

Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

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THE Summerside Journal

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October 12, 1866. 1y

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. Lydiard's House, (at Stanley Bridge, formerly known as Effie's Ferry) 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.—1y

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Summerside, P. E. Island
Summerside, Oct. 12, 1866.

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Orders for shipment will receive prompt
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A CARD.
THE subscriber having purchased the
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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.

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Monuments, Tombs, Grave-
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Sold at a less price than at any other estab-
lishment in the Provinces.
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POETRY.

THE BEAUTY OF OLD AGE.
I often think each tottering form
That limps along in life's decline,
Once bore a heart as young, as warm,
As full of idle faults as mine!
And each has had its dream of joy,
Its own unequalled, pure romance;
Compensating when the blushing boy
First thrill'd at lovely woman's glance.

And each could tell his tale of youth,
Would think its scenes of love evince
More passion, more unceasing truth
Than any tale before or since.
Yes! they could tell of tender lays,
At midnight penn'd in classic shades,
Of days more bright than modern days—
And maids fairer than modern maids.

Of whispers in a willing ear;
Of kisses on a blushing cheek,
Each kiss, each whisper far too dear
Our modern lips to give or speak.
Of passions too untimely cross'd—
Of passions slighted or betrayed—
Of kindred spirits early lost,
And buds that blossomed but to fade.

Of beaming eyes and tresses gay,
Elastic form and noble brow,
And forms that have all passed away,
And left them what we see them now.
And is it this—human love
So very light and frail a thing?
And must youth's brightest vision move
Forever on Time's restless wing?

Must all the eyes that still are bright
And all the lips that talk of bliss,
And all the forms so fair to sight,
Hereafter only come to this?
Then what are all our treasures worth,
If we at length must lose them thus—
If all we value most on earth
Ere long must fade away from us?

Select Literature.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE AT SEA.
A short time since I happened to be in
Valparaiso, where I made the acquaintance
of an American, one of the officers of the
United States whaling-ship Nantucket,
which had run in from her fishing grounds
in the Pacific, to obtain a supply of water
and fresh provisions; and one day, in
talking over the various events of the
cruise, which had lasted two years, he
narrated the following curious incident
which had befallen them.

One morning at daybreak, when lying
beached, they found themselves in the
midst of a shoal of sperm whales, and all
four of their boats were speedily lowered
and chased. Two of them proved
successful, and by the afternoon had re-
turned to the ship, towing their captured
prey; but the others were not so fortunate,
having by some blunder missed their first
chance, it was not until after an arduous
chase of many hours that their leading
boat at last succeeded in overtaking and
making fast to the whale. A long and
desperate struggle ensued, the second
crew quickly coming to the assistance of
the first; but line after line from both was
expended by the animal, which proved to
be of the largest size, and of immense
strength and tenacity of life. It tried
every means to escape, sometimes som-
ing, that is, descending perpendicularly to
a vast depth into the recesses of the ocean,
until the enormous pressure of the super-
incumbent waters was more than even its
huge strength could bear, and it was forced
to return to the surface, along which it
would then rush with such velocity, drag-
ging both boats after it, that the water,
divided by the sharp bows, curled high in
two solid walls on either hand. At length,
however, its speed began to slacken, and
the whaler, anxious to secure their prize
before darkness set in, advanced to
finish him, and four more lanes were
rapidly hurled into the body of the mon-
ster, which, apparently exhausted by its
proceeding efforts, lay passive on the
water. No sooner, however, had the last
steed penetrated, than, as if the stimulus
had roused anew all its vital energies, it
flung itself half out of the water, and
bursting its ponderous flukes high up in
the air, struck two tremendous blows in
quick succession, one of which fell upon
the foremost boat, enting it completely in
two, and scattering its occupants (one of
whom had his thigh broken) in all direc-
tions. After doing this mischief, it again
sounded; and, hastily picked up their com-
panions, and placing the wounded man in
the bottom of the boat, the rest, undaun-
ted, impatiently awaited the coming up
of the animal to breathe. But they waited in
vain; their prey had escaped them. In his
last desperate effort to free himself, he had,
(so I was told, at least) divided so deeply,
that, with his strength exhausted, he was
unable again to rise, and dying below,
sank still deeper. The disappointed whal-
ers sat in silence, watching their lines
disappearing fathom after fathom, until
their last yard was gone, when the bow-
man, who held his tomahawk uplifted
ready to strike, was compelled to let it fall
and sever the rope, lest the weight of the
descending body should drag the boats
down with it into the abyss.

