

Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

Vol. 2. Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, May 16, 1867. No. 32.

THE Summerside Journal
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY EVENING,
BY **JOSEPH BERTRAM**
AT HIS OFFICE, CENTRAL STREET.
TERMS:
1 copy for one year, in advance, 6s. 3d.
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SUMMERSIDE, May 16, 1867.

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Barley per bush	3s a 3s 6d
Potatoes per bush	1s 9d a 2s
Turnips per bush	1s 1s 3d
Butter per lb by Tub	9s a 1s 1d
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Tallow per lb	9d a 10d
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Mutton per lb	3d a 4d
Pork per lb by carcass	3d a 4d
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Flour per bbl	14s a 15s
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aug. 9, 1866 1y

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Nov 1, 1865

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Dec. 6, 1866. ly

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Hardware, Crockeryware, Groceries,
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October 12, 1865.

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Summerside, P. E. Island

H. J. RICHARDSON,
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Physician & Surgeon,
OFFICE—At the SUMMERSIDE DRUG STORE,
next door to Bank, Central Street,
SUMMERSIDE, P. E. ISLAND.
October 12, 1865.

POETRY.

"GO IT ALONE."
BY JOHN G. SAXE.

There's a game much in fashion, I think it's
called Euchre,
Though I've never played it for pleasure or
here,
In which when the cards are in certain condi-
tions:
And one of them cries in a confident tone—
"I think I might venture to go it alone?"
While watching the game, 'tis a whim of the
bard's,
A moral to draw from the skirmish in cards.
And to fancy he strives in the trivial strife,
Some excellent hints for the battle of life,
Where, whether the prize be a ribbon or
throne,
The winner is he who can "go it alone!"

When great Galileo proclaimed that the
world,
In a regular orbit was ceaselessly whirled,
And got—not a convert for all of his pains,
"It moves for all that," was his answering
tone,
For he knew like the earth he could "go it
alone!"
When Kepler, with intellect, piercing afar,
Discovered the laws of each planet and star;
And doctors, who ought to have lauded his
name,
Derided his learning and blackened his fame;
"I can wait," he replied, "till the truth you
shall own."
For he felt in his heart, he could "go it
alone!"

Alas for the player who idly depends,
In the struggle of life upon kindred and
friends!
Whatever the value of blessings like these,
They can never atone for inglorious ease;
Nor comfort the coward who finds with a
groan,
That his crutches have left him to "go it
alone!"
There is something, no doubt, in the hand you
may hold,
Health, family, culture, wit, beauty and gold,
The fortunate owner may fairly regard,
As each in its way a most excellent card—
Yet the game may be lost, with all these for
your own,
Unless you've the courage to "go it alone!"

In battle or business, whatever the game,
In law or in love it is ever the same;
In the struggle for power or scramble for pelf,
Let this be your motto: "Rejoice yourself!"
For whether the prize be a ribbon or throne,
The victor is he who can "go it alone!"

Select Literature.

EYES, NOT THEIR OWNERS,
BY S. A. H.

LETTY ARNSDEN lived in the country, but you needn't infer from that fact that she was one of those lissipy, uncorrected simplicities authors had put are wont to indite spasmodic yarns about, depicting them embodied in innocence and pink calico, and eventually borne off by the young man, in preference to the sicken-
gold-braceleted bourgeois of the town, any of which he might "of course" have had for the asking.

Letty had spent the years of her little girlhood in a very sizeable village, and when pantaleons were, in the course of time, discarded, was shipped, per Eric R. R., to the tender mercies of Madame Fusser, not to emerge thence until finished, complete, incapable of being taught, in after existence, any single thing not hitherto known.

Armed with a certificate of these perfections in the shape of a bundle of abridged sheepskin and blue ribbon, labelled "Diploma," she met Madame Fusser's classic nose in a parting salute, and returned—not to dim the gas-lights of Carbonwood ball-rooms in its culminated brilliance, but to retire ten miles back from that universal hub, to dwell with the leaf and the rock, to live a care-free, active, beardless life.

Not but Carbonwood city was easily attainable, for that same Eric Railroad "serpentine" its vicious sinuosities very near the cottage, and thence to Carbonwood direct.

