Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

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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
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Tallow per lb.	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	9d a 10d
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Mutton per lb	3d a 4d
Pork per lb by carcass	3d a 4½d
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aug. 9, 1866 1y

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Jan. 17, 1867. 1y

A CARD.

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St. Eleanor's, April 10, 1866.

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Summerside, ... P. E. Island.
October 12, 1865.

Business Cards.

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Jan 24, 1867. ly

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October 12, 1865.

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Winter Arrangement.

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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.

LINES

Written on the death of the late ELIZABETH CRAIG, of Middleton.

WEEKS and months have flown away,
And days gone fleeting by,
Since a fair one left her earthly home,
For a happy one on high.

Her mother cherished fondest hopes,
Upon her circle fair;
Had she not trusted in her God,
Who does the way prepare.

To relieve the sorrow stricken heart,
Bereft of dearest ties,
She would have fell beneath the load,
Of mortal agonies.

As Heaven is higher than the earth,
And far beyond our gaze,
In illimitable unknown space;
His ways are not our ways.

He knows His own, He them does call,
(No earthly hand can stay,)
Their earthly pilgrimage is done,
They quit this mortal clay.

Her mother to her bedside came,
To hear those accents true,
"I now must leave my earthly home,
I cannot stay with you."

"My Master's call I must obey,
He dwells in heaven above,
O dearest mother, I cannot stay,
I feel His dying love!"

She called the circle to her side,
The family compact true,—
She gave them kind endearing words,
To earth then bade adieu.

Before she closed her eyes in death,
They rested on one near,
That look so meaning in itself,
Called forth a silent tear.

"This world is full of vanity, it
The unstable mind decoys,
I would you all could come with me,
Leave earth's remorseless joys.

"Many were the hours of pleasure, we
Did anxiously pursue,
They were hours of happiness,
They never pleasure knew."

"O vain and transitory world!
Who can in thee delight?
When thou dost mock the sweetest hope,
The fairest prospects blight.

"There is a home, a happy home,
Where reigns enjoyment true;
O seek that home, and with me come,
I bid you all, ADIEU!"

Methinks I see that pleasant smile,
That mild, complacent look,
That ever graced her friendly home,
Ere she the earth forsook.

Intrepid monster, cruel death,
Unseen by mortal eye,
Thy mission is to break the bands
That bind sweet friendship's tie.

ACACT.

Middleton, Feb. 11, 1867.

Select Literature.

The Two New Year's Eves.

BY ETTIE KNOWLTON.

Toll—toll—toll! Away up in the steeple, tipped with gold, floated out on the stilly midnight air the trembling chimes of the old church-bell, a solemn requiem to the dying year. The pale moon sailed high through the star-gemmed blue, and veiled her calm, sweet face behind a cloud of silvery mist, as the gentle breezes caught up the mournful echoes and bore them on their fluttering pinions to the ears of the fair young group who were assembled in a richly-furnished drawing-room to "watch the old year out and the new year in;" and as the sad dirge's saluted the ears a momentary shadow passed over their smiling faces, and silence sealed their lips.

"I wonder where we shall all be ten years from to-night," at last whispered a low, musical voice.

"I don't know, Lilly, I'm sure; but I wish we could lift the curtain between now and then long enough to see," was the response.

"Well, we know we can't, girls, so 'tis useless to wish. But I have a proposition to make: that all of this company promise, if life and health are spared to them, to meet again in this room ten years from to-night. All who will agree to this, say I."

"I! I! I!" chimed in the eager voices of all the group.

"Then, as a pledge of our sincerity, let's all join hands, and, kneeling around this centre-table, repeat these words. Kneeling here in the sight of Heaven, I solemnly and sincerely promise, that if God spares my life and strength, to meet my companions in this room ten years from to-night."

