

# Summerside Journal.

## AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

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### Summerside Journal

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Barley per bush	3s 3d 4s
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Turnips per bush	1s 2d
Butter per lb by tub	1s 1d 1d
Lard per lb	9d 10d
Tallow per lb	8d 10d
Eggs per doz	4s 1d 4s
Beef per lb	3d 4d 4d
Mutton per lb	4s 4d 4s
Pork per lb	4s 4d 4s
Veal per lb	4s 4d 4s
Chicken per lb	4s 4d 4s
Geese per lb	4s 4d 4s
Hay per ton	50s 60s
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### Business Cards.

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ARCHIBALD MACNEILL, Auctioneer, Accountant, AND GENERAL AGENT. HARLOT TOWN, P. E. ISLAND 127 Office—Duncan's Brick Building, October 12, 1866.

THOMAS HANFORD, AUCTIONEER, AND Commission Merchant, ST. JOHN, N. B. Nov. 1, 1865

DRS. PRICE & BLACK, Physicians & Surgeons, OFFICE—AT THE SUMMERSIDE DRUG STORE, next door to Bank, Central Street SUMMERSIDE, P. E. ISLAND, October 12, 1866.

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REFERENCES: THOMAS ALLEY, Esquire, } Charlottetown. SILAS BARNARD, Esquire, } May 17, 1866.

A CARD. THE subscriber having purchased the L. STOCK IN TRADE OF JAMES E. 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.

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### POETRY.

#### GOING HOME.

Where are you going so fast, old man, Where are you going so fast! There's a valley to cross, and a river to ford, There's a clasp of the hand and the parting word, And a trembling sigh for the past, old man, The beautiful vanished past.

The road has been rugged and rough, old man, To your feet it's been rugged and rough; But you see a dear being, with gentle eyes, Has shared in your labor and sacrifice; Ah! that has been sunshine enough, old man, For you and me, sunshine enough.

How long since you passed o'er the hill, old man, Of life, o'er the top of the hill? Were there beautiful valleys on either side, Where the flowers and trees with branches wide, To shut out the heat of the sun, old man, The heat of the fervid sun?

And how did you cross the dark waves, old man, Of sorrow, the fearful waves? Did you lay your treasures by, one by one, With an aching heart, and "God's will be done," Under the wayside dust, old man, In their graves, "neath the wayside dust?"

There are sorrows and labors for all, old man, alas! there is sorrow for all; And you, peradventure, have had your share, For eighty long winters have whitened your hair, And have whitened your heart as well, old man, Thank God! your old heart is well.

You're now at the foot of the hill, old man, At last at the foot of the hill; The sun has gone down in a golden glow, And the heavenly city lies just below; Go in through the pearly gate, old man, The heavenly city lies just below.

There, there! Don't pinch me! The young man who said this put up his hand as if parrying a blow. "I hate this scrutinizing."

A sigh and a long silence. The young man walked about restlessly, while a sad-faced woman, with clasped hands and groaning lips, sat motionless, like one stumped.

"Mother!" The woman did not stir nor look up. "You press me too hard. I can't bear it just now."

"The eye that cannot bear light must be in a very inflamed condition, Edward." The voice was gentle, but full of grief.

"Without light a man gropes blindly. Danger and destruction are in his way. If he has a true friend, will not that friend seek to guide his steps? Nay, even though he strike at him in his willfulness and passion?"

"Your imagination is at fault, mother. You conjure up frightful images, and are terrified at them. I am not walking blindly. But suppose I am, and should stumble and fall; the hurt will be mine alone."

"Yours alone! Oh Edward—my son!" The eyes turned upon him were so full of tender anguish that he gazed upon them with half wondering awe. "There glistened upon him at the instant a new revelation; and he perceived something of the quality of a mother's love."

"But I shall neither stumble nor fall," he made answer in an altered tone, and with a gentler manner.

"If we walk in the paths of honor and usefulness, God will keep our feet; but if we stray from them, evil spirits have power to build obstructions, to dig pit-falls, and to lay snares. I am not using a mere figure of speech, my son, but declaring a solemn truth."

Edward stood still, but did not reply. "Let me say just one thing more, my son," added his mother, "and I want you to take the thought with you and dwell upon it. The satisfaction of mind gained by resisting and overcoming is always greater than what is gained by yielding, in temptation. And we are tempted by evil spirits, who hate us and seek to destroy in us all good, so that we may become like unto themselves, whenever we seek to gain an advantage at the expense of others, or when impure desires or wicked passions clamor for indulgence. In yielding we curse ourselves, in resisting effectively, we secure peace and safety."