Wearied with their long day of fruitless
toil, and depressed at their ill-fortune, the
men prepared to return to their ship, which
had long before sunk beneath the horizon;
for, being calm, she could not make sail
to follow them. After pulling for some
hours, however, they felt a breeze spring
up, which they knew would bring her
down; and, after awhile, a rocket ascend-
ing showed her position; and this signal
was repeated every half hour, until the
vessel was within a few miles. They had
been resting on their oars for some time,
but had once more resumed them upon
noticing that the breeze was dying away,
and their ship likely to be becalmed, when
all at once a sound struck upon their ears,
which made each man pause in astonish-
ment. It was a groan, or rather a hoarse,
heavy, smothered kind of moan, which
seemed to be borne to them from across

the waters; but whether from near at hand
or far away they could not tell.

The men stood up in their boat and lis-
tened. The night was cloudy and dark;
but the line between sea and sky was suf-
ficiently distinct to show to their practiced
vision the form of their own vessel, which
was only three miles away; but no sail
was visible on that part of the horizon
from whence the sound appeared to come.
Thinking it possible, however, that some
shipwrecked boat's crew might be in their
neighborhood, they joined together in a
shout; but there was no response audible.
All at once, however, some flashes of light
gleamed across the distant darkness, and a
bluish glare shone out for a minute or
two, flickered and disappeared. At the
same moment, a distant piercing cry, fol-
lowed by moanings similar to the first they
had heard, rose on the night air. In all
their experience, whether on sea or land,
they had never heard sounds like them,
and, amazed and startled, and with all the
superstitious fears excited to which sailors
are prone, the men in the boat whispered
their conjectures to each other.

There's nothing as I know of that swims,
the sea or flies in the air, could make those
sounds," said one. "If there was any craft
anywhere within miles, we could see her
sails plain enough; we are too far out at
sea for any coasters carrying cattle. Beside,
there's no such trade on this coast, and
we're a good eight hundred miles
from it."

"If it's from a boat, what kind of a crew
must she have? That's what I want to
know," said a second. "I know what it is
to be adrift and perishing. I was once on
a raft with twenty more, for two-and-thirty
days, and a whole lot of them went mad
and died raving, from drinking the salt
water, and yelling and fought, and throttled
each other till they were pitched overboard;
but then, these here sounds aren't human
like."

"Couldn't be a whale, Bill, that made
that moanin' noise?" asked another of the
boat-steerers, who was a veteran salt, hav-
ing followed his calling as a sealer and
whaler all parts of the world.
"Well, it might be—that those might;
though I've heard exactly like it neither—
I've heard 'em too not to know 'em. Sperm
whale don't roar much; but right black, or
Greenland species, common all over the
world, you can hear at times miles from
them. I remember once, when I was in New Zealand—we was a Bay whaling near Hokian-
gi—we killed a cow whale and her calf,
and towed 'em into the bay. Well, the old
bull, he came in at night-fall, and kep' up
such a moanin' and roarin' it was pitiful to
hear him. He knowed his missus had come
in there, you see, and he was a callin' on
her to come out; and for night-hand on to
a week, every night, he'd call about in
the offing, until daylight, waitin' and call-
in' her. I weren't till we stripped the
blubber off 'em, and towed the carcass out
to sea that he gave in and left."

For some time the men listened; but
nothing more was heard or seen. They
also rowed for some distance in the di-
rection of the sounds, and again shouted,
but got no reply; and an hour afterwards they
were picked up and taken on board. The
captain, when he heard their story, swept
the horizon with his night glass; but de-
tecting no sail, he concluded that the ves-
sel from which the light had proceeded
(if they really had seen it) had passed out
of sight in the interval; and as for the
sounds which had startled them, he made
light of them.

"You heard a grampus grunting, or some
seals snorting, or maybe, some penguins
trumpeting," he said. "You were all knock-
ed up and half asleep. Turn in, in the whole
lot of you, and take a snooze till daylight,
for we must finish stripping and trying out
this fish. A set of lubbers you were,
to lose that other whale!"

