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No. 6.

THE Summerside Journal

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Charlottetown, June 20, 1867.—1y

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Business Cards.

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where they will keep constantly on hand, Flour, Corn Meal, Provisions, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, and all articles usually kept in a Grocery Store.
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Having also leased the commodious Stable attached, and secured the services of a careful Hostler, who will be in attendance at all hours, travellers will be sure to get satisfaction at lowest rates.
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Kent Street, Charlottetown,
SIMON D. FRASER, PROPRIETOR.
Permanent and Transient Boarders will find the above House to give satisfaction.
Ch'town, June 13, 1867.

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KENT STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN.
JOHN MURPHY, PROPRIETOR.
Permanent and Transient Boarders will find good accommodation.
Good Stables in connection with the Hotel, and a careful Hostler always in attendance.
Ch'town, Feb. 14, 1867.

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A new Portable, self-acting Fire Engine,
for the Extinguishing of fires in
their early stages.
The little Engine can be carried on the back to any desired spot; throws a small stream of water, impregnated with eight times its volume of carbonic acid gas, which is the most simple and most effective means yet known to science for destroying fire. They have the advantage of being always ready for use. All that is necessary in applying them is to turn the tap with one hand, and with the other direct the stream upon the flame, which will instantly extinguish the fire. They are indispensable for houses, stores, warehouses, factories, public offices, halls, &c., &c.

Prices—No. 3 \$25, 4 \$27, 5 \$30, 6 \$35.
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Blocks! Blocks! Blocks!
IF YOU WANT TO RAISE THE
Price of Yessels
in England, order a set of these SPLENDID BLOCKS, which every body is praising, from
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THE Subscribers beg leave to acquaint the public that, having entered into a Co-Partnership, they are prepared to execute all orders in the
CARRIAGE SLEIGH,
OR
Blacksmith Business,
and having each had considerable experience, they are able to turn out a FIRST CLASS
Carriage or Sleigh.
Repairing of all kinds, together with all other work appertaining to their line of business, will be attended to.
Send in your orders immediately
PROUD & McCOUREY,
Queen Street, Charlottetown,
Jan. 10, 1867. 1y

MANN'S LIVERY STABLE!!
THE subscriber wishes to inform the inhabitants of Summerside and the travelling public, that he is prepared to furnish
HORSES & CARRIAGES,
at all times and at the shortest notice.
Parties stopping at the Hotels, and waiting a team and a driver to drive them out, can be supplied at all hours in the day.
JAMES MANN,
Water Street,
Summerside, Sept. 12, 1867. 3m

DAVID BERTRAM,
Saddle and Harness Maker,
Water Street Summerside.
October 12, 1865.

POETRY.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.
When the Summer breezes have died away,
And the Autumn winds are drear,
And the forests have changed their green array,
For the hues of the dying year,
There comes a season brief and bright
When the zephyrs breathe with a gentler swell,
And the sunshine plays with a softer light,
Like the Summer's last farewell.

The brilliant dyes of the Autumn woods
Have gladdened the forest bowers,
And decked their pathless solitudes
Like a blooming waste of flowers;
In their hidden depths no sound is heard
Save the low and murmuring fall
As the rustling leaves are gently stirred
By the breath of the dying gale.

The hazy clouds in the mellow light,
Float with the breezes by,
Where the far off mountain's misty height
Seems mingled with the sky;
And the purple hills rejoice again
In the glow of the golden sun
And the flocks are glad in the grassy plain
Where the sparkling waters run.

'Tis a season of deep and quiet thought
And it brings a calm to the breast,
And the broken heart, and the mind o'er-
wrought
May find in its stillness, rest.
For the gentle voice of the dying year,
From forest and sunny plain,
Is sweet as it falls on the mourner's ear,
And his spirit forgets its pain.

Yet over all is a mantling gloom,
That saddens the gazer's heart,
For soon shall the Autumn's varied bloom
From the forest's trees depart;
Their bright leaves whirled in the eddying air,
Their beautiful tints are fading fast,
And the mountain tops will soon be bare,
And the Indian Summer past.

Select Literature.

