

Summerside Journal.

A NEW WESTERN PIONEER.

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

Vol. 2.—Whole Number 61.

Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, December 6, 1866.

No. 9.

THE **Summerside Journal** IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY EVENING, BY **BERTRAM & BARNARD.** AT THEIR OFFICE, CENTRAL STREET.

TERMS: 1 copy for one year, in advance, 6s. 8d. Persons getting up Clubs of Ten Subscribers will be entitled to the Journal for one year.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:
One square for 12 months, £2 10 0
do " 6 months, 1 10 0
do " 3 months, 0 18 0
do first insertion, 0 5 0
do each subsequent in. 0 1 3

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SUMMERSIDE, DEC. 6, 1866.

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Barley per bush	3s a 3s 6d
Potatoes per bush	1s 3d a 1s 6d
Turnips per bush	1s a 1s 1d
Butter per lb by Tub	1s a 1s 1d
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
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DR. PRICE,
Physician & Surgeon,
OFFICE—AT THE SUMMERSIDE DRUG STORE, next door to Bank, Central Street SUMMERSIDE, P. E. ISLAND, October 12, 1865.

Medical.
DR. McNEILL lately of Bellevue Hospital, New York would respectfully announce to the inhabitants of New London and Vicinity, that he has opened his SURGERY in Mr. J. M. Lyall's House at Stanley Bridge, (formerly known as Mrs. Cherry's) where he may be consulted in the various departments of his Profession, at all hours—day or night. Stanley Bridge, New London, Oct. 18, 1866.

JOHN HOMER, M. D. F. M. M. S.
MEDICAL OFFICE
OVER GREEN & SCHURMAN'S STORE, WATER STREET, SUMMERSIDE, P. E. I.

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Attorney-at-Law,
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E. D. STAIR,
CABINET-MAKER,
AND
Undertaker.
FURNITURE OF ALL KINDS MADE TO ORDER.
Kent Street, Charlottetown. Sept. 1866. 6m

THOMAS KELLY,
Barrister - at - Law
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
SUMMERSIDE, P. E. ISLAND Aug. 9, 1866 1y

Business Cards.

WILLIAM BEARSTO,
Commission Merchant,
Auctioneer & General Agent,
WATER STREET,
Summerside, P. E. Island
Summerside, Oct. 12, 1865.
DAVID BERTRAM,
Saddle and Harness Maker,
Water Street Summerside.
October 12, 1865. 1y

James Greenough,
FLOUR
Commission Merchant.
No 47 Commercial Street
Corner of Clinton Street - - - - - BOSTON
J. F. HILL & CO.,
DEALERS IN
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Foreign & Domestic Fruits,
Cranberries, Beans, Green & Dried Apples
Stalls 107 and 109.
and Cellar No. 19, Faneuil Hall Market
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Commission Merchants
And General Agents,
BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET,
Charlottetown, P. E. Island.
WILLIAM DODD,
Commission Merchant,
And Auctioneer,
QUEEN SQUARE,
CHARLOTTETOWN - P. E. ISLAND

THOMAS HANFORD,
AUCTIONEER
AND
Commission Merchant,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
Nov. 1, 1865 1y

J. H. GIBSON,
Plain & Ornamental
HOUSE & SIGN
PAINTER,
Summerside, P. E. Island.
October 12, 1865.

A CARD.
THE subscriber having purchased the STOCK IN TRADE OF JAMES LEHMAN at St. Eleanor's, the business in future will be conducted by him. As it is his intention to keep constantly on hand a variety of goods adapted for the country trade, he respectfully solicits a share of public patronage.
ALBERT L. ANDERSON.
St. Eleanor's, April 10, 1866.

JOHN ANDREW MACDONALD,
Importer of Dry Goods,
Hardware, Crockeryware, Groceries, stoves, Furniture, &c. &c.
Summerside, P. E. Island.

