

Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

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

Vol. 3.

Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, September 17, 1868.

No. 50.

THE Summerside Journal.

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The Courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper or periodical from the office or removing, and leaving it uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of INTERNATIONAL FRAUD.

Almanac for September, 1868.

MOON'S PHASES.

Full Moon, 1st day, 11h. 45m. evening, S. Last Quarter, 9th day, 5h. 52m. evening, S. New Moon, 16th day, 9h. 7m. morning, N.W. First Qr. 23rd day, 11h. 9m. morning, W.

D. MON. DAY WEEK	SUN. rise/sets	SUN. fast	sun's decl.	moon's decl.	days length	M		N	
						h	m	h	m
1 Tues	5 22 6 35	0 17	8 5	6 5	13 13				
2 Wed	26 34 0 36	7 43	6 59	8 8					
3 Thurs	28 31 0 55	7 29	7 24	9 3					
4 Frid	30 30 1 15	6 57	8 20	12 57					
5 Sat	32 26 1 55	6 15	8 55	12 54					
6 Sun	35 24 2 15	5 52	9 24	51					
7 Mon	37 24 2 41	5 39	7 51	21					
8 Tues	34 22 2 55	5 29	10 42	48					
9 Wed	35 20 2 56	5 10	50	45					
10 Thurs	37 19 3 17	4 44	11 42	42					
11 Frid	38 17 3 37	4 21	12 39	39					
12 Sat	39 15 3 58	3 58	0 42	36					
13 Sun	40 13 4 19	3 35	1 52	33					
14 Mon	41 11 4 40	3 12	2 29	30					
15 Tues	42 9 5 1 2 49	4 18	27						
16 Wed	43 7 5 22 2 26	28							
17 Thurs	44 5 5 43 2 39	7 42	19						
18 Frid	45 4 5 6 25 1 16	8 18	17						
19 Sun	46 3 5 8 47 1 0	13 14	13						
20 Mon	47 2 5 11 1 50	1 49	11 51	59					
21 Tues	50 57 7 28	0 12	7 12						
22 Wed	51 54 7 49	0 17	11 1 3						
23 Thurs	52 51 8 10	0 40	11 53	11 59					
24 Frid	53 48 8 30	1 3	10 55						
25 Sat	54 46 8 51	1 27	0 42	52					
26 Sun	55 54 9 11	1 50	1 49	48					
27 Mon	56 43 9 31	2 14	2 36	47					
28 Tues	57 41 9 50	2 37	3 30	44					
29 Wed	58 39 10 10	3 0	4 35	41					

Summerside Markets.

Oats per bush	2s 3d to 2s 6d
Potatoes (new) per bush	1s 6d to 2s
Turnips per bush	1s 3d
Butter per lb by Tub	1s to 1s 3d
Lard per lb	10d to 11d
Tallow per lb	9d to 10d
Eggs per doz	3d to 4d
Beef per lb	3d to 4d
Mutton per lb	3d to 4d
Hides per lb	4d
Mackerel per doz	2s to 3s
Codfish per qt	4d to 6d
Pork per lb by carcass	4s to 5s
Flour per bbl	45s to 50s
Hay per ton	18s to 20s
Pine Boards	10s to 10s 6d
Spruce Boards	4s to 5s

Business Cards.

BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
Corner of Great George & King Streets, Charlottetown.

President—HON. DANIEL BREAN.
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—HON. JOHN R. GARDINER.
Cashier—E. L. LEHARD, 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.

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

Business Cards.

C. D. RICHARDS,
Importer and Wholesale Dealer in
British & Foreign Groceries.
1, Head North Wharf,
ST. JOHN, - - - NEW BRUNSWICK.
Dec. 6, 1867.

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 Province, 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.

JABEZ HUDSON,
Authorized Auctioneer,
GENERAL AGENT, &c.,
TRYON, - - - - P. E. I.
June 27, 1867.

