

"I had not been very provident, and my stock of money was soon expended. I then betwought myself of the money left me by my father, which had been deposited in a London bank. On writing for it I received a draft for one-fourth of the amount due me, with the information that the bank, having become insolvent, had gone into bankruptcy, had settled for six pence on the pound.

"Trouble and anxiety brought on a fever, from which I recovered to find that my money was all gone, my health shattered, and my mind ill at ease. For some time past I have been earning a miserable living by doing sewing for the stores. I am tired of life, and feel that I will be relieved from its burdens. I am thankful that Providence has sent you here, for I believe Lucy will find in you a friend. As for myself it matters little what becomes of me."

(To be continued.)

Miscellaneous.

THE ATENINGS AND FILLIBUSTERS.

(From the New York Scottish American Journal.)

Mr. Greeley on the Mexican question, as well as on that of setting the Richmond State prisoner free, has shown most distinctly that his disposition is towards mercy. His denunciations of the murder of Maximilian were as vigorous and as healthy as it is possible to conceive. His appreciation of the private worth, gentleness, and courage of the unfortunate Prince was alike manly and correct. How nobly did his words compare with the fierce appeals of Chandler, in the United States Senate, and of Stevens in the House of Representatives. The latter gave loud thanks, amid the cheers of members, to the Juarez Government for their prompt execution of "pirates and murderers." He said: "I think that while Juarez has gone far enough, though not half so far as he might be justified in going, yet there is no law nor policy under heaven and no sense of justice that will condemn that real heroic, much enduring man, who for six years was hunted with a reward upon his head; has been driven from one end of his empire to another, until he got to the very border; who has no parallel in history that I know of, except it be William of Orange, who was driven from island to island, and from sandpatch to sandpatch, by just about as bloody a persecutor as was to be found in Maximilian, when he decreed that every man warring against him should be shot down without further trial. I am not going to shrink from saying that I think such a punishment proper. I do not say, nor do I ask, that anybody should be executed in this country. There has got to be a sickly humanity here, which I dare not get alongside of for fear I might catch it (laughter); and it is now held by one of the most liberal and enlightened gentlemen in the county (I mean Gerrit Smith) that we should even pay a portion of the damages inflicted on the rebels and pay a portion of the rebel debt. (Laughter.) I shall come some day to have an argument with Horace Greeley about that, therefore I need not say anything further. I believe I have said enough to explain my views on the subject, and now I ask for a vote."

One can conceive, just from reading such a paragraph as this, to what sort of influence Mr. Stevens owes his position as Leader of the House. The "laughter" and the "cheers" accorded to the utterer of such sentiments as we have quoted, show what sort of policy the majority of the House consider righteous, just and beneficial. They cheer on the savage hordes of Mexico as if they were enlightened patriots. They make no accounts of the brutal threats of Juarez and his men to hunt down every foreigner on the soil of Mexico; to institute a universal reign of terror; to drive the occupants of convents into the street; to pillage and massacre at pleasure until their thirst for blood and their greed of plunder have been satisfied. Mr. Stevens and his Congressional following only see in Juarez an apostle of what—for want of a more expressive name—we must call "Brownlowism,"—that sort of government by threatenings, penalties, unlawful executions, &c., which prevails in Tennessee under the administration of Parson Brownlow. Juarez and the Governor of Tennessee are noble in the eyes of the Congressional ruling party and we should not wonder if a formal vote of thanks is moved and carried to the Mexican President for having dispatched Prince Maximilian with such promptitude, and thus defied the public sentiment of Europe, and the protests of good men of all nations.

Turn we to the Senate. There one might look for some degree of moderation in dealing with a matter which has shocked the civilized world more than anything that has happened since the murder of President Lincoln. Instead of that we have a Senator (Chandler of Michigan) thus venting his brutality:

"The Mexicans made a mistake in the mode of Maximilian's death. The man capable of issuing that decree ought not to have died by the bullet; the officers who captured him ought to have hung him to the first tree. That this was not done showed the Mexicans to be a chivalrous people. The course of this Government towards Mexico had been cowardly. The Secretary of State had aided Maximilian by giving permission to buy arms and munitions of war in the United States, while he denied to the Mexicans a clearance for a vessel loaded with a few smooth-bore muskets of no value to us. Mr. Chandler said those who were shocked at the execution of Maximilian might be divided into three classes: First, the humanitarians, under the leadership of Greeley; next, those who see something wonderful in royal blood, who might be called flunkies, who, under the leadership of Raymond of the Times, hope to stand wed with foreign despotic governments by denouncing the Government of Mexico. The third class is composed of the men who, four years ago, were crying, 'Onward to Washington' the rebels of the South and the traitors in the North. They were now crying 'On to Mexico.' In conclusion, Mr. Chandler hoped Congress would not adjourn without expressions, not only of sympathy, but of aid, if need be, to Mexico. If any European monarchy determined to fight Mexico, it might fight the United States also, and the whole world would not whip the United States on American soil."

Time was, in the days of Clay and Webster, when a Senator who should have given expression to such sentiments would have been formally censured; but we doubt if Chandler has not done a thing just as likely as not to elevate himself to the first rank as a patriotic statesman in the eyes of his fellow-men. It is a great thing to be able to threaten "the whole world," and a man who does not believe in the ability of the United States to do that, or

who hesitates to assert the claims of the United States to a dominion and authority so extensive with the American Continent, falls to come up to the full stature of a reconstructed American statesman. Franco and Austria meanwhile are sending out large fleets to protect the lives of their subjects, to demand the body of the murdered Prince, to avenge his death, and to sustain their own honor. If, therefore, Chandler and Stevens and their party demand a new war, they may possibly be gratified. We doubt if Mr. Greeley and the party of peace can do much to stay the passion for fighting which rages throughout the ranks of their party. The fillibusters are already fast organizing in New York. We have the best authority for stating that thirty thousand men who have seen service were enrolled in New York within the last three weeks. They are not of the rag tag of the city either. Many of them are professional men and men of business. Their action will compel the Government to act, and we shall see the armies gathering anon upon a new field. If the Emperor Maximilian had not been interfered with, this state of things would not have had existence. But ambition, rules, and we shall by and see where it leads. Already United States securities are very considerably depressed; and the prime influence of that depression can only be sought for in these fillibustering schemes, and in the general disposition of Congress to prolong strife.

TRACES OF THE WAR.

I know of no more saddening spectacle than that which is presented to the voyager who sails down Mississippi river from Memphis to New Orleans. He passes through the best cotton and sugar country of the entire South—a region that once blossomed as the rose. He beholds a desert, a land desolated by war, stricken by famine, and inhabited by a broken-hearted and broken-spirited people. When the war ended, the owners of the vast and rich plantations that line the shores of this great river on either side returned to the homes from which they had been expelled, and endeavored to re-build their waste places. Their houses, barns, and mills had been in many cases burned, and their negroes had dispersed, but their land was left to them, and they hoped to raise from it enough to feed their families, and to live until better times. But they were penniless. The negroes, mistrusting their good faith, were unwilling to work for them, and wait until the sale of the crop should enable the proprietors to pay them their wages. With great difficulty a scanty and ill-managed crop was planted late in the season. It failed to produce anything, and the first year was lost. This season, the river, swollen by heavy rains, swept away the embankment raised to retain it in its channel, and which had been suffered to remain unrepaired during the whole of the war, and poured its waters over a thousand plantations, driving the people from their homes, and putting an end to all hopes of a crop this year. Starvation stares the unhappy people in the face. The few steamboats that now come down the river are laden with corn and pork, brought from the North to this impoverished land, which once laughed with fatness, and sold at exorbitant prices to those who can buy. The Government, to those who can buy, has advanced loans to those who asked for it. The Government, which paid 7,000,000 dollars for Russian America, refuses to appropriate the one million which would have repaired the levee along the river, and enabled the people to raise their crops, and is now compelled to expend more than that sum in supplying them with food. But little cotton and less sugar can be raised in all this river region this year, and its people, driven from their plantations and compelled to enforced idleness, have little better to do than to brood over their sorrows and their real or fancied wrongs, and did fresh fuel to the fire beneath the political caldron that is now bubbling ferociously all over the South.—Correspondent of the Morning Post.

THE DEATH OF MAXIMILIAN.