A. W. ANDRE'S
Marble Works,
Point Du Chene, Shediac,
Monuments, Tombs, Grave-stones, &c.
American & Italian Marble constantly on hand.
Sold at a less price than at any other establishment in the Province.
Point Du chene, N. B., Oct. 18, 1865.

Labrador Herring.
THE Subscriber has for sale 60 Bbls. Prime Labrador Herring, the only lot in the market cheap for Cash.
H. J. RICHARDSON.
Summerside, Nov. 1, 1866.

WANTED!
FOR THE GREENWICH DISTRICT SCHOOLS, New London, A MALE PUPIL, of either class. Speedy application should be made to the Subscriber.
By order of the Trustees,
GEORGE ANDERSON.
French River, New London, Nov. 8, 1866.

NOTICE!
THE Subscriber having made a material alteration in his business, which requires a prompt Settlement of ALL DEBTS due to him, would respectfully solicit all persons indebted to him, to make ACCOUNT on or before the 15th inst. All the accounts are ready for delivery.
STEPHEN W. CLARK.
Summerside, Nov. 1st, 1866.

ALL persons indebted to the subscriber, who have not made payment, by Book account, or note, or bill, are requested to make IMMEDIATE PAYMENT, to save expenses.
Summerside, Nov. 29, 1866.

POETRY.

(For the "Summerside Journal.")
LINKS composed by the Reverend Dr. Newman, on a voyage from Palermo to Marsailles, when he was in the Straits of Bonifacio; and before his secession from the Anglican Church:—
Lead kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.
I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Should'st lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears
Pride ruled my will—remember not past years.
So long Thy power hath led me on, it still
Will lead me on;
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone!
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

ON READING THE ABOVE:
I once enjoyed the light, but now, no more
It shines on me;
The shades of night descend—the day is o'er,
And where is He?
My gentle guide! who every care bestowed,
But, ill requited, left me on the road?

For I was rash, and on myself relied,
Nor wished His stay;
And soon, bewildered in the trackless wild,
I went astray;
And then, false lights alluring radiance threw
O'er mystic scenes—and I must needs pursue.
Far from my home, lost, and enveloped in
gloom,
Can I return?
Abandoned duties, yet again resume?
Ah, no, they'll spurn
The fond companion of their early youth,
So far estranged,—so long opposed to truth!

Not so, pity wanderer! by their Saviour taught
To purify all;
They will receive thee as good Christians ought—
Weep o'er thy fall—
Rejoice at thy return—and swell the sound
Of angel triumph, o'er a lost one found.
Charlottetown, Dec. 1, 1866. L. C. J.

Select Literature.

A SKELETON ROMANCE.
BY MARION HAILLAND.
'WHAT have I been doing with myself all this long, hot afternoon?' Just what you see me doing now, *ma chere*—sitting by this upper window, and looking across the yard and the lane, at the old mill.'

'Picturisque?' did you call it? Please pick up my pocket lexicon from the table there; I never travel without it. One likes to be accurate even in trifles of literature, you know. I want you to look out the exact meaning of that word which has become a fashion of losing so loosely. "Expressing that peculiar kind of beauty which is agreeable in a picture, whether natural or artificial." Indeed! Then, really and truly, my mill is a picturesque object, devoid of pretension as it is architecturally, with its square windows and narrow eaves. For the elms meet over the roof, mark you? and the water above the gates is a deep, dark mirror—Claude Lorraine reflector of the overhanging foliage, the buildings, the sky, and the nearest mountains; while below the wheel it tumbles into angry foam, and rushes madly away out of sight beneath the archway of the bridge. And the calmly-flowing, bright river beyond looks well in the sunset, does it not? and the background of hills, rising row above row, into the more distant mountain-range, are, as the Scotch critic said of Mrs. Siddons's Lady Macbeth, "na' sae bad."

