the old ones ought to have been quite good yet; and so they spend and spend when they might spare and have everything just as decent, if they could only learn a little kerfleness.'

After this lecture Mrs. Ogden slowly rose from her seat and proceeded to put the decanters into a triangular cupboard that occupied a corner of the room. In due course of time the apples, the gingerbread and the nuts alike in its capacious recesses, and were hidden from little Jacob's eyes by folding doors of dark mahogany, polished till they resembled mirrors, and reflected the window with its glimpse of dull grey sky. After this Mrs. Ogden went into the kitchen to look after some household affairs, and her grandson went to the stable to see Jerry, and to make the acquaintance of some puppies which had recently come into the world, but were as yet too blind to have formed any opinion of its beauties.

To be Continued.

CORRESPONDENCE.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D.C., June 21st, 1876.

The weather is delightful and the doctors say the city is 'distressingly healthy.' But notwithstanding this veracious assertion of the medical fraternity, many families have sought the rural shade, and others more given to gaiety have departed for the Springs. Politics seems to rule the passing hour, but whether it is that the weather is too warm to wrangle or that the country has not yet commenced in good earnest, I can't say, but certain it is, one does not witness about the hotels nor on the street corners anything like the excitement that was exhibited a few weeks past. Perhaps it is but the deceitful calm that oft precedes the most violent storm. That this will be a hotly contested campaign there be but little doubt. The Republicans seem entirely satisfied with the Cincinnatti nomination, and the Democrats are hopeful that they will make one as good if not better at St. Louis. The people who are left at home seem to be enjoying themselves. Steamboat excursions to various localities along the banks of the Potomac afford delightful recreation, and the street cars are every morning freighted with the children of the various Sunday Schools seeking the healthful air of our beautiful suburbs. Washington does not seem to suffer from the prostration of business like other cities. She has no large manufactory establishments, the stoppage of which would turn thousands out of employment. The Government is the principal fountain from whence employment flows in a copious stream and until that is dammed up or cut off little complaint will be made. But just let one of its branches dry up for a season, and if the discharged employees don't sing the news in dolorous tones it will be alone for want of lungs. This was fairly exemplarized last winter when the Bureau of engraving and printing suspended work. The howl then sent up has scarcely yet ceased its reverberating, and only finds too sad an echo from the mills and manufactures throughout the country. The news from the frontier gives indication of a troublesome Indian war. The following has just been received at Department Headquarters from Capt. Nicholson, aid to Gen. Croop: We had a sharp fight on Rosebud Creek on the morning of the 7th inst., lasting several hours. Our loss was nine men killed and twenty-one wounded. Capt. Heny, of the 3rd Cavalry, was the only officer hurt, he is severely wounded in the face. We won the fight and camped on the field. The Indians made an attack and had a force they no doubt believed sufficient to whip this command. A private despatch says that Gen. Crook had a horse shot under him during the engagement. The Centennial Anniversary of the Independence of the United States will be observed by the Army (by command tof Gen. Sherman) as follows: At each military port and camp provided with artillery and amunition, a salute of thirteen guns will be fired at the dawn and also at the close of the day; and a national salute will be fired at Meridian. Post commanders will provide such additional inexpensive observance, such as parade, &c., as they may consider appropriate to the occasion. They may also at their discretion participate with their commands in any civic or military ceremonial taking place in the vicinity of their post to which they may be invited. In the Senate to-day Mr. Terry, the President *pro tem,* laid before the Senate a communication from Doct. John B. Blake, President of the Oldest Inhabitants' Society of the District of Columbia, inviting the members of the Senate to be present at their Centennial Celebration of Independence Day at Ford's Opera House, at 12 m., July 4th.

SAXON.

THE NORMAL SCHOOL.

MIDSUMMER Examination of the Pupils attending the Normal School was, we are informed, in the highest degree creditable to Mr. Montgomery and his assistants. We are pleased to learn that the study of Shakespeare has been made a specialty. This is decidedly a step in the right direction. The following is the

PRIZE LIST:

English Literature—1st Donald McLean; 2d H. C. McDonald.
English and English Grammar—1st Donald McLean; 2d Eliza Lawson and H. C. McDonald.
English Composition—1st Eliza Lawson; 2d Donald McLean.
Greek—1st H. C. McDonald; 2d Donald McLean.
Latin—1st H. C. McDonald; 2d Donald McLean.
French—H. C. McDonald and Donald McLean—equal.
Geometry—1st H. C. McDonald; 2d Donald McLean.
Algebra—1st Donald McLean; 2d H. C. McDonald.
Trigonometry—1st Donald McLean; 2d H. C. McDonald.
French—Sadie McKay and Emma McPhail—equal.
English—1st Carrie A. Wade, Herbert J. Kelly; 2d Ellen Lawson.
English Grammar—1st Bessie Webster; 2d Janie B. Shaw and Carrie A. Wade—equal.
English Analysis—1st Bessie Webster; 2d Sadie McKay, Janie Eliza Weeks.
History of Rome—1st James W. Robinson; 2d Neil Jones; 3d Sadie McKay.
English History—1st Neil Jones: 2d George E. Robinson and Carrie A. Wade.
Geography—1st Greberick Sellers; 2d Ida Henderson and Carrie A. Wade—equal.
Map-drawing—1st Janie B. Shaw and Isabella P. Hetherington; 3d Janie Jones.
Arithmetic—1st George E. Robinson; 2d Herbert J. Kelly.
Algebra—1st Neil Jones; 2d Addie C. Fowle.
Dictation—1st Sadie McKay; 2d Annie McNeill; 3d Emily Galbraith.
Writing—Sadie McKay, Addie C. Fowle, Janie B. Shaw, Jessie Wyat, Flora B. Wright, Janie Jones, Herbert J. Kelly.
Book Keeping—1st Herbert J. Kelly; 2d A. Leslie McLeod.
Reading—Ellen Lawson, Sadie McKay and Janie Jones—equal.
Spelling and Analysis of Words—1st Ida Henderson, Janie B. Shaw and Annie McNeill—nearly equal.
English Composition Junior Division—1st Ellen Lawson; 2d Saddie McKay, Marion J. Crabb.
General Classwork, daily marks—Jessie Wyatt, Ida Henderson, Saddie McKay, Flora B. Wright, Addie C. Fowle, Janie B. Shaw, Janie Jones, Annie McNeill, Herbert J. Kelly, Neil Jones, George E. Robinson, Leslie McLeod.
Regular Attendance—Emily Galbraith, Janie B. Shaw, Flora J. McLeod.
General Classwork—[Monthly Examinations.]—Janie B. Shaw, Sadie McKay, Bessie Webster, George E. Robinson, Janie Jones.
Roll of Honor—Ida Henderson, Sadie McKay, Addie C. Fowle, Annie McNeill, Flora B. Wright, Jessie Wyatt.

INTERMEDIATE AND PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

Arithmetic—[1st. Division]—1st. George McKenzie; 2nd Wm. Sneeston.
Arithmetic, 2d. Division—1st. Albert H. McNeil; 2d, Eva Pollard.
Grammer—1st, Fannie Brooks; 2nd, Eva Pollard.
Reading, 1st Division—Emma Barr, Albert H. McNeill and Fannie Brooks, equal.
Reading, 2d Division—1st, Bessie Gregor; 2d, Florie McKenzie.
Reading, 3rd Division—Henrietta Connolly, and Annie Webster.
Regular Attendance—1st, Albert H. McNeill; 2d, Frank Lawson.
Geography—1st, Fannie Brooks; Eva Pollard.
Merit Roll—Fannie Brooks, Maggie Mahar, Ernest Brooks, Albert H. McNeill, Geo. McKenzie, Nattie Sellars, Eva Pollard, Mary Pempraise, Florie McKenzie, Emily Duchemin, Wm. Sneeston, Emma Barr.

A MAGNANAMOUS CONQUEROR.—We cannot give any authority for the truth of the following story, neither can we tell the name of the king whose valor and generosity are strikingly illustrated. It is a pity that the possessor of such sterling qualities could not have his name recorded in the annals of fame. 'Long ages ago,' says the story, 'in times so remote that history does not fix the epoch, a dreadful war was waged between the King of Cornwall and the King of Scotland. Scottish valor prevailed and the King of Cornwall was defeated. The Scottish monarch, elated by success, sent for his prime minister, Lord Alexander. 'Weel, Sandy,' said he, 'is there ne'er a king we can conquer the noo? 'An' it please your Majesty, I ken but 'o ae king that your Majesty canna vanquish' 'An' whaur is he, Sandy?' Lord Alexander, reverently looking up, said, 'The King of Heeven' 'The King o' whaur, Sandy?' 'The King of Heeven.' The Scottish king did not understand, but was unwilling to display his ignorance. 'Just gang yer way Sandy, and tell the King'o Heaven to give up his dominions, or I'll come mysel' an' ding him oot o' them; and mind, Sandy, ye do not come back till us ontil ye hae dune oor bidden.' Lord Alexander retired much perplexed, but met a priest, and, reassured, returned and presented himself. 'Weel, Sandy, said the King, 'hae ye seen the King o' Heaven, an what says he to oor bidden?' 'An' it please your Majesty, I hae no seen the King himsel', but I hae seen one o' his accredited ministers.' 'Weel, an' what says he?' 'He says your Majesty may e'en hae his kingdom for the asking o't.' 'Was he sae ceevil?' says the King, warmed to magnanimty. 'Just gang yer ways back, Sandy, and tell the King o' Heaven that for his ceevility the de'il a Scotsman shall ever set foot in his kingdom.' —*Scottish American Journal.*

Abdul Kerim Pasha, Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish troops, has been ordered to Nic-Sic and to prepare for immediate hostilities.

12