

# Summerside Journal.

## A N D W E S T E R N P I O N E E R .

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

Vol. 4.

Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, July 1, 1869.

No. 40.

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**Almanac for July, 1869.**

**MOON'S PHASES.**  
Last Quarter, 1st day, 8h. 34m. evening, N. E.  
New Moon, 9th day, 9h. 25m. morning, S. E.  
First Quarter, 16th day, 2h. 35m. morn. N. W.  
Last Quarter, 23rd day, 5h. 54m. evening, W.

MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.	SUN.	SUN'S RISES.	SUN'S SETS.	MOON'S RISES.	MOON'S SETS.
1	Thurs	4	18 7	49 3	31	6	22	10 15	15	31
2	Frid	5	19	49	32	2	2	0	7	30
3	Sat	6	20	49	33	5	4	0	32	26
4	Sun	7	21	48	4	5	10	15	28	28
5	Mon	8	21	48	4	5	10	15	28	28
6	Tues	9	22	48	4	5	10	15	28	28
7	Wed	10	22	48	4	5	10	15	28	28
8	Thurs	11	23	48	4	5	10	15	28	28
9	Frid	12	24	47	4	5	10	15	28	28
10	Sat	13	24	47	4	5	10	15	28	28
11	Sun	14	25	46	5	12	9	37	15	21
12	Mon	15	26	45	5	12	9	37	15	21
13	Tues	16	27	45	5	12	9	37	15	21
14	Wed	17	28	44	5	12	9	37	15	21
15	Thurs	18	29	44	5	12	9	37	15	21
16	Frid	19	30	43	5	12	9	37	15	21
17	Sat	20	31	42	5	12	9	37	15	21
18	Sun	21	32	41	5	12	9	37	15	21
19	Mon	22	33	40	5	12	9	37	15	21
20	Tues	23	34	39	5	12	9	37	15	21
21	Wed	24	35	38	5	12	9	37	15	21
22	Thurs	25	36	37	5	12	9	37	15	21
23	Frid	26	37	36	5	12	9	37	15	21
24	Sat	27	38	35	5	12	9	37	15	21
25	Sun	28	39	34	5	12	9	37	15	21
26	Mon	29	40	33	5	12	9	37	15	21
27	Tues	30	41	32	5	12	9	37	15	21
28	Wed	31	42	31	5	12	9	37	15	21
29	Thurs	1	43	30	5	12	9	37	15	21
30	Frid	2	44	29	5	12	9	37	15	21
31	Sat	3	45	28	5	12	9	37	15	21

### Summerside Markets.

	July 1, 1869.
Beef per lb	5d a 6d
Mutton per lb	4d a 5d
Oats per bush	2s 6d a 2s 9d
Potatoes per bush	1s 1s a 1s 3d
Turnips per bush	11d a 12d
Butter per lb	9d a 10d
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb	8d a 9d
Eggs per doz	44d
Hides per lb	2s a 3s
Codfish per qt	18s a 19s
Pork per lb by carcass	4d a 6d
Flour per bbl	35s a 40s
Island Flour per cwt	18s a 19s
Oatmeal per cwt.	10s a 17s
Hay per Ton	50s a 60s
Pine Boards	8d a 9d
Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

### Charlottetown Markets.

	Ch. Town, July 1, 1869.
Beef per lb	4 1/2d a 8d
Mutton per lb	4d a 7d
Pork per lb, by carcass,	5d a 8d
Ham per lb	7d a 8d
Geese	1s a 1s 6d
Fowls	1s 3d a 1s 6d
Ducks each	20s a 21s
Flour per 100 lb	18s a 19s
Oatmeal per 100	2d a 24d
Buckwheat Flour, per lb	18s a 20s
Codfish per quintal	18d a 19d
Butter per lb	1s 3d a 1s 4d
Do. by the tub,	8d a 9d
Cheese	8d a 9d
Tallow	8d a 9d
Eggs per dozen	1s 6d a 1s 9d
Potatoes per bushel	5s
Barley	2s 9d a 2s 10d
Oats	70s a 75s
Hay per ton	4s a 4s 6d
Hides per lb	4s a 4s 6d
Sheepskins each	4s a 4s 6d
Spruce Boards per 100 ft.	4s a 4s 6d
Hemlock	3s 6d a 4s

### Business Cards.

**BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND**  
Corner of Great George & King Streets, Charlottetown.

President—HON. DANIEL BRENNAN.  
Cashier—WILLIAM CUNDALL, Esquire.  
Discount Days—Mondays & Thursdays.  
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.

