

Summerside Journal.

A N D W E S T E R N P I O N E E R .

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

Vol. 3.

Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, September 10, 1868.

No. 49.

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BY
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AT HIS OFFICE, CENTRAL STREET.
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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 Qtr. 23rd day, 11h. 9m., morning, W.

MOON'S PHASES.
D. M. W. SUN SUN'S moon moon days
DAY WEEK RISES SETS clock north rises leng

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

Summerside Markets. Sept. 10, 1868.

Onions per bush	2s 3d	2s 6d
Potatoes (new) per bush	1s 6d	1s 2s
Turnips per bush	1s 6d	
Butter per lb by Tub	1s	1s 1d
Lard per lb	10s	11s
Tallow per lb	9d	10d
Eggs per doz	4s	4s 1d
Beef per lb	3d	4d
Mutton per lb	4d	4s
Hicks per lb	1s	1s 1d
Mackerel per doz	2s	2s 6d
Codfish per qt	1s	1s 6d
Pork per lb by carcass	4d	4d
Flour per bbl	45s	50s
Oatmeal per cwt	18s	20s
Hay per Ton	50s	60s
Pine Boards	10s	
Spruce Boards	4s	4s 6d

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. GARDNER.
Cashier—E. L. LYDIARD, 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.
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

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.

DR. JARVIS
Has Removed His Residence to the House
(lately occupied by Mr McKinlay)
next to Thomas Hunt's, Esq., St. Eleanor's.
He may be consulted every Evening at the Drug Store of W. T. HUNT & Co., Summerside.
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 & Apothecary
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. ly

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

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.,
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 with BARRISTERS and ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, under the name and style of firm of
ALLEY & DAVIES
OFFICE, O'HALLORAN'S BUILDING,
GREAT GEORGE STREET,
GEORGE ALLEY,
LOUIS H. DAVIES
Charlottetown, Oct. 18, 1867. oct 24.

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

CARVELL 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
C. L. 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 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.

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 be respectfully request a share of the Island patronage.
Pt. Du Chene, June 18, '68. 3m

£3 17s. 6d.
The Celebrated Common sense Family Sewing Machine.
Improved and Perfected.
EVERY MACHINE WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.
For elegance of Finish it has no Rival, High Price or Low.
Simple, Durable, Compact, and Cheap.

This Machine is now presented to the public with all the improvements that can well be combined in a Sewing Machine. Great labor and pains have been bestowed to bring this Machine into the very highest state of perfection. It is acknowledged by the best judges to stand entirely above and beyond any cheap Machine ever produced before.
It will sew anything that can be sewed on any high priced machine in the world, just as nicely and just as rapidly. It will sew iron Swiss Muslin up to 120 stitches, at the rate of twelve hundred stitches per minute.
This machine has a new style of feeding apparatus, which makes the Machine Self-guiding. The cloth, without the aid of either hand, will run nearly as true as when guided by Barum's self sewer. This is an advantage not possessed by any other machine in the world, high price or low. This is one reason why this machine is so easily managed by children. A girl with one hand can use it more successfully than she could ordinary machines with two hands.
This Machine will Sew, Hem, Fell, tuck, Quilt, Cord, Bind, Braid, and Embroider in a most superior manner.
Printed Instructions, German or English, Screw Driver, Hammer, Oil Can, Four Needles, and Table Clamp, accompany each Machine without extra cost.
These Machines can be seen at Bertram's Book Store, or at the Store of
HENRY A. HARVIE,
Agent for P. E. Island,
June, 25 1868.—3m

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 THURSDAY evening, after arrival of Train for Halifax.
Leaves PICTOU for FORT 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 Train's.
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 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
" " " " " 0 18 0
" St. John, " \$4.50 or 1 8 1/2
" Eastport, " 6.00 1 17 6
" Portland, " 8.00 2 10 6
" 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.
Ma 21, 1868.

POETRY.
THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

How sweet is the promise,
Whatever betide,
In dungeon or palace,
The Lord will provide

When weary I lay me
At evening to rest,
Life's sorrows and troubles
Are shut from the breast,
As I feel his sweet presence
Who watches to guide
Whose eyes never slumber—
The Lord will provide.