The following account of Maximilian's death we quote from the Boletin Republicano, the first newspaper published in Mexico under liberal patronage:

"On the 19th of the present month, at 7 a.m., ceased to exist the Archduke of Austria, Fernando Maximiliano. The few incidents thus far learned relating to his trial, sentence and execution, we give to our readers. The Archduke occupied an humble seat upon one of those benches where so many of our unfortunate countrymen were sentenced to death by those ferocious court martials of the intervention. He answered with calmness three questions put to him by the Consegro de Guerra and begged as a special favor that his body might be borne to the resting place of Carlotta, and also requested that on his mother's account they would not shoot him in the face. This his last-expressed desire was complied with, as also will be the other. He died serenely, and without a struggle, as also did Miramon and Mejia. Napoleon III. ought now to be satisfied in this his work. The victims of his assassination of the 2d of December multiply incessantly, and the flag of France advances covered with glory and blood. The death of this Archduke, and all those who have adhered to his cause, ought to call attention to the famous Sovereign of France, who desires to govern the world. The Republic has done justice." Neither the first paragraph of the above, nor the second, demands comment. The exultation of the first over an inhuman, needless and uncalculated for act, is only balanced by the sarcasm of the other. Napoleon should be satisfied at these cheering words from his poor Mexico. It is midnight, and the Seraglio cries:—"A la doce q todo estabien"—"Twelve o'clock and all is well." No, jail is not well. Beating, anxious hearts, for the threatened living, and for the already dead, are to be numbered by thousands in this "Republican" capital tonight. The padres and the monjas (nuns) fear the promised blow in the name of Libertad, which will be pronounced tomorrow. A despatch from Galveston, Texas, has the following additional particulars: "When leaving the convent, Maximilian exclaimed, 'What a beautiful, clear heaven. It is such as I desired for the hour of death.' All three were dressed with scrupulous care. The officer of the firing party begged Maximilian's forgiveness, saying he disapproved the execution, but was a soldier and must obey orders. Maximilian replied: 'A soldier must always comply with his orders. I thank you with all my heart for your kind sentiments, but exact that you comply with the orders given you.' Maximilian gave Miramon the centre as his post. Mejia's wife ran distractedly through the streets just before the execution, carrying a new born babe.

So far, we have had a very cool summer. The watering places are almost deserted. The cause is said to be that there are not many greenbacks floating around now—they are harder to get and harder to keep than they used to be. I suppose the Island people are now lux-

urating in all kinds of berries. Here, they are all the way from twenty-five cents to a dollar a quart. Cherries are thirty cents a pound; but a Yankee would ever think of selling such a thing by weight; and at such a price too. I would like to spend one day among the strawberry beds and raspberry bushes, as I used to in bygone days. Your Island people do not sufficiently appreciate their advantages. At least, that is the opinion of

S. R. N.

To the Editor of the Journal.

If you will permit me to occupy a short space in your valuable paper, I think I can give you readers a more correct account of the "interesting affair" that took place last week, called Bazaar & Tea, than they have before seen. And I may first say that it there were some who did not much admire the site upon which the tables were erected, there were hundreds whose tastes led them to differ from them, and who could find both pleasure and enjoyment in the leafy tent of boughs in which the tables were set. And I may say more, the attractions within that tent were so strong that not less than 1600 persons sat down to tea, and what was still better for them, found plenty there to refresh them. We do indeed regret that the room where the Bazaar was held was so small, for there were many fine articles there that deserved a better fate. Some of them are yet unsold; and bye and bye, when money becomes a little more plenty and folks get their appetites whetted for roast geese, the good people of Margate who have the reputation of knowing how "to do things," may give their neighbors another opportunity to enjoy themselves. Now in reference to those speeches, I, too, expect they were good, for they were quite private in their character. The fact is, Sir, that ere the business of the day was completed hundreds had left the grounds, and there was no opportunity afforded for public speaking. I suppose all such efforts are measured, at last, by the numbers employed and the amount realized. Now here there were but few to give a helping hand. It is true that we obtained some help from other localities for which we are very grateful, but Margate manifested a disposition to help itself before it called on Herensides, and it was favored with upwards of £160 as the result.

Yours,

W. C. Margate, July 30th, 1867.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM BOSTON.

Boston, July 23, 1867.

FRIEND BERTRAM:—

An error occurred in the first paragraph of my last letter, which I take this opportunity to correct. Your printers made me say "Bourbons Parliament," instead of "Barbones Parliament." The latter your readers will recognize as being the nickname given to a celebrated Parliament in England during the Stuart Revolution.

