Summerside Journal,

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

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THE

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SUMMERSIDE, Feb. 13, 1867.

Oats per bush	2s 1d a 2s 2d
Barley per bush	3s a 3s 6d
Potatoes per bush	1s 3d a 1s 6d
Turnips per bush	1s a 1s 1d
Butter per lb by Tub	1s a 1s 1d
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb.	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	9d a 10d
Beef per lb	3d a 4d
Mutton per lb	3d a 4d
Pork per lb by carcass	3d a 4½d
Geese each	1s 6d a 1s 9d
Flour per bbl	50s a 60s
Oatmeal per cwt.	14s a 15s
Hay per Ton	50s a 60s
Straw per cwt.	1s 6d
Pine Boards	10s
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aug. 9, 1866 1y

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CHARLOTTETOWN - - - P. E. Island.
Jan. 17, 1867. 1y

A CARD.

THE subscriber having purchased the STOCK IN TRADE of JAMES L. HOLMAN at St. Eleanor's, the business in future will be conducted by him. As it is his intention to keep constantly on hand a variety of goods adapted for the country trade, he respectfully solicits a share of public patronage.
ALBERT L. ANDERSON.
St. Eleanor's, April 10, 1866.

J. H. GIBSON,
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PAINTER,
Summerside, ... P. E. Island.
October 13, 1866.

Business Cards.

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RESIDENCE—At J. M. LYDIARD, ESQUIRE, Stanley Bridge.
New London, - - - - P. E. I.
Jan 24, 1867. 1y

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SUMMERSIDE, ... P. E. ISLAND
October 12, 1865.

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COMMISSION MERCHANT
Auctioneer.
Dealer in Flour, Groceries, and Dry Goods.
Water Street . . . . . Summerside.

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MAILS.

Winter Arrangement.

THE MAILS for the neighboring Provinces and the UNITED STATES, will, until further notice, be made up and forwarded from the General Post Office, Charlottetown, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening, at 8 o'clock.

Mails for GREAT BRITAIN, NEWFOUNDLAND and the WEST INDIES, will be made up every THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 8 p. m., as follows:

Thursday, Jan. 10, 1867.
Saturday, " 12,
Thursday, " 25,
Saturday, " 27,
Thursday, Feb. 7,
Saturday, " 9,
Thursday, Feb. 21,
Saturday, " 23,
Thursday, March 7,
Saturday, " 9,
Thursday, " 21,
Saturday, " 23,
Thursday, April 4,
Saturday, " 6,

P. DESBRISAY, Postmaster Gen.
Gen. Post Office, Ch'town, Jan.3, 1867.

Saddle and Harness Shop.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the inhabitants of NEW LONDON and surrounding places, that he has
Opened a Saddler's Shop at Clifton, New London,
where he hopes, by strict and punctual attention to his business, and moderate charges, to merit a share of public patronage.
JAS. SENCABAUGH.
Clifton, New London, Oct. 25, 1866.—tf

POETRY.

THE NEWS BOY.

SAVE the boy; he's worth the saving;
Sireless, homeless, friendless now,
Cast upon life's stormy billows,
Outcast graven on his brow.
Like a tomb-lamp dimly burning,
Which the deadly damps destroy,
Genius in his soul may slumber,
To the rescue! save the boy!

Rudely nurtured, wild and reckless,
Trials darken o'er his fate;
Evil ways and bad companions—
Save him ere it be too late.
Ere the mind receives its signet,
Ere the gold has known alloy,
Ere the buds of promise wither,
To the resque! save the boy!

See your children round you smiling,
On your bosom, at your knee;
Think upon the newsboys fortunes
When your homestead rings with glee.
No warm heart, alas! to cheer him;
No loved home to yield him joy;
No fond mother to caress him,
To the rescue! save the boy!

Toil has rocked the newsboy's cradle,
Strung his nerves for life's hard fight;
When he joins the marshal'd battle,
Lead him to the ranks of right;
In his house place thou the Banner
Which will work the foe annoy,
Earth will thank you, Heav'n will bless you,
To the rescue! save the boy!

Select Literature.

A LONG SWIM.

"Bless my soul! Jones is dead."
"What! your cousin the parson?"
"No, no!"
"Not Jones of 99th?"
"No. Jones of the *Saragossa*."
"You don't say so. Which of them?"
"Peyton Jones."

"Dear me! I'm very sorry to hear it. Stunning fellow was Peyton Jones. Thoroughly good fellow. What did he die of? It would take a good deal to kill Jones."

"Influenza."

"No! You don,t mean to say that influenza killed Jones? Gad! fancy a man [illegible] yellow fever three times, dying of influenza!"

