Summerside Journal.
AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

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Almanac for August, 1869.

MOON'S PHASES.

New Moon, 7th day, 5h. 56m, evening, W.
First Quarter, 14th day, 8h. 28m. morn. N. E
Full Moon, 22d day, 0h. 11m. morning. S.
Last Quarter, 30th day, 3h. 46m. evening, S.E

DAY OF WEEK		SUN rises	SUN sets	sun fast clock	sun's dec. north	moon rises	DAY'S LENG
		h m	h m	m s		h m	h m
1	Sun	4 47	7 25	6 1	57 56	morn	14 36
2	Mon	48	24	5 57	42 36	0 1	35
3	Tues	49	23	5 53	26 59	0 36	34
4	Wed	50	22	5 48	11 4	1 22	32
5	Thurs	51	21	5 42	54 53	2 13	30
6	Frid	52	19	5 36	38 25	3 14	27
7	Sat	53	17	5 29	21 41	4 22	24
8	Sun	4 54	7 16	5 22	4 41	sets	14 21
9	Mon	55	13	5 14	47 26	8 36	19
10	Tues	56	13	5 5	29 55	9 9	17
11	Wed	57	11	4 56	12 10	9 41	14
12	Thurs	59	10	4 46	54 10	10 13	11
13	Frid	5 0	9	4 36	35 56	10 45	9
14	Sat	1	7	4 25	17 27	11 20	6
15	Sun	5 2	7 5	4 13	58 46	morn	14 3
16	Mon	3	4	4 1	39 51	0 2	1
17	Tues	4	2	3 49	20 42	0 43	13 58
18	Wed	5	0	3 36	1 22	1 34	55
19	Thurs	6	6 58	3 22	41 49	2 30	52
20	Frid	7	57	3 8	22 4	3 28	50
21	Sat	8	56	2 54	2 7	rises	48
22	Sun	5 9	6 54	2 39	41 59	7 23	13 46
23	Mon	10	52	2 23	21 39	7 50	42
24	Tues	12	50	2 7	1 9	8 14	38
25	Wed	13	49	1 51	40 28	8 39	36
26	Thurs	14	47	1 34	19 34	9 3	33
27	Frid	15	45	1 17	58 37	9 30	30
28	Sat	17	43	1 0	37 25	10 0	26
29	Sun	5 18	6 41	0 42	16 6	10 32	13 23
30	Mon	19	39	0 24	54 38	11 12	20
31	Tues	21	37	0 6	33 0	morn	16

Summerside Markets.

Aug. 19, 1869.

Beef per lb	5d a 6d
Mutton per lb	4d a 5d
Oats per bush	3s
Potatoes per bush	10d a 1s
Turnips per bush	10d a 1s
Butter per lb	11d a 12d
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb.	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	8d a 9d
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	35s a 40s
Island Flour per cwt	16s to 18s
Oatmeal per cwt.	16s a 17s
Hay per Ton	50s a 60s
Pine Boards	10s
Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

Charlottetown Markets.

Ch. Town, Aug. 19, 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
Fowls	1s a 1s 6d
Ducks each	1s 3d a 1s 6d
Flour per 100 lbs	17s a 18s
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	3s a 3s 3d
Hay per ton	60s a 70s
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—ROBT. McC. STAVERT, Esquire.
Discount Days—Tuesdays 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.

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.

Business Cards.

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. | DAVID STARR & Sons, Agents, Halifax.
Montreal. Dec 15, '68 y

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

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

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

DR. JARVIS
Has REMOVED his Residence to SUMMERSIDE, next door to the Rev. Mr. Frame's. on Central Street.
☞ He can be consulted at his residence or at Hunt & Co's Drug Store, at all times.
Summerside, June 3, 1869.

DOCTOR 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.

WILLIAM BEARSTO,
Commission Merchant,
Auctioneer & General Agent,
WATER STREET,
Summerside, ---------- P E. Island

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

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

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

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

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

Business Cards.