CAUVILL BROTHERS,
AUCTIONEERS,
Commission Merchants,
And General Agents,
BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET,
Charlottetown, - - - - P. E. Island

James Greenough,
FLOUR
Commission Merchant.
No 47 Commercial Street
Corner of Clinton Street - - - BOSTON

Barber Shop!
THE Subscriber respectfully announces to the people of Summerside, and the public in general, that he has opened a

BARBER SHOP!
on Water Street, in the room adjoining the Post Office, where he is prepared to do all work appertaining to his profession. Best assortment of
Hair Oils, Hair Restorers, Tooth Powders, Dyes, &c.,
always on hand on the most reasonable terms. Boxes CRYSTAL BLUE also for sale.
RAZORS carefully put in order.
CHAS. OTTO WINKLER.
Summerside, Jan 30, 1868.

Co-Partnership Notice.
THE Subscribers have this day entered into a CO-PARTNERSHIP as BARRISTERS and ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, under the name, style and firm of

ALLEY & DAVIES
OFFICE, O'HALLORAN'S BUILDING,
GREAT GEORGE STREET,
GEORGE ALLEY,
LOUIS H. DAVIES.
Charlottetown, Oct. 18, 1867 oct 24.

DR. JARVIS
Has Removed His Residence to the House (lately occupied by Mr. McKinley) next to Thomas Hunt's, Esq., St. Eleanor's. He may be consulted every forenoon at the Drug Store of W. T. HUNT & Co., Sumner side.
St. Eleanor's, May 18, 1868.

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

KITSON CASEY, M.D.,
Physician, Surgeon & Accoucheur
formerly Assistant Surgeon in the U. S. Navy, offers his professional services to the people of Summerside and vicinity. He can be consulted at his office, over the Store of Messrs Green & Schurman, in Summerside.
June 13, 1867. tf

THOMAS KELLY,
Barrister - at - Law
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
SUMMERSIDE, - - - P. E. ISLAND.
aug 9, 1866

R. & W. T. HUNT,
Commission Merchants,
GENERAL AGENTS AND
AUCTIONEERS.
SALESROOM AND OFFICE
Head of Queen's Wharf.
(opposite the Store of Wm. T. Hunt & Co.)
Summerside, P. E. Island.
April 2 1868. ly

WILLIAM BEAIRSTO,
Commission Merchant,
Auctioneer & General Agent,
WATER STREET,
Summerside, - - - - P. E. Island
Jan. 21, 1868.

North British and Mercantile INSURANCE COMPANY.
FIRE AND LIFE.
Established 1809.
CAPITAL: TWO MILLIONS, Sterling.
HEAD OFFICES:
EDINBURGH & LONDON.
G. W. DEBLOIS,
Agent at Charlottetown,
Charlottetown, June 20, 1868. - ly

Business Cards.

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.

HANFORD BROTHERS,
Successors to Thomas Hanford,
Commission Merchants,
And General Agents.
11 NORTH MARKET WHARF,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
Chas. U. Hanford, - - - - Fred. S. Hanford

POINT DU CHENE HOUSE.
THE subscriber would beg to call the attention of the travelling public to this well-known and favorite Hotel, situated at the Head of the Railway Wharf, at Point Du Chene, N. B.

Its advantages as a residence for parties in quest of health cannot be surpassed. The air is pure, bracing and invigorating, while there is every facility for deep sea bathing. The trains for St. John leave the door twice every day. The charges will be found moderate, the table good; and the proprietor hopes by strict attention to the requirements of his customers, to ensure general satisfaction.

Passengers landing from the steamer in the morning can get breakfast before leaving in the 7 o'clock train.

PETER SCHURMAN, Proprietor.
P. S.—Being himself a P. E. Islander, the Proprietor would hereby respectfully request a share of the Island patronage.
Pt. Du Chene, June 18, '68. 3m

Weekly Steam Communication WITH BOSTON & HALIFAX.
THE STEAMSHIPS ALHAMBRA and COMMERCE, (until further notice) will make weekly trips between CHARLOTTETOWN and BOSTON, calling at Canso.

RATES OF PASSAGE:
Ladies' Cabin. Gents' Cabin. Forward.
To Boston 50s. 55s. 45s.
" Halifax 25s. 30s. 18s.
" Canso, 20s. 25s. 15s.
CARVELL BROS., Agents.
Char'town, July 30, 1868.

