Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

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SUMMERSIDE, June 20, 1867.

Oats per bush	2s 6d a 2s 10d
Barley per bush	3s a 3s 6d
Potatoes per bush	2s a 2s 3d
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	6d a 7d
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Pork per lb by carcass	3d a 4½d
Geese each	none
Flour per bbl	60s a 65s
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Jan. 17, 1867. 1y

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aug. 9, 1866 1y

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October 12, 1865.

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OVER GREEN & SCHURMAN'S STORE,
WATER STREET, SUMMERSIDE, P.EI

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Business Cards.

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Flour, Produce, Leather,
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The most careful attention given to the execution of orders for Flour, Grain, Seeds, Provisions, Leather, Hides, Coal Oil, and general Merchandize. Freights secured and Insurances effected at lowest current rates.
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.
Remittances against orders when not otherwise provided for, may be made with Stirling Exchange, or Gold Drafts on New York. Drafts on New York being worth usually an ⅛ to a ¼ per cent more than on Boston.
Every information as to the state of the market, present and prospective, given when required.
Consignments of Fish, Cod Oil, &c., carefully realized, and returns made with the utmost promptitude, or applied according to the wish of consignors.
Charges only made for actual disbursements and Commissions not over those of responsible Houses in the line. Unquestionable references given when required.
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503 St. Paul Street,
Montreal, C. E.
February 7, 1867.

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MONCTON, N. B,
CONTRACTOR AND AGENT FOR THE PURCHASE AND SALE OF
Ships Timber. Masts, Plank, House Frames,
and LUMBER of all dimensions and descriptions.
Orders for early shipment will receive prompt attention.
Feb 14, 1867. Ex. 3m.

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And Auctioneer,
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CHARLOTTETOWN - - - P. E. ISLAND

NOTICE!
ALL PERSONS whose accounts have been rendered during the past month, will please call and pay or remit amount due, immediately.
JOSEPH BERTRAM.
Summerside, april 18th, 1867.

Business Cards.

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 tore
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

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

THOMAS FRIZZEL,
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

DANIEL D. CROW,
Clock & Watch Repairer,
HEAD OF CENTER STREET,
Summerside, - - - - - P. E. I.
All orders punctually attended to.
June 6, 1867. 3m

R. M. GIBSON,
PAINTER AND GILDER.
HAVING worked several Seasons under the instructions of some of the most popular Painters in the United States and British Provinces, wishes to announce to the public that he has opened a PAINT SHOP, and commenced in that line of trade, at SUMMERSIDE, where he is prepared to execute all kinds of Plain and Ornamental House and Sign
PAINTING.
Ceilings and Walls painted and decorated in Oil and Fresco. Graining, Paper hanging and Glazing done to please the employer, Ceilings whitened with neatness and despatch.
All orders left at the Commercial Hotel, Central St., next door to Bertram's Book Store, will receive prompt attention, and be done at moderate rates.
Summerside, April 11, 1867. 6m

JAMES L. WEATHERBY,
PAINTER,
Summerside . . . . . P. E. Island.
PLAIN, ORNAMENTAL, HOUSE & SIGN
PAINTING, GRAINING, PAPER
HANGING, &c., &c., &c.
Done in the latest and most improved manner.
All orders, both in Town and Country promptly attended to.
March 21st, 1867.

A. C. MORRISON,
Late of New Brunswick,
RESPECTFULLY announces to the inhabitants of Summerside, and the surrounding country, that he is prepared to execute
PAINTING,
in almost every style of the Art, viz:
Plain and Ornamental Lettering, Gilding, Bronzing and Shading, Velvet, Oriental, Grecian and Crayon, (Black & Color'd) Painting on Canvas, Penciling and Etching, &c., &c.. &c.
Carriage Striping and Ornamenting, Graining in Oil and Distemper, Oak, Butternut, Walnut, Satin Wood, Maple, Banyan and Mahogany, Staining in its various branches.
All work done promptly and at very reasonable rates. Orders left with T. B. HALL, will receive careful attention.
Summerside, April 4, 1867. tf

