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 6d a 1s 9d
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Sept. 1866, 6m

POETRY.

PARTING HYMN.

We know earth's bowers are oftimes fair;
We know earth's scenes are bright;
We've tasted joy's that lingered there,
When our hearts were free and light.
Not thoughts from fancy's shore,
Nor dreams that haunt the brain,
But hidden mem'ry's power
Inspires our simple strain.

From out the chambers of the past,
Like the gems from deepest cave,
Fond mem'ry's visions gather fast,
Like Ocean's mighty wave.
Again we think to see
The once familiar throng,
And hear their voices free
Unite with ours in song.

But, ah! like golden sands when cast
On shores that oceans lave,
The pearly treasures of the past
Are lost 'neath time's dark wave.
Some tones are silent now;
We hear them not in song;
But purer is their flow,
Amid the angel throng.

We only meet to part! But why
Let sorrows cloud the brow?
Why let the bosom heave a sigh?
We may meet as gay as now.
Ah, yes! if not below,
In worlds beyond the tomb,
Where crystal waters flow,
And flowers immortal bloom.

Farewell! but let the echo die;
Bright hope shall be our stay;
And sadness from each heart shall fly,
While we sing our parting lay.
We know earth's bowers are fair;
We know earth's scenes are bright;
But purer joys we'll share
In realms of heavenly light.

Select Literature.

FREDERICK HOMEWOOD.

(Concluded.)

ISABEL was a beautiful girl of eighteen summers. There was a sensitive beauty in the mild depths of her jet black eye, over which hung silken lashes of the same ebony cast. A sunny smile seemed always to be playing on her vermeille tinted lips; and the soft and witching intonations of her voice evoked the admiration of all. Masses of auburn tresses rested in fine contrast upon the upper part of a brow that was as white as the rifted snow. Then she had a diminutive little foot, and a symmetry of form that any one else but Isabel would have been mightily proud of. All her actions were graceful as unaffected, and partook of the free, ingenous gentleness of her heart. She was always volatile and cheerful as a bright summer day; for no cankering care had ever entered her guileless heart, and no grief ever crossed her pathway. She was beautiful—loved everything she beheld, and everything seemed to love her. But she had entwined on the altar of her heart, one object which she loved above all others—one worthy being, to whom were fettered the deep hidden treasures of her young life's affections. This was Frank Edgington. The noble-minded, gifted Frank was her affianced husband. Happy at all times, but now possessing his undivided love, and his hand in perspective, her life was gliding away in one continuous thrill of ecstacy. Oh, how she idolized him! There was no thought, word, deed or object, that could claim one moment of her time, unless it had—and did not everything have?—some connecting link between it and her Frank. But a short time was to elapse ere she was to be conducted to the hymeneal altar. This evening he was to start for Philadelphia; and immediately on his return they were to be inseparably united. How her exulting heart fluttered and her sweet lips smiled when she thought of that time.

As Berrein and Frank vaulted into their saddles to leave for Charlestown, (the latter not to return for several weeks) Frank turned a furtive glance to Isabel, who stood on the portico, almost concealed by the vines and shrubbery that grew on either side; and he thought she never looked half so lovely, for there was a pensive sadness in her moist eye, and a slight tremor in her lips as she waved her handkerchief in token of farewell. After riding almost out of sight he looked back, and there was that little white signal still pendant in her hand. Frank brushed away a silent tear—threw up his hand to return the signal—gave a silent adieu from his heart, and galloped from view.

The companions pursued their way in almost unbroken silence; for Frank seemed wrapt in silent commnion with his own thoughts, and Berrein seemed unwilling to disturb his reverie. The night had closed in as they descended a long and steep hill towards the Buffalo, along the margin of which lay the remainder of the road to their destination. As the night advanced, the darkness became so intense that it was with difficulty they could discover their way. Black clouds, too, rolled up from the western horizon, and hoarse thunder in the distance portended a terrific storm. Much of their road lay along the hillsides, with a very narrow track; on one side a fearful precipice, on the other, ledges of huge rocks rose perpendicularly above them.

"By my faith," ejaculated Frank, as his steed recovered from a desperate fall at the entrance to one of the "narrows," and plunged forward, frightened at a sharp flash of lightning and the succeeding peal of thunder. "By my faith, but we have a sorry ride of it to-night. On such plunge and side-spring as that in the defile and myself and horse will meet a mutual death on the rocks below us."

"An uncomfortable ride for horsemen," replied Berrein; "but we must make the best of it, keep a watchful lookout, and hasten to the end."