Rising as she finished the last sentence, his mother left the room. The irritation felt by Edward when she began talking to him had entirely passed away, and he was in a more subdued and rational state of mind. The truth just declared that a higher and purer pleasure is always gained by overcoming in temptation than in yielding, struck his mind very forcibly, and dwelt in his thoughts.

"Pleasure, or satisfaction of mind, is the end we all have in view." So Edward Wilmot thought with himself, for he was not then capable of thinking higher; and we all men fools who disappoint the heart's desire. Good! at the expense of others, and the indulgence of bad passions—the Christian moralist condemns, and tells us they will surely bring sorrow and pain. And maybe he is right. Nay—doubtless right."

The young man had stood where his mother left him as he thus mused with himself. Now he started forward, and with considerable excitement of manner, exclaimed—

"What tools we are! We see the right, and while approving rush madly into the wrong."

"Very well. I'll be down in a moment." As the servant withdrew, Wilmot clinched his hands violently. His face darkened, as he muttered in an undertone, bitterly, "my one but him just now! Has the devil sent him?" After a pause he added, taking a deep breath—

"I believe so, verily. Of one thing I may at least be certain, no good angel prompted his visit just at this time."

"A polished, soft spoken, insinuating person was Mr. Freeman, with the gentle purr of a cat. He was always the disinterested friend, never the seeker of favors or benefits. He had made himself rich without the life-wearing toil of the merchant and manufacturer, or the brain-exhausting work of professional life. He was keen, wide awake and unscrupulous, he knew just when and where to put in his hand and reap the harvest that other men planted. He knew just how to make men work for him, when they imagined they were working for themselves. Always managed to get the chestnuts, but never burnt the paws. To young Wilmot he had taken quite a fancy. There were qualities in him that might be used to advantage. He had studied him carefully, and had drawn him just a little aside into a dangerous way, nothing all the time how he regarded his steps, and how his moral sense was touched. "Atar my own heart!" This sentence gave his estimate of Edward Wilmot.

"Ah, my friend! How are you to-day? With a cheery voice, and a grasp of the hand Mr. Freeman met the young man, who had wished him any where else but there.

"Feeling rather dull," was Edward's constrained answer. Freeman smiled his sunniest smile. He had felt in his countenance, and believed that no eyes were keen enough to look through any veil he might draw over it, and he had special faith in his smile. So he covered his faith with sunshine.

"I don't know what men mean by the blues," he said, in his most charming way. Edward looked at him closely, and for the first time saw a curve of the lip, and a covert outlook from the eyes, that affected him unpleasantly. Just what they meant was not revealed; but he felt that they did not mean good.

"Temperaments differ," Edward replied, with a reserved manner. "A good digestion is everything, my young friend. Avoid all excesses of eating and drinking, and take plenty of exercise in the open air, and you may go three lie if you will as lithe as a lark."

"If I had a few wants as the lark, and could supply them as easily, your prescription for good spirit would be admirable, Mr. Freeman."

"I can repeat a lesson given you before. Always keep the means after the wants. Work diligently after the supplies, and having secured these, wait becomes a blessing instead of a curse. There is often quite as much pleasure in gaining as in spending—nay, sometimes more. Let things be done by their right order—first gather, and then dispense. It is the too great eagerness to dispense that creates so much trouble."

"As to the gathering process," said Edward Wilmot, "it is all very well if you have anything to gather."

"There are harvest fields all around us, and grain bending to the sickle," remarked the other, "He that wills may go in and reap."

"What other men have planted," Edward looked steadily at his companion. "If those who sow fall to sleep, shall the grain fall and be lost?" said Freeman. "Most men plant well, and till their ground diligently, but neglect the harvest. Either they know not the signs of ripening, or are away at gathering time clearing new fields. And thus it is always coming true that one man sows and another reaps. What matters it to him that plenteth who gathers the corn, if it go not into his garner? It might as well be in yours or in mine. If we work for the ingathering of harvests, shall we not have our reward? If I can bring down the game that has escaped another's gun, shall it not be mine in right and honor? Verily, I cannot see it differently. But come, my horses are ready by this time. A drive into the country, and the medicine of change will give a healthier tone to your spirits."

