

Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

Vol. 2.

Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, July 25, 1867.

No. 42.

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SUMMERSIDE, July 25, 1867.

| | | |
|------------------------|-------|-------|
| Oats per bush | 2s 6d | 2s 9d |
| Barley per bush | 3s 4d | 3s 6d |
| Potatoes per bush | 2s 2d | 2s 3d |
| Turnips per bush | 1s 4d | 1s 3d |
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| Tallow per lb | 9d | 10d |
| Eggs per doz | 6d | 7d |
| Beef per lb | 4d | 6d |
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June 13, 1867. 3m

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October 12, 1865.

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July 11, 1867.

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aug. 9, 1866 ly

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POETRY.

LESSON OF A SHEPHERD-BOY.
BY DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

Among old Scotia's towering cliffs
A group of tourists strayed,
Delighted 'mid its lochs and glens,
In beauty wild arrayed.
They climbed amid the morning mists
A rocky mountain side,
Which lightning bolts had often rent
In chasms deep and wide.

Still up and on, with agile step,
They toward the summit trod,
'Mid Nature's gorgeous solitudes,
The fastnesses of God.
Upon a fragile precipice
At length the adventurers stood,
Which, double-walled, reached far below,
An awful attitude.

They saw, far down the creviced rocks,
Some flowers wild and sweet;
But never hand might pluck them thence,
Except by daring feat.
One only plan would reach the flowers,
And down the chasm cold
The bravest one, girt with a rope,
Must seize the trophies bold.

Not far below a shepherd-boy
Was sitting by his flocks,
And him they tempted by rewards
To try the wall of rocks.
They brought him to the starting brink,
But he in fear recoiled;
And none was found to try the depth—
The day's high sport was spoiled.

At length a thought broke on his mind,
His face lit up with hope;
'I'll venture down the rocks,' he said,
'If father holds the rope.'
Down, down that awful depth of rocks
The father held his boy,
While he his bosom filled with flowers,
'Mid rapturous shouts of joy.

Down clouds and mists our Father lets,
His chain of promises,
And from his holy height he draws
His children to the skies.
O, child of earth, with fear appalled,
When oft thy path is cleft,
Though hanging on the abyss of gloom,
Be not of hope bereft.

What'er his voice commands thee, do,
Nor count the sacrifice;
Go where the many dare not go,
Pluck flowers for the skies.

Our Father holds the rope—"Amen!"
The rocks are deep below,
But fearless will swing and work,
Till Heaven her trophies show.

Select Literature.

The Brothers Vengeance.
A TALE OF PORTUGAL.

TO ENTER into a detailed account of the
characteristics of the place in which the
following events took place, would be al-
most supererogatory, or, at least, more than
the brevity of this sketch would permit.
Every one is informed of its dreary, bur-
ren, and lawless peculiarities, and none
need be instructed that it is Portuguese;
therefore, a plain transcription of the story
from the old journal of travel before me
will be all-sufficient for the purpose in
hand.

In one of the most cheerful localities of
the dismal province of the Alentejo, a few
leagues to the west of Vendas Nova, about
forty years ago, stood an old stone
cross, which had been erected on the spot
one year prior to the event which forms
the subject of this narration. On the pe-
destal of the cross were engraved a few
lines, in the language of Portugal, com-
memorating a horrible murder, perpetrated
upon three hapless beings—an old man,
his only daughter, and a young Spaniard,
her husband, to whom she had been united
but three days previously, at Lisbon, the
home of the lady and her father.

The newly-wedded couple were en-
route to Badajoz, whence they intended to
depart for the capital of the Spanish por-
tion of the peninsula, and the old man ac-
companied his children on their wedding
tour. But, on reaching this point of their
journey, they were assailed by an over-
whelming number of the banditti that in-
fested the country, their armed, but
cowardly escort put to flight, and they
themselves savagely murdered, and then
plundered of all the wealth that could be
found about them.