"Ay, and who had been chewed for half an hour by a tiger in a jungle."

"Yes, and who awoke one morning with a boa-constrictor around his neck."

"Just so, and who took that tremendous swim at Antigua."

"Ah! what was that?"

"Did you never hear of that? Why, it was one of the pluckiest things that was ever done. I am surprised you never heard of that. Surely I must have told you that myself. Goodness knows, I am never likely to forget it; but for Peyton Jones, I might not be here now to tell it. Jones was in the Briureus when the affair occurred, and the ship was lying in the harbor of Antagua. I was out there at the same time, and saw a good deal of the naval men, and a better set of fellows I wouldn't wish to know. You never were in the West Indies, I think; so I must explain, that outside the regular harbor of Antigua there is a sort of second harbor—a large bay, the shore of which, on one side, after taking a wide sweep, runs out into the sea for a great distance. Well, one fine day it was arranged that we should have a picnic; so four or five of the officers, among whom was Peyton Jones, with an Irish doctor and myself for guests, took the ship's pinnace and three men, sailed out of the harbor and across the bay to our heart's content. The doctor was an invaluable man at festivities of this kind. His tales used to follow one another like a string of sausages; the head of one joined to the tale of the other by a 'Faith and that reminds me'—particularly funny to listen to, from the absence of anything in the first story that could by any possibility have suggested the second.

"On the occasion I am speaking of, he kept us in a roar of laughter all day; telling stories and singing songs incessantly, till it was time to think about returning. So, after one more tale, which, being of an exceedingly comic character, reminded the doctor of a very distressing case at that time in hospital, we finished the other bottle, and in a short time were afloat. No sooner were we under way than Dr. O'Grady got up an argument with Jones, who was at the helm, upon the subject of steering, and in a short time requested, on the ground that illustration was necessary to render his views clear, to be allowed to give a practical example of his powers as a steersman. This Jones at first objected to; but public feeling running strongly in favor of the doctor's being allowed to try his hand, and the doctor giving his feeling voice with a force and eloquence peculiar to himself, the end of the matter was, that he was soon seated comfortably at the helm, singing the 'Groves of Blarney.'

"For a short time the voyage went on very smoothly; but just as O'Grady was in the middle of an amazingly funny comparison between lines, and the negro thought so. He flatly refused to consent to the arrangement, and not without having some reason on his side either. And yet, what was Jones to do? He must give Arion, whose singing attracted the dolphins, and himself, whose voice appeared to possess a certain charm for sharks, a sudden gust of wind took us and laid us on our beam-ends.

"'Port your helm!' shouted Jones, jumping up and making for the tiller. "Port, O'Grady, port!"

"The same 't you, and plenty of it" replied the doctor, still facetious, though a thought flured. Port it is!"

"But unfortunately, port it wasn't. By a little error of the doctor's it was starboard instead; and the result was that in another minute we were all struggling in the water, and the pinnace was keel uppermost. As several of the party could not swim, the first thing to do was to look after them, and help them to scramgle up on to the keal. Peyton Jones, who was a magnificent swimmer, and all of us who could swim at all, worked zealously at this, splashing as much as possible the while, in order to keep the sharks away; and in a very short time, a long row of moist, uncomfortable bodies ornamented the bottom of the capsized boat.

"Are we all here now?" cried Jones, who was at the end of the line. "One, two, three—Good Heavens! where's the doctor!"

"Help! shricked a man who was at the other end of the boat.—"help, help! Here's a shark at my leg He's got my foot in his mouth."

"Faith, and if it is a shark," said the voice of the doctor from the water, "ye'll never be troubled with corns on that foot again. But this is no fish, but an Irelander, fortunately for you Thompson. Lend a hand boys. It's myself, and no mistake. That's right. Ah, ye ungrateful baste,'—apostrophizing the boat, "what did ye go turning over in that way for, after I been steering ye so carefully, and all?"

"By Jove, I thought we'd picked all up," said Toes. "I'd forgotten you O'Grady."

"Upon my conscience," said the doctor, frankly, "and you were justified in that same, for, faith? I forgot myself when I undertook to steer. But who could have expected that a boat which was going on so mighty pleasant, would have turned so suddenly over on its stomach, in that ungrateful fashion?"

"I did not know you could swim doctor," some one said.

"I'm not, perhaps, what ye'd call altogether a fine swimmer," O'Grady returned; "but if it's diving ye want, I'm the bhoy. Bedad, it was that that detained me just now. No sooner did I come up, than down I went again; and if my attention had not been caught by Thompson's foot, faith! I can't exactly say to the minute when I should have stopped."