E. CAMERON, M. D.,
Physician, Surgeon,
And Accoucheur,
Office and Residence at N. WOODSIDE'S, Esq.,
Alberton, P. E. I.
August 4th, 1869. 3m*

GEORGE D. WRIGHT,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
Choice Family Groceries!
Dunn's Block.
Charlottetown, - - P. E. Island.
July 1, 1869. tf

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

J. H. ALLEN,
Commission Merchant,
AND DEALER IN
PROVISIONS, &c.,
MARKET STREET, - ST. JOHN, N. B.
☞ Gives personal attention to the Sale and Purchase of every description of Goods.
May 9, 1868.

THOMAS HALL
IS NOW PREPARED, with the assistance of the STEAM POWER, to furnish any number of
THRESHING MACHINES,
of the most improved kind.
Iron Turning, Wood do., Carts, Trucks, &c., &c.,
manufactured, together with
All other Work in his branch of trade
Every Machine warranted to do good work.
THOMAS HALL.
Summerside, May 20, 1869.—tf.

THE GENUINE
COMMON SENSE
Family Sewing Machine!
FOR
£3 5s. 0d.,
AT
HARVIE'S BOOKSTORE,
Charlottetown, and PRINCE COUNTY BOOKSTORE, Summerside.
June 4, 1869.

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.

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

Weaving, Weaving!
New England Self-Acting
HAND LOOM!
THE Subscriber having procured one of the above LOOMS, is now prepared to do Custom WEAVING of all kinds. Any style of goods can be done on this Loom. A dozen different quills can be woven upon the same warp. Can weave a web six feet ten inches wide, Cloth double width, and Seamless Bags The best of work guaranteed. No delay. Call and see the Loom and specimens of work.
Reduced prices for Weaving.
DANIEL D. CREW,
Near the Drill Shed.
Summerside, July 15, 1869.

CRAWFORD'S HOTEL,
NO. 9, KING SQUARE,
SAINT 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, where every article required for house use may be had.
J. CRAWFORD & SON.
Sept. 10, 1868. 1y

POETRY.

COMETH A BLESSING DOWN.

BY MARY FRANCIS TYLER.

Not to the man of dollars,
Not to the man of deeds,
Not to the man of cunning,
Not to the man of creeds;
Not to the one whose passion
Is for the world's renown,
Not in form of fashion
Cometh a blessing down.

Not unto land's expansion,
Not to the miser's chest,
Not to the princely mansion,
Not to the blazoned crest;
Not to the sordid worldling,
Not to the knavish clown,
Not to the haughty tyrant
Cometh a blessing down

Not to the folly-blinded,
Not to the steeped in shame,
Not to the carnal-minded,
Not to unholy fame;
Not in neglect of duty,
Not in the monarch's crown,,
Not at the smile of beauty,
Cometh a blessing down.

But to one whose spirit
Yearns for the great and good;
Unto the one whose storehouse
Yielded the hungry food;
Unto the one who labors
Fearless of foe or frown;
Unto the kindly-hearted
Cometh a blessing down.

—*Boston Advertiser.*

Select Literature.

The Village Torment.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"Get out of this! Back you go to the poor-house! Tell the overseer I'll see him to-night. Start! Be off! When you are hanged we shall be rid of you; for hanged you'll surely be!"

And Deacon Grover gave the boy a push from his step, and slammed the door of his house against him.

Tom Stearling stood a little while and looked back at the closed door, and then wandered away—wandered off to a secluded nook among the bushes by the roadside, where he sat down and reflected. And this was the picture that unrolled itself to his memory:

There was a dim, hazy distance of clouds wherein were poverty, broken windows, a fireless hearth, a drunken father suffering, and ruin. But nothing stood out in relief until he came to his fifth year, and then appeared upon the sombre canvas the alms-house of Lowhampton, and the death-bed of his widowed mother. Thence the middle distance and the foreground were clear and distinct; but there was no relief of warm lights or radiant spots. The dark clouds, looming up in the extreme distance, cast a painful shadow over the whole picture, and not one gleam of yellow light appeared. The alms-house colored everything. He had been but a pauper! At school he had been laughed at, and the cold, cruel thing had been thrown in his face. At the age of ten years he had been sent out to work—had been given to a shoemaker in the village,—and here he had hoped the storm of shame might end.