Carriage Factory!!
Head of Queen Street,
CHARLOTTETOWN.
THE Subscribers beg leave to acquaint the public that, having entered into a Co-Partnership, they are prepared to execute all orders in the
CARRIAGE, SLEIGH,
OR
Blacksmith Business,
and having each had considerable experience, they are able to turn out a FIRST CLASS
Carriage or Sleigh.
Repairing of all kinds, together with all other work appertaining to their line of business, will be attended to.
Send in your orders immediately
PROUD & McCOUBREY.
Queen Street, Charlottetown,
Jan. 10, 1867. 1y

Saddle and Harness Shop.
THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the inhabitants of NEW LONDON and surrounding places, that he has
Opened a Saddler's Shop at Clifton, New London,
where he hopes, by strict and punctual attention to his business, and moderate charges, to merit a share of public patronage.
JAS. SENCABAUGH.
Clifton, New London,
Oct. 25, 1866.—tf.

Job Printing of every description done with neatness and despatch at the
JOURNAL OFFICE.

POETRY.

MY FIRESIDE.

At home again I softly stand,
Watching my wife by the fireside there—
Her fair head resting on her hand—
Fast asleep in the easy-chair.
Poor little bird! did she weary grow
Watching so long my coming to greet?
Watching the shadows come and go,
And listening for footsteps in the street?

I've no Fifth Avenue mansion fine.
With costly mirrors and pictures rare;
There's but one picture I can call mine,
'Tis by the fireside there.
Surely a fairer ne'er was seen!
Ah, Raphael ne'er painted a face
So gentle and pure and sweet I ween,
Nor a form so full of grace!

My cheerful home, so cozy and neat,
Is an Eden made by my little wife;
The last, best gift, most wondrous sweet,
With which God crowns my life!
Our little table is set for tea,
With simple china gilt and white,
But it is better far than Sevres to me,
As it gleams in the fire-light.

I am only a clerk with a salary small,
But Mable and I ne'er wish for more:
We never go to concert or ball,
Nor care a whit for fashion and show.
But I have music—Mabel sings
Low to me at the eventide,
When like a bird with weary wings
I rest me here at my darling's side.

"Come back, come back from dream-land now,
Mabel darling!" I softly call,
While on cheek and lip and snowy brow
Tenderly my warm kisses fall.
I draw the head with its curls of gold,
Down to this loving heart of mine;
Oh, never did monarch a treasure hold
Like that round which my arms entwine!

Select Literature.

THE BEAUTIFUL SUICIDE.

A TALE OF WOMAN'S FOLLY.

Continued.

"Then," she answered, "I will never make you unhappy, if it be in woman's power to make you otherwise. But there are many things to be thought of, even before you speak to my father on this subject, and let us think of them, and speak of them calmly. Give me but a moment or two to collect my ideas." She bent down her head upon her hands as she spoke, and there ensued between us a conversation which lasted more than a half an hour, which was very grave, and in some degrees sad upon her part. Nothing was very clear, nothing was very distinct in it. Twice she mentioned her sister's name, and more than twice we came near the subject which I know was in both our thoughts. But there were feelings of delicacy on both sides which, young as our love was, prevented our speaking our suspicions at that time. That day, however, Mr. Conway rode out again, and as the Marquis himself had walked down to a neighboring villa, he lingered about in the gardens with Narcissa by his side. He seemed to have made his peace with her, and Beatrice kept close to me during the whole time of his stay. They gave us plenty of opportunity to converse at our ease, and then it was that I ventured to make some correct remark to my fair companion, in regard to his strange attentions toward her sister. Beatrice looked timidly round, and then clasping her hands together, she murmured, "He is a villain!" Her face was very pale as she spoke; but the subject being once broached, I went on, saying: "Dear Beatrice; if you know him to be such, why not at once call your father's attention to his conduct?" She remained silent for a moment or two; and then looking sadly up in my face, she answered: "I fear my father owes him some money. It is right that you should know it; for although I do not believe that you seek wealth with me, yet perhaps you do not know that I shall have nothing. I am not well informed as to the facts; but of that fact, at least, I am sure. These estates pass at my father's death to a male relation, and I have heard Mr. Conway speak to him of a bond, and of interest due, and I am sure that instead of having anything to give or leave, he is in debt to that odious man."