"Well, we're all here now, at any rate," said Jones; "but what's to be done next! Has any one of you got any suggestion to make?"

"And is it suggestion you mane?" said O'Grady; "then it's myself that has, and here it is: if any gentleman is in the possession of a brandy-flask, let him pass it down here."

"No gentleman was. All the brandy left undrunk was in the hamper, and where the hamper was, the sharks knew better than we.

"Bad luck to the hamper!" said the doctor; "and bad luck to the fellow who put the brandy into it; and worse luck to the shark that will fall into so fine a property, and may the glass bottle cut the coat of his stomach into ribbons. Amen."

"Stop fooling, O'Grady," said Jones, "the business is very serious."

"And, by Jo[illegible]ve, it was. Here was nine or ten of us, wet to the [illegible]kin, sitting on the keel of a capsized boat, two full miles [illegible] shore, with no possibility of making way either forward or backwards. In addition to all this, the bay swarmed with sharks, and the night—which comes on with a rush out there, you know—was just falling, so that there was no chance of being seen and picked up. If we were forced to remain in this desperately uncomfortable situation all night, there was every probability that some one, overcome by sleep, would be sleeping off his unpleasant perch into the sea; and it was quite certain that the sharks, attracted by such a promising feast, would be cruising about on all sides waiting like dogs, for the crumbs' that fall from their masters' table. But what was to be done? The only remedy was one that made me shudder to think of—that some one should undertake to swim two miles, in defiance of the sharks and the darkness, and carry the intelligence of our misfortune to the ship. A more risky expedition you can scarcely imagine, and it almost took my breath when I heard Jone's voice from the end of the row say: "Somebody must go and get assistance, and as I'm the best swimmer of you all I'll go."

"By gad! think of the sharks, old fellow," said the man next to him.

"Just what I shan't do," said Jones; "I shall think of them as little as possible, There's no help for it, you know; some one must go."

"It was so thoroughly one man taking the danger of ten on his shoulders, that each of us, from very shame, endeavored to dissuade him; but all we could say made no impression upon him, a midshipman named Knapton, who was a very good swimmer, declared he'd accompany him."

"It's better for two of us to go," said Knapton; "for if one only went, and he were to come to grief on the way, you know, these fellows would be little better off than they are now."

"People talk a good deal about our national degeneracy now-a-days; it doesn't look like a national degeneracy. I imagine when, out of ten men—some of whom, as not being able to swim at all, must be left out of the account—two could be found to go in for such a very forlorn hope as this. Well, Jones and Knapton stripped themselves to the skin—the less luggage you take on such a journey as this, the better—and dashed into the water; and you may fancy with what anxious hearts we on the boat watched, as long as the failing light would let us, their heads rising and falling with the waves, and the splashing made by their feet.

"Kick well," shouted Jones to Knapton, for he knew what cowards sharks are, and what a small thing sometimes will frighten them—"kick well; make as much splash as possible; it's your only chance, if they get a sight of you."

"And there we sat in silence—even the doctor was dumb for the time—staring after the two heroes; for heroes they were, if there are such things at all; first their heads were lost in the darkness; then the white foam made by their feet; and knowing as we did, the dangers that they were likely to encounter from the sharks, when we lost sight of that, the hope that they could reach the shore seemed to mix with the darkness, and to be lost as well. It is a terribly painful thing to remain inactive while others are incurring great danger; to feel that you cannot raise a finger to them, however desperate their position. I don't know that ever I passed a more wretched time than I did after Jones and Knapton had got beyond our sight. As I sat shivering on that dismal boat, thinking of those two fellows swimming along in the midst of perils which they had no power to avoid, there came into my recollection a scene from an old book which I had not read since I was a child, in which a man had to pass in the dead of night through a valley set everywhere with snares and pitfalls, which in the darkness he could not see, but still was forced to go walking blindly on, conscious that at any moment he might step into absolute destruction.

"But Jones and the midshipman were swimming steadily all the while, for some time almost side by side; their faces set for the shore, and their thoughts dwelling as little as possible upon what might at any moment happen down below. Some men—I among them—have a horror of touching anything under water; and I am certain that if I had been either of those fellows, the very knowledge that every kick I gave might send my foot against a shark, who would snap off my leg in a twinkle, would have acted like the touch of the electrical eel upon me, and deprived my muscles of all power of motion. It did not appear so with them, however. The apprehension of danger only made them more active in trying to escape from it, and for about three quarters of a mile—we could not see them of course, but, as you may imagine, we had every single incident related to us afterwards—they proceeded swiftly and evenly. But after they had accomplished that distance, Knapton began to drop gradually behind. He had either overrated his powers, or exhausted himself with kicking too vigorously; at any rate, from whatever cause, when they had gone about a mile, he cried out to Jones; "I can go no further. I must shut up. You go on. Never mind me—go on." Jones, however, was the last man in the world to desert a friend in difficulties; he turned, and swam back to him at once.