'But the mill! I always loved a mill! Is not this delicious—the fragrance that the bruised grain gives out, and which the evening breeze from those water brings fresh and sweet into my window? I prefer it to the finest otto of roses, the most voluptuous breath of patchouli or millefleurs. Shakespeare's bank of violets were insipid in comparison. When a child, I used to sit, for hours, half buried in a heap of golden maize or wheat, upon the upper floor of a mill belonging to our uncle, on whose farm we sometimes rusticated for a month or so; and dream and read to my heart's content, undisturbed by the jolly miller, who took me under his especial protection. For I was a child once, and believed in the reality of some things in this cheating, lying, painted world; such, for instance, as truth and friendship, and the joy of reciprocal devotion and constancy, through good report and evil report, to the one beloved—and the like humbug, *Heigo!* how long it seems since I left off dreaming! and yet I am not to say very old! Just thirty-two last month—and, thanks to the excellent care I have taken of my physique, I might easily be mistaken for twenty-five. Don't you think so? For my teeth are my own; ditto my hair and complexion, which is more than some of us can say.

'You begin to understand why I enjoy this window and the view of the mill? It rejuvenates me!"—you think?
"My dear, allow me to say that you were never more ridiculously mistaken in your life. I feel as aged as Methuselah, sitting here, and staring down the tedious vista of years lying between me and my childhood. It seems a hundred years and more since I was twenty-one years old and came up to this very farm-house to recruit after my first regular winter in society.'

'You did not know that I had ever been here before? Of course not! Who was there to tell you this? Yet you must have seen that the old farmer and his wife down stairs saluted me as an old acquaintance. They have lived here ever since their marriage—forty years, I believe. What a bore it must be to occupy the same

house so long! and I don't think they have changed ten articles of furniture or altered so much as a window about the place in all that time.
"You like that quaint old homestead!" Did I intimate that I did not? Again, let me say that you do not know what you are talking about!
Yes! I see that you think me very cross and sharp—actually savage, in fact—and this phase of my character puzzles you, for you have hitherto seen me gay and good-humored, whatever might occur to ruffle other people's tempers. Don't provoke me, then, by asking questions! I hate to be catechized.
No! I don't wish to be left alone, and I like to study you. You look innocent and confiding, and as if you were still the proprietor of a heart, and as I said of myself, in my childish days—as if you believed in "things." What book is that which you are opening as a resting-place for your modest eyes? A novel? Bah! Why do people write them, I wonder when every one who has lived to the age of thirty can revive the incidents of a real romance that will stir the depths of his heart as no cold, printed page can ever do, however great and skillful may have been the narrator who transcribed it? Pens are not tongues, child, nor are words heart-beats. Therefore, real heart-histories will never be either written or told, and, as the slang comedians have it, there is where the laugh comes in—inasmuch as authors are perpetually trying to do what is impossible, and their readers fancying that they have succeeded in doing it.

'Don't I read romances?' Another question, you little interrogation-point! But I will be explicit, and answer you. I do read love stories, and have been reading one this livelong afternoon. The rumble and roar of the water-wheel over there is the whirl of the machinery that has unrolled a panoramic picture to my view. The yellow August sun-shine and the odor of the bruised corn were accessories to the representation.

Let me see! you are just eighteen, are you not? Well! I was three years older when, as I said, just now, I came up to this beautiful valley to pass a couple of months. I was the eldest of three daughters, and my father had no sons. It was but right and proper, therefore, that he should expect his girls to make creditable matches. The family pride might be upheld thereby. The next best thing to having a distinguished son, is to have a distinguished son-in-law—one whose private life would become public property. In the acquisition of this, a leading question would necessarily be—"Whom did he marry?" The answer—"A daughter of Ralph Milnor," would link together the Milnor name and that of the celebrity.

