Summerside Journal,

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

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SUMMERSIDE, DECEMBER 5, 1867.

Oats per bush	2s 9d
Barley per bush	3s 6d a 4s
Potatoes per bush	1s 9d
Turnips per bush	10d a 1s
Butter per lb by Tub	10d a 1s
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb.	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	10d a 1s
Beef per lb	3d a 4d
Mutton per lb	2d a 3d
Pork per lb by carcass	3½d a 5d
Geese each	1s 6d a 2s
Flour per bbl	56s a 60s
Oatmeal per cwt.	16s a 18s
Hay per Ton	60s a 70s
Straw per cwt.	1s 6d
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Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

Charlottetown Markets.

DECEMBER 5, 1867.

Beef (small)	4d a 6d
Do. by quarter	3d a 4d
Mutton	3d a 5d
Lamb per lb.	3½d a 4d
Butter	11d a 1s
Do. by tub	10d a 1s
Cheese	4d a 7d
Tallow	9d a 10d
Lard	8d a 9d
Flour lb.	3d a 3½d
Oatmeal 100 lb.	17s a 18s
Eggs	11d a 1s
Potatoes	1s 9d a 2s
Turnips	15d
Barley	3s a 4s
Oats	2s 9d
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Spruce	4s a 5s
Pine	7s a 9s
Shingles	12s a 15s
Wool	1s a 1s 3d
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New London, - - - - P. E. I.
Jan 24, 1867.

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

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

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Jan. 17, 1867. 1y

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SUMMERSIDE, - - - - P. E. ISLAND.
aug. 9, 1866

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Ch'town, June 13, 1867.

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Nov 1, 1865

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Dec. 6, 1866. 1y

Business Cards.

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Merchants in the Lower Provinces will find it to their interest to forward their orders for Flour to us for execution, as an extensive acquaintance with Western Millers, and as Agents for some of the most popular Brands in Canada, we can with safety assure them of every satisfaction.
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Blocks! Blocks! Blocks!
IF YOU WANT TO RAISE THE
Price of Vessels
in England, order a set of those SPLENDID BLOCKS, which everybody is praising, from
YOUNG'S.
Terms Liberal.
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Boot and Shoe Maker,
WATER STREET,
opposite Colin McLennan's Store.
Boots and Shoes of a superior quality constantly on hand, and for sale cheap.
Summerside, June 6, 1867. 1y

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CARRIAGE, SLEIGH,
OR
Blacksmith Business,
and having each had considerable experience, they are able to turn out a FIRST CLASS
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Repairing of all kinds, together with all other work appertaining to their line of business, will be attended to.
Send in your orders immediately
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DAVID BERTRAM,
Saddle and Harness Maker,
Water Street . . . . Summerside.
October 12, 1865.

SAWS,
SAWS! SAWS!!
SAWS of the best quality, and at the following Cash prices, always on hand at the manufacture of the subscribers:—
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DIAMETER.	DIAMETER.
36 in. $20 each	34 in. $18 each
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Mill Saws 5½ feet, $5 each; Buck Saws 28 in. $7 per dozen, set and sharped.
All orders left at the Book Store of Mr. Joseph Bertram, Summerside, or forwarded direct, will receive immediate attention.
A. RICHARDSON & Co.
St. John, N. B. April 11, 1867. y

THE MICMACS.

Oh! the children of the forest!
I can scarce suppress a sigh,
As along the crowded pavement
They pass unheeded by.

And mark the stately buildings,
Where the willow used to wave,
And the busy mart of commerce
O'er the honored chieftain's grave.

The golden sun is shining,
As in olden days he shone,
And the river to the ocean
Still is wildly rushing on—

But the spirit of the Micmac
Is sullen and dismayed—
For had he not dominion
Where now his steps intrude?

What though the summer breezes
Blow soft o'er Lennox Isle,
And at the billows' fury
Its swarthy tenants smile?

What though in fair "Abegweet,"—
The "Home upon the Sea,"—
To make his habitation,
The Indian is free?

The noisy mill has banished
The salmon from the floods;
The noble moose has vanished,
Forever from the woods.

Prince County, Nov. 21, 1867.

Select Literature.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

A CITY OF THE PLAGUE.

[Concluded.]