"Are you done up, old fellow?" Jones said to him.

"Yes," said the midshipman; "I can't go on any further. But you go on; you'd better leave me."

"Not I," said Jones; "we set out together, and we'll finish together, or not at all. Now, look here. Don't you grasp at me, and cling to me; you are too good a swimmer not to know that's raving madness. Rest your hands upon my hips; let your body float quietly out; and I'll see what I can do."

"Knapton did exactly as he was bidden; Jones stretched himself out before him; and with more than ever resting upon him now, in every sense of the term, struck out again for the land as resolutely as before. Who was that rusty old hero? Æneas, wasn't it? pious Æneas?—that they make so much fuss, because he carried his father on his shoulders out of burning Troy, all the while in mortal dread that Greeks would pop out upon [illegible] corner? Well, he was not a [illegible] bit more of a hero than Peyton Jones. In fact, give me Jones for choice; for, reckoning the elements as about equally nasty, who would not sooner have to deal with a Greek than a shark? In the first case, you might drop the Governor and go it at the Greek, without fearing to find the old gentleman a cinder when you turned round to pick him up again. But with Jones it was quite different. If he left Knapton, the poor fellow must have drowned; and as far as the sharks were concerned, he had nothing for it but swim on, and if the enemy choose to bite his legs off, why, they must. Besides, there is another thing to be said for Jones's case—it is perfectly true; whereas, as regards the feat of Father Æneas it is—to put it in the mildest way—open to question.

"That is, however, a rather trifling way of speaking of what was no trifle of Jones. As he was swimming on, toiling along with Knapton, more dead than alive, hanging to him, he suddenly became aware that *one of them* was after him. The demon had found them out at last. It was a sickening moment that; yet, determined never to say die, swimming vigorously to his last, and kicking and splashing with all his might, Jones pushed his way through that awful sea. The shark kept close to them; now on this side, now on that, now diving beneath them, and,—'and I give you my honor, sir,' Jones said to me himself, 'that once I distinctly felt the beggar's infernal nose touch my thigh, and the horror of that nearly finished me.' Heaven knows how he reached the shore a whole man, but he did reach it at last, and brought Knapton with him too, fainting certainly, but without a limb short.

"Well, he had got to the land, and that was a capital thing. After struggling through two miles of sea, dragging a half-dead man along with you, and dodging sharks, any land would seem a paradise; but still it is not exactly the thing for a gentleman in these days to make his appearance on *terra firma* in the very same costume as that in which Adam made his. In his joy at reaching land, and bringing his friend safely with him, Jones had forgotten his state of undress; but when he had carried Knapton in his arms up the beach, and had laid him out, as it to dry, well above high-water mark, then, as he was starting off at a run in the direction of the harbor, the full conviction of his absolute clotheslessness came over him with crushing force. How on earth was he to make his way to the harbor, and to appear on the deck of H. M. S. *Briareus* without a single thing to cover him except his own confusion. It was a dreadful dilemma, and for a moment Jones almost regretted that the sharks had not delivered him from the difficulty; but a moment's thought and the recollection of the misery in which his friends on the capsized pinnace were, from which nobody but himself could save them, restored his resolutions. Muttering to himself that he'd by odds sooner repeat the first part of his undertaking than carry out the last, he set off running towards the harbor. But he was to be spared the horrors of having to give such a bare recital of the calamity as this. His Good Fortune came to his aid—Fortune, being blind, could do so, of course, without shocking her sense of decency—and helped him at his need. He had not to run far before he saw a big negro coming towards him. The big negro had on a shirt and trousers. Now a shirt and a pair of trousers are not generally considered a lavish superfluity of clothing; but in Jone's naked condition they seemed nothing less than a monstrous piece of extravagance.

"A shirt and trousers!" said Jones to himself as if such a combination had never came beneath his notice before—'a shirt and trousers! He shall keep whichever he likes, but one of them I must have.—Here, you!"