The unfortunate victims were widely
known and respected, and the story of
their sad fates cast a shadow of deep sor-
row over the entire country.
The Alentejo, too, became, through
this act of supreme violence, invested with
tenfold more terror than that with which
it had previously been regarded; and the
government began to put forth exertions
to overthrow the system of lawlessness
that had so long existed in this "province
beyond the Tagus." But the great evil
has never materially abated, and it is
feared, will ever continue to darken the
pages of Portuguese history.

For a period after this circumstance no-
thing could induce travellers to attempt
the passage of this dangerous section, but
in caravans; and even then, not without
their weapons of defence in their hands,
ready for action, from the moment of their
setting out until safely lodged on the
Spanish frontier, or disembarked on the
northern shore of the Tagus.

But, as time wore on, things resumed
their former condition; and that apathetic
improvidence against civil demoralization
so characteristic of Portugal, where inter-
derangement was so prevalent, be-
came, in a year's time, as tolerant as ever;
while rapine, which had suspended its
enormities for a time, only to impose up-
on the credulity of its opposers, again
strode forth with floating banners, and in
all its sanguinary traits, to make the
Alentejo the synonym for danger, violence
and destruction.

On the morning of a day in April, a
traveller—a young Spaniard, who had ar-
rived from the East, and entered Vendas
Nova the evening before, when he had
passed the night—was soon to take his
departure westward, as if for Aldea
Galega. He was very comely in face and
form, tall and athletic; but his counte-

nance was extremely pale, and sternness
of purpose was traced in every feature.
He spoke but little, and, as if impelled
by some all-absorbing design, he took his
way alone, following the windings of the
road, by the side of which the rude cross
stood.

Long before noon he reached this dreary
spot and stood, and, dismounting from his
horse, secured it to a tree a short distance
off, and approaching the sad monument
with a sorrowful demeanor, seated himself
beside it upon a large stone. He sat a
while, gazing thoughtfully at the inscrip-
tion on the pedestal, apparently contem-
plating the terrible calamity to which it
related, and then, as if overcome by some
strong inward emotion, he buried his face
in his hands and wept.

In this attitude he had not continued
long when the sharp report of a gun rang
through the quiet wilderness, and roused
him to a sense of danger. On the instant
he sprang to his feet like a startled deer,
and scanned the neighborhood from side
to side whence the shot proceeded; but
such search was in vain—no human being
could be discerned. His left cheek bore
the mark of a newly inflicted wound, from
which the blood trickled freely, and fell
upon his bosom, revealing how near his
consummation was the design of him who
fired. He narrowly escaped the treacher-
ous intent; but nothing like fear was visible
in his countenance. Indeed, he appeared
more to welcome the attempt upon his life
just at that moment; and evinced only an
eager desire to discover the author of it;
nor in that desire was he doomed to suffer
much suspense, as shall be seen.

He had not stood a minute when a se-
cond report rattled upon the ear, and a
second bullet grazed his face. He threw
his hands above his head as if in agony,
and reeling, fell to the ground, and there
to all appearances lay dead. As he fell
his coat flew open and revealed a large
knife and a brace of revolvers protruding
from a belt which girded his waist; and
that circumstance would have suggested
the thought that there was a covert design
in his falling had anything occurred to cast
a doubt on the belief that he was shot.
Scarcely was he down when half a dozen
men, most wild and desperate in appear-
ance, rose from the thick brushwood
spread over the irregular surface of the
ground to the left of the road, and placed
forward with savage yell toward the place
where they were confident they had killed
the unhappy traveller. They had evidently
calculated upon a large booty, for he
was richly clad, and bore every mark of
opulence; but their calculations were
most skillfully defeated, though not with-
out some suffering to the traveller himself.

The two foremost of the banditti—for
such they were—had advanced within a
few yards of their intended victim, when,
with the bound of an antelope, he sprang
to his feet, with a revolver in each hand,
and a triumphant smile in his eye, and before
the villains could perceive the movement
laid them in death across the road. The
remaining four were thunder-struck at be-
holding this sudden turn in the scale of
affairs, and stopped short in the precipitate
approach, with their mouths and eyes
agape, and their countenances as pale as
the utmost terror could make them.

