Summerside Journal.
AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

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Almanac for June, 1869.

MOON'S PHASES.

Last Qtr., 2d day, 8h. 9m. morning, S. E.
New Moon, 9th day, 11h. 40m., evening, N.
First Qtr. 16th day, 10h. 3m., evening, S.W.
Full Moon, 23rd day, 9h. 26m. evening, S.E.

MON.	DAY OF WEEK	SUN rises	SUN sets	sun fast clock	sun's dec. north	moon rises	moon sets	DAYS LENG
		h m	h m	m s		h m	h m	h m
1	Tues	4 17	7 37	2 28	6 7	0 21	15 20	
2	Wed	17	38	2 19	13 59	0 49		21
3	Thurs	16	39	2 9	21 27	1 15		23
4	Frid	16	40	1 59	28 31	1 40		24
5	Sat	16	41	1 49	35 13	2 3		26
6	Sun	4 15	7 42	1 38	41 30	2 30	15 27	
7	Mon	14	42	1 27	47 24	3 0		28
8	Tues	14	43	1 16	52 55	3 32		29
9	Wed	14	44	1 4	57 59	4 9		30
10	Thurs	14	45	0 52	2 42	sets		31
11	Frid	14	45	0 40	6 58	9 9		32
12	Sat	13	46	0 28	10 51	10 2		33
13	Sun	4 13	7 46	0 15	14 19	10 40	15 33	
14	Mon	13	47	0 3	17 23	11 27		34
15	Tues	13	47	slow	20 2	morn		34
16	Wed	13	47	0 23	22 17	0 4		34
17	Thurs	18	48	0 36	24 6	0 34		34
18	Frid	13	49	0 49	25 31	1 5		36
19	Sat	13	49	1 1	21 31	1 35		36
20	Sun	4 13	7 49	1 14	27 6	2 5	15 36	
21	Mon	13	50	1 27	27 17	2 41		37
22	Tues	14	55	1 40	27 2	3 29		87
23	Wed	14	49	1 53	26 23	rises		36
24	Thurs	15	49	2 6	25 19	8 20		35
25	Frid	15	49	2 18	23 50	9 9		34
26	Sat	16	49	2 31	21 57	9 47		34
27	Sun	4 17	7 49	2 43	19 39	10 22	15 33	
28	Mon	17	49	2 56	16 56	10 55		32
29	Tues	17	49	3 8	13 49	11 17		32
30	Wed	18	49	3 19	10 18	11 41		32

Summerside Markets.

June 3, 1869.

Beef per lb	5d a 6d
Mutton per lb	4d a 5d
Oats per bush	2s 3d a 2s 6d
Potatoes per bush	1s a 1s 3d
Turnips per bush	10d a 1s
Butter per lb by Tub	14d a 15d
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb.	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	7d a 8d
Hides per lb	4½d
Mackerel per doz	2s a 3s
Codfish per qt	18s a 19s
Pork per lb by carcass	4d a 6d
Flour per bbl	33s a 40s
Island Flour per cwt	18s to 19s
Oatmeal per cwt.	16s a 17s
Hay per Ton	50s a 60s
Pine Boards	10s
Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

Charlottetown Markets.

Ch. Town, June 3, 1869.

Beef per lb	4½d a 8d
Mutton per lb	4d a 7d
Pork per lb., by carcass,	5d a 8d
Ham per lb	7d a 8d
Geese	none
Fowels	1s a 1s 6d
Ducks each	1s 3d a 1s 6d
Flour per 100 lbs	20s a 21s
Oatmeal per 100	18s a 19s
Buckwheat Flour, per lb	2d a 2½d
Codfish per quintal	18s a 20s
Butter per lb	18d a 19d
Do. by the tub,	1s 3d a 1s 4d
Cheese	3d a 6d
Tallow	8d a 9d
Eggs per dozen	8d a 9d
Potatoes per bushel	1s 6d a 1s 9d
Barley " "	5s
Oats	2s 3d a 2s 6d
Hay per ton	70s a 75s
Hides per lb	4d
Sheepskins each	4s a 4s 6d
Spruce Boards per 100 ft.	4s a 4s 6d
Hemlock " "	3s 6d a 4s

Business Cards.

BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
Corner of Great George & King Streets, Charlottetown.
President—HON. DANIEL BRENAN.
Cashier—WILLIAM CUNDALL, Esquire.
Discount Days—Mondays & Thursdays.
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. from 2 p.m to 4 p.m.

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

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

Cash for Eggs.

THE highest price in CASH paid for EGGS, by
A. P. MILLS.
Summerside, May 27, 1869.

Business Cards.

ROBERT GORDON,
AUCTIONEER
AND
LAND BROKER,
Alberton,.....P. E. Island

REFEREES:
Hon. Judge Young—Charlottetown.
Hon. G. W. Howlan—Alberton.
Mr. Joseph Bertram—Summerside.
Alberton, May 13, 1869. 1y

REUBEN TUPLIN,
Commission Merchant,
AUCTIONEER,
And General Agent.
Margate.....P. E. Island.

REFERENCES:
Hon. D. Brennan, Ch. Town. R. T. Holman, Summerside.
April 22, 1869. pat. pro. 6m

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

CARVELL BROTHERS,
AUCTIONEERS,
Commission Merchants,
AND GENERAL AGENTS.
BANK BUILDING, - - QUEEN STREET,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

HANFORD BROTHERS,
Successors to Thomas Hanford,
Commission Merchants,
And General Agents,
11 NORTH MARKET WHARF,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
CHAS. U. HANFORD. FRED. S. HANFORD

J. H. ALLEN,
Commission Merchant,
AND DEALER IN
PROVISION, &c.,
MARKET STREET, - ST. JOHN, N. B.

☞ Gives personal attention to the Sale and Purchase of every description of Goods.
May 9, 1868.

JAMES GREENOUGH,
FLOUR
Commission Merchant,
No 47 Commercial Street
Corner of Clinton Street ---------BOSTON
Jany. 1, 1869. 1y

WILLIAM BEAIRSTO,
Commission Merchant,
Auctioneer & General Agent,
WATER STREET,
Summerside,---------P. E. Islan

CARD.

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

DR. J. H. JAMIESON,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR
OFFICE at the residence of the Rev. W.W. Colpitts, Margate.
December 3, 1868.

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

FOUNTAIN HOUSE.
North side King Square, (next to Park Hotel)
ST. JOHN, N. B.
JAMES W. THOMPSON, Proprietor.

THE Proprietor of the above HOTEL takes this opportunity to return thanks for the liberal patronage hitherto received, and most respectfully solicits a continuance of the same.

This HOTEL is very pleasantly situated, and commands a view of King Square, and other parts of the City.

In connection with the Hotel, is GOOD STABLING, and a careful Hostler in attendance. Parties coming from Prince Edward Island with horses will find this establishment the most comfortable in the City, and a person always at the Cars on their arrival.
St. John, Sept. 10, 1868. 1y

CRAWFORD'S HOTEL.
No. 9, King Square,
T. JOHN, N. B.

THE subscriber having thoroughly refitted and enlarged his HOTEL and STORE, is now prepared to accommodate Permanent and Transient Boarders on the most reasonable terms.

ALSO, in connection a GROCERY STORE may be had.
J. CRAWFORD & SON.
Sept. 10, 1868. 1y

Boots & Shoes.

JUST received per Steamer *Merritt*, from MONTREAL, a splendid assortment of
Boots and Shoes!
In Ladies, Gents, Misses, & Children's,
Which will be sold as LOW as any in the market, for Cash.
May 13, 1869 A. P. MILLS.

Business Cards.

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

E. F. PURDY'S
NEW
Marble and Freestone
ESTABLISHMENT,
(NEXT DOOR TO BEER AND SONS')
KING SQUARE,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.
All orders punctually attended to.
Call and See!
Jan 7, '69 1y

A. W. ANDRES,
Marble Worker,
Point Du Chene, Shediac N. B.

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

North British and Mercantile
Insurance Company.
FIRE AND LIFE.
CAPITAL: TWO MILLIONS, Sterling.

CHIEF OFFICES:
64 Princes Street, Edinburgh.
61 Threadneedle Street, London.