The men did as they were ordered, but
were perfectly convinced that the sounds
they had heard were not caused by any
such agencies as their commander had
mentioned. The light, strange as it was,
certainly might have come from a passing
ship, although, in that case, it was odd
they could not see it. Each of the noises
separately also might be thus accounted
for; perhaps; but the whole occurring to-
gether, and proceeding from one quarter,
was to them inexplicable.

They had been asleep some hours, and
day was about to break. The breeze had
slightly freshened; but the ship, after hav-
ing picked up the boats, had been a long
time, and consequently had remained nearly
stationary during the night, the carcass of
the whale having been placed alongside,
secured by tackles, preparatory to stripping
the blubber, or 'blanket-piece,' as it is
technically called. Some of this had al-
ready been taken off, hoisted on deck, cut
up, and placed in the huge coppers, used
in the sperm whale fishery for bottling (or
'trying out,' as it is termed) the oil—these
coppers being embedded in brickwork, on
the upper or open deck. The fires beneath
them being laid ready for lighting, the
mate was busy with his preparations when
the captain, who had been in bed turned
out and came on deck.

"Do you know," said he, "that I really
think that there was no mistake in what
the hands said? There's something out of
the way going on, or about near us. My
cabin window was open—the head of my
bunk is close to it—and as I lay there—I
did not hear anything—I can't make out what?
Did you hear anything?"
"No; we've been busy knocking about
the decks. What was it like?"
"Well, at first it was like what the men
said—deep groaning, moaning, and
rumbling kind of noises, a good distance
off apparently. Then I heard a scream;
then some one laughing—a rum sort of
laugh it was too.—I should have thought
myself dreaming, only for what the men
had said."

"How long since was this?" asked the
mate.
"Within this last quarter of an hour.
But is everything ready for trying out,
Mr. Smart?" And the captain examined
the preparations made. "Call the watch
as soon as it is light enough, and set all
hands to work. The coppers are charged,
so you may as well light the fires; and then
pass the word along for silence fore and
aft. I want to listen, and try and make
out what those noises mean."

I went and stood by the aft-trail, while
the men on deck, ceasing their work, went
to the side, or mounted the rigging.

For a short time they remained thus,
looking and listening, when the captain,
hearing again the deep moaning he had
described, raised the speaking trumpet he
held, and hailed. As the hoarse sound
died away, a startling reply was given.
A burst of strange, harsh laughter came
ringing across the water, gradually chang-
ing into a wild cry, which rose upon the
night air, sounding inexpressibly sad and
mournful. At that moment, as the sea-
men, thrilled and awe-struck, listened,
the fires which had been lit beneath the
coppers, and which had been fed with
pieces of refuse blubber, began to burn up
brightly, the flames presently shooting up
half way to the tops, and casting a broad
red glare over the surrounding waters.
And, as if this flame had been a spell to
conjure up to the demons of the deep,
from the thick darkness beyond the verge
of the circle of light issued a succession
of sounds of the most extraordinary char-
acter. Yells and howls, shrill screams
and roars—now commingled, now sepa-
rate—at times dying away, and again, as
the flames shot up fiercely, rising in hide-
ous choruses—assaulted the ears of the as-
tounded whalers, while at intervals,
mingled with the uproar, was what seemed
to some on board to be the sound, indis-
tinctly heard, of human voices. This had
continued until the vessel had passed on
her way some distance, when the noise
had become more and more faint and
finally died away.

Before the fires had been lit, the ship
had been put before the wind in order
that the smoke and flame might pass for-
ward and not endanger the rigging or in-
commode the men at their labor. Some
of the latter, alarmed at the sounds, would
willingly have had her continue her course
and leave the vicinity; but this Yankee
skipper was not so superstitious; and,
being determined to ascertain their cause,
he ordered the fires to be put out, (so that
the vessel might sail against the wind,) and
returned. While the lookouts about
were trying to catch sight of any vessel or
other object in the neighborhood, the
sounds again reached them; and, steering
in their direction, the ship was hoisted to
and a boat lowered; but the men hung back
when the captain ordered a crew in, and
wished to wait for daylight.