Much time was not allowed them for the
collection of their faculties, and before they
had recovered from their utter astonish-
ment into which the most unexpected
maneuver had thrown them a third of the
six had met his doom. (One of the other
three turned upon his heels as if to flee,
but his design was anticipated, and the
unfortunate villain shared the fate of his
brothers in guilt. The two that remained
saw more danger in an attempt to escape
than an assault, and, therefore, quickly
levelling their pieces, they fired, and then
falling on their hands and knees rushed
upon the traveller, who, anticipating their
intention, darted behind the cross in time
to avoid the shots, and then discharged in
quick succession the remaining barrels of
his revolvers at the approaching despera-
dos. One of them received two bullets in
his head, but the other, the more gigantic
and far more powerful of the two, came
onward unharmed, with a large knife
clutched in his right hand, and a look of
extreme desperation in his face and man-
ner.

The traveller now was left with no means
of defence but his knife, which he quickly
drew from his belt as he precipitated him-
self towards the bandit, thinking to take
him at disadvantage while in his creeping
position; but the villain was in the exer-
cise of his vocation, which he had prac-
tised, perhaps, from boyhood, and to have
taken him at odds at such a crisis after
having witnessed all his comrades fall
around him, and knowing his own safety
to exist in prowess and dexterity alone,
would have been singular indeed; so, he
fore his foe could reach him, he had re-
gained his feet, and confronted him with
flashing eyes and livid lids, displaying the
mingled terror and ferocity that possessed
him—like the tiger which has suddenly
been brought face to face with the lion;
for there was something in the appearance
of the traveller which seemed to awe the
stalwart robber.

Death now started them in the face—
there was no alternative—death for one or
both; and as the eyes of each searched
those of the other, this stern decision was
read.
To a superficial observer, great disparity
of physical power was perceivable between
the two men as they stood regarding each
other, preparing themselves for an at-
tack, on the issue of which so much de-
pended; but, to a discriminating eye, so
much disparity existed; for though the
bandit possessed all the brawny strength
and iron endurance which his rough and
desperate trade could entail, yet there was
an educated power in the well-knit frame
of his antagonist that was capable of ac-
complishing wonders; there was a revela-
tion in his eye which told ability to
economize and so wisely apply his strength
as to make himself the equal of one with
far greater powers, if not possessed of that
ability. The bandit feared him, and
though he labored to conceal the fact, in-
wardly trembled for his life, to secure
which, and avoid the inevitable contest,
he would have undertaken any act of
cowardice. The traveller read his quaking
heart and smiled contemptuously; but if
there is danger in the rat that tucks when
cornered, how much more must there be

in a powerful man? He thought of this,
and as he advanced upon his foe, discre-
tion guarded him.

They were not long in engaging, and
the conflict became terrible.
Both were skillful with the knife, and
used it with all the energy of which they
were masters, slashing, thrusting, stab-
bing, with fearful success at times. But
at length the traveler, by dropping upon
his knees, eluded a terrific lunge made by
his antagonist, and closing in upon him
before he could recover his guard, buried
his knife deep into his left shoulder; and
as he saw the lightning effect of the stroke,
a grim smile of satisfaction settled upon
his countenance. The robber was entirely
disabled by this act. His weapon dropped
from his hand, and he himself would have
fallen to the ground had not his vanquis-
her seized him by the throat and held
him up.

"This is my vengeance!" he almost
screamed, with his face close to the gasp-
ing visage of the helpless bandit. "Ven-
geance for my brother, whose luteary
you cross commemorates! Think of it be-
fore you die!" And plucking the gory
steel from his shoulder he continued:
"That for yourself, and this for your
accursed fraternity!" Whereupon he sent
the weapon hilt-deep into his victim's
heart.