'*Tu vois, mon innocent—n'est-ce pas?*' Now if the truth be told, the Milnor pedigree would bear a little more ornament than had, as yet, embellished the pages of that mediocre volume. My paternal grand-sire was a plain farmer. You recollect that I spoke of the mill which belonged to his eldest son? Of my mother's parents, we know just nothing at all; but there was a whispered tradition in the family to the effect that a man, bearing the same name as did her father, had lived and died an honest boot-maker, in an out-of-the-way street in the town wherein my mother confessed to have been born. But Ralph Milnor was one of the "solid men" of the honored as the place of his residence. By solidity, I need not explain, even to your unsophisticated comprehension, is signified wealth of dollars rather than weight of character or intellectual culture. As I had to his worth in this respect, my father possessed an oily fluency of speech, a bland countenance, and manners which superficial observers called polished. Underneath this disguise—but, never mind! you have heard the story of the iron hand and the velvet glove too often to care to have me repeat a new edition of the same. To his children he was indulgent—or, so said lookers-on. He denied us no educational or social advantage that money could buy. Our clothing was handsome; our home the embodiment of elegant comfort; and the senior by four years, of the second daughter, "came out," my first party and my winter's wardrobe were the admiring envy of all our acquaintances.

If this solid citizen and model parent had a favorite in his household band, it was I. In personal appearance—you will excuse me for asserting it—I bore off the palm from nine-tenths of my young associates. I sang passably; talked easily, if not wittily, and to borrow another stage phrase—"drew" well in higher circles than those in which my parents had been reared. My watchful guardian attended me everywhere—an evidence of his regard for me which I rather enjoyed for a while, but found decidedly irksome, when invitations began to shower upon me from younger, and, to my taste, more attractive men. His persistency in this respect was the earliest intimation I had of the determination to retain the choice of a life-partner for me in his own hands. I was quick-sighted, and I soon observed that he exercised over my intercourse with marriageable gentlemen surveillance ceaseless as stealthy. I hardly knew whether to be most nettled or diverted at this discovery, for, among my swarm of admirers, there was not one for whom I entertained the least preference, beyond that which a girl may naturally feel for a graceful companion in the dance, or an amusing talker who can beguile away a half hour at an evening party. I liked to be admired. I like it still—about as well as I do anything, I believe. But, even then, this very fondness for the applause of the many was one of the strongest dissuasives to concentration of the affections upon any one person. I loved pleasure and I loved liberty too, I was wont to declare, to think of sacrificing these while youth and good looks insured my enjoyment of them.

I had a gay winter, and so far as popularity with the crowd was concerned, a very successful one. The next summer found me a little fagged-out, and my father and mother, after consultation grave and confidential, decided that neither watering-place nor mountain hotel should be brightened by my presence that season. An early friend and neighbor of my father's—Mr. Reynolds—still cultivated in peace and contentment, his paternal acres in the immediate vicinity of what had been my grandfather's farm.

"It is the healthiest region in the State!" said Mr. Milnor, in announcing to me the plan he had conceived for my benefit. "And you, who are so fond of fine scenery, will enjoy the drives and walks among the mountains. The seclusion will be a positive benefit to you in more respects than one. You will regain your bloom and enjoy city life all the more after your return, and your temporary loss will make your society the more attractive to those who have missed you. Take plenty of books, drawing materials, worsteds—or whatever you young ladies amuse yourselves with in your leisure hours—for you will find few companions of your own rank in that part of the country. And mind!"—he added, with his blandest smile, "new resolutions denoted a peculiar firmness of resolution—"that you do not fall in love with any of the rustic swains whom you happen to see driving the plough and hoeing potatoes."

He stopped there, but I comprehended the full import of his prohibition, and contemplated myself upon the extreme improbability of my ever committing an action so awkward and absurd as that which he forbade.

He escorted me up to the farm himself, remaining but an hour, however, with his boyhood's friend, and hurrying off to catch the return train to the city. Mrs. Reynolds had served a luncheon for us, we having arrived too late for the twelve o'clock dinner, and after I had bidden my father farewell and sought my chamber—the one in which we are now seated—I drew up a chair to this window and prepared to enjoy solitude and the country. It was not difficult to admire the latter, but the first lacked the element which some Frenchman—Voltaire, I believe—says is requisite to the perfect enjoyment of the same, to wit, a companion to whom one can exclaim, "Qu'elle est charmante—la solitude!"