Tom was smart—almost too smart. Quick and lithe as a cat; keen and bright as a razor; tough and strong as whipcord; with a substratum of more than ordinary intelligence—he was not one to submit tamely to the taunts and slurs of the more fortunate ones. The result was,—he was often in trouble. He sought to avenge his own wrongs, and thus kept himself in hot water. No one thought of lifting him up from his degraded state, and speaking kindly to him; but his elders kicked him and cuffed him, while he served the same cause to those whom he could handle. Parents of big boys who came home with bruised faces and torn garments called Tom Sterling "the village tormenter." And very soon everybody came to call him so.

The shoemaker kept the Torment six months, and then turned him back into the alms-house. Next a blacksmith took him—a stout, burly, hard-fisted man—who thought he could subdue him. But, mercy!—no sooner had the well-meaning smith given the lad one good sound beating than he found his Torment changed to a young tiger; and at the end of a month he sent him back from absolute fear of his life.

At length, when Tom was thirteen years old, Deacon Grover took him, thinking with a firm and steady hand to subdue him. The first piece of information which Tom received upon entering the Deacon's house hold was, that he was a hardened wretch, totally depraved, and without a particle of good in his heart; and upon that basis the work of subduing was commenced. When Deacon Grover weeded out the tares from among the young and tender vegetables in his garden he was very careful and patient, and worked with the utmost solitude, least he should unwittingly harm those plants which he wished to nourish; but when he came to the work of weeding the tares out from Tom's young spirit he banged, and shook, and beat, never thinking that there might, perchance, be some delicate tendrils of affection there which were worth the saving.

The good Deacon held the lines for a year, and then turned the boy from his door, and told him to go back to the alms-house—turned him forth as we have seen, telling him that the world would never be rid of him until he was hanged.

And this was the picture which Tom Sterling gazed upon in his lonesome reverie. Not a single bright spot!

Hark! Was it an angel that touched his memory, and opened a gleaming nook in the dark chamber?

"Tommy!—my child!—O! be a good boy—TRY to be good—and God will bless you!"

How distant the voice sounded—how long forgotten—and yet how plainly. It was as though the words still sounded in his ear—as though he again stood by his mother's bed, and felt her arm about his neck, and felt her kiss upon his cheek—as though he again gazed in terror and affright upon the scene which they told him was death.

And Tom forgot all save that one stream of light—that one kiss upon the canvass of Love and Good-will. And he asked himself,—"Shall I go back to the poor-house?" A little while of meditation, and he started to his feet.

"Never! never more! There must be light somewhere, and I'll find it if I can!"

Many a long and weary mile tramped the boy in search of light; and at length he found it—found it in the cot of a poor widow whose only son, and only child, had gone away to sea. Upon the steps of that cot he had sunk down, weary and faint and hungered, and the widow had taken him in and loved and blessed him.

O! bright and blessed hour! The genial warmth of love permeated that famished soul, and the image of the Redeemer was reflected as from the furnace of the purifier of silver.

The boy realized his ignorance, and thirsted for knowledge. "Try to be good, and God will bless you!" He forgot not the words, nor the lips of her who spoke them.

But this was not all. This was not the great shock that had broken the crust of his iron bondage. There were other words in his memory: "*When you are hanged we shall be rid of you; for hanged you'll surely be.*" This was the shock—this the blow that had broken the chain. For the first time in his life his fierce spirit of antagonism had been turned against the evil genius of his life; and when once he had grasped the enemy he would not surrender. As Tom grew older, and increased in knowledge, he became inspired with the desire to help and to save just such poor unfortunate waifs as he had been in the other years. This he communicated to the clergyman of the village parish, who gladly gave him assistance. Tom entered the work, and loved it. Every good deed he did swelled his heart bigger and bigger, and every poor unfortunate he saved gave him strength, and courage and faith.