When the foul tongue of slander
Its venom throws out,
And scatters the poison
Profusely about—
All pointless and harmless
It falls by my side:
The truth is my buckler—
The Lord will provide.

When I rest where the shadow
Of poverty falls,
And the frosts leap in fiercely
On the dark, gloomy walls—
Though with fastings I'm weary,
In peace I abide,
For I know on the morrow
The Lord will provide.

O, sweet is the promise,
Whatever betide,
In trouble or trial
The Lord will provide.

Select Literature.
CRIME DETECTED;
OR, THE MIDNIGHT WATCH.
BY A. T.
(Concluded.)

"You need not be afraid," I repeated, quietly; "there is nothing wrong, only I want some information from you. Go in there," and, as I spoke, I opened the door of my room and pushed her gently in. Even then she did not speak; and when I had locked the door, and, as there was no window, lighted the candle, I saw her leaning against the wall with a face of terror, and her hands hanging by her side helplessly.

"Sit down," I whispered, placing a chair for her. "Is there any one in the next room?"
"No," she answered; "there is no one outside the big horse but yourself."
"Well, now," I continued, calmly but firmly, "I want to know what you have been watching that bullock-driver in the bush for?"
"Are you watching him?" she whispered, eagerly questioned. "Do you know anything? Oh, tell me for mercy's sake!"
"It would not do for me to tell everything of my business, you know," I replied; "but I tell you I am a detective, and I followed you both to-night, and now I want to know for what reason you watched that man, who seems a stranger to you? Is he a stranger to you?" I added, as she hesitated and wrung her hands.

"I never saw him in my life before."
"Explain, then—you must do so, mind!"
"If you are a detective," she whispered, very suddenly, lifting up her face and looking keenly into mine, "you will remember James Parsons."
"James Parsons? A man who disappeared about two years ago, and was supposed to be murdered?"
"He left home with a team of bullocks," I went on, "and a heavy purse to bring a load from F—, but never returned."
She nodded again.

"Why, 'twas about two miles from this very house," I continued, a light all at once breaking in upon my bewildered brain, "that we lost all trace of him. Some one met him upon the road, and after that he was never more heard of."
I was looking keenly and anxiously at the woman as I spoke these words rapidly; when, concluded, she said, faintly, "I was James Parsons' wife."

If I had not been accustomed to control all outward semblance of feeling, I should certainly have uttered an exclamation at this moment. It was as if the corner of a mysterious curtain had been lifted, and I was beginning to see a dim but partially illuminated vista beyond, which included a lonely bush tract, upon which jogged along a team of bullocks driven by James Parsons, and terminated in that scorched and blackened log, near which I had so lately seen that strangely moved teamster digging up some hidden thing.

"I was James Parsons' wife, and this evening, when that man came to the door, I knew my husband's bullocks. I could swear to every one of them. We reared them ourselves; and I am sure as I stand here, that every one of them, this moment, would eat out of my own hand."
I was silent, as much from admiration of this poor woman's noble courage in the attempt to discover her husband's murderer, as from any other feeling, and she went on calmly:—
"When the police gave up all hopes of finding James, or any trace of him, I came and took a situation here, in hopes that some day I might see or hear something of the man that killed him. Killed, I'm sure he was, and I am sure that the man I followed to-night did it, and did it on the very spot where the hand of God seemed to strike him to-night, and freeze up his narrow with fear."

"Well, give yourself no further anxiety, my poor girl," I said. "I will do this man's steps like a shadow until I prove his guilt, if he is guilty. Meanwhile, say not one word about the events of this night, and as soon as I gain any information I shall see you again."

"Mind," she said, emphatically, as I opened the door to let her out, "if you play me false in this I will find this man out though he died. Now that I have seen the hand that spilled my poor James' warm blood, I will track him until I die myself, or he is hanged," and she softly closed the door and went away.