The poet says that "To err is human," and it is especially so with regard to printers; and those of Summerside are not supposed to be exempt from the errors so common to their profession.

Congress has met and adjourned after a very short session of seventeen days. They so amended the Reconstruction Act passed last April as to prevent the possibility of its being again misconstrued. Nothing was done on the impeachment question, though a few hotheads, such as Butler and Boutwell of this State, Thad. Stevens of Pennsylvania, and others,—labored hard to have President Johnson impeached; but it is better for the country that such extreme legislation was not tolerated.

The President's term does not expire till March 4, 1869; but already a score of names have been mentioned in connection with the office. Gen. Grant appears to be the leading man. People generally seem to regard him as being merely a soldier; but his correspondence with Lee at the time the latter surrendered, his diary, shows that he is an able and pertinent writer; and his remarkable reticence as to his political and other opinions since the war was closed, prove that he is as shrewd and calculating as he is brave and modest.

The trial of John H. Surratt for participation in the murder of President Lincoln is about concluded. There is no doubt that he is as guilty as any, and more so than some, who suffered for the crime. But I hardly think he will be hanged. There has been enough blood shed already on that account. People do not hesitate to say that his mother was murdered. It is an everlasting disgrace to the United States that she should have hanged that old lady. And it is more astonishing to see her son, who would not give himself up, and thereby save his mother's life. Had he been devoted to a son as she was a mother, he would certainly have done so; for when Mrs. Surratt was offered her life if she would tell where her son was, she heroically refused. And who that remembers the devotedness of his own mother's love will blame her for so doing?

I had almost forgotten to say a word about the "Glorious Fourth." It was an unusually dull one; and I hear the opinion expressed in some places that the "Fourth" is dying out. The cause I will not pretend to explain. The best feature of the day was the Rowing Regatta on Charles River, and that was interrupted by a tornado, by which several boats were capsized, but fortunately no lives were lost.

Speaking of Regattas, I cannot let the opportunity pass of expressing my gratification at the result of the races in Paris, in which the New Brunswick crewmen carried off the leading prizes. The day after the news received here, the Boston Journal, in an editorial, admitted that the Provincial boatmen were the best in the world; and advised the Ward Brothers of New York, who contemplate challenging the victorious crew, to consider carefully before they do so, for they would most likely get whipped. So the Bluesoes, as Provincialists are contemptuously termed, are in one respect at least superior to our nice American people.

I would like to see an International Shooting Match come off. Perhaps the superior marksmen of the "right little Island" might carry off some of the big prizes, and then we would have a chance to blow. But as it is, all Provincialists ought to rejoice over the success of the plucky fellows who left their homes in New Brunswick, travelled several thousand miles to row on a strange river, among strangers, with few, if any backers to cheer them on; and who wrested the laurels from the picked men of Oxford, London, and Paris, and indeed of the world. They deserve all the praise and all the receptions which will be given them.

The death of Maximilian has caused considerable regret among all classes of people here. Now and then you may hear a reverse opinion expressed; but I think that the general feeling is that Juarez overstepped the bounds not only of humanity, but of public policy as well. During the horrors of the French Revolution it frequently happened that the victorious leader of to-day was the condemned culprit of to-morrow. It may happen in Mexico, for already strong opposition to Juarez exists among his chiefs, and there is no knowing what day he may be hurled from power. But "poor Carlotta's" husband was a brave, and I believe a good man; and if anybody was executed, we cannot help thinking that it ought to have been the designing knave of the Tuilleries who sent him there.

Reports from all parts of the country are to the effect that better crops were never known. This fact has a cheering influence on business; for although times are dull in Boston now, yet everybody seems to think that there will be a rushing business done in the fall.

Rents continue enormously high, notwithstanding "To Let" may be seen in many stores and dwellings. I verily believe that the landlords of Boston would sooner see their stores and houses vacated and business driven from the city, than lower their rents a particle. As rents are now, it is almost impossible for a mercantile man to do a paying business. To give your readers an idea of the enormous rise in this important item of every man's expense, rents in this city are now, on an average, higher than they were five or six years ago. A large number of new buildings are being erected; and if the present dullness of business continues, landlords will soon be compelled to lower their rents.

