Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN WIONEER.

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

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SUMMERSIDE, OCTOBER 3, 1867.

Oats per bush	2s a 2s 3d
Barley per bush	3s a 3s 6d
Potatoes per bush	1s 3d a 1s 6d
Turnips per bush	1s a 1s 3d
Butter per lb by Tub	10d a 1s
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb.	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	7d a 8d
Beef per lb	4d a 6d
Mutton per lb	4d a 5d
Pork per lb by carcass	3d a 4½d
Geese each	none
Flour per bbl	56s a 60s
Oatmeal per cwt.	18s a 20s
Hay per Ton	60s a 70s
Straw per cwt.	1s 6d
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Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

Charlottetown Markets.

OCTOBER 3, 1867.

Beef (small)	4d a 7d
Do. by quarter	3d a 6d
Mutton	4d a 6d
Lamb per lb.	3½d a 6d
Butter	1s a 1s 3d
Do. by tub	10d a 1s
Cheese	4d a 6d
Tallow	9d a 10d
Lard	8d a 9d
Flour lb.	3½d a 3½d
Oatmeal 100 lb.	17s a 18s
Eggs	8d a 10d
Potatoes	1s 6d a 2s
Turnips	
Barley	3s a 4s
Oats	2s 3d
Boards (Hemlock)	4s
Spruce	4s a 5s
Pine	7s a 9s
Shingles	12s a 15s
Wool	1s a 1s 3d
Hay	50s a 60s
Straw cwt.	1s 6d a 2s
Homespun	5s 6d a 6s
Sheepskins	9d a 1s
Calfskin lb.	5d a 9d
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October 12, 1865.

S. W. DODD, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
RESIDENCE:
JAMES M. PIDGEON'S, Esq.,
MARGATE, P. E. I.
June 13, 1867. 3m

DR. McNEILL,
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Jan 24, 1867. ly

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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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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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"Twice Taken,"
BY
CHARLES W. HALL.
Published by LEE & SHEPHARD, Boston.
For sale at BERTRAM'S BOOKSTORE Summerside. m26

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Forms of Application can be had by applying to Mr. J. BERTRAM, *Journal* Office, Summerside.
Charlottetown, June 20, 1867 —1y

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☞ All orders punctually attended to.
June 6, 1867. 3m

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Boot and Shoe Maker,
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Boots and Shoes of a superior quality constantly on hand, and for sale cheap.
Summerside, June 6, 1867 1y

GEORGE ALLEY,
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aug. 9, 1866 1y

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Saddle and Harness Maker,
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October 12, 1865.

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Kent Street, Charlottetown,
SIMON D. FRASER, PROPRIETOR.

Permanent and Transient Boarders will find the above House to give satisfaction.
Ch'town, June 13, 1867.

North American Hotel,
KENT STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN.
JOHN MURPHY, PROPRIETOR.
Permanent and Transient Boarders will find good accommodation.
Good Stables in connection with the HOTEL, and a careful Hostler always in attendance.
Ch'town, Feb. 14, 1867. tf

CRAWFORD'S HOTEL,
No. King Square, St. Joh N. B.
Permanent and transient Boarders accommodated on reasonable terms.

In connection with the above the subscribers have opened a
First Class Grocery Store
where they will keep constantly on hand, Flour, Corn Meal, Provisions, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, and all articles usually kept in a Grocery Store.
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The Subscriber having leased the above Hotel, and refitted the same, is now prepared to accommodate Transient and Permanent Boarders, and trusts by attention to meet a share of public patronage.

Having also leased the commodious Stable attached, and secured the services of a careful Hostler, who will be in attendance at all hours, travellers will be sure to get satisfaction at lowest rates.

JAMES W. THOMSON,
Proprietor.
St. John, N. B., July 4, 1867.—1y

Point du Chene House,
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THE Subscriber would beg to call the attention of the travelling public to this well-known and favorite Hotel, situated at the head of the Railway Wharf at Point du Chene.

Its advantages as a residence for parties in quest of health cannot be surpassed. The air is pure, bracing and invigorating, while there is every facility for deep sea bathing.

The trains for St. John leave the door twice every day. The charges will be found moderate, the table good; and the proprietor hopes by strict attention to the requirements of his customers, to ensure general satisfaction.

PETER SCHURMAN,
Proprietor.

P. S.—Being himself a P. E. Islander, the proprietor would hereby respectfully request a share of the Island patronage. P. S.
July 10, 1867. 3m

Blanks of all kinds for sale at the "Journal" Office.

POETRY.

AN AUTUMN FANCY.

BY R. R.

TIME of the changing leaf, and dying flower;
Of all the seasons we with joy do greet,
Throughout the passing year, for solemn thought
And fancies sweet and sad, thou art most meet.

