

Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

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SUMMERSIDE, MARCH 28, 1867.

Oats per bush	2s 3d a 2s 4d
Barley per bush	3s a 3s 6d
Potatoes per bush	1s 6d a 1s 9d
Turnips per bush	1s 2d a 1s 4d
Butter per lb by Tub	1s 4d a 1s 6d
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	9d a 10d
Beef per lb	3d a 4d
Mutton per lb	3d a 4d
Pork per lb by carcass	3d a 4d
Geese each	1s 6d a 1s 9d
Flour per bbl	50s a 55s
Onion per cwt.	14s a 15s
Hay per Ton	50s a 60s
Straw per cwt.	1s 6d
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aug. 9, 1866

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Good Stables in connection with the HOTEL,
and a careful Hostler always in attendance.
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RESIDENCE—At J. M. LYDIARD, ESQUIRE,
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New London, P. E. I.
Jan. 24, 1867.

DR. PRICE,
Physician & Surgeon,
OFFICE—At the SUMMERSIDE DRUG STORE,
next door to Bank, Central Street
SUMMERSIDE, P. E. ISLAND.
October 12, 1865.
JOHN HOMER, M.D.F.M.M.S.
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CABINET-MAKER,
AND
Undertaker.
FURNITURE OF ALL KINDS MADE
TO ORDER.
Kent Street, Charlottetown.
Sept. 1866.

POETRY.
GOING TO DISTRICT SCHOOL.
Barefooted boy and little girl,
She with rosy cheek and curls,
His a forehead brown with tan,
Sturdy little farmer man.
Old straw hat, with broken rim,
Is the least that troubles him,
At the dinner-pail he swings,
Full of mother's choicest things.
Happy little pair are they,
Chattering blithely on the way,
In the morning fresh and cool,
Going to the district school.

From the shady farm-house door,
Mother watches, till no more
She can follow—out of sight
They are gone—her heart's delight.
Can you see them sitting there,
On the benches hard and bare,
Tired feet swinging to and fro,
Conning o'er the lessons low?
Sitting at the close of school,
By the gurgling streamlet cool,
Among the brakes and bending trees,
Eating up the bread and cheese!

Or, with merry laugh and shout,
When the boys and girls go out,
Books and pencils cast away,
See them jump, and swing, and play,
Hark! the ferule on the pane,
Rap, and rap, and rap again,
Rushing in with cheeks aglow,
Half-reluctantly they go.
Happy, healthy girl and boy,
Till the warm sun's westerling ray
Slants across the opening door,
And the hours of school are o'er.

Happy, healthy, girl and boy,
Full of simple, careless joy,
Free from tyrant passion's rule,
Going to the district school.
In the busy noon of life,
'Mid its restless fever strife,
As your pathway shall divide,
From the roof-tree wandering wide.
Memories of these morning hours,
Songs of birds and scent of flowers,
Bleat of lambs and songs of rill,
Will come sweetly o'er you still.

And your thoughts go yearning back
O'er that simple childhood track,
When the longest road you know,
Was the one that led you to
The school-house, just a mile away,
Where the birch and hick held sway.