* * * * * * * *

The Reverend Mr. Sterling was coming to preach in Lowhampton, and the people were all eager and anxious. His fame had reached them, for hardly a newspaper had come to the town for many months that had not contained an account of the great and saving work of that devoted apostle of salvation.

Saturday evening came, and Mr. Sterling arrived at the door of Deacon Grover,—for the good old man had enjoined it upon the stage-driver that the Minister should be left with him. The Deacon had expected to behold a fine-looking man, and he was not disappointed; though the apostle was younger than he had thought. But when, in the evening, they sat down together, the old man's wonder and admiration were aroused, and he could only acknowledge to himself that in knowledge and experience his guest was a man of surpassing stature. And not the shadow of a thought crossed his mind that this great and glorious worker of good was the aforetime Village Torment that he had so harshly turned from his door.

It was Sunday—bright, beautiful, and calm. The minister stood in the pulpit, and before him the pews and the aisles were crowded. His frame shook when he arose; his lip quivered; and his eyes were moist. People wondered what could affect him so. But when he came to read to them the thirteenth chapter of Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, they ceased to wonder at his emotions, being lost in wonder at the new beauties and deep lessons brought to light by his marvellous rendering of the celestial richness of the chapter—a richness which they had never before discovered. When he prayed other eyes were moist besides his own.

At length he read his text: "Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me." And then he went on to open up to his hearers one of the noblest departments of Christian labor, and one that was richest in its rewards,—the lifting up and the saving of the unfortunate poor and forsaken. We may talk and tell as we please about how much we have loved our Redeemer, and how much we have honored him,—the question will surely be forced back upon us from the Friend and Saviour of sinners, "What have ye done for these my outcast and suffering children."

By and by, with faltering accent, he told the simple, touching story of his own life. He had no blame,—only love and good-will;—but would they not accept the lesson, and lay it to heart?

At first, when they knew who he was, it was as though a thunderbolt had burst among them, and they thought, when the services were ended, that they should shrink away in shame, and not dare to meet him. But when he came to the theme of Divine love and forgiveness, and showed them his heart, all warm and grateful; and when he poured out upon them his rich blessing, they felt drawn irresistibly towards him; so that, when he descended from the pulpit, they crowded around him, eager to respond, from their full hearts, to his welcome of love and good-will.

Of all that congregation Deacon Grover alone held back. How could he meet the man whom he had, as a poor and forsaken boy, cast out from his doors? But Mr. Sterling at length gained his side, and took his arm; and on his way home he said to the old man:

"You don't know, Mr. Grover, how many times I have blessed you in my heart."

"Blessed me? *Blessed?*"

"Yes,—for 'twas you who first turned my thoughts in the right direction. I know you did it roughly, and meant little good to me at the time; but God hath wrought great good from it."

And thereupon Mr. Sterling told the story of that hour's meditation by the wayside.

When the old man next spoke, his voice was low, but earnest and prayerful:

"Mr. Sterling, I have never meant to do wrong; but I am free to say that never, until this day, have I fully known our Saviour; and I feel that I can almost say, with Simeon of old—'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!'"

A Death Kiss.

THE NEEDLE OF A YOUNG MAN'S SWEETHEART PIERCES HIS HEART WHILE KISSING HER LIPS.

From the Nashville (Tenn.) Press.

A young gentleman named Joe White, a very respectable, industrious, quiet, good-looking fellow, of about eighteen years of age, and a resident of Germantown, went to south Nashville Saturday night to visit his lady love, a Miss Barnes. He had been frequently to visit her before at various times. They were engaged to be married. He found her in the parlor, sewing, as a proper young girl should be. She was anxious to finish the article and therefore concluded not to throw it aside when he entered, particularly as he complimented her on her pretty appearance, with her beautiful face, bending over her slender fingers as she plied the stitches with as much grace and rapidity as other girls display when skimming over the keys of a nasty piano.

