

SEE FIRST PAGE.

## OTTAWA MARKETS.

(Compiled expressly for THE OTTAWA TIMES.)

	Times Office, Ottawa, July 11, 1868.
FLOUR— Ears.....	7 66 7 23
No. 2.....	7 50 6 00
Bags—Fall per 100 lbs	4 00 4 25
Spring.....	6 00 3 62
Oats—Per bushel	0 79 0 75
Indian Meal .....	4 30 0 00
Rye—per bushel	0 79 0 75
Barley .....	4 85 0 00
Buckwheat—per bushel	0 10 0 00
WHEAT—per bushel, 60 lbs 1 75	1 80
Spring .....	1 45 1 50
CORN—per bushel	0 60 0 60
Peas—per bushel	0 75 0 80
Oats—per bushel	0 50 0 55
Beans—per bushel	2 09 2 25
PORK— Prime Meats per do... 17 40 18 00	
Prunes .....	0 15 0 00
Hog per 100 lbs .....	0 80 0 80
Hams .....	0 80 0 80
Mutton—per lb by the qr. 0 00 0 00	
Lamb—per gr. 0 00 0 00	
Ducks—each .....	0 00 0 00
Turkeys—Each .....	0 80 1 00
Pow.—per bushel	0 45 0 55
BUTTER—per lb .....	0 15 0 17
No. 1.—Finskin .....	0 00 0 00
No. 2.—Finskin .....	0 00 0 00
Eggs .....	0 18 0 20
Apples—per bushel	0 60 0 70
VISUALS— For—Per dozen .....	13 00 15 00
WOOL—Per cord .....	0 00 0 20
Tampons .....	0 00 0 20
Hempseed .....	0 00 0 20

From the UNITED SERVICE GAZETTE.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A RAMBLER.

NO. 6—MY MARY ANN.

Commencing this humble narrative by a plagiarist of the Christmas Carol, I insist that it is necessary to understand distinctly at the outset, what must be borne fully in mind throughout, that She was the ugliest woman of the human race. Her unkempt hair was flaming red; her nose turned up sourly under a forehead villainous low; her complexion was of a dull brick-dust tinge; her back was humped and her shoulders peaked; she was lame on one leg, and her squat was positively appalling. Her deep voice responded with the most outlandish brogue, and she was dressed in a complicated garb, made up of the commanding fashions of a dozen heterogeneous years, having its apex in a towering coal-seuttle, and terminating in a pair of sailor's jack-boots. In one hand she flourished a plethoric green cotton umbrella, and in the other dragged laboriously a ship's biscuit-bag containing the more recklessly remainder of her barbaric and bewildering attire.

I met her at midnight at the Great Bowdeux terminus of the Orleans railway, where she stood right before me in the queue of passengers waiting for their billets. I had been silently admiring her grotesque hideousness for more than five minutes ere her progress of the human stream presented her in turn before the clerk's window. Unique in her weird deformity as the Sphinx, she had hitherto maintained as awful an impassiveness. This much at least of the spell was broken when the demand came slowly from her enormous mouth "Plaze surr, I want to go to Wath erfard."

"To which the clerks answered at first *Parle Francais, dont il y a que plaisir,* and then, waxing wroth at her persistence, was waving her impatiently away, when I struck in to the rescue with the words, *Paris—troisieme.*

Words short and simple, but to me the heralds of woe unutterable. For, from the moment of their unguarded utterance, my self-pronounced doom had been sealed irrevocably. Thenceforward I was delivered up, bound hand and foot, to My-Mary Ann—installed as the chivalrous champion of her unprotected girlhood—the most delicate of Virgins!

It was upon her turning to smile her acknowledgments that the full blaze of her charms first burst upon my astonished gaze. The official then admonishing her curiously of the readiness of her pasteboard, and intimating the necessity of paying for her fare, she thus receded to the realities of existence, dived slowly into the depths of a bottomless pocket, extirpating therefrom, after repeated efforts, a shilling, which she reluctantly handed in. The rage of the gaffer was something fearful to behold. Bordeaux is about three hundred and fifty miles from the metropolis, and the third-class fare, as well as I recollect, something over a Napoleon. It again became my duty to mediate. On my hint that many more shillings were requisite, she groaned, and slowly from the caverns of her apparel drew out, one by one, four others, handing in each successive one hesitatingly and imploringly, with a mute craving of the acknowledgment that the tale had been at last completed. All this while the mints were being got in, and bells were ringing wildly for departure. I however at last got her into her carriage, biscuit bag and all, and walked downards towards my own. All which time her affable honest hung affectionately over my shoulder, and even conversed with my young ward about the fatigue of her journey, and enquired on who she had hitherto got on. And she told me that she would have been comfortable enough all the way, but that there were so many young soldiers in all the carriages who wanted to take liberties with her!

The longest day ends at last, and we did reach Paris somehow. As she had clung to me at each successive stage with increasing tenacity, at the Capital she had developed into a perfect hornet. It happened most fortunately that I had nothing to detain me in town. Otherwise she would have haunted the Grand Hotel during my stay, and Milady had terminated. Whereupon I sought eagerly the baggage master for the registry of my mails, congratulating myself fervently on my escape from the tormentor.