Select Literature.
FREDERICK HOMEWOOD.
"AND must it all be endured? How
long am I to be the instrument of torture
for this wealthy miser and despot?"
This was said by Frederick Homewood,
as he seated himself one evening by the
fire, in his homely but neat and cleanly
log cabin—his afflicted but affectionate
wife and two delicate children by his side.
There was a strange kind of seriousness
in his looks and words, as he took up a
stout pole from the hearth, and heaped
together, with this substitute for a poker,
the burning fragments of wood, to afford
greater light, and more cheerful warmth.
"And must it all be endured?"
"Has anything unusual happened,
Frederick?" was the mild inquiry of his
wife, uttered in a voice that trembled as
she spoke; showing that there was some
fearful malady to account for her attenu-
ated form and wan complexion.
"Happened!" rejoined Homewood in
an irritated tone, "happened! Am I not
in the clutches of that monster Berrein—
maltreated and abused in all my dealings
with him—don't he, every day, make
something unusual happen?"
There was a degree of asperity in this
reply that the wife of Frederick was not
accustomed to; and, although she knew
the words were intended for her, and the
harshness of their temper for another, she
could not avoid a tear, and a greater
quivering of speech—notwithstanding she
labored hard to conceal both—as she again
resumed—
"But I merely wish to know, Frederick,
if it had at last come to the worst; and if
we are now to have anything taken from
us, and turned out of doors, houseless and
homeless."
"No—no, Emily," said the husband,
who saw with pain how deep effect his
unguarded words had taken; and he turned
to his wife with a look, although it was
not altogether happy, it had, at least, much
of tenderness mingled with it. "No—no,
Emily, not that! Berrein knows too well,
by his mischance I am rendered his de-
pendent. For me to be his slave is what
he wants. Casting us from his premises
would leave me free to act for myself—go
where, and do what I please. No, no,
that is not it. I wish to Heaven it was!
But it is a tyranny exercised over me that
I can hardly endure—he is a taskmaster
that thinks everything I do is done wrong.
It seems little enough when I go so early,
work so hard, and so late, that I should
receive at least kind words—but, instead
of that, I am taunted, censured, yes, even
cursed; and it I attempt to say aught in
my defence or retaliation, I am condemned,
or referred to that slip of paper, with my
name to it, in his hands. At such times,
Emily, but for your sake, and those three
little cherubs, I would fell the villain to
the earth."
"Oh, no, Frederick," said the wife,
gently laying her hand on his shoulder—
"oh, no, never do so rashly. Recollect,"
—and there was a smile on her ashy lip,
but it was evidently forced, for tears
trickled down over her cheeks—"Recol-
lect, blessed are the poor in spirit; for—"
she would have finished the quotation,
but her feelings were too much for one so
weak, and she leaned her face, covered
with her hands, on the top of the old split-
bottomed chair, unable to say more.
Frederick Homewood had begun life
with the brightest hopes and best success.
For several years everything prospered
that he undertook. He was married to
the most affectionate of wives, endowed
with many rare points of excellence. He
had one little bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked
boy, to make music with his artless laugh
and brighten up their faces if anything
occurred to make the parents sad. Their

home was a pleasant cottage house, built
on a gentle eminence, looking out on the
clear waters of Buffalo Creek, in Brooke
County, Virginia, and was remarked by
all, for its comfortable and tasty appear-
ance. Woodbines, honey-suckles, morn-
ing glories, and a vast amount of vines
and flowers, were arranged about the
clean, white door-way, under the windows,
and along the gravelled walk of the gate,
with such imposing and beautiful display,
that everybody in the whole neighborhood
envied the happy lot of Frederick Home-
wood.
"As if by magic, things suddenly became
reversed. Like many other strange things
in the world that cannot be accounted for,
there could be no ostensible reason as-
signed for his grievous calamities. One
by one, his cattle died—one by one, his
horses were lost or stolen—one by one,
everything on his hitherto nice and well-
titled homestead sunk into decay; and
this, too, whilst he toiled, harder to keep
and preserve them than he had ever done
before. Finally his wife grew sickly and
feeble; and, as if by infection, all of his
little family, now three in number, were
brought into the doctor's hands. Still he
did not give up in despair. With increased
energy he plied every nerve, tenderly ad-
ministered to the necessities of the sick
household, looked after his farm, all the
time he could spare from their bed-sides,
and hoped for better times.
But all would not do. He had not quite
paid the fourth instalment for his land—
debts accumulated faster than he could
liquidate them; and they were compelled
to leave their once happy home, now gone
into much decay, with an appearance of
desolation, and seek a humbler one, as
the recipients of the charity of proprietors.
Thus did he move from one place to an-
other, in the vain hope of bettering his
condition, till destitution stared him in the
face; and he cast himself, unmoved and
dependent, as a dernier resort, into the
hands of a notorious speculator, by the
name of Berrein, whose fatal love of lucre
had blunted the goadings of remorse, and
dried up the warm springs of sympathy.
This man, deluding the dejected Home-
wood, slowly, but surely, wove around
him an insidious net of villainy, from
which he found, too late, that he could not
extricate himself.