"Why, what are you afraid of, men?
Do you think there are evil spirits cruis-
ing?"
He paused in surprise, and all hands
uttered a cry. A strange phenomenon
was presented to their view; a pale-blue
phosphorescent light suddenly gleamed out
of the darkness, and showed them a
wreck, dismasted and drifting. Through
the open ports and breaches in the bul-
works, broken by the waves, the unearthly-
looking radiance shone, glimmering and
flickering on the stump of the mainmast,
the only fragment of a spar left standing.
Its bows were towards them, and from
their own mastsheads they could at times,
when it pitched and rolled, see down to
its deck. Close to the after hatchway
burned a blue tremulous flame, some-
times shooting up visibly, at others sink-
ing until nearly extinguished, by the light
of which all on deck was rendered visible.
All hands looked eagerly for signs of a
crew; but nothing in the shape of a man
was to be seen. The deck was cleared,
the long-boat and spars gone; there was
nothing to conceal them from view, had
any men been on board.

But although nothing in the guise of
mortal man was visible, other objects pre-
sented themselves to the view of the awe-
struck sailors. Gaunt and weird-looking
shapes of hideous animals were plainly
seen flitting restlessly to and fro in the
ghastly light of that unnatural illumination,
of a lonely wreck at sea.

"I can tell you, sir," said my informant,
at this portion of his narrative, "that I for
one was scared, and no mistake about it."
I was brought up on a part of New
England where a belief in the supernatural
prevails. I had heard that evil spirits ap-
peared at times in the form of beasts, and
haunted the places where they had when
on earth committed their crimes; and we
were off that coast where, for two hundred
years, the desperados of every climate,
pirates, buccaners—had pursued,
when in life, their horrid calling. As
the blue light flickered, and the yells
once more broke out, these tales of my
early days might have made me fancy
myself in the presence of some phantom
ship with its ghastly crew.

"But daylight soon came, the blue light
went out, and we then saw that the wreck
was a real one, and that a boat was towing
astern; and when we pulled to it and
hailed, voices from the cabin at, replied,
and we rowed round and saw a man with
his head and shoulders projecting out of
the window.

"I say, stranger!" he shouted, "don't
none of you offer to come aboard.—Some
of the critters got loose last night, and
they're dangerous." And dangerous
enough they appeared to be, for at that
moment came to the aft-trail, and looked
down on us, several hyenas, whose eyes,
sparkling with famine, glared most fore-
bodingly; and no wonder; they had no
food for nearly a week.

"The brig was in fact a complete men-
agerie, which a speculative American was
taking to California, visiting all the South
American ports on his way. He had been
blown out to sea by a hurricane, which at
last carried away his masts, and he had
been drifting about ever since, till his
beasts were nearly starved. He had a
miserable crew, half of them being his
showmen, and he himself was his own
captain, trusting to his mate to navigate
for him. They had prepared the long-
boat for leaving, should no vessel fall in
with them, but had made repeated abortive
efforts to rig jury-masts as well. In their
last attempt the spar had fallen, and the
heel of it smashed the cage containing the
hyenas, and all hands had to make a
speedy retreat to the aft cabin, and keep
below till daylight should enable them to
shoot, or otherwise secure them. Our
fire, by exciting the beasts, attracting
their notice, and at first they thought it
was a burning ship. The light seen by
the boat early in the night was made by
burning some spirits of wine out of the
cabin window, and they now prepared to
repeat the signal, hoping to attract our
attention; but this time, instead of hang-
ing it out of the cabin window, they man-
aged to open the hatchway and push it out on

the deck, where the beasts were prowling
about, restless with the hunger which tor-
mented them.

"The crew stayed three days with us;
we rigged them up jury-masts, and what
was of greater consequence, supplied the
captain with plenty of the beef from the
whale for his animals, and thus saved
him from ruin; for the poor man had in-
vested all he had in the menagerie. We
heard afterwards that he got safe to Callao,
and I suppose is in California long before
this."

HORRIBLE DISCLOSURES.

The Paris correspondent of the London
Star tells this horrible story—
A subject of deep interest is now dis-
cussed at the French Academy of Medicine,
to which I have already alluded—namely,
the frightful mortality among French
children, according to the fashion of this
country put out to nurse. Every year
twenty thousand babies are sent out of
Paris under the care of peasant nurses,
and of that number five thousand on an
average, are returned to their mothers,
the other fifteen thousand having died of
cold, starvation and bad treatment. Since
1846, it has been calculated that in the
neighborhood of Paris alone, three hun-
dred thousand of the nurslings have died
in the hands of their foster-mothers. Why
should such barbarous murder be allowed
to depopulate the country? It is entirely
owing to the bad management of the
bailleres de nourrices over which govern-
ment has not, till now, exercised a proper
amount of surveillance. These officers re-
ceive indiscriminately every woman who
applies to them for employment.