So far, we have had a very cool summer. The watering places are almost deserted. The cause is said to be that there are not many greenbacks floating around now—they are harder to get and harder to keep than they used to be. I suppose the Island people are now lux-

urating in all kinds of berries. Here, they are all the way from twenty-five cents to a dollar a quart. Cherries are thirty cents a pound; but a Yankee would ever think of selling such a thing by weight; and at such a price too. I would like to spend one day among the strawberry beds and raspberry bushes, as I used to in bygone days. Your Island people do not sufficiently appreciate their advantages. At least, that is the opinion of

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Yours,

W. C. Margate, July 30th, 1867.

Summerside Journal.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1867.

No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. We must know the names and addresses of our correspondents as a guarantee of their good faith. We cannot undertake to return communications that are not used.

CAPITAL AND LABOUR.

The relation between capital and labour is a subject which is at present engaging the anxious attention of thinking men on both sides of the Atlantic. The labour market has hardly ever in any country been free from restrictions of one kind or another. But most of these restrictions have hitherto been made by the employer of labour. Having the command of the means of production, and in favor of government, he has been able to make his own terms with the labourer who was compelled either to accept those terms or starve. But the subject has of late years assumed quite another complexion. The labouring classes, becoming more intelligent, have combined for the purpose of dictating terms to their employers, and of becoming in their turn masters of the situation. They came to the conclusion that they were not allowed a fair share of the produce of the labour of their hands. They saw the holders of capital becoming richer and richer each year, while there was little or no corresponding improvement in their condition, by whose labour those riches had been created. They very soon became convinced that they could not as individuals maintain the contest with their employers. Power and wealth were arrayed against them, while they possessed neither the one nor the other. The sellers of labour were both poor and disorganized. They must sell the only commodity they possessed on any terms, or be reduced to utter destitution. They formed themselves into organizations, and by means of these, from being insignificant and powerless they suddenly found that they had risen into consideration and had become powerful.

By means of hundreds of thousands of small contributions large sums of money were collected. Higher wages were demanded. These were in most cases denied them. The men refused to work, and this constituted a strike. The men on strike were supported by the funds which had been for some time accumulating, and by the voluntary contributions of sympathising workmen. Combinations of workmen were the cause of combinations of masters. The men refused to accept their masters' terms, and the masters would no longer supply them with work. This "strike" of the masters is called a "lock-out." So far the contest was a fair one. The labourer was not legally compelled to work on any other terms than those with which he was perfectly satisfied. He had as good a right to refuse to sell his labour for the price offered as the farmer has to sell his oats for a price which does not please him. In that same way the master had as perfect a right to refuse to purchase labour at a higher price than he considered fair as the labourer had to refrain from buying tea or sugar at what he considered an unreasonable price. Whether it was good policy to force the manufacturer to give more wages to his workmen than he could afford without greatly increasing the price of the article produced and so diminishing its consumption, and making himself liable to be undersold and driven out of the market by foreign competitors, is quite another matter. What may be perfectly legal may not be perfectly expedient. Indeed a course may be quite legal which may at the same time be absolutely ruinous. But as long as neither workmen nor masters infringed upon the rights of others, they were, as far as the rest of the community was concerned, at liberty to act as they deemed best. But the contest did not long continue within these bounds. The trade combinations made laws which their members were bound to obey. The

workman who joined a Trade Union parted with his freedom. He dared not work for a lower wage than that determined upon by the Union. The hours of work were also fixed, and the amount of work to be done in each hour. The expert workman must stay his hand in order that his less skillful co-worker may be as sure of employment as he. His superior skill and quickness availed him nothing. The ordinances of the Union were enforced by fines and penalties of different kinds. The horrible revelations before the Sheffield Commission, about which we informed our readers a week or two ago, show that the executive officers of some of the Trades Unions were not very particular as to the means which they took to enforce obedience to their decrees. Tools were hidden or destroyed, houses blown up, men and women mobbed, maimed, and even killed. The same measures may not have been taken by all trade combinations. It is to be hoped that they have not. But sufficient of the hidden workings of some of them have come to light to prove that they can be made the means of the most intolerable tyranny. From making laws for their own members, these Unions took to making laws for those workmen who did not think proper to join them, and for the masters themselves. Masters were not permitted to employ any but Union men, and consequently a man who was not a trade unionist stood very small chance of obtaining employment. This was going a little beyond the mark. Workmen had not the shadow of a right to dictate to their employers whom they should or should not employ, and they certainly had no authority to punish them for disregarding the rules of the Union. The laborer here put himself in the wrong, and society should for its own safety step in and shew him that he was outstepping the bounds of law and justice.