NORMA;
OR
THE HEIR OF CHESTERWOOD.
BY REBECCA FORBES.

"Oh, if poor Cliffe had only been like other children," he sighed, "I would not worry about leaving him. But, Ralph will surely be kind to him."
"Shall I leave you now, father?" he asked, "or shall I remain with you all night?"
"I need no one to stay with me, my son, but you shall go, for I know you are very much fatigued, and I do need rest. This calling up my past life has sadly shaken me! Good night, my boy," and he held his hand in his as if reluctant to part with it for fear it was only a dream.

"Good night, father; may you rest well," and he turned away and went to his room.
He looked out of the window upon the river which looked like molten silver in the bright moonlight.
"I think I will go out awhile," he said, opening the side door and stepping out. "I am restless."
So he wandered up and down the bank of the river until he became weary, and then he re-entered the house and went to bed to sleep soundly until late the next morning.

"How do I find you this morning, sir?" he inquired, respectfully, when he entered his chamber that morning.
"Much better, oh! very much better; your presence has done me more good than all the cordials which I have taken for a year past," he replied, eagerly.
"I am happy, truly happy that it is so. I think I will call on Gracie this morning," he observed.
"Do so."

He was very careful about his toilet that morning, and felt quite satisfied with the reflection which beamed on him from out of his mirror. Then he mounted his beautiful snow white steed and went forth.
He asked for "Miss Grace Trevor," and was ushered into a large reception room, where he waited impatiently for her appearance. At last she came. He arose at her entrance. Well had his father said she was both "graceful and beautiful." She looked to him like a nymph, his beauty was of such an innocent nature.

"I presume you do not remember me, Miss Trevor—Gracie?" he observed.
A slight flush stole into her cheeks, and her eyes began to sparkle.
"I can scarcely say that I do, and yet, pardon me if I am mistaken, you must be Mr. Chesterwood."
"I am," he replied, bowing low and taking her outstretched hand; "I am Ralph Chesterwood."
"Welcome back, Mr. Chesterwood, to your old home and friends. Truly this must have been a glorious surprise to your father," she said, softly, in a voice that resembled the musical ripples of pearly waters.

"It was, Miss Gracie, but oh! can I tell you how indescribably sad it has made me to find him so low! Ten years have changed him much. It has changed you also," he added, in a lighter tone, "so much that I do not think that I would have recognized you."
"Indeed! You have not been exempt from changes either, Mr. Chesterwood."
An hour passed away before Ralph be thought himself that it was time to leave. His morning passed away very pleasantly, and he was in raptures over her beauty.

"Pardon me for tarrying so long," he observed, arising, "but I found your society so pleasant, after this ten years' separation, that the time has passed away almost without my being aware of it."
"I have enjoyed your presence very much," she replied, so there is nothing to pardon."

"Are you engaged for this evening, Gracie?" he inquired, holding her soft white hand in his, which was almost as small and delicate, "if not, would you go with me in the little boat out on the river, the same as we used to in days long past—but not forgotten," he added, in a lower tone, which brought the hot blood surging over her brow.
He gained the requisite consent, and then left. Her heart beat high. There was a something in his eyes which fascinated her, held her very being in thrall when they were bent on her, and yet, she could not but confess to herself, there was a something about him which repelled her. He had been her lover when she was but a child, and he had engaged himself to her long years ago; did he intend to renew that engagement? Every glance of his eye, every tone of his voice, and every pressure of his hand assured her that he did.

That night she looked even prettier, in her pure white dress and gipsy hat, with its blue ribbons, than she had in the morn. Her cheeks were as blooming as the rose, and her eyes seemed like two brilliant—excitement was doing its part toward making her beautiful.

Ralph met her with all the gallantry of a perfect gentleman; there seemed to be a natural air of refinement about him which pleased all who met him. He exerted all his conversational talents; he recalled several little reminiscences of the past, and then he asked—
"Have you forgotten the past, Gracie? Am I presumptuous in hoping you have not?"

"For a moment there was a silence, and then she merely replied—
"I never forget my childhood."
"Then I am content that I am remembered, Gracie, are you willing now to take up the thread of our engagement where it was broken off ten years ago?"