They went out together and rode for a couple of hours; then returned, going to the office of Mr. Freeman. During the ride a grand scheme for money-making, slightly hinted at before, was fully developed by Freeman. In carrying it out successfully it would be necessary for him to remain out of sight. Funds were needed to a considerable amount—these he would supply. The scheme proposed was anything less than driving an overburdened and embarrassed merchant, who had unwisely invested heavily in a mining company, into selling out his interest at a ruinous loss, which was to his gain—for the interest was prospectively valuable. Freeman, who was personally well acquainted with the merchant, had in an hour of friendly conference with him, learned all about his mining interest, which he was anxious to hold. It forced to a sacrifice, it would be his ruin; for he was carrying large loans which he would not ultimately be able to take up if his mining investments were lost. Such was the condition of the company in which he held these large investments, that its stock had no market value. If forced to realize upon them he would not be able to get ten per cent. of what he had cost him. To crowd this man into a difficult place, and compel him to give up this interest, was the scheme proposed by Freeman, and young Wilmot was to be his instrument in doing the mean and dishonest work.

Very aptly did Freeman keep out of view the worst features of the case. He represented the merchant's affairs as drifting by steadily moving currents towards a crisis that was inevitable. "When the wreck comes, as come it must, we will be on hand, that is all. The gains of salvage are as honorable as the gains of a lawyer or a doctor."

So he talked speciously. But Edward still saw the peculiar curve of lip and covert outlook from the eyes which had affected him so unpleasantly, and stood on guard, scanning all that Freeman said with a suspicious scrutiny that surprised himself.

From general propositions the next thing was to consider particular actions as stepping stones to results. If, thought Edward, as his companion developed his scheme, the ship be drifting in steadily moving currents why should this and that be done to hasten the catastrophe regarded as inevitable?

"Would that be right?" he asked, as a certain thing was mentioned. "If that is not done, we had as well give up the whole scheme," replied Freeman, with smooth insinuation. "You have now come to a tree full of ripe fruit that must come down. Shake the tree and get the advantage upon which you have fallen. Don't leave it for the next man, travelling this way."

Edward Wilmot felt that his tempter was gaining power over him. This pecuniary benefit, if all that was proposed could be carried out, would be large and his thoughts were beginning to rest in the advantages he would gain as the possessor of a handsome sum of money.

Another step was taken by Freeman in laying out the ground of action; but it was a step just too far. Edward's cheek reddened and his eye flashed. His conversation with his mother had been too recent, and his language too impressive. He had not forgotten the sentences—"Whenever we are tempted to gain an advantage for ourselves—in resisting effectively, we secure peace and safety."

"No, sir!" he exclaimed, rising to his feet. "Money acquired in that way will never give me any true satisfaction. I will have nothing to do with it!"

"Oh, very well; just as you please," Edward could not have felt the man's power of repulsion more strongly if he had pushed him away with his hands. He now understood better the meaning of the curve on his lip, and the covert outlook from his eyes. They were selfish and malignant, and yet the face remained placid and the smile did not fade out.

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"Just as you please," he added. "It was your advantage I had in view, not my own. There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood—'you know the rest.' A fortune is within reach, and you have only to put out your hand and take it. Such another opportunity may not occur within your lifetime; may not for the blind prodigal, as she is called, see well enough to avoid those who have once spurned her favors."

The young man's good purpose wavered a little. His perceptions were not so clear as a moment before. "Am I not a weak fool?" he said to himself, "to spurn this great advantage? Why should I be so tender about other men's affairs? Let other men take care of themselves. If I don't take hold with Freeman in this enterprise some day I shall be sorry. This merchant must go to the wall inevitably. Nothing in my view can save him. Somebody will gain through his loss—why not I?"

"You will have nothing to do with it," said the tempter, breaking in upon Edward's doubting reverie. He had been reading his face, and knew what was passing in his mind.

"I cannot see the way clear. It lies too much in shadow, and is very crooked, must have a little more time to think," returned the young man.

"Oh, very well. Think it all over. But remember one thing, you must not betray a syllable of what I have communicated. A breath of it, and I am your enemy for life. I am a warm friend but a bitter enemy."

Freeman revealed in his countenance more than he intended. Edward shuddered at the revelation. A malignant fiend seemed looking out at him through the eyes of his companion.

"A false friend is more dangerous than an open enemy," said Edward, uttering the sentiment that came to his lips. He was brave of spirit, and could not brook the semblance of intimidation.

"I have warned you; so beware." Calm and cold fell this answer.

"A false friend might betray me; but when I know my enemy I am not afraid," replied Edward, in stern defiance. "Of one thing you may be certain—whatever seems to me right that I will do. In the line of warning two can have a word as well as one; so I will drop a sentence for your consideration. This cunningly devised scheme for knocking down and robbing a weak and almost helpless man must be abandoned. I will not stand by and see it done. One step in the direction you propose going, and I will put him on his guard. Good-day, sir."