The farmer had two sons—one a young married man, who, with his wife and three children, continued to reside under the paternal roof; the other a boy of sixteen, who had shrunk into the mill to escape observation, as we drove up to the house door. These, with Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds and two hired servants, constituted the household in which I was to pass six or eight weeks. It was no marvel that I felt homesick, as hour after hour went by, and the whirring of the mill-wheel, the distant shouts of the older children, the cry of a babe, and the cackle of a hen who seemed never tired of exulting over a newly-laid egg, were the only sounds that refreshed my ears, while not a soul approached my room. Regarding these as samples of rural enjoyments, I looked forward, with a sinking heart, to the wearisome days in reserve for me before the term of my seclusion should be completed. The lower rim of the great, fiery sun at last touched the western ridge of mountains, and I seized my hat, resolved upon following the windings of the stream, making it my guide in the exploration of the valley, the beauties of which had rendered even my prosaic father eloquent.

I was passing the mill just then—do you see that tall clump of grass? I could lay my hand upon that very spot—when the sound of music within checked my steps. A clear, powerful bass voice was singing the pretty little ditty entitled, "Nathalie, the Maid of the Mill." You have heard it, perhaps. I never did until then. Ever since, the rushing beat of that old wheel has kept time to it in my imagination. Hark! if it does not!

'Down the stream, as cheerily
Beside the mill we row,
Where the echoes merrily
Their playful chorus throw,
Tra, la, la, la, la.

To the pretty Nathalie
A passing draught we fill;
Sweetly sings she there,
Where the *tac, tac, tac,* goes the mill.

There is nothing worth remembering in either words or music, you see; a tripping, pleasing melody, such as any country singing-school master might teach his pupils to execute with tolerable success. But the voice that I heard had neither the rustic drawl nor twang. It was sonorous, round, pure, and the words were enunciated as no district schoolmaster could ever do himself, much less train others to imitate.

So, as I have said, my feminine curiosity got the better of my prudence, and I hallooed—nay, more—I leaped forward far enough to obtain a view of the interior of the building. The whole of the lower floor was taken up by one large room, lighted by four windows. There were rows of plethoric sacks along one wall; the great cylinder beam, such as I had seen in my uncle's mill, was turning in the middle, and on either side were the troughs slanting down from the upper floor, each with its stream of meal or flour pouring into the boxes below. The floor was covered with snowy powder, which became yellow as gold dust where the sunshine fell across it through the western windows, and in the broad track of these beams, the air was full of glittering notes. There was a back door, looking out upon the river, and against the post of this stood the unknown musician. He was dressed in white—a loosely-fitting sack of grass-cloth and linen trousers, with straw hat—such attire as a gentleman might assume in the country, yet which was not inconsistent with the occupation of a Miller who had some regard for his personal appearance. A Miller I decided him to be, at a second glance, for his curling beard, black by nature as a raven's wing, was streaked with the white dust that lay everywhere, and he was the only tenant of the building.

The river danced and glowed behind him; the sunlight stretched to his feet, and the wheel beat an accompaniment to his roundelay; and I stood without, spell-bound, like a silly village-maid who had never heard a fine voice or seen a handsome man before. For he was handsome, my dear! I have seen him since, when the glamour of a girl's forlorn fancy no longer invested him with a robe of its own weaving, and I say, dispassionately and frankly, that I have rarely, if ever, seen a more splendid specimen of manhood. He was tall and deep of chest, erect in carriage, and ebony-haired and eyed.

This much I had remarked, when an impatient scowling swooped across the front door, and the swift shadow cast by the sunshine upon the floor caused the miller to turn quickly towards me, a motion so sudden that I had no time for retreat. He came forward in a style that was neither boorish nor servile in its courtesy.

'You wish to be weighed, I suppose!' he said, in a civil tone, as if the service he imagined I required were a part of his appointed business.