The rain came down in torrents; and every five minutes the lightning made each object luminous as day. The intervals were rendered ten-fold darker; but still they spurred their steeds forward at a brisk pace, when, suddenly, there came a flash, it possible more vivid than any before, and revealed a man in tattered clothes, his head uncovered in the rain, and with a look of the wildest fury confronting them directly in the road. The noise of the deafening thunder that instantly followed made both horses unmanageable. It was the work of but an instant. Berrein's horse was seized by the bridle; the quick report of a heavy discharged pistol was heard above the tumult of the elements, and Frank's horse, intractable to the bit, darted off at full speed. The next flash of lightning showed the ghastly features of Berrien, expiring in excruciating agony, a pool of warm, smoking blood on the ground where he lay, formed by a stream issuing from a bullet-wound in his breast. Over him bent the homicide, with savage execrations breaking from his lips, as the faintest signs of life were manifest in his victim.

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It was a cheerless Monday in the fall of the year that Wellsburgh was crowded with anxious visitants from all parts of the country. The county court was to convene on that day, and the first trial on the list was that of Frank Edgington for the murder of Berrein. Frank was universally known and beloved. Heretofore his character was impeachable. All had esteemed him for his correct deportment and suavity of manners and to many in indignent circumstances he was endeared by acts of kindness and profusive liberality.

Early in the morning came thronging in crowds of people to hear the trial. Every road leading to the town was lined with those from the country. Old men who had not left their rooms for years made one more visit to the court-house. Women who had never been inside the building went there in large numbers. None who could possibly get from their homes stayed away from this scene of intense and powerful excitement. Universal anxiety to hear the fate of the prisoner occupied every breast. Long before the Judge had taken his seat the house was filled to overflowing. The aisles, the windows, every position that could command a view of the bar presented a dense mass of human beings. Presently the Judge ascended his stand, order was after some effort, restored, and the prisoner was brought in by the sheriff.

A universal murmur of half stifled applause ran through the jam of people as they saw him, with erect brow, a calm eye, and a firm step walk up infront of the Jury, and take his seat. Calumny and imprisonment had alike failed to blanch his cheek or dim the fire of his eye. When the usual question was put, his reply was given with composure and emphasis,—

"*Not guilty.*"

"No, not guilty, by Heaven!" exclaimed a husky voice far back in the house. All eyes were turned on the maniac Homewood.

The whole of the day was spent in hearing the testimony of numerous witnesses. Able counsel at home, and from a distance were employed in behalf of the prisoner who managed the case with all the legal ability they could summon. As there seemed to be a chain of circumstantial evidence against him which could neither be refuted nor explained away, and as he seemed to have but little evidence in his favor, the first day's adjournment left but little hope in the minds of any that he would not be condemned.

No person who lived abroad went home that night. They clustered in groups on the corners, in the stores and public houses; and all other topics were forgotten but the one. Some did not retire to rest the whole night, but impatiently waited the morrow to hear the progress of the trial. Conviction of the prisoner's guilt was now fastened on the minds of many; but even these were loudest in regret that one so young and promising should perpetrate the awful crime of murder.

"And this, with other strong evidence," resumed the first speaker, "the lawyers say, must absolutely convict him. Who would have thought that Frank Edgington would one day be hung for murder? Ah, me! how strange and what a pity."

"It is said," spoke up another, just arrived, "that Isabel Bingham, whom he was to be married to, has gone into the jail with him to-night, and is almost crazy with grief: poor girl! She contends for his innocence, and takes it so hard."

"What a great pity," said one of the group, "that Frank should blast all his fair prospects for the small amount of money which that rascal Berrein had with him."

"Yes, a pity, truly," said another stout yeoman; but I fear he will be condemned. It is known that Berrein received a large amount of money from Bingham, which Frank was apprised of. The money has not yet been found, and it is thought he must have hid it to avoid detection. He does not deny riding with him the night Berrein was killed."

"Nor does he deny," said another, "that the pistol found on the road is his."

The next day terminated the trial. All the mass of testimony was against him. He was known to start from Bingham's with the murdered man, who had a considerable sum of money in his possession. This was missing. He had ridden into town with a hurried and strange tale of his belief that his companion was murdered. Some went in search—found tracks that fit his boot-sole—those of horses, as if wheeling and prancing for some time on the same—and an unloaded pistol, with the initials "F. E.," by the side of Berrein.

Mighty appeals were made by his counsel—such as was never before heard within the same walls—but all foresaw the inevitable result. The jury retired, but returned in a few minutes; the startling verdict moved not a muscle, nor contorted a lineament of the prisoner. The passing of the sentence was deferred till the next morning.