The poor wretch fell with a deep groan,
and expired immediately.
Half an hour later a party in whose com-
pany I had travelled, consisting of Don
Armando Jose Dizveto, secretary to the
Government of Evora; his brother, an
officer in a regiment of huzzars; two
soldiers and a servant, came up to this
scene of carnage, and found the young
Spaniard, covered with wounds, lying
prostrate on the edge of the road, where
he had fallen from the weakness caused
by his exertion and loss of blood. We
took him back with us to Vendas Nova,
and placed him in the hands of a skillful
surgeon, under whose treatment he re-
covered in time; and it was there, from
his own lips, during convalescence, that I
learned the particulars from which this
sketch is formed, romantic as it may ap-
pear.

He was out of the country, travelling,
at the time of his brother's murder, and
did not hear of it for many months after
its occurrence; but as soon as the woe-
ful intelligence was brought him, he hastened
to his home in Madrid, from which, but
one week previous to the day we found
him in the road, he had set out on his ex-
pedition of revenge.

Struck with the singular character of
this young man, whose general demeanor
was so strangely at variance in his mild-
ness with the fierce disposition he must
have displayed in that bloody encounter,
I was curious to know his feelings with
regard to what he had done, and therefore
asked him if he experienced sufficient
satisfaction since killing the man whom he
believed to have been among the murder-
ers of his brother—in a word, if his thirst
for revenge was slaked? He replied with
great warmth, his eyes flashing fire as he
spoke:

"No, Senor, no! The blood of all the
ladrones in Portugal cannot atone for the
killing of my brother. He was the nearest
and dearest relative I had upon earth, and
while I live I'll wreak vengeance on the
accursed robbers of the Alentejo!"
Was not this spoken like a true Spaniard?
But the term of my sojourn in Vendas
Nova being at an end, I bade the young
man "God Speed," and took my depart-
ure.

ITALY.

ROME, June 29.—The religious cere-
monies in celebration of the eighteen hun-
dredth anniversary of St. Peter's martyr-
dom, and in reverence of St. Paul, and the
canonization of 25 Dutch, French and
Spanish martyrs, who died in Japan, as
saints, was a most gorgeous ceremony.
The observances were commenced yester-
day evening with a general illumination
of the city of Rome. At 7 o'clock this
morning there was a grand procession of
prelates, priests, monks and soldiers, from
the Vatican to St. Peter's. The Pope was
carried on his throne. There was an im-
mense crowd assembled in the interior of
the church before his arrival. St. Peter's
was most magnificently decorated with
cloths of gold, silver tapestries, paintings,
and 200,000 yards of crimson silk. The
building was lighted with many millions
of wax candles. There were 10,000 people
inside its walls, including the ex-king of
Naples, the foreign Ministry, 500 cardinals,
arch-bishops and bishops, and many thou-
sands of clergymen, priests, friars, and
monks. There were even nuns and sol-
diers from almost every country in the
world present, and the assembled multi-
tude made up a most brilliant congrega-
tion.—Pope Pius the Ninth celebrated the
Gregorian Mass in Latin and Greek.
There were two interruptions to the cere-
mony. The curtains of one of the win-
dows of the church caught fire at one
moment, but they were speedily torn down
by the guard and no damage occurred.
After this a man who had become crazy
from excitement, produced by the pomp
and glitter and lights, cut his throat and
died just under the bronze statue of St.
Peter. There was no confusion in conse-
quence. His body was quickly removed
outside. The Pope at once proceeded to
reconsecrate the church stained with the
blood of the suicide, and then proceeded
with the service of the altar. Liszt com-
posed extra music for the grand mass, and
a chord played on the dome of St. Peter's
made the angelical responses, the cannon
of the Castle San Angelo thundering forth
the accompaniment instead of the organs.
The Pope's voice during the celebration
was clear and very sweet, and heard all
over the church. The city illuminations,
fireworks, races, and general festivities in
honor of the centenary anniversary, will
continue during a week.

June 30.—The Holy Father, both before
and after the grand religious solemnities
celebrated yesterday, and wherever he
appeared in public, was received with the
most enthusiastic manifestations of attach-
ment and devotion from the immense
multitude of clergy and laymen gathered
from all parts of the world.—Boston Post.

"What did you give for that horse,
neighbor?"—"My note."—"Well that
was cheap."