Risks taken daily, in Town and Conntry, at the office of the Agent, Reading room Building, Dorchester street.
G. W. DEBLOIS,
General Agent for P E Island.
Charlottetown, June 20, 1868.—1y*

Mr. W. H. POPE

BEGS to inform the public that he has resumed the practice of the Law.
OFFICE—A few doors below the Bank of Prince Edward Island.
Charlottetown, March 18, 1869.

THOMAS KELLY,
BARRISTER - AT - LAW
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
SUMMERSIDE, - - - - P. E. ISLAND.

KERSHAW & EDWARD'S
IMPROVED PATENT
Non-conducting and Vaporising
Fire and Burgler Proof
SAFES.
MANUFACTURERS OF
BANK VAULTS, BURGLAR PROOF VAULT DOORS, IRON VAULT DOORS, PATENT COMBINATION BANK LOCKS, DEED BOXES, PATENT JAIL LOCKS & CELL DOORS, &c. &c.

THOS. FULLER, Travelling Agent. Montreal. Dec 15, '68 | DAVID STARR & Sons, Agents, Halifax. y

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

ROCKLIN HOUSE,
KENT STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN,
SIMON D. FRASER, PROPRIETOR.

Permanent and Transient Boarders will find the above House to give satisfaction.
Ch'town, June 13, 1868.

BOOT & SHOE ESTABLISHMENT.

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

MUSIC!
MUSIC, MUSIC.

THE Subscriber having made arrangements with the different manufactors of PIANOS, CABINET ORGANS, and MELODEONS, in Massachusetts and New Hampshire, is prepared to forward via St. John, N. B., to Summerside or Charlottetown, any of the above named articles at as low prices as can be obtained elsewhere in the United States.

Persons desiring to purchase can obtain all desired information as regards quality and price by addressing
WM. A. MUTTART,
Biddeford, Me.
Consignments made to Mr. Joseph Bell, Summerside, or Henry G. Wadman, Esq., Charlottetown.
March 18, 1869.—3m.

Notice.

I HEREBY give notice to all persons indebted to me, that I have empowered Mr SOLOMON LEARD, of Cape Traverse, to collect the same and grant discharges; therefore all persons indebted to me, will pay the same forthwith.
WILLIAM BROW.
Cape Traverse, Oct 15, '68.

POETRY.

THE TWO MOTHERS.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

You ask me why I kiss him thus,
While he in death reposes,
And scatter on his white cold brow
These sacred fresh red roses,
That symbolize Heaven's deathless life,
When mortal being closes.

I kiss him for his mother's sake,
Far from her loved son parted;
And when she hears how from my eyes
These tears of pity started,
God's mercy may some comfort give
Unto the stricken-hearted.

What though I never her beheld
Nor know her life's own story
Ah! I was once a mother too,
Before I thus grew hoary,
And lost my son, my darling son,
In manhood's strong-eyed glory.

Oh! mother, like me so bereft,
When each in death reposes,
God grant that both of us shall meet
Our boys mid Heaven's roses,
And find we lost the earthly song
For song that never closes.

Select Literature.

MONEY AT INTEREST.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Please, sir, will you give me a penny? only a penny?"

"No—go along with you! I never give money to street beggars."

And Mrs. Parker sat, if it were possible, a trifle more erect in her buffalo cushioned wagon seat, and grasped her blue cotton umbrella tighter round the handle. But her husband, Paul Parker, on whose kindly face the boy turned his gaze, said:

"See here, boy. I've only got a fifty cent piece, and it's more n I ought to give away! I shall be here at three o'clock this day week opposite this very tavern; will you be here to pay it back? Mind, I only lend it to you—and may be I'll be able to find some work for you by that time."

"Yes, sir," said the boy gleefully, as he scrambled up the side of the wheel. "I will be here, *sure*."

"You're a fool, Paul Parker," said the woman angrily, "to be scattering your money about in that sort of way. Do you s'pose you'll ever see it again?"

"I hope so, wife," said the old man, touching his placid horse gently with the reins, and urging him into a kind of sleepy jog-trot. "I should be sorry to think there wasn't no truth in that bright little black-eyed fellow. Give the world a fair chance that's all I've got to say."

