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AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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THE Summerside Journal

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Barley per bush	3s 3s 6d
Potatoes per bush	1s 3d 1s 6d
Turnips per bush	1s 1s 3d
Butter per lb by Tub	10d 1s
Lard per lb	9d 10d
Tallow per lb	9d 10d
Eggs per doz	7d 8d
Beef per lb	4d 4d 6d
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Geese each	3d 4d
Flour per bbl	5s 6s nono
Oatmeal per cwt	18s 18s 20s
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Do. by quarter	3d 6d
Mutton	4d 6d
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Butter	1s 1s 3d
Do. by tub	10d 1s
Cheese	4d 4d 6d
Tallow	9d 10d
Lard	8d 9d
Flour lb.	3d 1s 3d
Oatmeal 100 lb.	17s 18s
Eggs	8d 10d
Potatoes	1s 6d 2s
Turnips	3s 4s
Barley	3d 3d
Oats	2s 3d
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Pine	7s 9s
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S. W. DODD, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, RESIDENCE: JAMES M. PIDGEOON, Esq., MARGATE, P. E. I. June 13, 1867. 3m

DR. McNEILL, Physician & Surgeon, RESIDENCE—At George, Garret's, Esquire, Stanley Bridge. New London, P. E. I. Jan 24, 1867.

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O. L. RICHARDS, Importer and Wholesale Dealer in British & Foreign Groceries 1, Head North Wharf, ST. JOHN, - - - NEW BRUNSWICK. Dec. 6, 1866.

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

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WILLIAM M. HOWE, Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public. ST. ELEANOR'S, - - - P. E. ISLAND.

DAVID BERTRAM, Saddle and Harness Maker, Water Street . . . Summerside. October 12, 1865.

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

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

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Permanent and Transient Boarders will find good accommodation. Good Stables in connection with the HOTEL, and a careful Hostler always in attendance. Charlottetown, Feb. 14, 1867. 1f

CRAWFORD'S HOTEL, No. 9 King Square, St. John, 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. J. CRAWFORD & SON, May 30, 1867.—1y

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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, Point du Chene, N. B. 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

POETRY.

THE MYSTERY OF NATURE. BY THEODORE TILTON, The works of God are fair for nought, Unless our eyes in seeing, See hidden in the thing the thought That animates its being.

The outward form is not the whole, But every part is moulded To image forth an inward soul That dimly is unfolded.

The shadow, pictured in the lake By every tree that trembles, Is cast for more than just the sake Of that which it resembles.

The dew falls nightly, not alone Because the meadows need it, But on an errand of its own To human souls that heed it.

The stars are lighted in the skies Not merely for their shining, But, like the looks of loving eyes, Have meanings worth divining.

The waves that moan along the shore, The winds that sigh in blowing, Are sent to teach a mystic lore Which men are wise in knowing.

The clouds around the mountain-peak, The rivers in their winding, Have secrets which, to all who seek, Are precious in the finding.

Thus Nature dwells within our reach, But though we stand so near her, We still interpret half her speech With ears too dull to hear her.

Whoever yearns to see aright Because his heart is tender, Shall catch a glimpse of heavenly light In every earthly splendor.

So, since the universe began, And till it shall be ended, The soul of Nature, soul of Man, And soul of God are blended!

—Atlantic Monthly.

Select Literature.

MAXIMILIAN. (From Blackwoods Magazine.) [Concluded.]

