# Summerside Journal.

## AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

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THE

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of every description, performed with neatness and despatch, and at moderate rates, at the JOURNAL Office.


**Summerside Markets.**

SUMMERSIDE, Jan. 3, 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 | 9d a 10d |


## Business Cards.

**DR. PRICE,**
**Physician & Surgeon,**
OFFICE—At the SUMMERSIDE DRUG STORE, next door to Bank, Central Street
*SUMMERSIDE, . . . . . P. E. ISLAND,*
October 12, 1865.

**Medical.**

DR. McNEILL, lately of Bellevue Hospital, New York, would respectfully announce to the inhabitants of New London and Vicinity, that he has opened his SURGERY in Mr. J. M. Lydiard's House, at Stanley Bridge, (formerly known as Fife's Ferry) where he may be consulted in the various departments of his Profession, at all hours—day or night.
Stanley Bridge, New London, }
Oct. 18, 1866.—tf }

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## POETRY.

### CHRISTMAS, 1866.

**A New Change Rung upon Old Bells.**

BY JOHN LEPAGE.

The morning stars together sang,
" Loud as the sound of seas,"
And Heaven's *blue* vaulted concave rang
With choral symphonies;
Shouted the sons of God for joy,
To hail creation's birth,
And praise the power that fram'd the sky,
And fixed the bounds of earth.

Th' Almighty architect surveyed
This globe of land and flood,
And pleas'd with what His WORD had made,
Pronounced it " very good;"
Primæval beauty from His face,—
Ere sin or curse was known,—
Through Eden's bowers, with beaming grace,
On every object shone.

But man!—created last, and best
Of all His works below,
With Heaven's own *signet seal* impress'd,
God's image here to show,—
In rectitude abode not long,
Seduc'd by glozing lies,
Proceeding from the serpent's tongue,
He listens! eats! and *dies*.

Then Heaven benign, with pity great,
And wisdom most profound,
Look'd on him in his lost estate,
And LOVE a *ransom* found;
Almighty Love did then reveal
The Oracle which said:
" The woman's seed, though bruis'd in heel,
Shall *bruise the serpent's head*.

That precious word of sovereign grace,
In Eden understood,
Was to the Patriarchal race
From time to time renew'd;
While Canaan's altars reeked with blood
Of victims, day by day,
All pointing to the " Lamb of God,
That takes our sin away."

Then from the Mount that quak'd with fear,—
Mount Sinai wreathed with flame,
Thundering its sanctions on the ear,—
The Law by Moses came!
Exceeding broad in its demands,
Requiring *eye* for *eye*;
" Do this and live," the stern command,
" The soul that sins shall die."

Ah! who shall live, and not trangress?
What man—where men abound—
Who trust in his own righteousness,
Shall with clean hands be found?
But Heaven, with *mercy*, temper'd *doom*,—
The Law was pointing still
To HIM who in the *flesh* should come,
And all its claims fulfil.

Descending with the stream of time,
The holy prophets sage
Uttered new *oracles* sublime,
As age succeeded age;—
Foretold the *child* of wondrous birth,
His life and death of pain,
MESSIAH'S kingdom on the earth,
And everlasting reign.

... when full the time came round,

their number becomes larger, the high rates absolutely excluding all persons with fixed, moderate incomes from the dignity of householdership, not to say ownership, within city limits.

What resource have the young people who marry, then, but to board? They cannot afford to rent a house, and they want to be near relatives and friends, and able to partake in the amusements and advantages which a city life affords. Certainly all this sounds very reasonable; they know, or profess to know, that boarding is less pleasant and less natural than housekeeping; but the latter is simply impossible, and therefore out of the question until some time in the future when they have grown rich.

With such ideas, of course it is impossible. If housekeeping with a newly married couple is only a matter of pleasure and not of duty, Christian duty, then it will undoubtedly be deferred until position and means of display are achieved, and the final result will be, not the formation of a happy household, but the possession of a brick or a brown-stone house, as the case may be, with parlors as richly furnished as those of their neighbors.

The evil of boarding houses is not confined to, and does not even consist mainly in, the imperfections of the food, or the frequent want of thorough cleanliness—though these are disagreeable enough—but in the total absence of the most sacred home influences—in the want of freedom, and the poverty of affection which developes itself under these adverse circumstances.

A happy home is the product of cultivation; it does not grow into existence in one day or one night. It consists not in velvet carpets and brocatel furniture; but in the love, care, tenderness, which, like perpetual sunlight, enfold those who are its recipients, and surrounds them as far as possible with whatever can add to their happiness and well being.

Of course fine carpets and elegant furniture may form constituent parts of very happy homes, but they are not essential—in fact, size and cost seem rather obstacles to happiness than necessary to it, especially to the young who are just entering life, and who are separated rather than drawn nearer together by excessive luxury. It is the cosy and compact which naturally seems more home-like than the large and grand; just as the pretty cottage embowered in trees draws one's heart with an infinitely stronger attraction than the pretentious mansion.