I look upon thy woods, clad in rich robes
Of gold, and purple, red, and russet brown.
So bright, the sunshine seems upon them shed,
Even when skies above do darkly frown.

I watch the leaves, loosened at last from life.
Fall slowly, one by one, without a sound,
To mingle with their sisters, once so fair,
Now lying dead and withered on the ground

And in each leaf, each changing, dying leaf,
I read a tale of life, so like my own,
I can but take a lesson to my heart,
And think, soon shall my life, like theirs be flown.

I do not shrink from death, for I have learned
That life is not all joy and sunshine here;
The fair gay dreams of youth have passed away;
And I have brighter hopes beyond this sphere.

But oh, I do not want to die, to breathe
My last sigh out in death's cold chill embrace,
When Spring, bright Spring, is flinging o'er the earth
A wondrous spell of loveliness and grace;

Ah no, not then, when balmy breezes float
Above, around, with richest blessing rife;
I would not fade away and be forgot,
When all things else are springing into life.

In Autumn let me die; that Autumn winds
Their mournful dirges o'er my grave may moan,
And falling leaves around my tomb may rest,
Murmuring low, "Thou diest not alone."

Select Literature.

THE ZOUAVE MIRACLE-WORKER.

ONE of the lions of the day in Paris is a certain trombonist of the band of the Zouave Guard named Jacob, who is reputed to cure all diseases by the mere agency of his will. The halt, the blind, the deaf, the palsied, the sick, and the dying went to him, before the Government stopped him, in actual mobs, and came away, it is asserted, whole and well, without taking any medicine, or submitting to any surgical operation. The courtyard of No. 39 Rue de la Roquette, where he worked his miracles, bade fair for a time to rival the famous Cemetery of St. Medard. There was to be daily seen there almost as great a crowd of carriages and pedestrians as were to be seen in the same neighborhood when a criminal was to be guillotined. Two hours before the arrival of the Zouave the court was thronged with invalids, sitting, standing, and lying, who beguiled the time spent in waiting by relating stories of his cures. A score of policemen were always on hand to keep order. As the cured came out they were greeted with cheers by the spectators, many of whom would climb to the tops of the houses to get a nearer view.

The manner in which his cures were effected and his miracles worked is thus described by a correspondent of the Birmingham (England) *Gazette*, and, as the story of an eye-witness, is well worth perusal. He writes:

The Zouave admits no one to his presence who is not really afflicted with disease or infirmity, those who are led to the Rue de la Roquette by curiosity being compelled to remain in the waiting-room. Fortunately I was furnished with a letter from his best friend, and became privileged at once. I entered the room with twenty of the most ragged and dirty of the whole mob, and am thus enabled to describe the whole scene. The Zouave was standing as if in a reverie when we entered, pell-mell, into the long, low apartment where the cures were performed. He was leaning against the wall, with his eyes half open, after the fashion of Somnambulists before entering completely into trance—the only difference being in the intence light shot out from the living orbs beneath the drooping eyelids. He neither spoke nor moved while his father busied himself in arranging the visitors upon the low wooden benches before him. Every crutch and stick was taken from the infirm patients, and placed in the corner behind the door, amidst the timid whines of the poor frightened creatures, accustomed to look upon the help afforded by these objects as absolutely necessary to their safety. When all were seated thus, leaning the one against the other, the father, going close up to the son, whispered in his ear. He was aroused in a moment, and coming forward with a movement brusque and hurried, savoring of the military camp, and not in the least of the solemnity of the magician' sanctuary, he walked up and down for a few minutes before the eager line of sufferers. To each he told the disease under which he or she was suffering, and the original cause of the malady; and as no objection was made in any one case, I am led to suppose him to have been right in all. Presently, however, I observed him to stop suddenly, and fix his eye upon one of the patients who sat at the extreme end of the second bench, and after examining him for a moment, turn aside with a slight shudder, which I observed was neither of disgust nor dread, but a kind of involuntary recoil. He said abruptly, pointing with his forefinger straight into the face of the individual he addressed: "I can do nothing for your disease; it is beyond my power; go, and remember it is useless to return." This was all, but the words acted upon the man like a magic spell. He shook from head to foot, like the aspen leaf, and tried to gasp out a few words, but whether of prayer or expostulation it is impossible to say, for his tongue seemed paralyzed and clung to the roof of his mouth, while the Zouave turned aside with an indescribable expression of fear, certainly indicative of a kind of intimidation. But this was soon shaken off, and again passed before the line, uttering simply the words, "Rise and walk!" The sound which simultaneously broke from the assembly could find no fitting description in any language. It was a sort of moaning whine, a kind of infantine wailing, evidently produced by fear and doubt. One feeble old beggar-woman, whose head had stopped its palsied shaking from the moment the Zouave Jacob had fixeed his glittering eye upon her, was the one who gave expression to the feeling which had taken possession of them all. "Oh, how *can* I move without my crutches?" and, having turned a yearning look toward the corner where these old friends and supporters were standing, with a host of others, she began to mumble and moan most piteously. But the Zouave looked for an instant down the line, with an ominous frown on his brow, as he found that not one of his patients had obeyed his orders. No pretension to the sacred character of a prophet or inspired seer was there, for he stamped with such rude violence on the floor that the casement shook again. He almost uttered an oath, but it was unfinished, as he once more uttered the command to rise and walk, so that others might be admitted in their place. Then came the most strange and mysterious moment of the whole ceremony. One by one did every individual seated upon those low wooden benches rise and stand erect. No words can describe the the singular spectacle offered by this fearing, hoping, doubting crowd as each one found himself standing firm upon the legs which for years had ceased to do their office. Some laughed like foolish children, some remained wrapped in stolid wonder, while many burst into the most heart-rending paroxysm of weeping. It was then that the Zouave stretched forth his arm and bade them pause. All was hushed and silent for a moment. The pause lasted for some time. I have been told that it is always so, but have not been able to account for its necessity; and then the door was thrown open, and the crippled and the paralyzed, the halt and the lame of the hour before, walked from that long, low, half-darkened chamber, with somewhat timid gait, it may be, but with straightened limbs and measured steps, as though no ailment had ever reached them. One or two among the number turned to thank their deliver, but the Zouave dismissed them brutally. "Be off; don't stand sniffy-shally. You are cured, ain't you?—that's enough—now *pietiez moi le camp!*" in plain English, "Cut your stick, and begone!" Before leaving the room I turned to look at the single patient whose case Jacob had pronounced to be beyond his power to cure—the man was paralyzed in both arms, and his neck twisted all awry. It was a hang-dog countenance—worse than any I ever beheld—and the expression of rage, and hate, and fear which it conveyed was unmistakeable. His feet were paralyzed likewise and turned outward. The Zouave's father searched among the sticks and crutches left in the corner for those which belonged to the only cripple destined to remain so, and as he touched each one, looked with inquiring glance toward the unhappy wretch, who answered with an awkward jerk of his wiry neck, until he seized upon a sort of wooden shelf or go-cart upon wheels, which the cripple had been used to push before him. A boy came in to help him from his seat, and as he disappeared, supported by this aid, he uttered a poignant groan, which resounded through the place with the most weird and terrible effect imaginable. I subsequently inquired of the Zouave by what impression he was made aware of his inability to cure. He answered simply that in cases of this kind a veil seemed to fall before his eyes and impede his view of the patient.

A certain Count de Chateauvillard has certified in the *Petite Presse* that he has been cured by Jacob, of a paralysis of long standing; through gratitude for which he has offered him part of his chateau wherein to work his cures.

This and all other stories of his success are to be received with many grains of allowance. Public rumor credited him with having cured the Prince Imperial of scrofula, and the Marshal Forey of a palsy of long standing; but Aid-de-camp Mar, of General Forey's staff, in a letter to the *Petite Presse*, emphatically contradicts the one, and the Government has repudiated the other rumor by interdicting the exhibitions in the Rue de la Roquette. Gen. de la Peyrouse, a French soldier, who has been suffering under a severe malady—palsy, we suppose, though it is stated—walked, or rather dragged, himself to the quarters of the Zouave, and was carried into his presence, but came away complaining of being very tired and not cured. Several failures of this sort had somewhat impaired the reputation of the Zouave, but his quarters were crowded continually, until his performances were interdicted by the Government.

ANECDOTES OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

The following anecdotes of Queen Victoria, from the Chicago *Advance*, the new organ of Northwestern Congregationalism are from the pen of Grace Greenwood:—

When I was in England I heard several pleasant anecdotes of the Queen, and her family, from a lady who received them from her friend, the governess of the royal children. This governess, a very interesting young lady, was the orphan daughter of a Scottish clergyman. During the first year of her residence at Windsor, her mother died. When she first received news of her serious illness, she applied to the Queen for permission to resign her situation, feeling that to her mother she owed a more sacred duty than even to her Sovereign. The Queen, who had been much pleased with her, would not hear of her making this sacrifice, but said, in a note of the most gentle sympathy, "Go at once to your mother, child; stay with her as long as she needs you, and then come back to us. I will keep your place for you. Prince Albert and I will hear the children's lessons; so in any event let your mind be at rest in regard to your pupils."