This intelligence did not take me by surprise; for I had heard from my banker that the Marquis di Spezzia was in anything but easy circumstances. I was therefore prepared to say, at once, that I never expected anything with Beatrice but her heart, and that if she could give me that I was satisfied. The thought of both, however, reverted speedily to the subject of her sister's conduct, and asked what she thought was to be done, endeavoring to point out, as delicately as I could, the dangerous position in which she was placed.

"If your father is precluded from interfering," I asked, "what can be done?" Suddenly she raised her head, with her eye bright, and her color brightened, and answered in a firm, resolute tone: "I will interfere. I wish to yield to my sister in everything. I have never contested any thing with her; but if I see that she is likely to fall down the precipice on the brink of which she stands, I repeat, I will interfere; and I believe there is a power in the honesty of my purpose that will support me, notwithstanding her pride and fiery temper."

Our conversation proceeded for nearly an hour longer without interruption, and it is hardly possible to tell how greatly Beatrice rose in my esteem during that short time. I had loved her with the fondness of a man for a child; but when reverences mingled with fondness, I felt that it was love indeed. About the end of that time I chanced to look round, and saw Conway and Narcissa standing under the portico of the villa. Her eyes were bent upon the ground; but his were fixed upon myself and Beatrice, with a look not easily forgotten. However, the Marquis returned, and seemed evidently annoyed to find Mr. Conway there; and yet he was exceedingly courteous to him.

On the following day we were to return to Florence, and I resolved to take the first opportunity, after our arrival in the city, to inform him of my love for Beatrice, and to ask her hand; but several days elapsed before that opportunity presented itself, and then, to my great surprise and grief, he decidedly rejected my suit. He was highly honored, he said, and so was his daughter; but it could not be. He had the highest esteem and respect for me, but a multitude of considerations prevented his accepting my proposal. I was mortified angry, but still for Beatrice's sake I was about to press for explanations and endeavor to obviate difficulties, when suddenly, Mr. Conway broke in upon us with a gay, jovial air, which he seldom assumed, and which I could evidently see was effected. I could not bear it, and quitted the house at once, resolving to write what I had to say. I changed my mind, however, before the next morning. Turning all that had occurred in my brain, a suspicion suggested itself that Conway might have something to do with the conduct of the Marquis di Spezzia. I hardly paused to consider his object; to ask myself what could be his design; but a strong impression took possession of me that he had exercised his power over Beatrice's father, to make him reject one who had remarked his criminal passion for Narcissa, and whom he had consequently feared. Love generally becomes more pertinacious from opposition; at last, such was the case with myself, and I determined to make any effort or sacrifice from the painful situation in which she was placed, and to make her mine, I determined therefore to see the Marquis on the following morning, boldly to tell him all I had perceived and all I had suspected, and to offer him any pecuniary assistance to free him from the trammels into which he had fallen. I went at an hour when I believed I should find him alone; but to my great surprise, I was informed at the house, that he had gone suddenly with his family to his villa in the country, and I returned mortified and disappointed to the Lung Arno. I cannot describe the state of my mind during that day. My whole thoughts were confused, my purpose varying and indefinate. That Beatrice should be mine, that I would frustrate the designs of the man I considered my enemy, that I would overcome every difficulty, and tread obstacles under foot, I determined; but how all this was to be accomplished I could not divine. I laid out a hundred plans, many of which were very wild, and prehaps the wildest of them was to insult Conway, and to force him either to fight me or to drive him from Florence. I suspected, I know not why, that he was a coward, and I thought that, if so, I should speedily succeed in one part of my object, at least. Strange, wrong, imprudent as this step was, I took some steps in its pursuit. I went back to the Via Chibellina at about three o'clock, asked for Mr. Conway; but here again I was met with the same reply. He and his family went out of town that morning, to the villa on the Apennines. My resolution was immediately taken. I would go thither on the following morning myself, I thought, and force an explanation

"A letter, Sir, in great haste," said my servant, when I reached my hotel. "The messenger would not wait, but he seemed in great anxiety."