"And Jones walked solemnly up to the black, and stated that, situated as the negro could see that he was, he was under the necessity of requesting the negro to resign the moiety of his wearing apparel. He added that he was an officer on board H. M. S. *Briareus*, and would trouble the negro to look sharp. The negro not unnaturally declined to part with either shirt or trousers. It certainly was rather hard lines for him, when you come to think of it—when you put himself into his position and garments. That a gentleman, of however high a standing in Her Majesty's service, and giving references however unexceptionable, should make his appearance in a state of nature, walk up to you in a lofty manner, and cooly demand a most important part of your clothing, was rather hard the alarm, and must have some clothes to do it in. There was but one course before him; "to do a great right," he must "do a little wrong." It was exactly one of those cases in which, there being a show of right on both sides nothing but might can settle it. It is not every man, who, after swimming for two miles, would feel himself in a condition to assault a large negro, but Peyton Jones was one in a thousand.

"Look here, you rascal," said Jones, "I must have your trousers."

"Yah, yah, yah!" laughed the man, as if he were beginning to see the joke.

"I'll pay you for them, you black scoundrel," said the gentleman in buff.

"Yah, yah! Let massa put him hand in him pocket, den, yah, yah," said the gentleman in black.

"If you don't give them to me I shall take them!" said Jones.

"Yah, yah, yah, yah!" laughed the negro as if the joke had been a good one all along but here was the cream of it.

"Some men can appreciate no argument but force, thought Jones; so he knocked the negro down. Negroes are as everybody knows, hard-headed individuals, but one blow from Jones was more than enough for him; with two he would have slain a bull of Bashan. The negro offered no more resistance. Jones took off his trousers, put them on himself, and showing, to my mind, great moderation in not taking the shirt as well while he was about it, left the *sans culotte* on the ground, ran off for the harbor, reached his ship, and gave the alarm. The hundred hands of H. M. S. *Briareus* were turned up instantly; boats were sent out; and about ten o'clock that night, when we had given up all hope of being rescued from our distressing position till next day, and had it down as certain that both Jones a[nd] Knapton had become food for shark[s] [illegible] lights, that assured us [illegible] of our own deliverance, but of t[illegible] of at least one of them, shone th[illegible] darkness; and in a few minutes we w[illegible] all taken off that confounded keel, lifted into the boat. It was a near thing, though. The boats had been here and there for a couple of hours without finding any trace of us; the lieutenant had given the order to return; and it was only through the boatswain neglecting the order, and making one cast more, happily a successful one, that led to our being rescued. However, 'just in time,' is better than 'too late;' relief reached us at last: and in spite of sharks and shipwreck, there was not a man of us lost, thanks to Peyton Jone's heroic conduct in taking that perilous swim in the dark.—And now he's dead poor fellow."

"Possibly; but of influenza? No, I'll never believe it."

ICE.—In all inflammations, whether internal or external, the application of ice diminishes rapidly the size of the blood-vessels, and thus relieves the pain which they cause by pressing against the nerves located by them. Swallowing ice broken into lumps will reduce and cure inflammation of the stomach. Every family should have access to ice at all times.

A WISE MAN.—Said a wise (?) man to Jarius, "I am never willing to attempt anything which has not been tried." Thus it was with him, poor, selgsh soul; he would wait to see it his neighbor got hurt, laughing all the while at the "absurdity of the thing," and break into a roar if his neighbor failed. But if his neighbor "made a hit," and succeeded, then his "*conservatism*" came quickly into use; he would smile and say. "My neighbor doth sow; *his* neighbor doth reap,"

SLEEPING IN CHURCH.—In an Episcopal church in the North of Scotland, a porter employed during the week at the railway station does duty on Sunday by blowing the bellows of the organ. The other Sunday, wearied by the long continued hours of railway attendance, combined, it may be, with the soporific effects of a dull sermon, he fell asleep during the service, and so remained when the pealing of the organ was required. He was suddenly and rather rudely awakened by another official, when, apparently dreaming of an approaching train, he started to his feet, and roared out, with all the force and shrillness of stentorian lungs and habit, "Change here for Elgin, Lossiemouth and Burghead." The effect upon the congregation, sitting in expectation of a concord of sweet sounds, may be imagined.

America has 90,000 miles of telegraph. Europe 30,000 less.

There has never been so many houses put up as last year—at auction.

The Prussian government has patented a surgical circular saw and ordered it for army use.

A Frenchman has compounded a deadly poison to put on the ends of harpoons. It is death to whales.

Mr. Bell, who made torpedoes for the Paraguayans, is dead of a explosion—hoist with his own petard.

A (n) ice match is on the *tapis* between Carrie Moore of New York, and Nellie Dean, of Pittsburg, the two "skatorial!" queens.

Rev. J. Dougherty, of Chicago, walked in his sleep out of a third story window, a day or two since. He never lived to wake up.