Men of capital, finding that they could not carry on the branches of trade and manufactures in which they were engaged with profit, threatened to engage foreign workmen or to remove their places of business to foreign countries. The employed, in order to meet this move and check mate the capitalist, agitated for an international union among workmen in every part of the world. By means of this organization they were quixotic enough to expect that they would succeed in establishing a uniform rate of wages all over the civilized world. They did not stop to think that it was impossible for them to regulate the demand for the produce of labour all the world over. The ratio that population bears to capital is not equal everywhere, and consequently it is the silliest thing imaginable to expect that the same money can by artificial means be made to purchase a given quantity of labour in widely separated countries. In the Western States, where men are scarce and the necessities of life abundant, a man's labour is worth much more or more necessities than in the over peopled countries of the Old World. The agitation is not confined to the struggling populations of densely inhabited Europe. The contest is now raging among the well fed, well paid workmen and enterprising capitalists of this big continent. There is some very strange talk among the reformers of America about the equalization of property and the unequal distribution of riches. How this struggle is to end it is exceedingly difficult to predict. One thing is certain, the contest is but beginning. Some philosophers think they can find their way out of the maze, and the clue is called Cooperation.

ANOTHER FIRE.

EARLY on the morning of the 26th inst., we were awakened by the alarming cry of fire! At first we thought that some drunken fool was trying to play a very bad practical joke upon us. We however got up, and on looking towards St. Eleanor's saw what appeared to be the whole village in flames. How we bundled on our clothes, and how we got to the fire is still a mystery to us. We found ourselves in St. Eleanor's somehow among a crowd of men, women, and children, all busy either in carrying water to the fire, or in carrying goods and furniture out of the buildings in danger of being burnt. We could not see the slightest prospect of saving a single building on the side of the street on which the burning houses were situated. Haszard's store was then a pile of blazing ruins and the fire was rapidly consuming that belonging to Mr. Fraser. It seemed indeed a forlorn hope with the means at command, to attempt to save Mr. McFadyen's Hotel, standing as it did within twelve or fourteen feet of the blazing houses. Slender as the hope of success was, the attempt to save it was being vigorously made by some half dozen active courageous young fellows most ably and energetically assisted by nearly the whole population of the village, male and female. A friend last night while talking about the accident charged us to give every credit to the women, "for," said he, "if it were not for the women we could never have stopped that fire." The ladies of St. Eleanor's, young, middle aged, and old, worked with an energy and a coolness that was truly wonderful. There was no fuss, no confusion, no unnecessary noise, no waste of labor. Delicate young girls and grey-headed old women might be seen carrying loads which on ordinary occasions would try the strength of full grown men. The boys too behaved admirably. As for the men, all that we need say of them is, that they did their work right manfully. There was a great deal to be done with very slender means. To save McFadyen's building alone, one would judge to be work enough for at least one hundred men supplied with every needful appliance, yet some half dozen resolute fellows on the building assisted by twenty or thirty others—chiefly women below—did the business most effectually. The other houses in the immediate vicinity of the fire had to be closely watched. Dr. Jarvis's house was for a long time in great danger. Mr. Anderson's shop

caught fire several times, so did Ness's Hotel, and the small building attached to it was literally scorched. The Warehouse, five or six yards in the rear of Haszard & Co's Store, was by the strenuous and unweary exertions of a very few persons, saved. The manner in which both labor and water were economised is really marvellous. There could not have been more than fifty persons, male and female, on the spot at the time of the greatest danger. A person was despatched to Summerside for assistance, but though great exertions were made, the engine, owing to there being no means of attaching horses to it could not be taken to St. Eleanor's in time to be of much use. As it was, it did not get there at all, a person being sent from St. Eleanor's when it was well on the way to stop its coming.