"NEXT morning brought me the sad tiding of the seizure of one of the little twin boys of my friends the I——s, and a request from the mother that I would come to her. I got up as quickly as I could, and stayed there till the poor child died, ten hours after he was first taken ill, and then for the first time realized what cholera really was. After much difficulty and delay we got a doctor, who pronounced the case not hopeless, left a few simple remedies, and promised to return as soon as he could. This was about ten o'clock in the morning, and he never came back at all, and at five o'clock in the afternoon the dear little fellow was dead. To watch the sad change worked hour by hour, as the bright rosy face turned livid and hollow-eyed, and the round white limbs grew colder and more rigid and purple, despite our efforts to rub life and warmth into them again, was unspeakably painful, oppressing our hearts with a sense of the inevitable end. About half an hour before death, came apparent insensibility; the awful gasping for water and convulsive biting at glass or spoon, that indicated a suffering it was agonizing to witness, ceased, and it was almost with thankfulness we saw the last breath leave those poor parched lips.

"That night the deaths were still on the increase, and a new phase occurred in the progress of things. At first, as I told you, the people went in crowds to the churches and altars, beseeching God's mercy on their unhappy city. Now there came through the hitherto empty streets troops of men and boys (ne'er a woman amongst them), with tambourines, triangles, and castanets, howling out wild songs, dancing and embracing each other, and stopping at the doors of each little drinking-cavern to call out those from within, to come out and drink and shout with them. These were chiefly the poorer artizans, bricklayers, carpenters, smiths, and others of the townsfolk, who, refusing work of any kind, pawned whatever they found eligible for that purpose, and proposed to 'keep their hearts up' and drink themselves into a state of indifference to cholera and death. In their excitement they uttered all kinds of blasphemy, and their cries of scornful defiance rang fitfully down the street. This Saturnalia was by far the most shocking and painful feature of the whole. To see, as we did, among these ghastly revellers one man whose mother had died that morning, —another whose family were one or more at that moment in the death-pang, and to know that the sounds of their fearful merriment were resounding in the ears of many a heart-broken mourner for dear ones snatched from them in their prime by a cruel and sudden death, was too horrible. In contrast to these demons, came now and again the dead-carts with their solemn burden, led by some half-dozen of the young Zouaves, whose heroic conduct in this emergency must claim respect from all, putting party-spirit aside for the nonce. M. de Charette, their colonel, left Rome at once to join that portion of his troop which was garrisoned in Albano, to encourage them to continue in their noble acts of self-sacrifice; for, unfortunately, more than one fell victim to the consequences of their self-elected office of burying the dead.