The blistering August sunshine was pouring into a hot little garret room in one of the most squalid and neglected purlieus of the town, where a brutal looking man was smoking a short black pipe, and two or three boys lounged round half asleep. A hand organ stood up against the wall, a monkey dressed in soiled red rags sat chattering in the window, and Nino's accordeon and a thumbed tambourine lay near by; Nino himself, with tear stained cheeks and heavy eyelids, was crouched in a corner, wistfully watching the door, as it resolved to avail himself of the first chance that offered itself for escape.

There was a sort of wild, weird beauty about the boy, after all, in spite of his swarthy cheeks and forlorn uniform of rags. His brow, overshadered by thick black locks streaked with a purplish gloss and shine, was frank and open; his eyes were soft and liquid as a mountain spring, and there was both spirit and sweetness in the well-outlined curves of his mouth. Had Nino Berlani been the offspring of an aristocratic lineage, he would have been called handsome as a boy Apollo; but alas! rags and poverty and blows are anything but beautifiers, and Nino had never known aught else in his brief and sunless life.

Presently the man knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and laid it down with a vicious sidelong glance at the boy.

"So you'd got fifty cents hid away, you was goin' to gammon me out of, eh?" he demanded. "You young wagabone. I'd like to know what you meant by it!"

"It was mine!" sobbed the boy. "I earned it singin' under the great folks' winders, after work hours was over. I gave you all I earned in the day time, I did!"

"Yours!" growled the man savagely. "There an't nothin' is yours. *You're* mine and all you earn is mine; and if ever I catch you up to any such a trick agin', I'll split your skull open for you. Where are you goin' now? Sit down again."

"Only out as far as the West-Landhill tavern," said Nino, entreatingly, as his eyes marked the slow creeping tide of sunshine along the floor, that formed his only substitute for a clock.

"Well, you won't do no such thing!" said the man, evidently in a most contrary mood. "Go back to your corner ag'in! do your hear? You're not going to to stir out o' this afore right, and not then unless you behave yourself as straight as a chalk mark."

"I'll be back in ten minutes, sir; I will indeed."

"Hold you're noise!" brutally ejaculated his irate keeper. "I tell you you sha'n't stir a peg, there now! Dave" to one of the other boys, "give us a light here for this pipe."

Nino watching his opportunity, as a wild beast might watch for an escape from the bole of his boot. But he was scarcely quick enough; his tyrant seized him rudely by the arm, and flung him across the floor as if he had been a toy. He fell. his temple striking against the leg of a rusty iron bedstead that stood in the corner, and lay there, quite insensible!

"Blest if I don't think he's done for, dad," said one of the hitherto impassive spectators of the scene, a boy of thirteen, who was generally dressed up as a "wandering Barvarian," with a tambourine and bells.

"Let him alone, I say," snarled the father. "It's a lesson as'll do him good!"

And at the same moment the bell in the old square tower of the town clock struck three!

"I told you he wouldn't be here, Paul," exultantly exclaimed Mrs. Parker, projecting her keen gray eyes into every nook and corner around the dull street in front of the "West Landhill House of Entertainment for Man and Beast." "I know it! *Now*, what do you think of your fine honest boy?"

Paul Parker's countenance fell visibly.

"I am sorry for it, wife—sorry from the very bottom of my heart. I somehow thought he was different from the common lot of 'em; but I s'pose I hadn't ought to expect much from a lad brought up on the streets. Well, well, let's drive on!"

The slow passing years had sprinkled their silver blossoms more plentifully on Paul Parker's head, and ploughed deeper lines in his wife's face; the little girl at their fireside had grown into a tall handsome young woman; and once more we enter the inner sanctum of their lives.

"Its father's step, mother," said Lucy Parker, jumping up to open the door. "Well, father, what luck?"

"Bad enough, darter," said old Paul, meekly shaking the powdery fringe of snow from his overcoat. "Melton's down ag'in with fever'n ager; his wife's poorly, and Bruce has had a stroke, so he can't work no more."

"And they didn't pay you the money? Paul, you were a tool for ever lending it!" shrieked the wife shrilly. "And what are we to do, with lawyer Martin writin' and writin' for the money we owe him?"

"We can do nothing, wife."