THOUGH on its first conception the Mexican scheme had been favorably received by the French People, its progress had not altogether recommended it to the tax-paying community. The conquest of the South by the North—the high tone assumed by Northern statesmen, and the possibility that France might be involved in a war with the United States—a war from which France could derive but small honor and no profit—all these circumstances, dexterously handled by the French Parliamentary Opposition, created a state of opinion which, though not adverse to the cause of the Emperor Maximilian, was hostile to the continued support of his throne by the aid of a French army. It was hard for Napoleon to yield. Not his pride, but his honor, was involved—his pride that could not brook the arrangement of the American Government, and his honor that would not leave Maximilian without the support and protection which he had promised, and without which it was certain the Archduke would never have been tempted to quit Miramonte. But time was on the side of the American Government, and of its unworthy protégé Juarez, and against the Emperor Napoleon and the brave Maximilian; and although it is not probable that the American Government would have made it a *caveat belli* if Napoleon had treated his remonstrances with disregard, the Emperor had to sacrifice his feelings, his convictions, and his desires in deference to a slight degree to the pressure put upon him from Washington, and in a large degree to that put upon him by his own subjects, who had begun to look upon the whole Mexican project as a mistake—a generous mistake, as its most vehement opponents admitted—but one for which France was not inclined to make further sacrifices of men or money. At last the Emperor's promise was given to the American Government and his own people that early in the present year the French army should be withdrawn from Mexico. The day was adjourned as long as possible in order that Maximilian might employ the long interval in the consolidation of his power; or if that were not to be hoped for, in face of the American intrigues in behalf of Juarez, that he might have ample time to decide whether or not his honor compelled him to remain in a country where, without French aid, the chances were going so woefully against him. No sooner did the notification reach Mexico that the French were to be withdrawn, than the Empress Charlotte—with a romantic devotion to her husband, and a simple yet heroic faith that, if the Emperor Napoleon knew all, he might even yet be induced to change his plans—resolved to cross the ocean to describe to him personally the condition of the country and solicit the continuance of his support, were it but for a year. Almost alone and unattended the royal lady set sail on her fatal voyage, little dreaming that she and her beloved Maximilian were never again to behold each other in this world, or imagining any of the countless woes that Fate had in store for both of them. None can tell but the Emperor, and perhaps the Empress, of the French, with zeal and eloquence, what tears and entreaties, what proud and what passionate appeals, this noble woman employed to change the purpose of Napoleon. Though outwardly a cold man, the Emperor has a war heat within; and

though as a statesman he may have been obdurate, it cannot be believed that as a man he was deeply touched by the sorrows of this tender but brave young creature—fighting against fearful odds for her husband's dignity, and possibly for his life—urging against reasons of State nothing more potent than the anguish of her heart; unmoved by anything but the remembrance of Maximilian struggling like herself against the overpowering forces of a cruel and relentless destiny. To have seen such misery—to have sympathized with it, to have felt that he was accountable to his own conscience for having to a large extent been the cause of it, and to have known above all that, after his solemn pledge to the United States, worse woes than any private ones, however harrowing these might be, would have been the result if he had broken faith with the Federal Government and listened to the supplications of this despairing woman—must have tried even the stoicism of Napoleon III. With a spirit crushed but not yet broken, the Empress Charlotte appears to have made a sudden resolve to solicit the good offices of the Pope, and travelled to Rome to cast herself at his feet and pour the tale of her sorrows into his ear. But, alas! what could the Pope do? As a king, he was a nonentity, to all but the people of the Roman States—his opinion on temporal affairs beyond that narrow circle was worth nothing. His advice, even, was of no account among his brother sovereigns. As a man he could but sympathize with the woes of an innocent woman—as an old man he could not but address words of paternal love and pity to the comparative child that bent sorrowfully, and yet not altogether hopelessly, before him. As a priest he could not but administer to her those consolations of religion which the humblest village pastor would have afforded, but which, coming from the lips of the head of the Church, would have had more than usual influence and authority in leading her thoughts to that other world, the least of whose joys are more worth the whole dominion and lordship of this. But, alas! the strain upon heart and intellect had been too heavy and too prolonged—the sovereign's reason shone on its unsteady throne, the sweet bells of thought jangled and were out of tune, the dark curtain fell upon the light of her mind, and the Empress Charlotte lost, it is to be hoped, some sense of her agony and grief in the partial loss of her reason. News of this great calamity came to Maximilian; over the sea, and many who were unaware of the heroism of his character imagined that he would leave distracted Mexico to its fate even before the last French trooper had departed, and hasten to the side of the lady of his heart, so sorely smitten, and all for love of him. But Maximilian had pledged his word, and though others broke faith with him, it was not for him to break faith with any one. Mexicans of high station, the best and bravest men in the country, had adhered to his fortunes from the first, and none of these had shown any signs of defection. He would stand by them to the last, and if he were to die, he would die like a king—on the battle-field, sword in hand against his enemies.