The tell-tale blushes answered him, and when he returned with Gracie to her home it was as his affianced. She went direct to her chamber and sat down to think. She was in a strange flutter. Was she satisfied? She asked herself that question over and over again.
"I always thought if Ralph should ever return I would be perfectly happy," she said, suppressing a sigh that was struggling to escape from her lips, "but now I feel bewildered. I love him, and I do not love him! Why is it?"

When Ralph went home he went to his father's room.
"Gracie has consented to become your daughter-in-law," he said, when about to leave.
"God be thanked! I am very happy, my son, that I should see so much joy in my last days."
On the following morning the family physician called on Mr. Chesterwood's house, and was highly delighted with the change which had taken place in him.

"He may last many months, perhaps years longer," he observed to Ralph. "Your return has been more beneficial to him than anything I could prescribe."
"Believe me, I am truly thankful, sir; if he could but live I should be blessed—I would be happy," he returned, in a voice trembling with emotion.

Days passed by, and during that time he divided his attention equally between the invalid and his all-need. No son could be more devoted than he was, and it became a marked thing among the domestics.
"If poor Mr. Chesterwood dies," they would often observe, with a shake of their heads, "Mr. Ralph will go insane! He worships the old man."
He felt it to be a duty devolving upon him, so he went once, in company with the old housemaid to see poor Cliffe. He was confined in a room in the back part of the most ancient building, and from thence he discovered a long passage way which led to subterranean vaults, which had been excavated and built by the first Chesterwood. Since then they have never been used, and so had grown rusty and mouldy with time.

"Poor Cliffe," as he was always termed when being spoken of, was of a dreadful ungainly form, resembling something between the man and a beast. His head was like that of a baboon, and instead of sitting erect on his shoulders, it inclined forward; while his expression was truly of the most demoniacal character that can be imagined.

"He has taken a fancy to you," observed the housekeeper. "I have watched him so long, off and on, that I understand all his different moods. When Mr. Chesterwood comes near him, he will lash himself into a fury and try to get at him."
"Indeed? Does he ever manage to get loose?" he asked, a fearful thought taking possession of his brain.

"Once, eight years ago, he got out of here. We had a dreadful time with him then, and he grows worse as he grows older. However, he has his likes and his dislikes, and I don't think he would harm anybody that he likes."
"Let us go away," he said, "I cannot endure this longer."
"But scarcely a day passed but he went to see him, keeping at a safe distance, from whence he knew he could not reach him, and he always carried him some sort of a present, either candy, apples or nuts, and for his brotherly love he received great credit. Oh! little they dreamed that he was hatching up one of the most diabolical plots! He was sadly disappointed at the doctor's account of the state of the old man's health; he had certain reasons which rendered him doubly anxious that he should die; he was tired of the constant watch he had upon himself.

Day after day he resolved the plan in his mind. Everything was favorable for the consummation of it. The servants' chambers were in the farthest part of the house, separated by long, irregular corridors from where the old man slept. Then there was an almost direct hall leading from the door of his room to where the monster was confined, only intersected by a door which made the originally two halls into one. He noted all this, and one night, when it was very dark, he emerged from his own room. The whole house was perfectly quiet—the servants had all retired. He crept softly down to the door; he unfastened it.

"Cliffe!" he said, in a low tone, and Cliffe gave a responsive growl.
He went closer to him, though his heart was in his mouth, and unfastened the chain.

Then he went from the cell as fast as he could, while the monster gave a bound forward; he started back out of sight—the monster strode forward! There was a glimmering light falling from the invalid's room out into the hall. To that floor the monster directed his steps—he looked in—entered—Ralph stole in behind to watch him through a crevice. There was a knife on the table—the monster seized it and went to the bed. He was stealthy as a cat in his movements now. He moved the clothes gently from about the unprotected father's throat, and then the trickling of blood told the rest of the story.

Ralph sprang away; he fled to the rooms of the servants, knocking on each door, and crying—
"The monster is loose! the monster! the monster!"
There was a general awakening—the servants flocked out.