A frightful trade is carried on by specu-
lators of the lowest class, denominated
bailleres, who enroll countrywomen in their
port, convey them to Paris in carts justly
called "purgatories," obtain for them
babies whose mothers have applied at the
offices for a nurse for their child, and con-
vey them and the children back to the
country. The horrors that take place
during the journey to Paris and back in
the vehicle of the *nourrice* are of so start-
ling a nature that one could hardly be-
lieve them to be true, were it not for the
undoubted proofs which have been laid
before the Academy of Medicine. Thus
the countrywomen make no scruple in ex-
changing the babies entrusted to them,
and several among them undertake to
nurse two or three children at a time. "I
have seen," exclaims M. Chevalier, ad-
dressing the Academy, "one woman pro-
fessing to nurse seven infants, and yet she
herself had neither milk nor a cow."

Fed with bad broth, exposed to every
species of dirt and neglect, the miserable
infant sickens and dies. The nurse, how-
ever, writes to its mother that her baby is
prospering, that it has grown out of its
clothes and requires a fresh supply. The
mother naturally spends her month's wages
in supplying her child's wants, and goes
on paying its board for months after it has
been lying in the village cemetery. A
considerable number of nurses come an-
nually to Paris and carry back a supply
of children, and not one has ever been known
to bring a child back to the capital. In
their charge the children simply appear
and disappear. Dr. Brocard cited in his
speech to the Academy two communes of
the Eure et Loire Department, where the
nurselings invariably die.

It appears there are women among the
nurses whose reputation is well known,
and *bailleres reputees*, these nurses are es-
pecially sought for by certain ill-famed
houses. Enticing a new-born infant to
one of them is tantamount to infanticide.
Dr. Brocard read several copies of letters
written by nurses to the children's
parents, describing in pathetic language
the rosy cheeks and increasing charms of
their infants, dead weeks before the epistle
was written.

A GOOD WIFE.

A translation of a Welsh triad:
She is modest, void of deceit, and obedient.
Pure of conscience, gracious of tongue,
and true to her husband.
Her heart not proud, her manners affable,
and her bosom full of compassion for
the poor.
Laboring to be tidy, skilful of hand, and
fond of praying to God.
Her conversation amiable, her dress de-
cent, and her house orderly.
Quick of hand, quick of eye, and quick
of understanding.
Her person tidy, her manners agreeable,
and her heart innocent.
Her face benignant, her head intelligent,
and provident.
Loving her husband, loving peace, and
loving God.
Happy the man who possesses such a
wife.

"KEEP THE GATE SHUT."

A Farmer was one day walking in his
field, when he saw a party of huntsmen
riding on his farm. He had one field
which he was anxious they should not ride
over, if they did, it would be likely to do
great deal of harm to the crop that was
growing in it. He called one of the boys
who worked for him, and told him to go
and fasten the gate of that field, and then
keep watch there, and on no account to
let the huntsmen in.

The boy did as he was told. Soon one
of the huntsmen rode up, and asked him
to open the gate; but the boy refused,
saying, "No, sir; master told me to keep
it shut." The gentleman tried to persuade
him to open it, as he wanted very much
to go through the field; but the boy returned
the same answer. "Master told me to keep
it shut." Then some more of the hunters
came, and joined with the first, telling the
boy he must open the gate. Still, however,
he firmly but politely refused, returning
the same answer. "Master told me to keep
it shut." At last a noble-looking rider
came up. "Come, my boy, open the gate."
"No, sir, master told me to keep it shut."
"Oh, nonsense! you must open it." Still
the boy refused. One of the huntsmen
said, "Do you know who you are speak-
ing to? It is the Duke of Wellington." "I
can not help it, sir; master told me to keep
the gate shut." It is said that the duke was
so well pleased with the boy's firmness, that

Blanks of all kinds for sale at
the "Journal" Office.

JOHN CLAYTON, MEDICAL OFFICER,
SUMMERSIDE, P. E. I., to save expenses
Summerside, Nov. 29, 1