And, luckily recalling a remark which the farmer had made to my father at luncheon time, relating to my supposed avoirdupois and the grain in flesh he anticipated for me in the course of six weeks subsistence upon fresh milk and new-laid eggs, I had the wit to reply, "Yes, if you please," without blushing more than was becoming, and to walk boldly into the mill, I had never been weighed before in my life, and I cannot but smile now, as I remember what a nervous operation I felt it to be; how my limbs shook under me as I stood upon the platform of the scales, and what very shadowy ideas I had as to what number of pounds I was likely to turn out.

"120!" uttered the miller, who had not participated in my flutter of feeling, but had borne himself with the utmost equanimity through the scene.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Working Women of England.

At the last social science Congress Earl Shaftbury says:
"I appeal to you on behalf of 1,000,000 children, woman, and young persons, still under the slavery of cruel and oppressive trades, who are, at this hour without the pale of legislative protection. But while I leave the remainder, I must dwell for a moment on the abomination of the brick-fields. Let the hardest heart that can be found in England visit those spots, and if he be not moved, he must at least be ashamed of his sex and of his country. There the female seems to be brought to the lowest point of servile ignorance and degradation. Hundreds of little girls, from eight to eleven years of age, half-naked, and so beset with dirt as to be barely distinguishable from the soil they stand on, are put to work in these abodes of oppression. Bearing burdens of clay on their heads and in their arms, they totter, and to, during many hours of toil. When I spoke to them, they either remained aglazed with astonishment, or ran away screaming as though some evil spirit had appeared to them. I could not restrain my indignation, nor can I now, at this wicked scorn of female rights, this wicked waste of female excellency and virtue. Mothers and wives they can never be in the high and holy sense of those words; and yet were they trained to decency and truth, might there not be found some to equal the priceless heroism of Lady Baker, or the Christian intellect of Mrs. Stowe."

He describes the condition of the people engaged in several other employments as equally deplorable.

A Girl nine years old shoots a Robber

(From the *Quacita* (La.) Telegraph, Nov. 1)

Few families have ever been placed in such circumstances as that of Mr. Cushman's, on Thursday night last, to be relieved so unexpectedly and by such an exhibition of heroism and self-possession as we are about to record. Some time about midnight Mrs. Cushman was aroused by the barking of the yard dog. Getting out of bed and seizing a repeater which was at the head of her bed, she was awaiting developments when the noise of a whispering was heard. In a few seconds efforts were being made at three different windows to burst open the blinds. Mrs. Cushman twice endeavored to discharge the repeater through one of the blinds, but it refused to fire. Della, a little daughter, nine years old, had in the meantime been aroused, and she had gathered the other of the two repeaters which had been placed at the head of the bed. While her mother was exchanging her refractory weapon for a shot gun which was in the room, little Della had taken her stand at one of the windows. They were to show for little Della, so forcing the muzzle between the folding blinds and guessing at her aim, she fired. The robber had received his reward. Groans and mutterings took the place of busy preparations to rob, and probably otherwise outrage a peaceable family. The robbers gathered around their wounded companion and bore him off, it is not known whether dead or alive. Unfortunately it is not known who the robbers were; even their color is unknown.

BIGHAM'S WIVES.—One of the first questions a stranger asks in this city is, "how many wives has Brigham Young?" He says himself, I believe, that he does not know, as he has been "sealed" to very many who are the wives of other men. It is generally supposed, however, that he has at least upwards of twenty, and many say double this number. His children are, on the same authority, stated to number about one hundred girls and eighty boys. Heber B. Kimball confesses to "about sixty children." Brigham is getting to be quite an old man, and on his death an interesting question is likely to arise concerning the division of his property, said to be very large. The children of his extra wives could scarcely be considered heirs in a legal sense. The death of about a dozen of these Mormon officials would make more widows and orphans than a good sized battle, and mourning goods will surely rise in value when Brigham dies.—*Letter from Salt Lake.*