**UNION BANK.**  
Grafton St., Queen's Square, Charlottetown.  
President—CHARLES PALMER, Esquire.  
Cashier—JAMES ANDERSON, Esquire.  
Discount Days—Wednesdays & Saturdays.  
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.

**SUMMERSIDE BANK.**  
Central Street, Summerside, P. E. Island.  
President—JAMES L. HOLMAN, Esq.  
Cashier—E. L. LYDIARD, Esquire.  
Discount Days—Tuesdays and Fridays.  
Notes for Discount must be in before 11 o'clock on Discount days.  
Hours of Business—10 a.m. to 1 p.m. from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.

**CASH FOR EGGS!**  
THE highest price, in Cash, will be paid for EGGS, at the EUREKA HOUSE.  
C. C. GARDINER.  
Summerside, April 15, 1869.

### Business Cards.

**CRAWFORD'S HOTEL.**  
NO. 9, KING SQUARE,  
SAINT JOHN, N. B.  
THE subscriber having thoroughly refitted and enlarged his HOTEL and STORE, is now prepared to accommodate Permanent and Transient Boarders on the most reasonable terms.  
ALSO, in connection, a GROCERY STORE, where every article required for house use may be had.  
J. CRAWFORD & SON.  
Sept. 10, 1868.

**FOUNTAIN HOUSE!**  
North side King Square, (next to Park Hotel)  
ST. JOHN, N. B.  
JAMES W. THOMPSON, Proprietor.  
THE Proprietor of the above HOTEL takes this opportunity to return thanks for the liberal patronage hitherto received, and most respectfully solicits a continuance of the same.  
This HOTEL is very pleasantly situated, and commands a view of King Square, and other parts of the City.  
In connection with the Hotel, is GOOD STABLES, and a careful Hostler in attendance. Parties coming from Prince Edward Island with horses will find this establishment the most comfortable in the City, and a person always at the Cars on their arrival.  
St. John, Sept. 10, 1868.

**Point Du Chene House!**  
THE Subscriber would beg to call the attention of the traveling public to this well-known and favorite Hotel, situated at the head of the Railway Wharf, at Point Du Chene, N. B.  
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 subscriber 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 subscriber would hereby respectfully request a share of the Island patronage.  
Pt. Du Chene, May 13, '69. 3m

**ROCKLIN HOUSE,**  
KENT STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN,  
SIMON D. FRASER, PROPRIETOR.  
Permanent and Transient Boarders will find the above House to give satisfaction.  
Ch. Town, June 13, 1868.

**Mr. W. H. POPE**  
DEGS to inform the public that he has resumed the practice of the Law.  
OFFICE—A few doors below the Bank of Prince Edward Island, Charlottetown, March 18, 1869.

**THOMAS KELLY, BARRISTER-AT-LAW**  
AND  
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.  
SUMMERSIDE, - - - P. E. ISLAND  
**JAMES GREENOUGH, FLOUR**  
Commission Merchant,  
No 47 Commercial Street,  
Corner of Clinton Street -----BOSTON  
Jan. 1, 1869. 1y

**KERSHAW & EDWARDS**  
IMPROVED PATENT  
Non-conducting and Vaporising  
Fire and Burglar Proof  
**SAFES.**  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
BANK VAULTS, BURGLAR PROOF  
VAULT DOORS, IRON VAULT DOORS,  
P. E. ISLAND PATENT COMBINATION B A N K  
LOCKS, DEED BOXES, PATENT JAIL  
LOCKS & CELL DOORS, &c. &c.  
THOS. FULLER, & DAVID STARR & SONS,  
Travelling Agent, Agents, Halifax.  
Montreal, Dec 15, '68 y

**BOOT & SHOE ESTABLISHMENT.**  
THE subscriber begs leave to acquaint the inhabitants of SUMMERSIDE and the country generally, that he has commenced his business of **Boot & Shoe Making**, in the Shop next door to O. O'Neill's, near the Wesleyan Church. He trusts that by strict attention to business and good work to give general satisfaction and merit a share of public patronage.  
WILLIAM CLARK.  
Summerside, April 22, 1869.

**THE GENUINE COMMON SENSE Family Sewing Machine!**  
FOR  
£3 5s. Od.,  
AT  
**HARVIE'S BOOKSTORE,**  
Charlottetown, and PRINCE COUNTY BOOKSTORE, Summerside.  
June 4, 1869.