"By the following morning, Friday, our courage had reached its lowest ebb, and we concluded to return at once to Rome. The great difficulty was about a coffin for the child who had died the previous afternoon. A lead coffin was ordered and promised, but no workman was forthcoming, and that had to be given up. We then tried to find a carpenter to make a strong wooden one, to be pitched all over, the body having to be brought secretly into Rome for burial in the Protestant cemetery; but after much search, we only found one man left to undertake the work, and he asked and obtained a fabulous price. The other carpenter had fled into the Campagna, and had left one unfinished coffin in his workshop. The I——s and ourselves returned to Rome that afternoon. The family and brother of our Scottish sculptor, Lawrence McDonald, followed the next day; but, as you may perhaps have heard, John McDonald, the brother, was taken ill and died the next day but one of cholera, and was buried on the Wednesday morning at the English cemetery. So well known an old Roman will be remembered and regretted by most of our Roman visitors, especially those of the old times, when people came to winter in Rome, and learned to know the artist-world here, and note quaint ways and peculiarities that, in more busy capitals, there is no time to think of nor opportunity to remark: formerly, I mean, when Rome was not considered as a fortnight's excursion from home—one among a thousand places to be visited on a short holiday expedition. Many others besides our old friend died in Rome within twenty-four hours after their arrival. Others who have remained actively engaged, like our friend Luigi Napoleoni, in offices of mercy and charity, have hitherto escaped contagion. But, perhaps, it is only natural that, in reckoning up the names of those who fell in the cause of humanity and Christian charity, the death of the Cardinal Bishop of Albano, Altieri, should have made special impression upon us all. The news of the cholera having burst forth with such terrible fury among his flock reached the Cardinal by telegram on Tuesday evening, while present at an examination in the Clementine College in Rome, of which his Eminence was director. He immediately returned to his palace, near the Gesh, collected what ready money he had, sent word to the Holy Father of his determination to fly to the assistance of his people, and took his departure from Rome with two doctors whom he brought away at his own expense. On reaching Albano he did not go on to his episcopal residence, but left his carriage and began at once to exhort the people to courage, and to give orders that every means might be taken to calm down the universal terror. He then immediately proceeded to visit those attacked by cholera, to distribute alms, administer the sacraments, and do all that lay in his power to relieve and comfort his flock. From the hour of his arrival till the Saturday following, when he was seized by the fatal malady, he was occupied in charitable efforts to assuage the horrors of the pestilence. Calling to mind the example given by the Archbishop of Milan, San Carlo Borromeo, during the great plague there, the Cardinal carried about the Holy Sacrament, barefooted, as an act of penance, 'to appease the divine wrath.' He scarcely slept, and abandoned all idea of regular meals; his every thought was for the spiritual and corporal good of his people. At one o'clock on Sunday morning, his life being entirely despaired of, he received the last sacrament, together with the especial apostolical benediction sent him by Cardinal Sacconi from the Pope; and, an hour afterwards, he expired in full possession of his senses, and perfectly tranquil, with the crucifix which he still held in his hand so closely clasped that it was found impossible to remove it. Orders were given that his body should be transferred at dusk to the cemetery silently and without followers, as the sanitary edict demanded. A car was prepared within the palace-gates, to be drawn by a couple of horses, led by the Zouaves, who claimed as their privelege the removal of the corpse. But at dusk a crowd of people— in fact, all the Albanese who were in a condition so to do—assembled in front of the bishop's palace with lighted torches in their hands, all ready and anxious to accompany their beloved pastor to the grave. It was in vain to quote sanitary laws or attempt to dissuade the populace at such a time of extreme peril. Directly the doors were opened, the young men crowded in, and, detaching the horses, drew the car along bareheaded, and with a silence and decorum remarkable in this exciteable people. The remainder of the crowd followed, likewise all bareheaded, and, chanting hymns and prayers, accompanied the body to the grave. Thus died Luigi Altieri, the princes of whose noble house may henceforward pride themselves on the cardinal of their name as the Borromeos boast of their San Carlo. He was the intimate friend of Pius IX., as was likewise another illustrious victim, the late Queen-Dowager of Naples, Maria-Teresa, who took the malady while in close attendance on her youngest-born, Don Gennaro, a boy of ten years of age, who was among the earliest victims in Albano. Upwards of 500 persons of all ranks and conditions of life have been snatched away in these few days, the cholera still continuing its ravages. After declining till the cases were not more than seven or eight a-day, the last reports showed between forty and fifty. Many houses are tenantless, and the keys deposited at the police by the Zouaves or gendarmes till some one be found to substantiate a claim to the property of the dead. No shops are open, no business transacted; an omnibus silence reigns over the once cheerful town. It used to seem like entering into new life when the traveller's carriage rattled in at the Porta Romana, and he came upon the busy existence and active cheerful doings of the season of villegiatnra in Albano It seems now but a dreary continuation of the long road over the desolate Campagna which leads up to it from Rome. . . .

"G. M.

"P. S.—I have not alluded to one or two points which seem inevitable to such visitations; that, for instance, of the vultures which hover about the place, lying in wait for prey, for they were not worse in Albano than in other places under the ban of Providence. Many medical men of intelligence have been there engaged in the care of patients, but few, indeed, who have taken up the cause *con amore*. On the contrary, they do harm by their cowardice. Looking at the patient as if through a telescope, they stretch out their fingers, having already stretched out their bodies tothe utmost, barely venturing to touch the pulse of the sufferer. I owe it to truth to mention that the priests have signalised themselves in watching to the last by many a bedside."

Nothing can add to the effect of such a simple and heartrending tale. Some of the details, especially one of those just touched on in the postscript, appal the reader beyond all words. The wild processions with their flickering torches and barefooted penitents winding along the sharp and painful causeway—the kneeling crowds at the dim shrines with those cries for mercy, which all who know that people will be able to realise to themselves, have still a pathos of helpless terror in them which is human. But the horror of the wilder bands that followed, most dreadful of all the vicissitudes of insane panic—the revellers who, like the drunken sailors in a lost ship, would at least drown their own consciousness of misery—is scarcely less awful than the dread suggestion of the vultures about the place. The sight of those foul birds alone, the frightful hint to the imagination given by their presence, the dreadful calm of the statement that there were "no worse there than in other places," makes the mind sick with horror. Such was the scene enacted in the month just past, in one of the fairest of earthly landscapes, a spot associated with everything that is bright and pleasant to so many. The villeggiatura of 1867 will long be remembered in the little city, and with terrible reason. Since then the scourge has abated—"ceased entirely," say the last accounts—but leaving what gaps, what terrors, what recollections behind it! The plague in London, and the plague in Milan, and the plague in Florence, have all been described to us in the words of genius; but a hand unpractised is capable of settng beside them an almost equally impressive picture, truth in its intense reality having a force above art.