So, notwithstanding their countryed surroundings, Miss Letty was no recluse, and, as the second summer of her retirement waned, buggies, with erinoline or moustached inmates, became so frequent a sight as to fall to awaken the amaze which commonly regulated the aborigines who dwell in the neighboring habitations at any foreign incursion, and few weeks passed where a prolonged flourish of pocket "woopers" from the window of the approaching train did not herald relays in that direction.

So, between-whiles of pie and cake baking, of putting up endless lunches for Twist-like haymakers, feeding turkeys and chicks, and other plebeian unheroic-like occupations, Miss Letty enjoyed the cream of Carbonwood "good society," the sweet cream, without the staleness constant presence and standing are apt to give.

No wonder Letty liked to live in the country; no wonder she did not care, though whole days of the most splendid flitting weather should pass and find her solus, when she had such books to study—books alike of print and paper, of leaf and rock, and water. There was a lakelet full of pickerels and water lilies just below the house. Many a moonlight night did she push the little shallop from the shore and glide up the shining path the moonlight made, or float softly into dim coves which lay in the tender shadow of trees above them. At these times she only lacked the "light of the firefly lamp" to render the poet's allusion complete.

Still, she was in no wise one of the great army classed under that comprehensive, and never rightly-defined term, "sentimental." Not a bit of it. She never felt any of those namby-pamby movements which send feminine impressibles out to catch their deaths, sitting upon the margin of damper streams. She was much out of doors because she liked it, not at all because it was so romantic.
"Letty Arnsden, you shall stay down to my party." Letty had run down to Carbonwood for a day's shopping, and, going to dine with Josephine Mixell, found her

deep in festive arrangement. An invitation sent a week or two before had not reached her, and this was her first appraisal of this important epoch in the social existence of her friend Josie.

"I don't see how I can. I've nothing under the sun to wear. My only decent party dress is all ripped up, and if I were to write home to-night, to have it sent down by the morning express, it wouldn't reach here in time to get it fixed, since the party is to-morrow night."

"We will improvise a tulle for you, Letty. I can't give you up. Ah, I guess if you knew what Mr. Farnham said about you, you'd want to stay."

Whether Mr. Farnham's disbursements had any effect, we are unprepared to say. Letty concluded to stay and try the improvising plan, providing mother should be willing.

A cheap boy was dispatched on Ned Mixell's horse to convey the note of interrogation, and returning to the "gloom," brought the welcome intelligence that Mrs. Arnsden "did not know, but she rather thought she might, this once."

Josie could hardly wait for breakfast the next morning before she marshalled Letty to her favorite "fussery store"—as Ned called it—to decide on the degree of fineness requisite to prevent a tulle from being absolutely hideous.

Soon the string-room was in a perfect foam of the breezy, voluminous fabric. Josie solemnly discussed double skirts and pink satin puffs with Miss Meggs, who, by a stroke of unparalleled good fortune, they had been able to secure to fit the waist.

Letty left most of it to Josie's superior experience, and sat veiled in the mist of the skirt she was running up.
Ned Mixell, allowed to be in the presence at this incipient stage of things, but pretending absorption in "a book," but looking beyond it, and thinking of bridal veils and the like, as some vigorous flirt of the vehement Josie threw the sailing stuff over the head of her guest.

In fact, I think Ned was afraid of getting up a small personal crisis, had not some freemasonry of Miss Meggs caused the whole trio to vanish suddenly within the penetralia of Mrs. Mixell's bedroom.

When the evening came at length, and Letty stood before the looking-glass, looking anything but hastily dressed, even the good-natured Josie could hardly forbear a pang of jealousy. Josie in "silk and satin sheen," a limitless jewelry box, and every toilet appliance, was "nowhere" beside this floating-robed improvised maiden, roses only at her breast and in her hair.

Well, this young lady from the country, who "did housework" all the days of her life, was belle that night. That Apollo, par excellence, Carlton Kingsbury, though Miss Brewster, with the thousand dollar diamonds, flashed diamonds and smiles at him enough to put his eyes out, all the evening, acknowledged it. Stanley Harding, by no means an Apollo, assented to the verdict in fewer words, yet, perhaps, felt it all the more from that very fact.