**THOMAS HALL**  
IS NOW PREPARED, with the assistance of the STEAM POWER, to furnish any number of  
**THRASHING MACHINES,**  
of the most improved kind.  
Iron Turning, Wood do., Carls, Trucks, &c., &c., manufactured, together with  
All other Work in his branch of trade  
Every Machine warranted to do good work.  
THOMAS HALL.  
Summerside, May 20, 1869.—1y

**THE JOURNAL is the best advertising medium on the Island.**

### Business Cards.

**REMOVAL!**  
**DOCTOR FULLER**  
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACOUCHEUR  
RESIDENCE AND OFFICE ON  
Central Street, . . . . Summerside.  
(Directly opposite the Summerside Bank)  
Summerside, May 13, 1869.

**DR. DODD** may again be consulted, at his old residence, in MARGATE, NEW LONDON.  
April 15, 1869.— pro 3m.

**DR. J. PRICE,**  
Physician & Surgeon,  
OFFICE—AT THE SUMMERSIDE DRUG STORE,  
next door to Bank, Central Street  
SUMMERSIDE, . . . . P. E. ISLAND.  
October 12, 1868.

**DR. JARVIS**  
Has REMOVED his Residence to SUMMERSIDE, next door to the Rev. Mr. Frame's, on Central Street.  
He can be consulted at his residence or at Hunt & Co's Drug Store, at all times.  
Summerside, June 3, 1869.

**A. W. ANDRES, Marble Worker,**  
Point Du Chene, Shediac N. B.  
MONUMENTS, TOMBS, GRAVESTONES, &c., &c.  
AMERICAN AND ITALIAN MARBLE constantly on hand.  
Can furnish Gravestones and Monuments at a less price than any other establishment in the Province, and pay a duty besides.  
ORDERS can be left at BERTRAM'S Book Store and at D. ENMAN'S, Esq., Summerside, or sent to  
A. W. ANDRES.  
Point Du Chene, June 11th, 1868.

**E. F. PURDY'S NEW Marble and Freestone ESTABLISHMENT,**  
KING SQUARE,  
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.  
All orders punctually attended to.  
Call and See!  
Jan 7, '69 1y

**WILLIAM BEARSTO, Commission Merchant,**  
Auctioneer & General Agent,  
WATER STREET,  
SUMMERSIDE, ----- P. E. Island

**R. & W. T. HUNT, Commission Merchants,**  
GENERAL AGENTS AND  
**AUCTIONEERS.**  
SALEROOM AND OFFICE  
Head Queen's Wharf, Summerside, P. E. I.  
(opposite the Store of W. T. Hunt & Co.)  
April 2, 1869. 1y

**CARVELL BROTHERS, AUCTIONEER,**  
AND GENERAL AGENTS.  
BANK BUILDING, - - QUEEN STREET,  
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

**WILLIAM DODD, Commission Merchant, And Auctioneer,**  
QUEEN SQUARE,  
CHARLOTTETOWN - - P. E. ISLAND

**ROBERT GORDON, AUCTIONEER**  
AND  
**LAND BROKER,**  
Alberton, . . . . . P. E. Island  
REFERENCES:  
Hon. Judge Young—Charlottetown.  
Hon. G. W. Howland—Alberton.  
Mr. Joseph Bertram—Summerside.  
Alberton, May 13, 1869. 1y

**REUBEN TUPLIN, Commission Merchant, AUCTIONEER, And General Agent.**  
Margate, . . . . . P. E. Island.  
REFERENCES:  
Hon. D. Brennan, R. T. Holman, Ch. Town. Summerside.  
April 22, 1869. pat. pro. 6m

**HANFORD BROTHERS, Commission Merchants, And General Agents,**  
11 NORTH MARKET WHARF,  
SAINT JOHN, N. B.  
CHAR. U. HANFORD. FRED. S. HANFORD

**J. H. ALLEN, Commission Merchant,**  
AND DEALER IN PROVISIONS, &c.,  
MARKET STREET, - ST. JOHN, N. B.  
Gives personal attention to the Sale and Purchase of every description of Goods.  
May 9, 1868.

### POETRY.

**Over and Over Again.**  
Over and over again,  
No matter which way I turn,  
I always find in the Book of Life  
Some lesson I have to learn.  
I must take my turn at the mill,  
I must grind out the golden grain,  
I must work at my task with a resolute will,  
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need  
Of even the faintest flower,  
Nor check the flow of the golden sands  
That run through a single hour,  
But the morning dew must fall,  
And the sun and the sunnier rain  
Must do their part, and perform it all,  
Over and over again.