I tore the letter open hastily, and found a few words, signed Beatrice di Spezzia. "Come to us immediately," she said, "if you would save us all, I have spoken boldly to my father, and he has confided in me. He is in the power of a villain, as I thought, and is nearly frantic with the agony of his situation. I have spoken for you, my friend, and have told him there is one who will counsel us well, even if he can not assist us. He talks about going to you, but it were better that you should come without a moment's delay. Oh, come, if you love me, as I believe you do."

I ordered horses to the carriage directly and set out. It was a glorious evening, with the sun setting in purple majesty in the west, and the moon rising over San Miniato in the east, and mingling their light above; but twilight soon succeeded, darkness came over the earth as I wound up the long hill on the Bolognes road. I had put my pistols in the carriage, and took my servant on the box, thinking that perhaps before I had done, I might need the assistance of both; but alas! neither pistol nor servant could be of any avail.

It was a little before nine o'clock, when at a spot about half a mile below the Tre-Maschere, the carriage turned off down the byroad which led to the villa. The distance was not a quarter of a mile; but about three hundred yards from the entrance to the road, my coachman drew a little to the side, and a carriage with post horses passed us at full speed. At the first indication, I put my head to the window; but the travellers went so rapidly that I could not see who they were. It seemed to be an English carriage, however, and I thought, with some satisfaction, that probably the villian had been already driven from the house. I told the man to drive on quick, and in two or three minutes I was in the back entrance of the villa. It was a villa in Palladian style, graceful and highly decorated without, but rambling and somewhat inconvenient within. I found no servants in the hall, though there was a light burning, and I went into the inner vestibule, whence rose a flight of a stairs, leading to the chambers above. I heard voices speaking on the first floor, as I passed the foot of the stairs, and the tones, I know not why, excited some feelings of anxiety. But I went on into the great saloon, and found no one there. There was no one in the little saloons, nor in the dining room. Turning on my step, I went back to the stairs, and met an Italian woman servant coming down whom I knew. Her face was covered with tears, and the moment she saw me, she clasped her hand together, with a mute gesture of profound grief, and rushed past me, as if to weep in private. I hesitated no longer; but ran up the stairs, and directed by several voices, entered a room which I believed to be that of Beatrice. There were two or three people in the room—servants and a man who seemed to be a medico—gathered together round a spot on the floor, and I darted forward, and pushed them aside. There she lay, beautiful and lovely, even in the deep stillness that had fallen over her. Her face was as pale as ashes, her eyes closed, and all her garments dabbled with blood.

For a moment or two, I gazed in horror and despair, and then grasping the arm of the physician, exclaimed, "I charge you, in the presence of all these witnesses, not to let any one quit this house till I bring competent persons to examine into this transaction."