Letty waited for no party calls, but donning her quite grey travelling dress and sash, was off bright and early for the depot. The dress of the evening hung high and dry in Josie's closet, Letty telling Josie she would either come down and be her bridesmaid in it, or have it sent up in a dry-goods box; she couldn't undertake to get it home single-handed. She did not escape unregretted, however. When Ned Mitchell showed her gallantly into the depot, she found several of last night's party among the crowd. All of them bowed profoundly, and one or two ventured upon a more direct address.

Yet, after the train with a great sigh had gathered itself for departure, and then, shaking off its lethargy, pushed boldly over the high tressel-ware; when the bowing group had resumed their hats and gone their several ways, the entire number, strangely enough, resolved themselves, in Letty's mind, into two persons, Carlton Kingsbury and Stanley Harding.

Both these gentlemen, now met for the first time, impressed her; yet I think, in her reverie, the former stood where we have placed his name—foremost. It was quite natural it should be so, for to a new acquaintance, especially were he or she young, Carlton Kingsbury was the more attractive. There was something attractive in his tall, perfectly arranged figure, his pale, handsome face, and with that choicest weapon a man can have—fine dark eyes.

It would take a long while to count the tremors those same eyes had shot through muslin-covered hearts, as they met the eyes which belonged to them in that glance so taking to a woman's fancy—the slightly melancholy.

It was not possible to think such a large and noble soul could do otherwise than dwell in such a fitting temple or look out of such eyes, and least young folks could not think so, and young folks, you remember, know what is what, considerably in advance of their parents.

Stanley Harding had few of these graces to recommend him; he was tall enough, and well knit, yet he lacked that airy, indescribable grace nature gives to some few of her sons, Kingsbury among them. His eyes, too, were not brown, like that gentleman's, but gray, large enough, yet having little of that style of expression which rendered the hazel ones so taking. But there was one thing he had which Kingsbury quite lacked. A noble helpfulness for himself and others you might see in his face, that look of brain power so many of our American men wear so visibly and so well.

So it was the little country girl, going back to her making and baking, carried these two images with her.
Carbonwood generally had had a vague idea of the existence of a certain Miss Letty Arnsden. It seemed, since the occasion of Josie's party, to have awakened fully to that fact. Mrs. Arnsden would have been—to use a favorite expression of hers—raving distracted at the terrible accession of visitors; but Letty was more active than ever. Good bread at the Arnsden cottage was perennial; berries always to be had, and light, fine cake never lacking in Letty's vicinage, and the little lady never cared to present tea visitors with anything more elaborate.
(Conclusion in our next.)

Miscellaneous.

AN INGENIOUS SWINDLE.

A Boston paper supplies an account of an ingenious swindle attempted in that city a few days ago. The particulars, which it would spoil the description to abridge, are thus given:—