Over and over again  
The brook through the meadow flows,  
And over and over again  
The ponderous mill-wheel goes.  
Once doing will not suffice,  
Though doing be not in vain,  
And a blessing falling us once or twice,  
May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod  
Is never so rough to the feet,  
And the lesson we once have learned  
Is never so hard to repeat;  
Though sorrowful tears may fall,  
And the heart to its depth be driven  
With storm and tempest, we need them all  
To render meet for heaven.

### Select Literature.

#### A Python Story.

A terrible tale was told to me in connection with pythons by a Brazilian gentleman of high position. Mr. Barclay, a gentleman who had made a comfortable independence in mining speculations, determined, after some years' residence, to settle permanently in the Brazils. He accordingly bought and farmed a tract of uncleared land on the north-west frontier, and pursued his clearing and farming with tolerable profit. He gave himself, after a time, a short leave of absence, and came back to Scotland, where he married his cousin, with whom he again returned to his plantation in Brazil. Mrs. Barclay, however, though surrounded with every comfort, was far from being quite happy in her Brazilian home. She was constitutionally in terror of the repulsive insects and reptiles with which all the wilder parts of that country abounded. She could not go to a drawer without finding in it a centipede as large as a little eel, or open a cupboard without meeting a spider almost as large as a small crab. Lizards of beautiful colors, but of repulsive appearance, had to be swept out of her bedroom at night. But of all her horrors, the greatest she entertained was that against snakes and serpents. Unfortunately, Mrs. Barclay lived in a part of the country which was infested with snakes, some harmless, some deadly; but whether harmless or deadly, the unconquerable terror she evinced was the same to all. Once a tuboza was killed in her house. At another time a coral snake was found and killed with ease upon the rough lawn, it was met with dignity by such a term the serpent, burnt-up herbage which surrounded the house. At another time a small anaconda, about 11 feet long, was found in the woods near the house and killed; and what was much worse, constant rumors were brought in that two very much larger serpents of the same class had been seen in the forest not far off. Poor Mrs. Barclay's terrors were not diminished by the exaggerated tales of her native servants, till at last they rose to such a pitch that it seemed very likely, as she often said, that she would die if a serpent came near her. In this frame of mind it will easily be believed that her life was a misery to herself, and not of much comfort to her wild leopards and hounds. Early one summer morning the latter went to look after the progress of some clearings. He went on horseback, and carried a heavy old-fashioned double-barrelled musket. Both barrels were loaded with a charge of slugs, sufficient to bring down a deer, or better still, to scare away a jaguar or a tree-panther. Mrs. Barclay's survey took him rather late, and it was high noon before he returned through a belt of forest which lay between his clearings and his home. At that time the tropical forest are as silent and as motionless as if they were dead. Knowing this, it was with some astonishment that Mr. Barclay saw a large creeper, which hung from a tree in front of him, swinging quickly to and fro. Such signs in the forest are never to be disregarded; and he was too old a woodsman not to beat once on the alert. After waiting for some minutes till the oscillation ceased, and being reassured by the quietness of his horse, he rode carefully towards the tree, and at a little distance examined it, but for some time in vain. At last the cause of the disturbance became apparent on close inspection. On a limb of a tree overlooking the path lay a huge black anaconda, piled in great masses fold over fold, with the end of its tail just curled round the limb on which its great bulk rested, and its head left free, and elevated about two feet above the rest of its body. In this position it was quiet prepared for action, and, holding on by its tail, could at once drop its great length down with resistless force on any unhappy animal, or even person, that might pass below, and when once secured in its gigantic coils, the rest was certain, whether to man or goat, or deer, or sheep. Mr. Barclay, however, was not inclined to give it such a chance on his account, and waited quietly at a little distance till, by some cautious manœuvring, he got a full view of the creature's head against the bright blue sky. Then he fired, and so shattered the reptile's head that, after writhing for a moment, it came in a heap to the ground. It was far from dead, however, and plunged wildly, so that for a moment he durst not approach it. At last it lay still, when he got a close shot with his second barrel, and it never moved again. The serpent measured nearly twenty-nine feet in length, and was evidently from its great thickness, immen-