Almost involuntarily the white hands were clasped, the low group reverently kneeling in the mellow light, and a chorus of sweet voices went floating up to the pearly portals in a solemn vow. It was a beautiful sight, these graceful forms bending there that happy New Year's eve, with the crimson roses of life's fair morning blushing through the pearly whiteness of each beautifully moulded cheek; and, methinks, as angels gazed and listened, they sadly turned away with tears of sorrow stealing down their shining faces, when, with spiritual gaze, they penetrated the gloomy mist of coming years, and beheld the sad drama of life awaiting them.

When they arose, Julia, a dark-eyed girl of eighteen summers, again addressed the group.—

"Now, girls, let's each wish for the station in life which we would like to occupy through the intervening time; and when we meet again let each tell her history from to-night, and see who's fortune will favor the most by granting her wish, or who will come the nearest to having it fulfilled."

"Oh, that will be capital! But you must wish first, Julia, as you proposed the plan."

"Very well" said Julia, giving her dark curls a haughty toss. "I shall wish for wealth, that I may live in a palace at my ease, attended by servants who but wait to do my bidding. I shall want my drawing-rooms to be a perfect wilderness of beauty, fitted up in the grandest style, to give the most famous parties of the season, to be the queen of fashion, and to live in a ceaseless whirl of gaiety and pleasure. Now, Rose, we will listen to you;" and the proud beauty leaned languidly back among the velvet cushions.

Rose was a stately girl, with a high, intellectual brow, and the fire of ambition burning deeply in the liquid depths of her beautiful eyes.

"I shall not wish for wealth," said she, "for that may take to itself wings and fly away. I ask for something more substantial and abiding—something that will live when I cease to be. I shall ask for fame! Yes, I would have the proud goddess twine her laurelled chaplet around my brow, and write my name high in her temple, that it may live in the thoughts of generations to come."

Alice, the next in turn, was a young girl perhaps sixteen years of age. Rippling waves of chesnut-colored hair fell over a brow as perfect and fair as if chiselled from the purest marble. Her deep hazel eyes, shaded with lashes of brown, danced with mischief and glee; but the beautiful carmine of her lips seemed to lose half their glow in the trifling, heartless expression which sometimes lurked about them.

"A fig for wealth or fame," cried she. "Give me just enough wit and gold to live the life of a gay coquette, and I'll ask no more. Oh, 'twill be such fun to see these haughty 'lords of creation' bow; to watch them, pleading, begging at my feet; and after I have given them every reason to believe that I love but them alone, to see the look of surprise and despair when I coldly dismiss them from my presence. Oh, yes, the power to trample on hearts, the fascination to draw around myself a circle of devout worshippers, who will daily bow the suppliant knee, is enough for me."

"How can you be so cruel and heartless, Alice?" said Lilly, the younger of the group. And as she put back the curls of gold which kissed the snow of her pure white brow, the limpid tears gathered in her sunny blue eyes, and the coral lips trembled with pain.

"The conquest of one true heart is all I ask, and that I would not win to crush: but with it by my side, tender loving and true, I would spend my days in some little cottage on the silvery strand of the sea; there, where the cooling zephyrs flow up from the dimpled water, and lull the sweet blossoms to repose in the mellow light of dying day, with one dear arm to lean upon, I would dream the blissful years away, asking nought of the proud world but to be left alone in my vision of joy."

"Now, Nellie, you are the last, we will listen to you;" and the eyes of all the circle were turned toward a graceful young form, whose sweet, trusting face shone with the expression of a calm content, and a spiritual light gleamed in her dreamy eyes.

"The boon I ask," she began, "is wholly unlike any of yours, and is told with few words. It is that I may live for God and heaven, and a steadfast faith and patience which shall enable me to unweariedly tread life's thorny way till my feet are permitted to press the golden streets above."

CHAPTER II.