The governess went, and had several weeks of sweet, mournful communion with her dying mother:—then, when she had seen that dear form laid to sleep under the daisies in the old kirk yard, she returned to the palace, where the loneliness of royal grandeur would have oppressed her sorrowing heart beyond endurance, had it not been for the gracious, womanly sympathy of the Queen, who came every day to her schoolroom,—and the considerate kindness of her young pupils. A year went; the first anniversary of her great loss dawned upon her, and she was overwhelmed as never before by the utter loneliness of her grief. She felt that no one in all that great household knew how much goodness and sweetness passed two mortal life that very day a year ago—or could give with her one tear, one thought, to that grave under the Scottish daisies. Every morning before breakfast, which the elder children took with their father and mothe, in the pleasant crimson parlor looking out in the terrace at Windsor, her pupils came to the school room, for a religious exercise. This morning, the voice of the governess trembled in reading the scripture for the day; some words of divine tenderness were too much for her poor, lonely, grieving heart—her strength gave way, and laying her head on the desk before her, she burst into tears—murmuring, "Oh, Mother, Mother!" One after another the children stole out of the room and went to their mother, to tell her how sadly their governess was feeling; and that soft hearted monarch exclaiming, "Oh, poor girl! It is the anniversary of her mother's death," hurried to the school room, where she found Miss *** struggling to regain her composure. "My poor child," she said, "I am sorry the children disturbed you this morning. I meant to have given orders that you should have this day entirely yourself. Take it as a sad and sacred holiday—I will hear the lessons of the children." And then she added, "To show you that I have not forgotten this mournful anniversary, I bring you this gift," clasping on her arm a beautiful mourning bracelet, attached to which was a locket for her mother's hair, marked with the date of that mother's death. What wonder then that the orphan kissed with tears this gift and the more than royal hand that bestowed it! This was Victoria, fifteen years ago; and I don't believe she has mortally "advanced backward" since then.

Another little anecdote which shows her simplicity of character and shrewdness of perception, was told me by a gentleman that once enjoyed the pleasure of a very informal interview with her, under rather peculiar circumstances. My friend, Mr. W. *** is a person of very artistic tastes—a passionate picture lover. He had seen all the great paintings in the public galleries of London, and had a strong desire to see those of Buckingham Palace, which, that not being a show-house, were inaccessible to an ordinary connisseur. Fortune favored him at last. He was the brother of a London carpet merchant, who had an order to put down new carpets in the state apartments of the Palace—and so it chanced that the temptation came to my friend to put on a workman's blouse, and thus enter the royal precincts, while the flag indicating the presence of the august family floated defiantly over the roof. So he effected an entrance, and when within the royal hall, dropped his assumed character, and devoted himself to the pictures. It happened that he remained in one of the apartments after the workmen had left, and when quite alone, the Queen came tripping in, wearing a plain white morning dress, and followed by two or three of her young children, dressed with like simplicity. She approached the supposed workman and said—"Pray can you tell me when the new carpet will be put down in the Privy Council Chamber?" and he thinking he had no right to appear to recognize the Queen under the circumstances, replied—"Really, madam,—I cannot tell—but I will inquire." "Stay," she said abruptly, but not unkindly, "who are you? I perceive that you are not one of the workmen."

Mr. ***, blushing and stammering somewhat, yet made a clean breast of it and told the simple truth. The Queen seemed much amused with his ruse, and for the sake of his love for art, forgave it—then added, smiling, "I knew, for all your dress, that you were a gentleman, because you did not 'your Majesty' me. Pray look at the pictures as long as you will. Good morning! Come, Chicks, we must go."

Another anecdote illustrating Victoria's admirable good sense and strict domestic discipline came to me directly from one who witnessed the occurrence. One day, when the Queen was present in her carriage at a grand military review, the Princess Royal, then rather a wilful girl of about thirteen, sitting on the front seat, seemed disposed to be rather familiar and coquettish with some young officers of the escort. Her Majesty gave several reproving looks, without avail. At length, in flirting her handkerchief over the side of the carriage, she dropped it—too evidently *not* accidentally. Instantly two or three young heroes sprung from their saddles to return it to her fair hand—but the voice of royalty stayed them. "Stop, gentlemen!" exclaimed the Queen—"leave it just where it lies. Now, my daughter, get down and pick up your handkerchief." There was no help for it. The royal footman let down the steps for the little royal lady, who proceeded to lift from the dust the pretty piece of cambric and lace. She blushed a good deal, though she tossed her head saucily, and was doubtless angry enough; but the mortifying lesson may have nipped in the bud of her first impulse towards coquetry. It was hard, but it was wholesome. How many American mothers would be equal to such a piece of Spartan discipline.

WHAT IS AN OLD MAID?

Never be afraid of becoming an old maid, fair reader. An old maid is far more honorable than a heartless wife; and "single blessedness is greatly superior, in point of happiness, to wedded life without love. "Fall not in love, dear girls—beware!" says the song. But we do not agree with said song on this question. On the contrary, we hold that it is a good thing to fall in love, or get in love, if the object be a worthy one. To fall in love with an honorable man is as proper as it is for an honorable man to fall in love with a virtuous and amiable woman; and what could be a more gratifying spectacle than a right