It was so persistently the practice of the American press to misrepresent the affairs of Mexico, and to picture Maximilian as driven to what in American parlance is called "the last ditch," and to invent lies each more monstrous than its predecessor, that for many months after the departure of the French the European public was utterly at a loss what to believe or disbelieve in the news that each successive steamer conveyed across the Atlantic. Even at this time, the events that occurred after the Emperor's flight, his capital to take arms against the Juaristas in the northern provinces of the empire are imperfectly known. It seems certain, however, that for about two months the Emperor, at the head of 8000 men, occupied the city of Queretaro, and that there served under him Generals Miramon, Mejia, Mendez, the Prince of Salm-Salm, several European officers, and a Colonel Lopez, whom he had intrusted with his confidence and loaded with honors, and who, on his recommendation, had been decorated by the Emperor of the French with the star of the Legion of Honor. On the night of the 14th of May it was reported to Maximilian that the city was no longer tenable, and it was resolved in a council of war that an attempt should be made on the following morning to break through the lines of the invading commander, General Escobedo, and, if the sortie were successful, to retire either towards the city of Mexico or the Gulf. The attempt was never made. The treacherous Lopez—the Judas Iscariot of the tragedy—had sold his friend, his master, and his sovereign for £10,000 to Juarez and Escobedo; and while Maximilian lay asleep, opened to the forces of the enemy the gate of the fortress which he was intrusted to defend, and himself led the way to the apartment where the Emperor slept, surrounded by a few members of his staff, pointed him out to his captors—and did not hang himself. Thus betrayed, the Emperor and his 8000 men had no alternative but to capitulate. It is not known whether he attempted to make any terms for himself or his officers, or whether he even deigned to bestow a look of contempt upon the cowardly villain who had betrayed his benefactor. In anticipation of the defeat and capture of Maximilian—events which it had done its very best to bring about—the Government of the United States had previously put itself in communication with Juarez, to solicit that under no circumstances should the Emperor's life be taken. It was as easy and as useless to make such a request to a Mexican as to a tiger. There appears to be something in the electric influences of these warm climates that makes men indifferent to human life, and eager for the shedding of blood. The Mexicans at best have but little of the European in them, and a great deal of the aboriginal Red Indian, and are alike treacherous and merciless. Possibly these requests never reached the ears of the sanguinary chief for whom they were intended; but there can be but little reason to doubt that the United States were in earnest in the supplication, and did not desire that the protegee for whom their Government had done so much should sully his cause in the eyes of the world by a vindictive and useless

murder. For two or three weeks rumors floated about Europe that the Emperor had been shot, but no one could trace them to any positive or trustworthy authority, and most people refused to believe, until disbelief became impossible, that Juarez and his subordinates could have been so wicked and so mad as to take this sacred life. All doubts, however, were soon set at rest. Official details that there was no disputing affirmed that Maximilian was shot on the 19th of June, by express order of Juarez and Escobedo, after a delay of three days for deliberation, and that Generals Miramon and Mejia were shot at the same time—Maximilian with his face to the deadly rifles, as an act of grace to a brave man, Miramon and Mejia with their backs to the deadly bullets, to mark the abhorrence of their countrymen of the treason they had committed against Mexico.