The man murmured something as to his want of authority; but I shook my finger at him, saying, "Remember, I charge you;" and running back to the carriage, I ordered the coachman to drive to Florence with all speed. How shall I describe my sensations during the journey back? I am afraid all my first feelings were those of rage—grief, undoubtedly, mingled with them; but still with rage predominent. Gradually, however, anger subsided, and gave way to sorrow—deep, profound, intense. So young, so beautiful, so good, so graceful, to be lost at the very moment she was mine! O! it was too terrible; and I wept like a very child. For more than one long hour, I gave way to feelings very near akin to despair. I felt then how deeply, how truly I had loved her. I felt that I could willingly have sacrificed my life for hers. But grief was vain. Anger only could be satisfied. Vengeance I thought I would have vengeance, on whosesoever head it might fall. The desire was so strong, the thirst so intense, that it seemed as if my head were turning with it. During the whole of that day, and the one that preceded it, I had been agitated by violent emotions, and now the climax seemed to have come, and my mind was unable to support the weight. As we drove along, all sorts of strange images were presented to my eyes; some dark and terrible, some light and ludicrous; all accompanied with a consciousness that they were not real, that the sight which saw them was not sane. This continued all the way down the lower part of the hill, through the gates, to the police office. But there I could get no one to attend to me. Though I told the inferior officials all that had occurred—though I urged them to immediate action—they still referred me to morrow, and I was obliged to return to my hotel, telling me that their chief would call upon me early.

I passed the night in walking up and down my room. Sleep was of course impossible, with a thousand busy fiends tearing my heart and setting my brain on fire; but about seven o'clock on the following day, the chief of police made his appearance, and my tale was soon told. I am afraid it was somewhat incoherent; and seeing that he thought me mad, I said, "You think my brain troubled, Signor, and so perhaps it is; for the scene I witnessed last night, the anguish of my mind, and the utter want of sleep and rest during two days, have made me ill; but I am nevertheless quite well enough to accompany you to the Villa Spezzia, and there you will find that all I have said is true."

He told me firmly and decidedly, however, that I should not be permitted to accompany him; that he would go immediately, but go alone, and that in the meantime he insisted I should see a physician. Doctor P—— was sent for, even without my consent, and it was evident that he thought me very ill, for he not only wrote a prescription, but waited with me till the draught had been brought from the apothecary's, and saw me take it. It must have contained some strong narcotic, for in a few minutes I fell into a profound sleep, from which I did not wake till evening. I was refreshed and calmed, though my grief was as deep as ever, I could let my mind rest upon it tranquilly, though painfully. About an hour after I woke, the chief of police returned, and told me the result of his investigations. He told me he had examined all the servants, and everybody in the villa, and that there could be no earthly doubt of the young lady having deliberately destroyed herself. At first I replied furiously that it was false; but remembering the impression my incoherence had produced in the morning, and fearing personal restraint, I soon contrived to conceal my feelings, begged his pardon and saw him depart with pleasure. It was too late to go out to the Villa that night, but with cold, bitter determination I resolved to see the Marquis and his eldest daughter on the following day and to tell them they had murdered the child and the sister. That she had died by her own hand I would not believe, and I knew well how often the crimes in noble Italian families are vailed by the cautious reports of the police. There was another, too, on whom I resolved to have vengeance; the man who I felt sure had been the cause of all the evil. I would haunt him like an avenging spirit, I thought. I would either bring him to the field, and have life for life, or I would follow him throughout the world, and drive him from society wherever he sets his foot. But my first business was with the Marquis and his daughter; and I hardened my heart to devise words that might be daggers. My feelings were very strange—such as I had never felt in England. It seemed as if the fierce, unrelenting spirit of old Italy had entered into me, and changed my whole nature.

Sleep I had none that night; and by daylight on the following morning I was ready to depart; but just as I was about to set out, the physician appeared—a mild, tranquil old man, with a good deal of sympathy in his tone—whether the natural breathing of a kindly spirit, or mere professional affection, I do not know. He would have persuaded me to remain at home, but finding that I was resolved to go, he told me that he had heard the story of the Spezzia family from the chief of police; that he was much interested in it, and that if I could give him a place in my carriage, he would accompany me. I was glad of a companion and a witness, and I let him go. He tried to talk with me by the way. I could see that his object was to soothe and calm me; but I was in no mood for conversation, and I remained silent.

The morning was still, cool and fresh, when we turned off to the right from the Bologna road, with the summit of that fatal villa rising over the olive and fig trees before us. There was a little village church, with its beautiful campanile, some forty yards to the left of the road, about half way down, and I saw some young peasant girls standing round the open

England to Rome.