I have said that housekeeping should be looked upon by young married people as a Christian duty; but this may not be the way to make it seem pleasant to a large number of young readers. It is the fashion now among the young to boast of never doing any thing from a sense of duty. They will do things from inclination, because they love them; but duty! that is

degrading, or at least purely intellectualties which he himself recognizes as belonging more to his past than his present existence.

There is a blessing upon young men and young women who go to work conscientiously and religiously to rear and cultivate a home of their own; not waiting till they grow rich, nor until they have enjoyed a little more of society, of late hours, of balls, and of the flesh-pots which have seemed so dear in their youth. From the date of their marriage commences a new life—a life dedicated to each other; to their children, if they should be blessed with any; to society in a higher sense than they have ever known before, and to God. Their home is naturally the shrine wherein to bestow all these hopes, desires, and affections; and, as far as their means will allow, it should represent their tastes, their enjoyments, and their aspirations.

There is no idea of permanency attached to the divided tenements of a large city, and of course no certainty of a home, unless one can afford to purchase a house and enter at once upon the task of supporting a good-sized establishment. It is therefore necessary for many whose business is in cities to erect their household gods upon some spot in the surrounding country sufficiently near for attendance upon their daily occupation, yet remote enough for houses and land to have escaped ruinous and factitious values. There are plenty of places like these in the immediate vicinity of all our large cities, easy of access, and every year attracting to them more of the intelligence, refinement, and cultivation of the great centers of which they are the outgrowth.

The money expended in a New-York second or third class boarding-house will here enable a young man to realize his ideal vine and fig-tree, perhaps his horse and spring-top waggon; while his wife can flourish among her chickens, pick her own currants and raspberries for tea, and enjoy the delights of a clean, pleasant, well-ordered house, with closets and pantries and cellar all at command and under her own exclusive supervision.

Then when children come, there is the pleasure for them, not to speak of the physical advantage of plenty of out-of-doors. There are flowars, and trees, and birds, and rabbits, and chickens, and perhaps the cow, the pig, and the horse to be looked after. It has been said of a woman that an acquaintance with her was a " liberal education;" so life in the country, a happy life, in a cheerful, busy house, is an education for children. Out of doors, they become familiar with the existence and habits of nearly all domesticated living things; in-doors, they see the example of a good and useful life, and of the happiness which they are thus enabled to diffuse around them.

The formation of a household is good also because it represses selfishness, and ... enlarge and increase our social ... excellent thing ...

## THE WEAKNESS OF ENGLAND.

*(From Wilmer & Smith's European Times, December 1.)*

The late Mr. Cobden, with his large mind and rare humanity, used to say that Englishmen sympathized with rebels in every country but their own; and the assertion is literally true. When we hear of the oppressed in any land taking up arms against their rulers we give them all the moral support we can. We espouse their wrongs, we lash in our newspapers the tyrants against whom they have risen, we show the folly of governing human beings by brute force, and our best wishes for success accompany their efforts. With the Christians in the East, bowed down under the pressure of Mahommedan injustice—with the poor poles under the iron grasp of Russia—even with the Southerners in the United States fighting for the extension of slavery, went cordially in their attempt to mend their condition. But when the Canadians thirty years ago endeavored to shake off our rule—when the Indians flew to arms—when the Indian mutiny broke out—when the blacks at Morant bay shewed signs of dissatisfaction, our disinterestedness was put to a severe test, and we forgot the lessons of humanity we had been so long preaching to others.

We have now an incipient rebellion at our own doors. Irish discontent is once more becoming serious, and, for the fourth or fifth time in a little more than sixty years, the British Government is obliged to confront armed resistance in that unhappy country. This time last year the isle was frightened from its propriety by the foolish and wicked designs of the Fenians. We seized their leaders and threw them into prison; we tried them for treason-felony, and transported some for life, others for twenty years, and others again for a less period; we suspended the Habeas Corpus Act when Parliament met, and renewed the suspension before Parliament adjourned; we are now surrounding the Irish coast with war vessels and gunboats; we are engaged in making the weak points of the land strong, and the strong points impregnable; we are filling the country with soldiers and marines, arming the constubulary, and doing everything in anticipation of a rising before Christmas on the part of the Irish and the Irish Yankees who are coming across sea to the assistance of their brethren; and our publicists, particularly those of the Tory Press, are counselling the shedding of blood enough should rebellion again raise its horrid head, apparently unconscious of the fact that, if in any other part of the world bad government existed, there are no terms of ... and contumely which we would ... at the heads of rulers whose ... had brought about so ... misery and discont...

Of course ... with ...