"Where is he?" they asked, breathlessly.
"My father! my father!" he cried, passionately.
They rushed to his room, but the monster had disappeared! They forgot to look at the bed; they seized the light and went in search of him. He was quiet enough now, after his bloody deed, in the cell where he belonged. They re-chained him, he was passive. They locked the double-door, and returned to the poor victim. There was blood on the floor; there was blood on the sheets; they sickened at the sight of it; still closer.

"My God!" was the exclamations. "He has been murdered by the monster!"
Ralph sank on his knees at the bedside, his face even whiter than that of the corpse.
"My father! my father!" was his incessant wail. The physician was sent for, but he could not restore the old man to life.

During the next twenty-four hours Ralph could not be persuaded to leave the inanimate form a moment; he seemed like one insane. He followed the remains of his old father to the grave, but when he returned he entered his own chamber, and for a week never emerged from it. People pitied him; their sympathy was loud and deep, and their indignation against the monster was intense.

At length the will which the old man had made was opened and read. All of his property was left to his "beloved son," Ralph, with the exception of five hundred dollars yearly, which was to be expended on Cliffe as long as he needed it; after his death, it was to revert to the old housekeeper for one year, and then cease. It was not living it was to be given to her heirs. It was rather a singular clause, some thought, but Ralph made no comments.

"It was a bloody deed," he muttered to himself, "but it has only avenged Agnes Leiseman."
I will pass over the space of a year. By that time Ralph had become more resigned to the people said, and he and Gracie Trevor were united, and went abroad on a short wedding tour.

Alas! poor Gracie, she who had been petted and favored all her life, soon found that this Ralph was not the Ralph who had figured in her dreams; this Ralph was the real man, the other Ralph the ideal man. She knew that she had made a sort of an idol of his memory, and now she realized that she had loved him for many attributes which he did not possess. He was not positively unkind to her, but he seemed to weary of her; and now that she knew she was bound to him, he was neglectful—very unlike the ardent lover of a few months before.

Six months were passed by flirting from city to city. Theatres, museums, operas, balls, everything of public or private amusement was visited. Twice during that time Gracie had to remain at home; but he did not offer to stay with her. She had the headache she must bear it as best she could; he had engaged to take another lady, and he could not disappoint her, so he went.

After that she went every time, though she was weary of the excitement, and had the headache worse than she had had the headache. But though she was with him, he would slight her, and shower his attentions round on other ladies; she was dependent upon other gentlemen for any care which she received at all. Had she have been willing, there was not one who would not have given her the homage which Ralph bestowed upon others, for she was very attractive, but that she would not permit. She did not wish their love—she only wished to win Ralph's back.

At last he announced to her that he intended to go back to Chesterwood, and oh! how she welcomed the tidings; surely when once more there he would be as of yore. It was not his fault that pretty faces attracted him, she thought, but, rather, a failing.

Back to her old home, and clasped in her father's arms, she almost forgot the sorrow of the past. He held her away from him at arm's length.
"You are pale out, Gracie; how's that? Too much dissipation, eh? You will get recruited up, however, shortly," he added, in a cheery tone. This is a fine old place for that.

And Ralph Chesterwood was kinder to her there than he had been since they were married. Perhaps remembrances of that patient old man, who had fallen a victim to his avarice, contributed towards making him so. But their peace was destined to be of short duration. A letter came addressed to "Gracie Chesterwood." It was from a sort of second cousin of hers on her mother's side.

"I have become reduced, Gracie," she wrote, "and knowing your kind heart (they had attended a fashionable school together) I wish to apply to you, my only remaining friend, for a home for a few weeks, until I can obtain a situation as governess. Oh! Gracie, may you never know what poverty means!"

And there followed a tirade of regrets in such pathetic words that poor Gracie's heart was melted to sorrow for her afflicted cousin. She showed the letter to Ralph; he "poohed" it as he took it, about "women being feeble in general," but as his eyes fell on the bold, graceful signature of "Norma Wharton," his eyes lit up.

"You will send for her immediately, Gracie," he said, in a kinder tone than he generally used.