Congratulating myself also! premature, ly. For already had become a marked man in the crowd that filled that vast *avenue de l'Opéra*, and was accosted presently by the Chef with kind enquiries concerning my *protégé*. It was quite in vain to disclaim the acquaintance. There had been some irregularity in her progress so far, and the mathematical Gallic mind would by no means consent to its remaining unsolved. So Mary Ann was summoned to the Presence, and

came dragging the biscuit-bag affectionately still, while I was informally sworn in as Interpreter to hear and tell the story of her wanderings. Word by word, while the train was being delayed until the public chafed exceedingly, was the simple tale evolved. Mary Ann Flanagan in her guileless youth had, it appeared, left her peaceful home on Gallow Hill Waterford in the service as nurse-girl—of the wife of a merchant skipper, with whom she had, for sometime, sailed the Mediterranean. The ship being ultimately condemned at Valencia, and my fair heroine thereby thrown out of employment, the berth of stewardess of a river steamer had been procured for and accepted by her. But her heart still longed for her own green island, and would by no means cease its pulsations of patriotic fidelity among the vineyards and olive-gardens of the South.

We drove straight to St. Lazare. Mary Ann's eyes twinkled out of each window simultaneously as the long glittering glories of Paris flashed past them in review. She said she'd like to stay there for a week, and thought it a finer town than Watherford or even Tramore. And so submissive had I grown by this time that she absolutely compelled me to take her to a cafe and give her sandwiches and beer. I had at first endeavoured to compromise for a fine piano piece which I offered her to go and get anything she liked with. But she deprecated the suggestion quit refreshingly, and said sure I knew she was to go alone among these Finchmen they'd be wanting to take liberties with her!

The Hotel de l'Europe on the Quai at Dieppe is one of the cleanest and pleasantest in provincial France, and I might have spent the wet Sunday very comfortably there indeed but for the presence of my odious incubus. On our arrival at the terminus she had—such was her trust by this time—actually confined the biscuit-bag to my charge, while she herself, with graceful agility, clambered into the most comfortable place in the attendant omnibus. There was no help for it, and in Normandy as in Gascony, 15 was still under the oppression of the horrid nightmare. The house was full of Englishmen, and I have almost hated my countrymen since when I remember how they giggled and chucked over my misfortune. And all through the following morning, I lay very ill upon the sofas of the *Impératrice* packet steamer the paddles were beating but one steamer the paddles were beating but one

I do with her in London, what shall I do with her in London? To which so far came she, ministering angel that she was, with damnable irritation suggesting cups of tea with gin in them for my stomach's welfare. When we did get up to town it was evening, and my mind was sternly resolved. One weight at last was off it. I had forgotten the biscuit-bag as board and her attention was taken up rather in bewailing its detention and the contingent splitting of her "best silk" by the decomposing of certain lace-work fragments stored frugally, like Benjamin's cup, in the sick's mouth, than in thinking and clinging to her kind gentleman. I took her down, thus unencumbered, from London bridge to Limehouse, and delivered her into the hands of a certain river pilot named Ripp who kept a coffee-shop there, with sufficient coin to pay her board for a day or two, and her eventual passage to Watherford, and with strict injunctions that I was to let her see no more of her now no more. And then I fled from the accused spot in consternation, to leave her to discover her Fortune condition as she pleased.

So her money was refunded, and she gathered it sulutely up, and pocketed her restored ticket with a scowl of resentment, and appealed to me triumphantly in support of her previous denunciation of the land; " Didn't I tell you this! the biggest thieves and robbers ever I see!"

Before she and the biscuit-bag finally took their places, Milady had curiously to ask her how it was that she had resigned so good a post as the stewardesship of the Spanish steamer. She answered that the pay was good, and the fees plenty, and the work light enough, but she could't stand the thicks of them Spaniards. They did allways after want to take liberties with her!

Well, we laughed our laugh out, and pretty well forgot all about her. But two hours later in the *bouffet* at Angoulême, whither we had gone to dine, I was quite forgetting my poor Mary Ann. As if I could, or ever can, oblige from my recollection the record of the awful terrors she had poison'd for me! Ripp, it happened, was in a party of a waif and strayed, and had opened negotiations for her services. But her memory, and that of her reticent, haughty, and secreted hideous corpse, I couldn't drive it out of my head, and was impelled, as have been murderers, to revise it the scene of the crime. And she received me with hysterical affliction, and had it seems, been about beginning to fear that I was quite forgetting my poor Mary Ann. As if I could, or ever can, oblige from my recollection the record of the awful terrors she had poison'd for me! Ripp, it happened, was in a party of a waif and strayed, and had opened negotiations for her services. He would pay her fairly, and I strongly urged even though it would retain him on the same island, her acceptance of the offer. But again came the insuperable objection. She liked both Ripp and his wife very well, and the situation was a good one, but—the customers would be wanting to take liberties with her!

From that hour I eschewed the East End and never passed Temple Bar without a shiver. One day, long after, I had occasion, however, to say good-bye to a friend sailing from the West India Docks. Recounting then Milady and I met on board, face to face, in the Commercial Road. There was no escape, and I had to speak to him. He told me that he had largely frequented from Gallows Hill, and that I had never passed Temple Bar without a shiver. One day, long after, I had occasion, however, to say good-bye to a friend sailing from the West India Docks. Recounting then Milady and I met on board, face to face, in the Commercial Road. There was no escape, and I had to speak to him. He told me that he had largely frequented from Gallows Hill, and that I had never passed Temple Bar without a shiver. One day, long after, I had occasion, however, to say good-bye to a friend sailing from the West India Docks. Recounting then Milady and I met on board, face to face, in the Commercial Road. 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