It was a gay time in Paris, and in the Court of the Emperor of the French, when the first whispers of this ghastly tragedy were transmitted under the waves of the ocean, and found audible voice in the secret chambers of the Tuilleries. Beshazzar held high revel when the blood-red writing was seen upon the wall. The great kings and potentates of the earth, Christian and Turk, with glittering retinues, and all the pomp and state of kingly and imperial pride, crowded to the beautiful capital, which in his reign, and chiefly by his taste and enterprise, had been transformed into the wonder of the world. The magnificent Exhibition of Arts and Industry, which he had imagined, and which his will had created, was a triumphant success. Paris literally overflowed with rich, the brave, the gifted, the young, the beautiful. Never did picture more gorgeous present itself to the eyes of people of any age than this City of Palaces presented in those summer days when the Emperor received his guests, many of them the heirs of ancient monarchies, who in days not far distant, had looked with disdain upon his pretensions to be of their rank and number, or considered him an upstart and a parvenu, but now did willing homage to his genius, and stood in admiration, if not in awe, of his power. He was at the very height and summit of his glory, and might without vanity have said of himself that he dwarfed by comparison every king that stood alongside. It was in the midst of all this glare and blaze of revelry and rejoicing, and of the sweetness of gratified hopes and expectations more than realized, that news came to him of the murder of Maximilian. A thrill of horror pervaded the gay city. The kings and emperors, to many of whom the unhappy victim was closely related by blood and marriage, felt sick at heart, and must in their secret souls have felt that the guilt of the bloody deed did not lie wholly at the door of Juarez or of the Federal Government, but that some of it, at least, lay at that of Napoleon III., who has induced the Archduke to accept the crown, on promises which the strongest sovereign of his time had broken. And did Napoleon feel this also? We cannot doubt it. He would be more or less than human if no compunctious throb stirred in his heart or fevered his pulses at the thought of Maximilian, so wickedly slain, or of the gentle Charlotte, pining in hopeless madness in her desolate castle of Miramar. For the rest of his days these ghosts will sit at his board and partake of his cup; their voices, heard but of him, will whisper in his ear the saddest story of his reign, and, like the skeletons at the table of the Pharos, remind him that he too is mortal, and as liable to wrong, and the punishment of wrong, as the meanest of his subjects. But all that is vanity and womanly in Europe will sympathize in the grief, though not in the remorse of the Emperor. The tears that are shed over the grave of Maximilian will be the expression of a deeper and more genuine grief than the masses of mankind usually feel for persons so ambitious, and who risk so much private happiness for such poor reward as his would have been at the best, even if he had succeeded in his object.

The last scene of the tragedy has yet to be played, for the drama lacks completion while the fate of the villains remains undecided. And Juarez and Lopez still live! Perhaps not their fate alone—for that would matter little—but that of Mexico itself, hangs in the balance.

HORRIBLE MURDER.

A crime was committed at Alton, Hampshire, England, on Saturday afternoon, the 21st August, which, for brutality, throws all recent murders in the shade. A band of children were playing in a meadow near Alton Church, when a young man passing by distributed some coppers among the group. He then spoke to a pretty little child, about eight years of age, named Adams, and, according to the story of the other children, endeavored to get her to accompany him into a hop plantation close at hand. She was evidently reluctant to do so and the man carried her off in his arms. Later in the day the little girl was missed by her parents, and on search being made the first indication of foul play was the discovery of a pool of blood near the entrance of the plantation. A little further on the searchers came upon the discovered head of the poor girl, which rested on a hop-pole, then on a portion of her trunk cut open, and the heart "couped out," and then on her arm, leaving the lower part of her trunk and the other arm undiscovered. On the 26th, the missing arm was found, and clenched in the hand was the halfpenny. From information gleaned from the children who were at play in the disused, a young man employed in the solicitor's office was apprehended the same evening on suspicion. There is little doubt that the perpetrator of this dreadful deed had first indirectly assaulted the disused, and afterwards had actually hewn the unfortunate child to pieces. The father of the victim is a brick-layer living in Alton, close by the spot where the murder took place. On the 25th the solicitor's clerk, whose name is Baker, was taken before the magistrates and recommended on the charge of wilfully murdering Fanny Adams. After being taken into custody Baker was stripped and his tight tweed trousers were found to be marked with blood. On both the legs there were signs of recent washing, and they were quite damp. The socks worn