I sat down upon the edge of the bed to think, and, who will perhaps laugh at me

when I say, that my first thought was the sagacity of my faithful animal Vino. Well, you may laugh if you like, but she never did deceive me and never will; I feel as sure of it as I feel Heaven's aid is around me at this moment.

Satisfied that all was well with the teamster, as I could hear the tinkle, tinkle of the cattle bells still, I lay down in my clothes to catch a few hours of as sound a sleep as I ever enjoyed. We are used to it, you see. And the certainty that I had fairly got hold of the right end of a chain that would give me credit with my superior, caused me to sleep well. The sun was but barely up, however, when I arose and hastened a look at things outside.

The bar was open, and the woman, as quite seeming as ever, was attending to her various arrangements in it. The teamster was busily yoking up his cattle with the same quiet and listless manner I had observed the night before, and, hastily giving the bar-woman a hint to let me have my breakfast immediately, I went to look after Vino.

While I was eating my breakfast, I heard the loud crack of a driver's whip, and the rumbling of the rough conveyance convinced me that he was off. This, however, gave me no concern; for it was far from my intention to let him perceive that I was about to return by almost the same track I had arrived on the previous evening. I was most anxious of course, to avoid exciting his suspicions. Half an hour saw Vino and myself upon the road, upon which, however, I proceeded scarcely half a mile, when I diverged into the bush and rode leisurely along, keeping within an easy distance of the road, so as to be able at any moment to hear my friend the driver. I could hear the crack of the whip in the distance, and even the rattle of the wheels, and satisfied that he was still proceeding, I proceeded also. It seemed a long forenoon, going at the slow pace of the cattle, but everything has an end, and at last the hour of noon arrived, and, from the vicinity of the only water within miles, I felt that my man would camp soon.

I was right. As I neared the road cautiously I saw that he had selected a shady spot near a water-hole, and was about yoking his cattle once more. Alighting, I left Vino to graze quietly—she was too well trained to stray far away—and then stole cautiously nearer, and seated myself under a close bush to resume my watch. I was anxious about that little parcel he had examined, and fearful he might make a fire and burn it. He made no fire, however. As soon as his cattle were turned out, he commenced to examine one of his yokes—and a most unusual step it was for a carter who had two good hours' spell before him to set to work mending a yoke before he had made the slightest preparation for his noon-day meal. That, however, was what he appeared to be doing; and he chose an old black log that lay upon the bank of the creek, and, leaning the yoke across it, went down on his knees and commenced his repairing. This was how it looked to me, I say, for I was at some little distance, you know, but his occasional looks around him aroused my suspicion, and I kept a closer eye upon the movements of his body. Mending the yoke? Bah! he was digging a hole under the log, and simply using the yoke as a screen in case of watch.

"Ah, my man!" said I, to myself. "I have you now; you are simply repairing your parcel, and with a bad conscience, too, or you would not use so much caution."
A few moments after and his task was ended, his fast broken upon some cold provisions, and he was lying in the shade, to all appearance fast asleep. I followed his example, in that matter at least, after having consulted a pocket pistol, and so me Sandwichees with which I had provided myself at Wallaby.

The first crack of the teamster's whip aroused me, and I watched his departure with impatience. It appeared on hour or he had fairly disappeared, and I had liberty to pounce upon his *parcel* and to unearth it. I found some difficulty in doing so, but at length the parcel was in my hands, which appeared to be of so much value to the bullock-driver. It was tied up with strong piece of tarpaulin, and had in it a measure of Aladdin's jewels, my fingers could scarcely have trembled more as I unfolded it.

There was little to reward me, you might have supposed, but I was perfectly satisfied, one old leather bag containing notes to the value of one hundred dollars. I remembered these very notes were missing, and known to have been in the possession of James Parsons when he so unaccountably disappeared (and I had the numbers of them in my note-book at that very moment, and a crooked sixpence which had also been described. This was absolutely all of value the parcel contained, as two or three scraps of belt, shrivelled and burnt, two buckles, as if brass, a few brass buttons sadly discolored, and a few charred and partially destroyed bones might seem valueless to any one, but they were everything to me, and were *life itself* to the wretched man, who had tried to hide them out of his own destruction.