Toll—toll—toll! from out of the steeple, tipped with gold, quivered again, on the wild winds of midnight, the funeral dirges of the departed year. The golden stars and the silvery moon hid their faces behind a heavy pall of black, as the moaning breezes caught up the dying echoes, and bore them again into the richly-furnished drawing-room. Gone—gone—gone! they seemed to wail, and the grief-stricken hearts of three forms, who sat around the table with bended hands and tearful eyes, echoed *gone!*

Yes, gone, not one year alone, but the weary tides of ten had ebbed and flowed since last they met. And when the last quiver of the solemn dirge died away, they raised their bowed heads, and the soft jets of light threw their trembling beams over those tear-stained faces, on which the fading tints of youth and beauty still lingered in dying sweetness.

Can it be that this pale, sad woman, clad in the sable garments of woe, is the once proud and beautiful Julia? Ah, how she has changed! Her dark hair no longer falls in shining curls over her fair shoulders, but even thus early threaded with silver, it is brushed smoothly back from her whole brow, and confined in a plain knot behind. The rich carmine has faded in her lips, and the haughty curves about them have softened into furrows of care and sorrow. Close by her side sits Lilly; she, too, is arrayed in the habiliments of mourning. The roses in her cheeks are of a paler hue, and the sunny blue of her eyes shines with a sadder light. But Nellie's face, the third and last of the group, has changed but little, save a deep hectic flush which burns in either cheek, and her eyes are of a brighter hue.

"Ah!" began Julia, in a voice tremulous with emotion. "I fear it is a sad lesson we have all learned in the ten years which have so swiftly melted away into the dawn of eternity. Could we have lifted time's curtain then, and have beheld the scenes which lay behind, how we would have shuddered and shrank from the view. But I must hasten through with the painful task imposed on me—the recital of my own history, and our companions, whose places in this little circle are vacant to-night.

"Darling Rose! how we miss her! The cold snows of winter now wreath their white mantle over her tomb. She engaged in literary pursuits, and toiled her life away in search of fame; and its laureate wreath was indeed woven for her, but only to be twined around the cold, dead brow. For just as she saw it ready to encircle her head, the flickering lamp of life burned out, and she sank beneath the dust of the grave.

"And Alice, gay, thoughtless Alice, realized for a time her fondest wish. Her path was strewn with the noble souls she had wrecked. No one were so guarded that they did not eventually bow to her fascinating charms, and she gaily laughed at the scores of hearts she flung away. But at last she became entangled in the snare she had prepared for another; then she learned what it is to have the purest, holiest emotions of the heart trifled with, trampled upon and spurned. For the beautiful and gifted Italian wooed and won her affections that he might boast of the conquest of the one who had conquered so many; and when conscious of her deepest and most passionate love, wearied of the amusement, he coldly deserted her. After that she slowly faded, day by day, till at last with a sharp cry of pain and his name quivering upon her lips, she floated out into the darkness upon the cold waters of death."

As Julia paused a moment as if to gain strength to proceed with her own history, all were silent as death, while the painful memory-surges rolled over each heart, starting anew the fountain of tears.

"But," said she at length, "I must hurry through the recital of my own sad life, then I shall be ready to listen.

"One year from the night when last we met, I was rejoicing in the fulfillment of my brightest hopes, for I was the bride of wealth, but not of love. I married a gay and dissipated young man, whose brilliant fortune was bequeathed him by his dying father. A few months I lived in all the grandeur my fancy had painted or longed for. I plunged into the whirling vortex of gaiety and fashion, and drank deep draughts from the cup of pleasure; yet it did not appease my heart as I had anticipated. I seldom saw my husband, for his time was mostly spent at the billiard-table or sipping the red wine. He cared little for me, as he had chosen me only as he would choose a beautiful statuete, without soul or feeling, to adorn his beautiful parlor.

"I knew, I felt, the life we were living must inevitably end in ruin. But it seemed far away in the future. I put all thoughts of it away, and resolved to enjoy life when I might.