"From the few particulars gathered, it appears that a few days since a man named Wright, a liquor dealer, applied to the Custom House to export two hundred and five barrels of alcohol. It is generally known that there is a government tax of two dollars per gallon on all spirits manufactured and consumed in this country, but when it is exported, the party exporting has the two dollars duty per gallon refunded by the government as 'drawback money.' This Mr. Wright, it is alleged, having applied to the Custom House to export the two hundred and five barrels of alcohol, was required, before receiving the drawback money of two dollars per gallon, to give bonds to the amount of \$80,000 to export the quantity named. The two hundred and five barrels were then filled with pure alcohol, a government official examined and gauged them, pronounced them all right, and affixed the proper government seal or stamp. It would seem that immediately after the alcohol was exchanged and casks of water substituted, and when the 205 barrels were placed on board the schooner 'Lousie' of Salem, water was the only fluid they contained. The vessel was properly cleared from the Custom House for Eastport, Maine, but before she sailed information was furnished at the Custom House that it would be well to watch her, and this was accordingly done. A week ago Saturday, watch was commenced and continued until the 'Lousie' was preparing to sail Wednesday evening. During this interval the casks were conveyed to her while lying at the wharf, surreptitiously, as was supposed, the parties engaged in the enterprise fearing, notwithstanding the barrels were properly sealed and stamped, that some straggling officer of the Custom House might come upon them and gauge some of the casks, and thus discover the fraud. The only fear of detection, it seems, was from parties on shore, no one connected with the alleged swindle expecting for a moment that the Custom House tug was lying close by them in the stream and watching every movement. The officers who were on watch were also disappointed in the manner of the fraud, believing, as they did, that the casks being conveyed aboard the schooner in secret, under the cover of night, contained spirits illegally distilled. On Wednesday evening it was apparent to the officers on board the tug that the 'Lousie' was preparing to sail, and just as she was about to set out on her voyage the tug came up alongside and ordered her to anchor. The commander of the 'Lousie' very wisely saw that it was useless to resist, and immediately complied with the order. An officer went aboard, and, while pursuing his duty of gauging and testing the contents of the casks, remarked, very properly, to an associate officer that it would take a considerable quantity of such stuff as that to set a man drunk. Then, for the first time, the character of the fraud was discovered, and, upon further examination, it was ascertained that every one of the two hundred and five barrels was filled with water! On Friday afternoon the schooner was brought up to India wharf, and, together with her not very valuable cargo, placed in charge of keepers. Assuming that every barrel contained forty-two gallons, there would be \$610 gallons in all, and the amount of 'drawback' fraudulently received (\$2 per gallon) would be \$1,220. If the fraud had succeeded the parties would have had the alcohol left besides. Such in substance were the statements our reporters were able to collect from reluctant informants.

It is said that the swindling operation was managed through the connivance of two revenue officers. The 'Lousie' was chartered for Eastport, Me."

THE TRIAL OF THE FENIANS.—The Dublin correspondent of the London Times has the following regarding the trial of the Fenian prisoners in Ireland:—

"It appears from a statement in the Cork Examiner that there will be a separate special commission for the city and county of Cork, which will necessitate the impounding of a distinct grand and petty jury for each. This course, which has been decided only within the last two or three days, is supposed to have been adopted in consequence of the revelations made by the informer Godfrey Massey. This person belongs to a Limerick family of that name, which, according to the Cork Reporter, have always been distinguished by the possession of just as much common sense as kept them out of Bedlam, and hardly so much. They have long since disappeared from the roll of the local aristocracy. Godfrey Massey, it appears, had been elevated to the rank of 'General' in the army of the Irish Republic. It is more easy to understand how he attained that distinction than why he aspired to it, for of all the Fenian prisoners he displayed the most despicable cowardice. He had come to Munster to head an insurrection, and establish a revolution, on the ruins of British power, in Ireland, but the moment Colonel Brownrigg of the constabulary arrested him in the Queen's name on the platform of the Limerick Junction, the valiant General fainted away, and continued in a swoon for several minutes. His terror has led to the fullest and most unreserved disclosures of the Fenian plans and proceedings, and it is stated that his information implicates many persons of high social position in unsuspected quarters.

"Insurrections conducted in the Massey spirit are not unmixt evils. They verify the proverb about an ill wind. They bring about Special Commissions, and these bring a rich harvest of fees to all concerned, from the humblest detective hanging about the police court to much higher functionaries. The Attorney General has the lion's share. We may judge of the value of these windfalls from the Treasury tree by the fact that the Lord Chancellor's secretary has got more than £1000 in fees for swearing in the military magistrates. The business of these ex-

temporized functionaries is to examine the Fenian prisoners. It might be supposed that the resident or stipendiary magistrates, if not one of the metropolitan police magistrates, could very well perform this duty—assisted, if necessary, by some of the unpaid, who would be delighted to get something to do, if only to satisfy their minds that the letters "J. P." are not a mere empty appendage to their names. If economy were the order of the day, their willing services might be turned to account; but the creation of a batch of new magistrates for the occasion is certainly a much better arrangement for the Lord Chancellor's secretary."

"Kerwin is still at large, notwithstanding the most diligent and eager searches on the part of the detectives. There are two more Fenian prisoners, Moran and Roche, lying in the Meath Hospital, suffering from wounds received at Tallait. Roche has had his leg amputated, above the knee, and Moran is suffering from a compound fracture of the leg bone."