P. E. ISLAND Steam Navigation Co's STEAMERS,
"PRINCESS OF WALES" AND "HEATHER BELLE"
The Steamer "Princess of Wales" WILL leave CHARLOTTETOWN for PICTOU every TUESDAY and THURSDAY morning at 5 a.m., in time for the morning train for Halifax.
Leaves PICTOU for CHARLOTTETOWN every TUESDAY and FRIDAY evening, after arrival of Train from Halifax.
Leaves PICTOU for POKI HOOD every THURSDAY morning at noon, immediately after arrival of Train from Halifax, returning to Pictou the following morning.
Leaves CHARLOTTETOWN every TUESDAY and FRIDAY night for SUMMERSIDE and SHEDIAC, at 7 1/2 p.m. Will connect with Wednesday and Saturday morning's Trains.
Leaves SHEDIAC for SUMMERSIDE and CHARLOTTETOWN every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY afternoons, immediately after arrival of Train from St. John.

The Steamer "Heather Belle" Leaves CHARLOTTETOWN at 3 a.m., every Saturday morning for PICTOU.
Leaves PICTOU at 9 a.m., same day, for MURRAY HARBOR, GEORGETOWN and SOURIS, remaining at either Souris or Georgetown over Sunday.

Leaves PICTOU every MONDAY for CHARLOTTETOWN, after arrival of Train from Halifax.

FARES:
Charlottetown to Pictou, or back, £0 12 0
Pictou to Georgetown, " 0 9 0
" Port Hood, " 0 12 0
Ch'town to Summerside, " 0 9 0
" Shediac, " 0 18 0
" St. John, " \$4.50 or 1 8 1/4
" Eastport, " 6.00 1 17 6
" Portland, " 8.00 2 10 0
" Boston, " 9.00 2 16 3
" Halifax, " 4.00 1 4 0
" Port Hood, " 1 4 0
" Georgetown, " 0 9 0
" Souris, " 0 12 0
F. W. HALES, Sec'y.

M 21, 1868.

Invitation to Shipbuilders!
3000 BLOCKS,
NOW READY FOR SALE
AT COSTIN'S LOCK SHOP,
SUMMERSIDE!

THE subscriber begs leave to direct the attention of SHIP BUILDERS and SHIP OWNERS, to his BLOCK SHOP, where he has now, and will constantly keep on hand, a large lot of BLOCKS, of all sizes, which will be sold at the lowest island prices, and 25 per cent. off for CASH.
Remember those are not the Blocks you read about which have no Bushing in the Sheaves, and 2 Rivets where 3 is required. Parties purchasing Blocks should always drive out the pins and examine the inside, as many vessels have been lost in consequence of bad Blocks.

The fastest vessels that ever sailed from this Island were furnished with Blocks from the subscribers Factory, (the New Dominion, Undine, Zuleika, and others.)
ALSO—Ships Wheels, finished with neatness and made substantial. Deck Plugs, Pumps, &c., &c.
Reference can be made to Hon. J. C. Pope, Hon. James Yeo.

JOHN COSTIN,
Feb. 27, 1868. ly

POETRY.

THE SLAVE MOTHER.

WENDEL PHILLIPS tells of a slave mother who wept with her babe; when overtaken she took the life of her child.
Hour after hour her weary feet
Pressed hill, and dale, and dusty street—
She never gave one backward look:
With eager haste she sped that day
Till many a mile behind her lay.

Never before those feet had trod
So sweet a way—so best a road:
Never before her soul full prayer
So swiftly reached the Father's ear;
The haven blast she seemed to see,
And softly sang—"My babe is free."

"My babe is free!"—it died away,
That mother's song on that summer's day;
Her lips grew firm—her brow grew dark,
—There were clattering hoofs—the bloodhound's bark;
Pity, sweet Christ! O canst thou see
The fetters clasped, when they are free?