"We shall be sold out at auction, and die in a poor house yet! Oh, Paul, why didn't you pay more heed to what I always kept tellin' you!"

"Not so bad as that, I hope," said the old man, cheerily, though the muscles of lip and brow quivered.

"Father is it St. John Martin, the Leeds street lawyer, to whom you owe this money?"

"Yes; what do you know about him?"

"Not much, father; but I met his son at several parties last fall, and I—I—think, it you were to go there with me, and tell him just how it was, or write, even—"

"No use," croaked Mrs Parker, despairingly; "other folks ain't so ready to let go o' their money as your father is, Lucy!"

"Still its worth tryin'," said old Paul, hopefully. "We'll write this very night, my girl, and next week we'll go up to Boston and see what answer he makes us."

And Lucy Parker, blushing like a sweet pea, ran to get the paper and pen and ink bottle, timidly trusting in the efficacy of her plan.

"For *his* father can't be so very hard-hearted," she thought; "and they are so very rich that surely this paltry five hundred dollars can't be much to them."

The elegantly furnished little office on Leeds street did not often have such *outre* equipages drawn up before it as Paul Parker's mud-be-splashed box wagon and shaggy old poney; and the elegantly attired young lawyer, who sat the desk examining some papers, glanced up in surprise as the blooming girl and the bent old man entered together, like May and December.

"Lucy!"

"Ninian!—I thought your father—I did not know that—"

"My father is detained at his country seat, and I am acting member of the firm, Lucy. He took me into partnership last week, and this is—"

He turned inquiringly, and with something of a start, to the brown faced old man, who stood modestly in the background. Lucy introduced her father, and stated their business, not without a profusion of very becoming blushes; she had not expected to find her gallant young cavilier of the past fall, in the office of St. John Martin.

"We are very poor Ninian," concluded Lucy, "and my father cannot at present hope to discharge this debt; but I am soon to have a very good situation in Madam Elvain's school, as music teacher, and we can all save; so if your father would be so kind as to wait a little while, we—"

Lucy stopped short; her voice was giving way, and she was far too proud to yield to the fast-coming tears in Ninian Martin's presence. The young man had listened in silence, but now he took down a tin box from its shelf in the safe, and unlocked it, disclosing sundry packages of neatly-labelled receipts and notes.

"Let me see," he said, running his eye over them. "It was a note for five hundred dollars, I believe."

"Yes, sir," answered the old man; "for five hundred dollars."

"Is this your note?"

"Yes, sir."

Ninian Martin tore it in two, and laid it on the fire. Paul Parker and Lucy gazed in astonishment as the handsome young lawyer lifted his dark eyes calmly towards them.

"Then, Mr. Parker, you may consider that you have to-day received the payment for a very old debt. We have balanced accounts."

"Sir, I don't understand you," said the bewildered old man. "I don't remember—"

"But I do. It is rather more than ten years, Mr. Parker, since you put money at interest."

"Sir?"

"I will be more plain with you," said the young man, smiling. "Perhaps Miss Parker is not aware that I am the adopted son of my more than father. My real name is Nino Berlani. I am an italian by birth. Just ten years ago, I was begging in the streets of Landhill, starved and penniless. A kind hand—you know whose. Mr. Parker—"

The old man's face lighted up.

"I *do* remember, now. It was a fifty-cent piece; and I told you to come back just a week from that time, and—"

"And I did not come. No; but I tried my very best to come, but was prevented by the brutality of the man whose slave and drudge I was. For weeks after, every Thursday I was on the spot at three o'clock watching and waiting for you, but you never came."

"No; we moved away from Landhill."

"Well, I begged my way to Boston having run away from my tyrant. St. John Martin found me one night in the streets, perishing from cold and starvation. He had just lost his only child, a boy of about my own age, and not unlike me in personal appearance, and somehow, I seemed to take the sore vacant place in his heart. There you have my history from the day in which you did the first kind deed, and spoke the first kind word that had cheered my loneliness for years! I resolved then, that if ever it lay in my power, I would return the gift a thousand fold. But I never dreamed that Lucy's father was my benefactor."

He turned to her with a bright congratulatory smile, as he concluded—perhaps with a pressure of the little hand he had held in his all this time; while the brown face of old Paul Parker worked strangely with the emotions he could not conceal.