Entered into wily stipulations with Fred-
erick, which riveted the fetters, and made
him, unawares, the despicable menial of
Berrein, the tool of his bestialities. At first
he submitted to this without the least com-
plaint—he would do anything to secure
comforts and convenience for his family—
but the fastenings entered deep into his
flesh—continuous oppression made his
heart callous—callous to his brutal treat-
ment—callous to all but Emily and her
three children. Latterly he had been less
lively—more taciturn than formerly. This
day he seemed unusually gloomy. And
as he continued conversing with his wife
till a late hour, on his prospects growing
darker every day, she was pained to see
what a moody aspect his noble brow now
wore; and frightened at the mysterious
glance—a sort of fatuity—that occasionally
shot from his eye.
The next Saturday evening, Homewood
was returning home from his daily toil
much earlier than usual. All day he had
worked with unwonted vigor, to get
through with his task and spend one more
sunset in the bosom of his family. For,
although he was a man of but meagre ed-
ucation, and earned a scanty subsistence
by incessant toil—although his rude cabin
lacked most of the ordinary comforts of
life—it was all the world to him—his
earthly Eden. And, although disease had
severely preyed on the health of his wife
and three little ones, the former always
welcomed him with a bland smile, even if
it was constrained; and there were Mary,
and John, and Susan, that always jumped
with joy at his entrance, and scrambled
up his knee, as rivals for the first kiss.
The prospect of this scene was revolv-
ing in his mind, as he walked along a path
through some thick wood, and entered a
spot of cleared ground, in the midst of
which stood his cabin. Its sight, as it had
a thousand times before, caused him to
forget all his troubles, and feel, for the
time being, a happy man.
He pulled the latch-string softly, intend-
ing to give the children a surprise, for they
generally knew about the time of his
arrival, and at the first footfall sprang to
the door, laughing and fluttering like
young birds in ecstasy. But this time he
heard no pattering of tiny feet on the hard
floor—no innocent contention for the first
embrace, as he swung open the door and
stood in their midst. None noticed him.
His wife was lying across the bed ap-
parently in great pain. In one corner
were huddled in a group, Mary and Susan,
and John with his head in Susan's lap as
if asleep. Homewood gently approached
the bed, alarmed, for his wife was seldom
in bed through the day, although greatly
enervated, and scarcely able to be about.
He took her hand in his—she started and
looked up, and smiled, but such a smile!
It spoke plainer than words to his heart,
of some dire distress.
"Emily! what in the name of Heaven
is the matter?"
"Nothing with myself of any impor-
tance," said she; "I felt somewhat more
weak and faint this evening, and threw
myself on the bed, thinking it would soon
pass off."
But Mary, who was attracted by the
conversation, hurried to the side of her
father, and artlessly related what her
mother could not have done for words.
"Oh, papa, Mr. Berrein has been here
to-day, and he scolded poor mother dread-
fully and called her bad names, and said
she was a wicked, lazy wench, and ought
to be whipped, and all that. And because
little Johnny jumped up and said his
mother should not be whipped, Mr. Berrein
struck him on the head with his cane,
and poor little fellow, he hasn't
spoken a word since. Mother got sick,
too, and we had to help her into bed; and
there is poor brother, with his head in
Susan's lap—he hasn't spoken a word since
Mr. Berrein left, and he sleeps all the
time; we cannot wake him. Mr. Berrein
is such a bad man."

Homewood's brain reeled as he heard
from Mary's lips the recital of the villainy
of his employer. His temples throbbed
tumultuously; a violent pain and burning
were in his brow; there was a trembling
course, or some dire impression half told

on the muttering lip; his eyes dilated and
looked ghastly; his hand pressed convul-
sively on his forehead, as if he would keep
some frightful agent at bay. It was soon
over. Calmly he went about his duties,
tenderly and consolingly talked to his
wife, bethought John's head with cold water,
and his feet with warm, till the concussion
of the brain subsided. It was all done
quietly, calmly, alas! with too much com-
posure. With the performance of the last
duty to the sick went out the last flicker-
ing ray of his reason. He was a maniac.
In the fall of 18—, a few days subse-
quent to the occurrence of the last incident
at Homewood's, and about four miles from
where he lived, on one of the pleasantest
afternoons of the early part of the season,
four individuals were seated in the parlor
of Theodore Bingham, a very wealthy and
respectable farmer. His residence was
situated about eight miles distant from
the Shiretown of the county, formerly
called Charlestown, but now Wellsburg.
He had the most splendid mansion of any
in the whole country, and was reputed to
be immensely wealthy. More than this
he had a very handsome daughter,
Isabel. Save herself, she was the only
surviving member of a large family; con-
sumption having made fearful havoc of all
the rest.

The four persons who occupied this
parlor were Mr. Bingham, Berrein, Frank
Edgington, and Isabel. Of Berrein we need
say no more than that he is the same
introduced to our readers before. Mr.
Bingham is a fine, courtly old gentleman
of the "Old Dominion," extensively en-
gaged in business, most of which is trans-
acted within doors, as the gout prevented
him from being much abroad. Frank
Edgington, is a distant relative of Mr.
Bingham, and is making preparations to
spend his third winter at the Bingham
Mansion. He is a noble youth, about
twenty-four years of age, stately built,
open, commanding countenance, and en-
dowed with many sterling qualities of
mind. There are strong reasons for his
making a third winter's stay at Mr. Bin-
gham's. He has possession of considerable
money, which is mostly invested in this
region, in stock, land, and merchandize.
Besides this, last but not least, he is
Isabel's accepted suitor, and proposes, as
soon as he visits the east, and arranges
some unsettled business matters, to con-
clude the family register as legit-
imate parent to that desirable estate, with
the advice and consent of the present
proprietor.