"But the blow came at last, suddenly and swiftly as the descent of lightning, and crushed out all the light of hope. One night, amid the wailing of the blast, my husband was borne to his luxurious home, stiff and cold, his garments bedabbled in crimson gore which had oozed from a wound in his side. He had become intoxicated, and provoked a quarrel with his drunken companion, who stabbed him to the heart.

"After he was laid in the grave I learned how deeply we were involved. The dazzling fortune I wedded was soon swallowed up in extravagance and the sparkling wine; and I saw my beautiful palace sold at public auction, and found myself a beggar. Then I learned how much gold will buy, for those who had clustered around me with the warmest expressions of friendship then turned coldly from me with sneers of contempt. But 'tis over now. The bitter lesson is learnt, and I only await the angel of death to hush the throbbings of my weary heart."

As she finished her tale the white hands went up to her whiter face, and crystal tears trickled between her wave-like fingers.

After a momentary pause Lilly broke the silence by saying:—

"My history, compared with the others, is a happy one, but I, too, have a tale of sorrow to tell. The dreams of my beautiful cottage home have been realized; but just as the sunshine of joy illumined it brightest, its sweetest repose was broken by the entrance of a pale phantom who laid his icy fingers on my beautiful boy, and they suddenly changed to the paleness of marble; the little dimpled hands became stiff and cold, and the musical voice was hushed in dumb forgetfulness. But it has taken my hopes from the perishing earth, and anchored them on high, where I trust to clasp my cherub boy to my heart in an eternal embrace. Now, Nellie, we will listen to you, and our sad task will be finished."

The same calm sweet voice of ten years before echoed through the room as she began.

"The tumultuous strife of years has rolled lightly over my brow. Though great storm-clouds of sorrow have sometimes arisen to shut out the light, yet by faith I have been enabled to pierce the gloom, and see the sun still shining beyond. I know that my feet are treading closely upon the dark river, and I patiently await the coming of the cold boatman who shall bear me safely to the other side, where I shall mingle with the white-robed bands in everlasting bliss."

THE LIGHT OF NATURE.—The celebrated Mr. Hume wrote an essay on the sufficiency of nature; and the no less celebrated Dr. Robertson, on the necessity of Revelation, and the insufficiency of the light of nature. Hume came one evening to visit Robertson, and the evening was spent on the subject. The friends of both were present, and it is said that Robertson reasoned with accustomed clearness and power. Whether Hume was convinced by his reasoning or not we cannot tell; but at any rate he did not acknowledge his conviction. Hume was very much of a gentleman, and, as he rose to depart, bowed politely to those in the room, while, as he retired through the door, Robertson took the light to show him the way—"O, sir," he continued, "I feel the light of nature always sufficient," as he bowed on. The street door was open, and presently, as he bowed along the entry, he stumbled over something concealed, and pitched headlong into the street. Robertson ran after him with a candle, and, as he held it over him, whispered softly and cunningly—"You had better have a little light from above, friend Hume," and raising him up he bade him good night, and returned to his friends.

The Princess de Metternich recently asked M. Alex. Dumas: "Pray tell me how comes it the Jews are so ugly and the Jewesses are so beautiful?" "Because the men crucified our Lord and the women wept for him."

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

The following account of the origin and customs of St. Valentine's day in the olden time is taken from an old author:—

"It was the practice in ancient Rome, during a great part of the month of February to celebrate the Lupercalia, which were feasts in order of Pan and Juna, whence the latter deity was named Februta, Februalis, and Februlla. On this occasion, amidst a variety of ceremonies, the names of young women were put into a box, from which they were drawn by the men as chance directed. The pastors of the early Christian church, who by every possible means endeavored to eradicate the vestiges of pagan superstitions, and chiefly by some commutations of their forms, substituted, in the present instance, the names of particular saints instead of those of the women; and as the festival of the Lupercalia had commenced about the middle of February, they appear to have chosen St. Valentine's day for celebrating the new feast, because it occurred nearly at the same time. It should seem, however, that it was utterly impossible to extirpate altogether any ceremony to which the common people had been much accustomed; a fact which it were easy to prove in tracing the origin of various other popular superstitions. And accordingly the outline of the ancient ceremonies was preserved, but modified by some adaption to the Christian system. It is reasonable to suppose that the above practice of choosing mates would gradually become reciprocal in the sexes; and that all persons so chosen would be called Valentines, from the day on which the ceremony took place."