sely powerful. The only question which remained was, what was to be done with the carcass? He was loth to leave it where it was; besides, he wanted its skin—as was victorious sportsman does not?—and, above all, he wished to show Mrs. Barclay how easily such seeming monsters could be killed. Not unaturally, then, though in an evil hour, he determined to drag it home. For this purpose he undid his stirrup-leather, and making it fast over the head of the snake, led his horse along, which, as it towed the snake, left a deep mark in the herbage, and sometimes a trail of blood on the grass over which the carcass was dragged. As he advanced, with the huge reptile trailing at his heels, some evil genius put it into his head that now was a fine opportunity to give Mrs. Barclay a lesson that would cure her of her fear of serpents. His simple plan of mischief was soon laid. He determined to take the serpent into the house, and coil it in the sitting-room in such a manner as that its wounded parts could easily be hidden. He dragged it, therefore, with some trouble along the verandah, and soon managed to coil away its great folds in such a manner that its injuries were hidden and it looked as if alive. When all had been arranged, he went and called his wife, who, as is the custom of the country, was sleeping out the great heat of the day in her own room. Little suspecting what was to follow, she came at once, and the instant she entered the sitting-room Mr. Barclay slipped out and fastened the door behind her. What passed afterwards can only be guessed with horror. Her screams of "The serpent, the serpent!" were at first so shrill and loud as to quite drown Mr. Barclay's calls to her that the reptile was dead, and that she must look at it quietly, and he was only first alarmed by a noise of struggling, and the piercing cries of some half-a-dozen female servants, who, drawn by the shrieks of their mistress, had entered the room by another door. What they saw on entering was Mrs. Barclay attacked by a huge anaconda, which had followed up the broad tract left by the body of its slaughtered mate. The instant their cries alarmed it, it rolled back its folds through the window by which it had entered. Mrs. Barclay was found insensible, and only slightly torn about the face and partly on the bosom by the fangs of the boa. She was quiet insensible, however, and never rallied. In spite of all restoratives, she remained in a comatose state till the succeeding day, when, though convulsion succeeded convulsion till death put an end to her suffering.

**An affair of Honor.**  
GRACE GREENWOOD, in the Independent recounts an affair of honor which took place in Lebanon, during its occupancy by the French troops. Some of the Duc de Lauzun's aristocratic young subalterns, not imitating the modesty of their chief, were disposed to be rather supercilious, and to put on airs to ward the young people of the town, when admitted to their informal parties and merry-makings. In this way, a gay, handsome young captain gained an unenviable social distinction, and finally came to grief. At a rural ball, to which he had managed to gain admittance, his roving fancy was caught by a rustic beauty, a merry little coquette, who, not having a soul above buttons, was not ill-pleased with his ardent glances, and gallant broken English, and who was amply amused by marking the effect produced by his devotion on the countenance of a certain stalwart young farmer present, and lowering darkly in the background, to whom the truth must be told, this naughty little maid was betrothed. At last the dashing soldier grew a little too bold in his attentions. The lady became slightly alarmed, and her lover quite furious. He strode up to the Frenchman, with his eyes blazing and his hands clenched; but addressed him in a cool, steady tone, thus: "Look here, monsieur, you French fellows come to America to fight, not to make love. So none of your flatteries, and palaverings, and parlez-vousin', about here. This young woman belongs to me; and you may just make yourself scarce, in double quick time."

The young woman in question turned very white, *Monsieur le Capitaine* turned very red; but, seeing that his Yankee rival looked very black, and was altogether an ugly customer to deal with on the spot, he merely said very significantly: "Monsieur, *raison*. Certainly we come to America to fight." Then, bowing low to the lady, he strode laughingly away.

"With his sword cling, clang."  
The next morning, an elderly French officer, who had grown grim and gray in the service, yet had been engaged, as principal or second, in more duels than outlaws, waited on the young farmer, whom he found in his barn, thrashing, and presented a cartel. The farmer laying down his flail, very deliberately opened the note, and tried to spell out its contents; but, as it was in French, he was obliged to get the Frenchman to interpret it. Somewhat to the surprise of that officer, who was eager for some agreeable event to break the monotony of a long winter encampment, he readily consented to a meeting. The second then reminded him that he, as the challenged party, was entitled to the choice of weapons.

"I don't care a button what he fights me with. I'm ready for him," said the Yankee, rather evasively, wiping the sweat and dust off his forehead with a blue cotton handkerchief.  
"Ah! den, we prefer to *repaire*, what you call the small sword. Will dat please monsieur, eh?" said the officer, bowing and smiling with overwhelming politeness.  
"O! yes, as well as anything—small swords or horse-pistols; I ain't particular," replied the farmer, coolly. Then the time and place were agreed upon.

The Frenchman bowed himself out of the barn as out of the presence of royalty, the farmer took up his flail and went on with his thrashing—thump, thump, thump! Both parties came punctually to the ground, over in the wood, very early on a mild spring morning; the gay captain in undress uniform, with the old major, his *temin* bearing a brace of small swords; the surgeon of the legion, with his ominous case of instruments, his lint and bandages; then the farmer, in yet more undress uniform—i. e., red flannel shirt and gray home spun trousers, tucked into cowskin