The feelings of Edward Wilmot, as he gained the street and walked rapidly home, were like those of a man coming out of a dark room, where the air was close and breathing oppressed, into an exhilarating mountain atmosphere. He thought of his late friend, and of the scheme he had proposed, with strong repugnance; and with a sense of interior joy that he had been able to reject both the man and his iniquity. As he hastened along, he could not help analyzing his new state of mind. He had declined a scheme of profit, which offered large returns—had refused to take at the flood a tide that promised fortune—and yet he was almost glad at heart.

Before reaching home, Edward happened to pass in the street the man whose affairs he and Freeman had been discussing—a merchant named Bowles. He was walking slowly, with eyes cast down, his face care-worn and anxious. At another time, the young man would scarcely have remarked him; now his eyes filled his heart, for he understood his extremity, and what he must be suffering.

"Shall I throw myself upon him and bear him down?" he asked, with bitter scorn for the purpose so lately entertained. "God forbid!" his lips responded. He spoke aloud under the impulse of feeling.

It is said, that "man's extremity is the devil's opportunity." With equal force it may be said that man's extremity is God's opportunity. There are crises, in which men come by temptations, the test the moral strength, and give, or might almost say, the turning point of destiny—when evil, with its strong outcroppings, comes in like a flood, threatening to overwhelm the soul. At, always, there are attendant good influences, just as potent to sustain as the opposite influences are to destroy. And not to leave a human soul without succor, God's hand is always outstretched, and who will may grasp it. The saved soul will not turn a man to evil who cannot exercise the small-

est control over him, except through his free consent.

In the case of Edward Wilmot, the mother's warning counsels, almost rejected when given, yet striking down to conviction, came just at the right time—not through human foresight, but divine provision. She had not ventured to talk with her son for many weeks before. Now she was so strongly impelled to do so, that she could not keep silence; and what she had said gave just the strength, without which he could not have passed the ordeal of temptation unharmed. We who believe in a Providence, whose care for man is expressed in the words, "the very hairs of your head are numbered," cannot regard such things as accidents.

Much to Mrs. Wilmot's surprise, her son came in at tea-time. This was unusual. He heard voices in the parlor as he passed along the hall, and ascended to his own room. Soon after, the tea-bell rang, and on coming down he was presented to two young ladies, strangers to him, one of whom, not a little to his surprise, was introduced as Miss Laura Bowles. It soon appeared, from conversation at the table, that the two young ladies were on a committee, with Mrs. Wilmot, whose business it was to devise the ways and means for doing some charitable work undertaken by an association of which they were members; and that they had come at her request, as chairman of the committee, to confer together. Edward listened with much interest to what passed between the ladies, and was particularly impressed by their apparent unselfish devotion to the good work they had in hand. He was in a better state of mind to appreciate the than usual.

After tea, the ladies withdrew to the parlor, and Edward went up to his room. An hour afterwards, when he came down, he found his mother alone. Her visitors had gone.

"You introduced one of those young ladies as Miss Bowles," he said. "Do you know her father?"

"He is a merchant of our city," replied Mrs. Wilmot.

"Is she the daughter of Preston Bowles?"

"Yes. His oldest daughter?"

"Singular!" Edward dropped his eyes, "What is singular, my son?"

"He stood singular for some time. He repeated the word—"

"Singular—yes, very singular!"

"What is singular?" again asked Mrs. Wilmot.

"That I should have found her here on this very evening. It is something so strange that it almost bewilders me."

"You have met her before?" said Mrs. Wilmot.

"Never. Did not know, until this evening that there was such a young lady in existence."

"I am altogether in the dark," said Mrs. Wilmot, looking mystified.

"Of course you are. And I must explain."

(To be concluded next week.)

### THE SWORD OF CROMWELL.

It appears that at the capture of Columbia, S. C., by Sherman's arms, there was lost an article of great antiquity, and highly treasured by South Carolina Masons as a relic of a great man and of the past. The South Carolina Masons give the following account of it:—

"This was the famous sword of state, called among our Masons 'The Cromwell Sword,' and commonly believed among them to have been once possessed by the Lord Protector of England. We draw attention to the fact of the loss and to the descriptive particulars which follow, in the hope that public attention being drawn to its history, it may be recovered, drawn from some obscure hiding-place, and restored to the Grand Lodge of South Carolina, to which it belonged. This antique weapon was a subject of peculiar interest as a relic, rather than for its use and beauty. Its history is given by Dalton in his Masonic writings, will gratify the curious as well as the Masonic reader.