Misson, a learned traveller, who died in England about 1721, describes the amusing practices of his time: "On the eve of the 14th of February, St. Valentine's day, the young folks in England and Scotland, by a very ancient custom, celebrate a little festival. An equal number of maids and bachelors get together; they write their true or some feigned name upon seperate billets, which they roll up, and draw by way of lots, the maids taking the men's billet, and the men the maids'; so that each of the young men lights upon a girl that he calls his Valentine, and each of the girls upon a young man which she calls hers. By this means each has two Valentines; but the man sticks faster to the Valtine that has fallen to him, than to the Valentine to whom he is fallen. Fortune having thus divided the company into so many couples, the Valentines give balls and treats to their mistresses, wear their billets several days upon their bosoms and sleeves, and this little sport often ends in love. This ceremony is practised differently in different counties, and according to the freedom and severity of Madam Valentine. There is another kind of Valentine, which is the first young man or woman that chance throws in your way in the street, or elsewhere, on that day."

So also in the "Connoisseur" there is mention of the same usage preceded by certain mysterious ceremonies the night before; one of these being almost certain to insure an indigestion, is therefore likely to occasion a dream favorable to the dreamer's waking wishes: "Last Friday was Valentine's day, and, the night before, I got five bay-leaves, and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow, and the fifth to the middle; and then, if I dreamt of my sweetheart, Betty used to say that we should be married before the year was out. But to make it more sure I boiled an egg hard, and took out the yelk, and filled it with salt; and when I went to bed, ate it, shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lover's names upon bits of paper, and rolled them up in clay, and put them into water; and the first that rose up was to be our Valentine. Would you think it, Mr. Blossom was my man. I lay a-bed and shut my eyes all the morning, till he came to our house; for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world."

A singular custom prevailed many years since in the west of England. "Three single young men went out together before daylight on St. Valentine's day, with a clapnet to catch an old owl and two sparrows in a neighboring barn. If they were successful, and could bring the birds to an inn without injury before the females of the house had risen, they were rewarded by the hostess with three pots of purl in honor of St. Valentine, and enjoyed the privelege of demanding at any other house in the neighborhood a similar boon. This was done, says our correspondent, as an emblem that the owl being the bird of wisdom, could influence the feathered race to enter the net of love as mates on that day, whereon both single lads and maidens should be reminded that happiness could alone be secured by an early union."

TRANQUILITY.—A good man thus spoke: "The sources of all pleasure are in our heart; he who seeks them elsewhere outrages the Divinity. Truth is my compass, and moderation my helm. The clouds arise and the clouds descend in rain without causing me any inquietude. When they conceal the sun from me by day, I try to look at the stars by night. Golden roofs do not keep out sleeplessness and care; and were the country shaken by an earthquake, how easily I can gain my humble door! When it is very hot, I cool myself in the shade of a tree; and when it is very cold, I warm myself by working. Old age is coming upon me, but my children are young, and will repay me for what I have done for them. If they always observe truth and moderation, a hundred years will not cost them a sigh. Whatever tempests may arise, tranquility is a port always open to the innocent heart. Hail, tranquility of the soul!—sweet charm of life! Kings would sell their crowns to buy thee if they knew thy value. Complete thy benefits—thou hast helped me to live well—help me to die well."

HOPE AND COURAGE.—True hope is based on energy of character. A strong mind always hopes, and has always cause to hope, because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events. Such a spirit, too, rests upon itself; it is not confined to particular objects; and if at last all should be lost, it has saved itself its own integrity and worth. Hope awakens courage, while despenden-