A SINGULAR CUSTOM IN SPAIN.—The singular familiarity with which executioners in Spain are accompanied, has just taken place in Madrid. In this instance the criminal was a young man, an engraver, named Sanz, who had been arrested for participation in the events of June last. The gendarme who fulfilled that mission appears to have acted with a certain brutality; and Sanz, on being acquitted resolved to take revenge, and lying in wait for the other, stabbed him to the heart. Being arrested and tried he was condemned to die by the garrote, and the sentence was carried out a few days back. After the execution he has performed his office in Spain, he is surrounded by gendarmes, loaded with chains and taken to prison, where the following dialogue takes place: "You are accused of having taken the life of a man." "Yes," answers the execution-

sudden that I had no time for retreat. He came forward in a style that was neither boorish nor servile in its courtesy.

'You wish to be weighed, I suppose!' he said, in a civil tone, as if the service he imagined I required were a part of his appointed business.

And, luckily recalling a remark which the farmer had made to my father at luncheon time, relating to my supposed avoirdupois and the grain in flesh he anticipated for me in the course of six weeks subsistence upon fresh milk and new-laid eggs, I had the wit to reply, "Yes, if you please," without blushing more than was becoming, and to walk boldly into the mill, I had never been weighed before in my life, and I cannot but smile now, as I remember what a nervous operation I felt it to be; how my limbs shook under me as I stood upon the platform of the scales, and what very shadowy ideas I had as to what number of pounds I was likely to turn out.

"120!" uttered the miller, who had not participated in my flutter of feeling, but had borne himself with the utmost equanimity through the scene.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Working Women of England.

At the last social science Congress Earl Shaftbury says:
"I appeal to you on behalf of 1,000,000 children, woman, and young persons, still under the slavery of cruel and oppressive trades, who are, at this hour without the pale of legislative protection. But while I leave the remainder, I must dwell for a moment on the abomination of the brick-fields. Let the hardest heart that can be found in England visit those spots, and if he be not moved, he must at least be ashamed of his sex and of his country. There the female seems to be brought to the lowest point of servile ignorance and degradation. Hundreds of little girls, from eight to eleven years of age, half-naked, and so beset with dirt as to be barely distinguishable from the soil they stand on, are put to work in these abodes of oppression. Bearing burdens of clay on their heads and in their arms, they totter, and to, during many hours of toil. When I spoke to them, they either remained aglazed with astonishment, or ran away screaming as though some evil spirit had appeared to them. I could not restrain my indignation, nor can I now, at this wicked scorn of female rights, this wicked waste of female excellency and virtue. Mothers and wives they can never be in the high and holy sense of those words; and yet were they trained to decency and truth, might there not be found some to equal the priceless heroism of Lady Baker, or the Christian intellect of Mrs. Stowe."

He describes the condition of the people engaged in several other employments as equally deplorable.

A Girl nine years old shoots a Robber

(From the *Quacita* (La.) Telegraph, Nov. 1)

Few families have ever been placed in such circumstances as that of Mr. Cushman's, on Thursday night last, to be relieved so unexpectedly and by such an exhibition of heroism and self-possession as we are about to record. Some time about midnight Mrs. Cushman was aroused by the barking of the yard dog. Getting out of bed and seizing a repeater which was at the head of her bed, she was awaiting developments when the noise of a whispering was heard. In a few seconds efforts were being made at three different windows to burst open the blinds. Mrs. Cushman twice endeavored to discharge the repeater through one of the blinds, but it refused to fire. Della, a little daughter, nine years old, had in the meantime been aroused, and she had gathered the other of the two repeaters which had been placed at the head of the bed. While her mother was exchanging her refractory weapon for a shot gun which was in the room, little Della had taken her stand at one of the windows. They were to show for little Della, so forcing the muzzle between the folding blinds and guessing at her aim, she fired. The robber had received his reward. Groans and mutterings took the place of busy preparations to rob, and probably otherwise outrage a peaceable family. The robbers gathered around their wounded companion and bore him off, it is not known whether dead or alive. Unfortunately it is not known who the robbers were; even their color is unknown.

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