The fate of Cardinal Altieri has, as is natural, been received by some with exaggerated plaudits and lamentations, by others with the usual revulsion of cynicism and opposition to what other people say. Our sympathetic and liberal-minded press, after recording his heroism and martyrdom one day, declares the next that it must be an extraordinary thing for a bishop to do his duty, or his act would not be regarded as anything out of the way. But the fact is that, except parish doctors and parish priests now and then, who do the deed very quietly without knowing it, but few people nowadays die for the sake of their fellow-creatures; and it is still true that greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend. He might have done it moderately, taken his dinner, and put on his shoes, say our comfortable critics. But then, as it happened, this bishop was one of the same race as those who shrieked Grazia at the dimly-lighted shrines, and danced wildly through the lurid streets when the bonfires blazed at the street-corners, and the carts went by with the dead. Moderation had no existence in the region or the moment, as indeed it has not in these quarters at any moment. The Italian prelate perhaps was not sorry, in a time so out of joint, to prove by the sacrifice of his own life that the life and soul of old still existed in the Church of Carlo Borromeo and Francis Xavier. In such crises, amid such calamities, it is rarely, very rarely, the priest who fails, and most rarely of all the Catholic priest, who, according to his own belief, carries salvation to his penitent in his sacred pyx. A Protestant clergyman has a less urgent impulsion to the deathbed of the dying, but still Protestant clergymen seldom fail. It is the doctors and the priests who do it with us. It was the priests and the soldiers at Albano. Everybody, or almost everybody, of the educated as well as the uneducated classes, yielded to the panic. Nobles, gentlefolks, artisans, all rushed forth in an indiscriminate crowd—last height of human cowardice and weakness. The healer's of men's bodie's fled too, carrying with them all hope of human help, and the strongest incentive to courage and exertion. But the poor priests stood fast, and even the poor monks, the burly Franciscans, who lounge in the sun about the convent walls, and the proud scarlet cardinal, who never moves without lackeys behind him. The bishop's bare feet, we think ourselves, would do little to "appease the wrath of God;" but that is done according to a man's light and character and nation, especially when sealed by the sacrifice of his life, is not an offering to be sneered at. And the soldiers did not bear a high character about. There are men among them who wear our Crimean medal, and a finer brogue was never heard than might be heard about the slopes of Tusculum, when the reckless, picturesque band of Free Lances were quartered thereabouts. But when trouble came the lawless rose to the occasion. If the Pope's cause is sinking (which we doubt) it was an unhoped-for piece of good fortune on his part to be thus enriched by the sacrifice of Cardinal Altieri, and the devotion of the Zouave troop.

It is hard to believe that such a scene can have happened in our own day—that only yesterday, so to speak, little more than a month ago, those bonfires were flaming about the streets, those tapers burning in the death-chambers, those wild cries rending the air, those vultures hovering over the plague-stricken town. Other places, many in our own country, have been visited with similar calamity; but rarely, thank Heaven, does a similar wild outburst of human selfishness and terror fall into the common placid tenor of modern life. Honor, meanwhile, to those who have kept their post—to the humble priests, and the wild Zouaves, and such a kindly soul as the Avvocato, with an imperial name and warm Italian heart, who is named in the letter we have just quoted. The vultures have flown away, and the cloud dispersed from over the white villas and the olive gardens; but it is in a tragic association which has thus been thrown suddenly, without any warning, to overshadow many a tender and pleasant recollection of the little towns and scattered villages among the Alban Hills.

BURIED ALIVE.—French law enacts that a corpse shall be buried within twenty-four hours after death. A young lady residing in the commune of Piongenven recently took sick, and in a short time was supposed to be dead. The preparations for her funeral began almost immediately, and in about twenty hours after her death she was laid in her grave; but when the sexton's helper began to throw in the earth he was startled by hearing noises proceeding from the coffin. With terror stamped upon his countenance he ran in search of the rector, who ordered him to procure witnesses and a medical man. More than five hours elapsed before the practitioner arrived at the grave. The coffin was then brought to the surface of the earth and opened. It was night and the lanterns threw an uncertain gleam over the graves; but no sooner was the coffin opened when the terrible truth became apparent—*she had been buried alive in a trance.* Even then the poor girl was warm and alive, but, alas! beyond all hope of resuscitation. The feet contracted, with signs of violent movement, the disordered grave clothes and the distorted features were all that remained to tell of the fierce str[illegible] death.