One kiss to that fond babe was given—
One hurried prayer went up to heaven:
Her arm was strengthened—God be praised!
Her arm was strengthened—and she raised!
The dagger. Then the angels laid
In Jesus' arms a smiling babe.

She heeded not the barking hound,
Nor angry faces gathered round:
She cared not what in store might be—
The slave's lash—the misery—
Her babe was safe; and she, content,
A shackled captive backward went.

Select Literature.

The Last of the Corans; Or the Fatal Shot.

AMONG the many fair castle homes of England, there could be none fairer or more stately than Coran Castle, Suffolk. There lived squire Coran, a fine specimen of his old school—stern, rugged, and unbending as one of his own oaks, yet, withal, genial and kindly. The nearest peasant on his estate walked brisker when he saw the squire, and smiled for five minutes after hearing his merry "Fine morning; first-rate weather!"

Nearly forty years had passed since the squire laid his fair girl-wife in the vault of the Corans—nearly twenty since he had laid by her side the son of their short wedlock. Yet Coran Castle was not desolate. The heir, though he died young had lived long enough to leave a widow and two orphan babes to his father's care. These orphans were now grown up, and the names of Hugh and Emma resounded through the castle, shouted in the full, cheery voice of the hearty old man. Dearly did he love them both; but Hugh was somewhat wild and wayward, and would sometimes thwart his grandfather's imperious will. One sore subject ever lay before them. The old squire was a giant in stature and strength; his youth had been signalized by feats of prowess and daring of which he never weary to boast. Hugh Coran, on the contrary, had small taste for field sports, and, being small and delicate in frame, constantly took to himself his grandfather's careless scoffs about "ladyman" and "degeneracy."

Not half a mile from Coran Castle was a large tract of heath and moorland, very wild and very lonely, and at that time infested with highwaymen. It was necessary to cross this highway to reach the neighboring village of Wrottel. One day, in the winter time, Hugh Coran had occasion to go to this village. He did not return when expected, and dinner was served without him. Just as it was over, he came in exclaiming that he had been seized by suspicious characters had been seen on the moor, and therefore he had waited for companions on his homeward journey. His mother was about to commend what to her seemed but prudence, when the squire broke into a storm of invective at Hugh's "cowardice." When had he feared any mortal man, least of all a midnight robber? The moorland offered no shelter for a band of highwaymen, and he took shame that one of his race dreaded to encounter any single foe. Old as he was, he would ride over Coran Moor alone at midnight, and no hand should harm him or touch his purse. He blushed—yes, that was the stinging word—for the last of the Corans of Coran.

In vain did Hugh answer gently that he did not think his courage would fail if put usefully to the proof; that he owned he possessed but little of the reckless daring of the ancient Corans; but still he thought—he modestly said he thought, for the youth was no braggart—that he would risk his own life to save his mother's. But the squire's last words were too much. His blue eyes flashed, he threw down his knife, left his dinner untouched, and his mother and sister in tears.

He did not show himself all that evening. Late at night a messenger came from Wrottel, bearing tidings of the sudden and dangerous illness of an old friend of the squire's. The man who brought the letter went on with another to a more distant neighbor.

"I shall go at once," said the squire to Emma and her mother, "I must see him again in life."
"Then Rogers will attend to you?" said the mother, timidly.
No, Latymer Coran was no court-popping, who could not take care of himself; he was not afraid in the dark—cowards were unknown in his young days.

Squire Coran went to his room to prepare for his journey. Boasting never strengthens one's courage, and he took great care that his pistol was in good order. At another time, notwithstanding the reality of the danger, he would not have taken the pistol; but now he loaded it with deadly precision, and laid it carefully in his greatcoat pocket.

Emma ran to call her brother to say good-bye, but she found his door locked, and could get no answer.
"Let him alone," said her grandfather, "let him alone; example is better than precept, and so he rode away."
There was only a cloudy moon, but the stout-hearted traveler knew his road, and

was as little likely to miss his way on the moor as is a street Arab to lose himself in London.

His thoughts went before him to his dying friend, and his indignation with Hugh slowly faded from his mind, when, just as a cloud obscured the moon, he heard the snort of a sordid horse, a shadow fell on his path, a hand suddenly caught his bridle, and a pistol was pointed at his head.