A TURKISH NEGRO.—A letter from Constantinople says that while his empire is crumbling about his ears the Sultan takes things remarkably easy. He rises in the morning about 10 o'clock, and sends for two of his favorites in the Palace, who entertain him a while and go with him to visit his horses in his private theatre, which he has transformed into a stable. After this he goes to his new menagerie, where he is having a sort of Crystal Palace built for an aviary, at a cost of a quarter of a million of dollars. Thence he generally goes to a kiosk near by where he amuses himself by shooting at a mark with a rifle, pistol, or bow. He comes back in the afternoon, dines, smokes, and soon after dark retires to the harem. It is seldom that he hears anything about political affairs, and when he does he usually gets into a towering passion—so says a gentleman who is constantly at the Palace.—Exchange.

House of Assembly.

MONDAY, May 6.

Mr. Kickham presented a petition from Alex. Leslie, Esq., of Souris, setting forth certain grievances touching letters mailed by him at the Post Office in that place, containing money and an endorsed note, addressed to Wm. Cundall, Esq., Cashier of the Bank of P. E. Island, Charlottetown, which letters were never received. That petitioner addressed His Excellency in Council on the subject, to which he received a reply to the effect, that the Postmaster General at Charlottetown was questioned on the subject, and that that officer stated the letters in question were never seen by him. That your petitioner was not aware of the rule relative to the Registry of Letters, and praying that the hon. House would institute a strict investigation of the matter, with the view, if possible to discover the fraud and prevent a repetition of the same; and also asking the House to grant him the sum of £11 17s. 6d., being the amount in cash contained in said letters, for the loss of which petitioner is the sufferer.

Said petition was received and read, and on motion of Mr. Kickham, to the effect that the House go into Committee on the subject.

His honor the Speaker declined to receive the motion, on the ground that the prayer of the petition conflicted with the standing rule of the House touching the principle of initiation of money votes.

Dr. Jenkins voted that the House go into Committee to take into consideration the propriety of establishing a Hospital for Seamen, and other destitute persons. Motion carried.

Mr. P. Sinclair in the chair.
Dr. Jenkins having spoken on the necessity of a Hospital for destitute Seamen, and pointing out the hardships endured by the disabled poor when thrown penniless among strangers, and the danger to which the community was exposed relative to the spread of contagious diseases from the arrival of vessels, submitted a resolution, to the effect, that provision be made for the establishment of a Hospital for Seamen, and other destitute persons, suffering from accidents and ordinary diseases, not of a malignant or infectious character; and that a scale of Hospital dues be levied upon all vessels entering the Port of Charlottetown, said dues to be applied towards the support of said institution.

The subject was then debated in committee.
Hons. Haviland, Henderson, Hensley McAulay, Messrs. Rielly and McNeill favored the establishment of a Hospital on the principle of the above resolution.

Hons. Coles, Howland and Mr. G. Sinclair were of opinion that such an institution should be under the supervision of the City Corporation. In Boston, and other cities of the United States, Hospitals of that character were under the management of such Cities, and not provided for by the State or large.

Hon. Mr. Davies and Mr. Howland allied to the Hospital once erected on the Government farm, and which had been removed by the authority of the late Government.
Dr. Jenkins said that the site on which that Hospital was too near Government House, as well as in other respects a very improper position for an institution of that kind.

The Chairman reported the Resolution agreed to.
Ordered, that the following Committee be appointed to bring in a Bill in conformity therewith, viz:—Dr. Jenkins, Messrs. Bell, McNeill, Owen and Brecken.

On motion of hon. Mr. Haviland, the Bill relating to practice and pleading in the Supreme Court was read a second time and committed to a Committee of the whole House. Mr. G. Sinclair in the chair.

The first clause of said Bill was read again from the Clerk's table, and is to the effect that gold and silver coin may be taken in Execution and paid to creditor as money collected; and also that Government Debentures, Treasury Warrants, Bank Notes, &c., may be taken in Execution and paid at par value if he accepts such, otherwise the said Debentures, Warrants, &c., may be sold the same as any other goods or chattels.