Carefully wrapping them up, and once more securing Vino, I placed my precious find in my valise, and mounting, rode rapidly along the road after the bullock team. I had not much to hide now, as I was quite satisfied in arresting this man, with such a strong chain of circumstantial evidence against him. Though it was well to wait, however, until we reached a house of accommodation not more than three miles off, which I knew he must pass, as a desperate man in a lonely bush had a chance it were as well not to give him.

I soon overtook the dray, and I thought the driver looked rather uneasy as he recognized me. "You're luckier than myself, mate!" I cried, as I rode up. "I've been riding in the bush all day lost. I ought to be ashamed to tell it, too, after being in the colony so long."
"There's a good many tracks hereabouts," he answered. "You've taken the wrong one, I guess."

"Yes, I took the wrong road after leaving the Wallaby, and then trying to cut across the bush, I lost myself. It hadn't been for the sound of your whip, I should have pulled myself up. Are we near any public house?"
"Yes, the Accommodation Inn is only about two miles off."

"Well, I'll go on then. I am regularly tired. Call as you're passing, mate, and I'll shout!"
So we parted, and as I left him I saw a feeling of relief steal over his face. Had there been any other road I should have feared his trying to avoid me; but there was not, so I waited patiently in the bar of the inn, until I heard the dray passing, and then I went to the door and called him in.

There was no one in the bar but the man who served, and who supplied the driver and myself with our chosen drinks. I suffered him to swallow his in peace. Poor wretch, I knew he would require all the fortitude it would give him to enable him to undergo the terrible ordeal before him. But no sooner had he finished than the handkerchiefs were locked upon the hand that placed the glass upon the counter, and in another second the other was clasped beside it.

He turned upon me such a look of speechless terror as I shall never forget, and once more I saw before me the same agonized face of the night before, during the midnight watch in the moonlit forest.

"I arrest you for the murder of James Parsons," I said, and he staggered back against the wall, and then fell heavily on the floor.

I assisted him to rise, for he was faint and weak, and the handcuffs prevented him from helping himself. But when he had been seated on a form, where he could support himself against the counter, his face grew pale with excitement, and I feared he was going mad.

"Thank God, it's over!" he said. "It's better to be hung at once than to live such a terrible life. I did it! yes, I did it! I killed him and buried his body!"
"Take care!" I remonstrated, "every word you say now will be used against you."

"I want them to be used against me," he said, loudly. "I want to relieve myself and die. I met Parsons about two miles from the Wallaby. I was on tramp with my swag, and he gave me a lift. I found out he had money, and coaxed him into the bush, gunning I knew a nice water-hole to camp for the night. We made a fire near a log, and while he was putting a billy over it, I struck him with the axe—his own axe—right on the back of the head, and he fell into the fire. I piled branches and wood on half the night, until he was burned to cinders, and then, when the fire died out, I raked up every bit of strap, and button, and bone that I could find, so that no one could find any trace. I put these into a bit of rag, and planted them, but, until last night, I never had a chance to take them from the spot. Oh, heavens above! It's a fearful thing to be a murderer! I should have had to drag these bones over the world with me; fire or water would never have hidden them! You will find them planted at—"

"They are here," I replied, laying the parcel before him as he spoke.

He glared at it for a second, shuddered as if a keen, cold wind pierced his bones, then he lifted up his manacled hands, as if to seek the hot blood he had spilled; and, staring wildly at them for a second, fell back—dead!

I have been in many terrible scenes during my colonial experience, but among them all, this one often starts vividly into remembrance. The bush inn, with the open door, showing the green, beautiful plain, with its dotting trees, the quiet bullocks lashing the flies off lazily on the road, and the dead man, with staring eyes and fettered hands, fallen against the wall, with that terrible look of unspoken agony stiffening into his face.

THE GULF STREAM.—The excessive drought in England, the unusually violent and continued rain storms on our eastern coasts, the icebergs which early in