"Mr. Berrein," said Mr. Bingham, ring-
ing and taking hold of his crutch, that in-
dispensable assistant of gouty folks, "if
you will please step this way into my pri-
vate room, we will finish the remainder
of those papers—you can receive the
money, and our business will be closed.
Frank and Isabel will content themselves,
as best they can during our absence."
Before the others return, and whilst
Frank and Isabel are in close and earnest
conference, we will attempt to describe the
latter.
(Conclusion next week.)

THE DUELLO.
A TRAGIC ENCOUNTER IN NEW ORLEANS—
FATAL RESULT.
(From the New Orleans Times, Feb. 24.)
Already has been given, in the columns
of this paper, a short account of the dreadful
duel fought between Messrs. Edmund
Lefebvre and Charles Janin. Both parties
were respectively connected, and were
highly esteemed by those who knew them
personally. The following account of the
causes and progression of the difficulty,
it is believed, will be found correct. Not
very long ago a well-known society gave
a ball, and Mr. Lefebvre brought his wife
there. It is stated that Mr. Janin, whilst
waltzing with Madame Lefebvre, thrust
his hand into that lady's bosom, and that
the lady, tearing herself away, rushed to
her husband and complained of the outrage-
ous act. Mr. Lefebvre, a few moments
afterwards, accosted Mr. Janin, saying,
"Sir, you have insulted my wife, and you
must fight me." Janin then, being, com-
paratively speaking, the taller and heavier
man, seized Lefebvre and knocked him
down. Lefebvre mentioned the matter
immediately afterwards to some of his
friends, and they indignantly replied, that
the man who would conduct himself in
that way was not within the pale of the
code of honor, and should only be beaten.
Mr. Lefebvre thought, however, otherwise,
and the next day, by a friend, sent a
challenge to Mr. Janin. The latter ac-
cepted it at once. The gentlemen who
were unfortunately engaged as the respec-
tive seconds, did everything in their
power to prevent a meeting. Both of the
principals being determined and brave
men, a fatal termination of the quarrel was
to be easily expected. The efforts of the
seconds were, however, vain. There
seemed to be on both sides a vindictive
desire for blood; they would not even fight
with pistols, but insisted on double-barrel-
led guns at thirty paces. No entreaties
could make them swerve one inch from
their settled resolve, and their friends, with
sorry hearts, made the necessary prepara-
tions; yet the whole affair was so quietly
conducted that not the least inkling of it
was given, none of the parties being "lit-
erary gentlemen."
On Thursday morning last, the principals
physicians, drove out of the limits of the
city to a place about a mile above the for-
tifications. Many of the readers of this
article will remember the spot, a beautiful
spot indeed. Wide spreading oaks, old
almost as the "everlasting hills," give a
grateful shade to the tender verdure be-
neath. Many picnics have there been
held, and it was selected more recently
by some Federal admirer of nature, as a
good camping place for his regiment. The
seconds again, each anxious to prevent
bloodshed, interposed, but the principals
were sternly inexorable. Mr. Lefebvre,
however, appeared to have a presentiment
of his approaching fate; for, grasping his
second's hand, he said: "Farewell, this
is the last goodbye I will ever make," and
then, cool and collected, walked to his
post. After all persuasion had failed, as
is said, the weapons, double-barrelled
guns, each loaded in the left barrel,
were handed to the antagonists. There
was a breathless pause. Then, in clear
ringing accents were heard the words—