"Your money or your life."
The words were spoken quickly, in a disguised but agitated voice. There was just light enough to see the highwayman was a light-built man, of no apparent physical force, yet the squire thought of his vain boast as he felt how completely he was in the strapping's power. There was a moment's silence. The squire's hand was in his great-coat pocket. Did the robber think he was getting his purse? Did the squire know he was searching for his pistol?

The highwayman spoke again in the same strange voice, which seemed full of smothered passion or grief: "I have heard you would never yield to a single man."
The squire's blood boiled at the implied taunt, but yet the pistol was terribly near his head, and he felt that in such a case neither strength nor courage can always win victory.

"Nor would I yield to you," he said—he knew now what prompted it in him—"not to you alone; but for that other fellow looking over your shoulder."
The robber started shudderingly, and turned. Swift as lightning the squire aimed his own pistol and fired.

For a moment the moorland seemed illumined; out of the fiendish darkness came a light, sharp almost girlish shriek. A second more all was dark and quiet, and the squire realized he stood alone in the dim moonlight with a dead man at his feet.

A stern man was Latymer Coran, of Coran, and he was not to be brought to a pure on his journey because he had chanced to slay a thief. Nor was it the awe and horror of bloodshed that blanched and flushed his cheek as he rode on. No, his rigid justice argued that the man deserved death, only it was not meet that such as he should have betrayed an honorable gentleman to deceit. For he knew that he had verified his boast, and saved himself—by a lie.

That haunted him as he stood on the grim chamber of Wrottel Clockhouse, and saw the last of his old friend, the country magistrate.

He despatched no one to the dead robber—time enough for that when he returned in the morning.

Then he took officers of justice with him, and they, respecting his position, and the depression in which he seemed plunged, walked quietly side by side, a little way behind his horse. At last they reached the spot where the deadly deed had taken place. To their astonishment, a little group of people had gathered about, and as they drew near, they heard a sound of lamentation, and the squire saw his own livery servants, one of them holding the bridle of a riderless horse. They turned, startled, white faces to him, as he rode up, and were silent.

"What is the matter?" he demanded, impetuously.
"Oh, he canna be dead! the bonnie ladie!" sobbed an old Scotch groom.

"Some one has shot Mr. Hugh," said two or three at once.

"It must have been a duel," said some one, "for the young master has his own pistol with him."

The squire pushed his horse through the crowd. On the blood-stained heather lay his antagonist of the night before—his young grandson—the back of his head completely shattered, and stains of blood upon his fair, boyish face. The steward knelt by the corpse, disengaging the pistol from the stiff grasp of the dead. He looked at it with wondering, bewildered eyes, and said:

"It has never been loaded!"

Then the old squire understood it all—he understood that his boastful, provoking words had provoked Hugh to put his courage to the test, in the hope of convincing him there was no trial of bravery between an honest man and a robber. And the squire understood also that had the unloaded pistol been what it seemed, he the honorable Coran of Coran, had only escaped by a lie!

"I did it," he said gloomily; and the two deplorable officers of justice came and stood at either side of Latymer Coran, and his own servants fell back in horror and dismay. Alas! for the twice bereaved woman who sat waiting and weeping, and as yet hoping, in the proud old castle towers!

Latymer Coran was spared the ignominy of a trial—he did not even live to hear that the coroner's jury returned a verdict of "misadventure." The stout old heart was broken. Hugh's funeral was delayed but a single day, that his grandfather and he, "the last of the Corans," might be buried together. Their names, the murderer and murdered, were written on one tablet. Not a word was said of the ancient and honorable lineage, nor of the tragedy in which both lives closed—only their names and their ages, the old man and the boy, and the text—

"Fathers provoke not your children to anger."

NEVER TELL A LIE.

How simply and beautifully has Abdel Kader, of Ghilon, impressed us with the love of truth, in a story of his childhood! After stating the vision, which made him entreat of his mother to go to Bagdad, and devote himself to God, he thus proceeds:

I informed her of what I