The loss though considerable, is not nearly so great as was at first supposed. Mr. Fraser has lost his shop, but nearly the whole of its contents were saved. Haszard & Co's building and stock were insured to the amount of somewhere about £1200 currency. The value of the stock alone we were assured, amounted to over £1600. The books of the firm were recovered, but in a very dilapidated condition, and many valuable papers were totally destroyed. It was at first thought that no insurance had been effected on the property.

Mr. James Whitehead of South West River, New London, while digging a well about two or three weeks ago, found his labor facilitated in the most singular and unexpected manner. After digging through one foot of vegetable mould, he came upon a bed of pure shore sand. Piercing this for about six feet, he came to some flat stones very neatly laid. Tracing them, he found that they were arranged in the form of a hollow square, the space in the middle being filled with sand. Shovelling out the sand, he was surprised to find that he had struck upon an old well regularly and neatly stoned up—the marks of the pick being distinctly visible on some of the stones. Mr. Whitehead found water at about two and a half feet from the first course of stone. The spot where this singular relic of past times was discovered is about three hundred yards from the river, and perhaps two hundred from a fresh water stream that runs into it. The farm was settled upon in the year 1822. It was then covered with forest. There was not the slightest trace upon it of a former settlement. We intend one of these days to pay the spot a visit and examine it for ourselves.

The Crops, generally speaking, look well along the Western Road and other parts of the Island the Journal man has visited during the past week. The wheat is very good—the best the people say that they have had for many years. Very little weevil is yet to be seen. If the wheat crop is good it will be a great cause for thankfulness. The oats look well, but rather short. The root crops are pretty fair; the potatoes especially look well. All the farmers want, they say, is a good market this fall.

The merry song of the hay maker can be heard in almost every direction, as one passes along the road now. In some places the noise of the mowing machine greets the ear; in other places the sound of wetting the scythe. The hay to the Westward appears very light, although here and there may be seen a good piece. The cause of the hay being so light is attributed to the dryness of the season.

A Man named McMahon belonging to a schooner from Richmond, fell overboard off Sea Crow Head, on the 29th inst, and was drowned. He was, we learn, a married man, and leaves a wife and children to lament his fate. The name of the vessel we have not been able to ascertain.

Some sections of the West have been visited by a severe thunder storm, accompanied by hail. The hail stones we are informed were of considerable size, but we did not hear that much damage was done to the crops.

John LeFurgey, Esq., left here for England on Monday last. We understand that he will be absent from home for about two months. We wish him a pleasant time and safe passage.

Sermons will be preached (D.V.) in the Wesleyan Church next Sabbath, both morning and evening, at the usual hours.

For the first time, we are able to-day to send our papers direct to many parts of New London. Mr. Glover of Kensington, has received the contract for carrying the mails. We believe that he is the right man in the right place.

Any of our subscribers who wish their papers sent to Burlington will please notify us. We are always most happy to make any change for the convenience of our patrons.

The Bridge on the Western Road, near Atlanta, Wellington, is now undergoing repairs, and is impassable. Passengers and horses are conveyed over on a raft at the moderate charge of six-pence per head.

Many thanks for the nice cake sent by our good friend Mrs. John Clark, Casumpec. We are glad to learn that there was a nice sum of money realized at the Casumpec Tea, by her disinterested exertions in a good cause.

We have received a report from the Journal man of his visit to Casumpec, Tignish, and the other parts of the far West. We must lay it aside this week for want of space. He says the codfish are very plenty this year, and a very large number have been taken. The mackerel too are being caught pretty plenty.

True Merit Appreciated.—Brown's Bronchial Troches, have been before the public many years. Each year finds the Troches in some new distant localities, in various parts of the world. Being analagous of true merit, when once used, the value of the Troches is appreciated, and they are kept always at hand, to be used as occasion requires. For Coughs Colds, and Throat Diseases the Troches have proved their efficacy.

A Blessing to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for all diseases with which children are afflicted, is a safe and certain remedy. It relieves the child from pain, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, corrects acidity, and by giving rest and health to the child, comforts the mother. Offices, 48 Dey street, New York, and 205 High Holborn, London, England.

I have been afflicted with piles for 25 years and tried everything I could hear of but to no effect until I used J. B. Fitch's Golden Ointment which has cured me.

D. M. CUMMINGS.

Symptoms of worms in children are often overlooked. Worms in the stomach and bowels cause irritation, which can be removed only by the use of a sure remedy. Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, or Worm Lozenges, are simple and effectual.