"Gentlemen, are you ready? one, two,
three!"
The two reports appeared as one, so fa-
tally and accurately had the weapons
been discharged. Lefebvre received the
shot a little above the navel, it passing
through, crushing the spine and thrusting
a piece of the backbone out of his very
flesh. With a ghastly look, he stared for
a moment, and groping with his arms for
a second, fell dead on his face. Mr. Janin
was shot through the neck. The ball
glanced down, however, and inflicted what
had been proved to be a deadly wound.
The friends of Mr. Lefebvre took charge
of his inanimate remains, and after a little
while they procured a skiff and crossed the
Mississippi; all that was left of what was
once a man, was carried and deposited in
the house of a relative. In that frail bark,
looking at the blank, dead face beneath
them, and remembering their awful mis-
sion, the feelings of those men who had
charge of the corpse must have been fearful.
No pen could transcribe them into
living words. Words after all are only
words, and such a scene is beyond the art
of the most tragic painter. In the mean-
time Mr. Janin was carried to his residence.
Every effort was used to preserve his life,
but twelve hours after the duel he expired.
Mr. Lefebvre was a Canadian by birth,
born in Montreal, and leaves behind him
a wife and two children. Mr. Janin, who
it appears, was born in France, had de-
pendent on him for support a mother and
sister. So two families are plunged pit-
ilessly into distress. The seconds, both
gentlemen of the highest standing, used
every effort to arrange the matter amicably,
but as had been before remarked, with-
out success, for no apology would be given.
The feeling appeared to be so bitter, so
utterly blood-thirsty, that nothing short of
life could appease it. Thus ended a most
tragic affair. The mania for duelling after
a custom, the practice of which generally
results disastrously to the most injured
party, and this last example proves no
conception to the general rule. And let
another thing be said, newspapers should
never become the heralds of such centen-
nial affairs. Once published, the parties
feel themselves compromised, and the fight
takes place certainly.

MARITIME INTERESTS.—The interests of
navigation reach, not merely below
Quebec, but also above Toronto. Though
the term "Maritime" applies strictly only
to salt or tidal waters, these interests ex-
tend to fresh water as well; and next to
the United States, there is no country in
the world which possesses such an extent
of navigable fresh water frontage. In-
cluding Newfoundland, Prince Edward
Island and Labrador, as far north as the
fishing stations reach, the entire extent of
water front owned by these Provinces,
counting no river but the St. Lawrence, is
upwards of 6,000 miles, which is more
than the United States can obtain on both
sides of the continent. This is placing our
western boundary at the head of Lake
Superior, and includes a stretch of coast
that is all more or less settled or resorted
to for industrial purposes. The amount of
shipping we own is the fourth largest in
the world, and with the rapid decadence
of that interest in the States, it is in a fair
way of becoming the second. Nature af-
fords us every facility for becoming a great
shipping and naval power, and it cannot
be too strongly recognized that our chief
reliance, both for offence and defence,
must be on the deep. The development
of whatever tends to promote it,
are objects to which we cannot give too
much prominence. Hitherto they have
been most shamefully neglected. We re-
fer not merely to Canada but to the other
Provinces as well.—*Quebec Chronicle.*

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH VISITORS.—An
Exchange states that a deputation from the
Free Church of Scotland will shortly cross
the Atlantic as delegates to the Old School
Presbyterian Assembly of the United States
and the Canada Presbyterian Synods. The
deputation is to consist of two clergymen
and a layman, and the former are to be
the celebrated Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh,
and Dr. Fairbairn, successor of Dr. Cum-
bergham, in the new college Edinburgh.
Perhaps no living Scotsman enlists the af-
fections for enthusiasm of his countrymen
at home and abroad so thoroughly as Dr.
Guthrie. A New York paper says that
some Baptist clergymen in New York have
a design in view of bringing the Rev. Mr.
Spurgeon there during the anniversary
week. It is also said the High Church
party among the Episcopalians, have a
similar design with no less a notability
than the Rev. Dr. Pusey.

This is decidedly the age of paper. Pa-
per postal currency and greenbacks flood
the country, thereby giving a fictitious
value to merchandise, real estate and
other articles of traffic. The lords of crea-
tion wear paper collars, bosoms and
wristbands, while the ladies, not to be be-
hindhand in the matter, wear various
articles of paper manufacture, the last but
by no means the least of which, are paper
pantalettes, the latest invention and de-
servedly popular among the fair sex. It
is now reported that shirts and chemise
will be made of the same material, and af-
forded at such low prices as to be within
the reach of all parties. If this is true,
then the occupation of the washer-women
will be greatly encroached upon, as these
garments form a considerable item in the
weekly family washings. What next will
paper be used for we are at a loss to de-
termine; but in such a paper age as this,
we should not be surprised at anything
that genius may invent.

THE FENIANS.—General Gleeson, who
is now Military Director of the Fenian
Brotherhood, has given a contract for two
thousand uniforms to a large clothing firm
in this city. The uniforms will be made
entirely of bright emerald green cloth, af-
ter the pattern of those worn by the Im-
perial Guard of the Austrian army. The
General is going to work with a venge-
ance to equip two regiments immediately,
and go where glory waits him—to Ireland.
A session of the Board of Directors was
held last evening for the purpose of per-
fecting the programme of action adopted
recently by the convention.—*N. Y. Herald.*

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