"I thought you wouldn't ha'cheated me, boy," he said simply. "I thought your face was a good and true one. But I ha'n't no right to your generosity. Your father—"

"My father and I are one, sir, in thought, deed, and wish."

"I don't know how to thank you, young man."

"Then do not attempt it. Perhaps one of these days," he added, with an arch smile which brightened up his olive face like a glow, "I may ask you for yet more favors."

Old Paul Parker went home to his wife s dately triumphant.

"Wife, you've said 'I told you so,' all your life; now it's my turn!"

"What on airth do you mean?" grumbled his ascetic helpmate. "I do believe you're gettin' in your dotage."

"May be I am; in that case, though, I wish I'd got into it long ago."

And he told his adventures, while Lucy sat by, smiling and rosy as a May morning.

"Didn't I invest that fifty cents to pretto good advantage?" he demanded, gleefully.

And Mrs. Parker answered not a wotd, but stared until her very spectacle-glasses were in danger.

"Well, I never!" was her ultimatum.

"He wants new favors some day from me," added Paul, merrily looking into Lucy's eyes. "What do you say, mother? Can we spare our little gal, here?"

"Don't father!" cried Lucy, hiding her face! but she didn't look *very* angry, after all.

LOVE MAKES A PAINTER.

MATHYS was a blacksmith at Antwerp, but dared love the beautiful daughter of a painter. The damsel returned his passion—but meekly, hesitatingly, as is the way of young damsels. The father was inexorable.

"Wert thou a painter, she should be thine; but a blacksmith!—never!"

The young man mused and mused; the hammer dropped from his hand; a thousand glorious conceptions passed like shadows across his brain.

"I *will* be a painter," said he; but again his soul was cast down, as he reflected on his ignorance of the mechanical part of the art. and genius trembled at its own fiat. His first efforts reasssured him. He drew; and the lines that came were the features of that one loved and lovely face engraven on his heart.

"I will paint her portrait!" cried he! "love will inspire me!" and he made the attempt. He gazed upon her till his soul became drunken with beauty; in the wild inspiration of such moments, his colors flashed fast and thick upon the canvas, till they formed what one might have imagined to be the reflection of his mistress.

"There!" said he, showing the work to the astonished father—"there! I claim the prize; FOR I AM A PAINTER!"

He exchanged his portrait for the original; continued to love and to paint; became eminent among the sons of art in his day and generation; and dying, was buried with great honor in his native city.

A sad picture.

WHAT can be more agonizing to true affection than to see the girl nourished with tenderness in infancy, amiable, intelligent, and accomplished, gradually sinking into the grave ere she reaches the age of womanhood? The pride and delight of fond parents and numerous friends, the rose which early bloomed, daily fading in the brilliancy of its colors, and drooping like the lily of the vale? To see the eye, once so brilliant, sunken, heavy, and dull; and the lips, once so ruby, now thin and pallid? To witness the being so beloved, so cherished, the victim of slow but unersing disease, not constitutional, but brought on by neglect, by fashion? to see the vision recede from the sight, step by step, until evening frowns upon its setting glory, and the tomb closes upon it forever!

CONSUMPTION OF SPIRITS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.—During last year 28,928,155 gallons of spirits were distilled in the United Kingdom Nearly one half this quantity was produced in Scotland alone, and the remaining production was tolerably equally divided between England and Ireland. The number of gallons of proof British spirits consumed in the United Kingdom was 21,008,634, on which the net amount of duty was £10,504,317. The consumption in England was 11,327,223 gallons; in Scotland, 4,907,701 gallons; and in Ireland, 4,773,701.

The Marquis of Bath has been making a "bull." "It was all well," he says, "for the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to request the postponement of the subject, but the convenience of gentlemen in Ireland

Recent communications from Adelaide, South Australia, have made known the discovery in the southern portion of the colony of a remarkable carbouiterous substance, which hitherto has only been found in small quantities in the coal strata of Derbyshire. It is a "mineral caoutchouc," so called from its general appearance and some elasticity.

Two Mexican ladies have had a duel about a love affair. Rather hard is'nt it?