He took his seat beside her. They chatted very gayly. After waiting a few minutes, which to him seemed hours, he became impatient, and longed to imprint a chaste kiss upon her ripe and pouting lips. With the view of carrying out his design, he let his arm circle her waist furtively, and as he was drawing her close to himself, she objected to being disturbed until her little work was finished; but he insisted.—She made a motion to shove him off, as girls are said to generally. This motion proved fatal to her happiness and to his life. He became impetuous, and drawing her to him with much violence, the needle which was caught in her thimble got between them, the point toward his heart.

It entered, and as he was about to imprint a kiss of love upon her lips, his own became ashy pale, his vigorous grasp relaxed, and then the fire of love died out, as if by a celestial puff, at the moment of contact. He sickened, fell back upon the sofa, quite helpless. The young lady was much alarmed, and ran for assistance. The family all ran into the room, and proceeded to open his shirt collar, thinking he was in a fainting fit, and that the usual restoratives would suffice. In undoing his vest, it was found that the needle had penetrated his side very deeply, a circumstance which the young lady had never noticed in her fright. The doctor was sent for. He administered what remedies he could. Partial consciousness was restored, and the young fellow enabled to talk. The scene between him and his first, last love, was extremely affecting.

She wept like one who feels that all happiness on earth is lost, and he seemed to regret her loss and not his own condition. He consoled her by saying that she would soon get another lover to fill his place, who would be more worthy of her than he could hope to be, and who would make her happy. This but increased her sorrow. She sank down upon the floor beside him and cried aloud. When he was becoming worse, and the doctor gave the emphatic opinion that he could not live, she started suddenly to her feet, and running into another room, swallowed a heavy dose of laudanum, which was kept there for the use of a young member of the family that was sick. It was sometime before she was discovered, and it was with the utmost difficulty she was brought back to consciousness. The first word she uttered was, "O, where is he? let me go to him; I will be with him." At the same instant the young gentleman was resigning his spirit into the hands of its Maker in the adjoining room. He died about 10 o'clock. She is still in a precarious condition, and evinces symptoms of insanity.

AN ILLINOIS FARMER

JOHN T. ALEXANEER, THE CATTLE KING.

(*From the Gennessee (Ill.) Republic.*)

We frequently see accounts in the papers of men who are noted for their genius, talents, and whatever they may have accomplished above the average of men generally. We see noticed of miners and farmers in California, in Texas, an other States, who have done big things; we see notices of men who *have* grown rich in *manufacturing* and real estate speculations in the East and elsewhere. Scarce a paper that dose not puff somebody for some wonderful fact in some direction.

We do not recollect to have seen any notice in the papers of one of the greatest men the country has produced. We mean John T. Alexander, of Morgan county, Ill., who commenced business for himself with little capital or other advantages above the average men. He is a plain, homespun farmer; tall, good looking, free and easy in manners, without the least particle of style in words or acts.

It is rather interesting to watch the movements of such a man at Springfield or Chicago, among the popin jays and self-constituted leaders of society who are greatly elevated in their conceit. Mr. Alexander has been farming in Illinois a good many years, and has been very successful. His farm now comprises about 30,000 acres, mostly under improvement. This is about one township and a half—about nine miles square—and all good land. He has now about 6,000 acres of growing corn, and from 1,000 to 2,000 acres of grass ready for the mower.

He is now feeding about 10,000 head of cattle, and buys and ships East from Chicago from 1,000 to 2,000 head of cattle every week. He has risen to this great preminence by his own talent, energy, and integrity. His business each and every year amounts to millions of dollars, and is entirely legitimate, adding to his own wealth and the common welfare of the State.

THE PLAGUE IN PUGWASH, N. S.—We are informed that the plague which has been so fatal in Pugwash is fast abating. On Sunday last the eighteenth of the recent funerals which have taken place there wended its solemn way through the streets. In a row of eleven houses fifty-seven persons were suffering at once from the disease—or rather, complication of diseases—as it embraces Measles, Scarletina, Chicken Pox, Swine Pox, and Whooping Cough.—*Amherst Gazette.*