The court-room was more thronged on that morning than either of the two preceding days. There was but little change of the appearance of things from before. The same people, the same bar, the same executive, the same prisoner, unmoved and calm as the mid-summer sea. He could meet the glance of all without quailing, except that of one who sat near him, sobbing as if her very heart would break, and occasionally looking up to his face with all the melting tenderness of an angel This was Isabel Bingham. This day had long since been set as their bridal day; but, instead of that, she was to see him given away as the groom of death! She felt him grow dearer and dearer, as each moment of poignant agony wore away. She trusted and believed, with all the unshaken confidence of a woman's heart, in his innocence. He was a thousand times dearer to her, on the brink of murderer's grave, than he had ever been. She had plead with the judge, with the lawyers, in all the distraction of idolatrous love, to save him from the impending fate; but the law was inflexible, and must have its way. This was to be her bridal day. Would to God it had seen them both in an honorable grave, slumbering peacefully together.

The judge arose, drew on his ominous cap, and mildly bade the prisoner rise to his feet to receive his sentence. Isabel uttered a piercing shriek, fainted away, and was borne from the scene. The judge dried his eyes, and begun,—

"Frank Edgington, you—"

"Mister judge," shouted a rough voice from the crowd. All eyes were directed thither, and beheld Homewood, on his feet. "Mister judge, don't sentence that young man; he is innocent." The crowd were intensely excited. "I say he is as innocent as the child unborn. It was I who committed the deed, and I surrender myself into your hands, I never intended you should sentence Frank, God knows I did not. I am the man; here I am, take me."

A loud, welkin-ringing shout went up to heaven from the assembled multitude. All were in silent commotion but Frank and Homewood; the latter explaining why he had killed Berrein—producing the pocket-book with its contents undisturbed—and identifying the pistol found with the one he had borrowed from Frank some time previous. His story was so palpable that he was taken into custody and Frank released.

But I need not attempt to go farther. Of the happy re-union and subsequent marriage of Frank and Isabel, I need not now speak in detail. They are still living, and enjoy a life of uninterrupted bliss in the Bingham mansion, with a number of little Edgington's to hear of the narrow escape of their father.

Homewood's reason returned to him about the commencement of Frank's trial. He was arraigned; but for palliating circumstances only punished with imprisonment for a term of years, which penalty he amply paid, was released a wiser and better man, and has again acquired peace and plenty in the bosom of his family under the kind auspices of Frank and Isabel.

A JEALOUS WIFE ON SKATES.

The Philadelphia *Telegraph* relates the following:—A gentleman, accompanied by two ladies, came to the park, on Wednesday, and after adjusting the ladies' and his own skates with one on each arm, proceeded to perambulate to the smooth surface. He had visited almost every portion of the park, and, no doubt being tired, stopped to have a chat with the friends accompanying him. He had not remained standing long before a lady was observed approaching the trio. Having reached them, she caught the gentleman by the coat collar and led him to the platform, and there bid him stay until she returned. She then started after the ladies, who, not understanding what it all meant, were very much frightened. As they saw the lady coming towards them in a menacing manner, they immediately left the vicinity of the spot, and started off as fast as they were able. One of them, being rather verdant in the skating line, tumbled down several times, but having the advantage of being on skates, kept out of reach of her pursuer. The chase continued for some time, much to the amusement of spectators, but was finally given up, and the lady returned to where the captured man stood, took him by the arm and marched him out of the enclosure. It turned out, on enquiry, that the gentleman was the lady's husband, and she, not relishing the idea of his 'skating with other women,' was determined to spoil his afternoon's sport. The whole affair was ludicrous in the extreme.

GEOLOGICAL SPECULATIONS.—Professor Agassiz, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, comes to the conclusion that the continent of North America was at one time covered with ice a mile in thickness. The proof is that the slopes of the Alleghany range of mountains are glacier-worn on the very top, except a few points which were above the lezel of the icy mass. Mount Washington, for instance, is over six thousand feet high, and the rough unpolished surface of its summits, colored with loose fragments, just below the level at which glacier marks come to an end, tells us that it lifted its head alone above the desolate waste of ice and snow. In this region, then, the thickness of the sheet could not have been much less than six thousand feet, and this is in keeping with the same kind of evidence in other parts of the country; for, wherever the mountains are much below six thousand feet, the ice seems to have passed directly over them, while the few peaks rising on the height are left untouched. The glacier, he argues, was God's great plough; and when the ice vanished from the face of the land, it left it prepared for the hand of the husbandman. The hard surface of the rocks was ground to powder, the elements of the soil were mingled in fair proportions, granite was carried in the lime regions, lime was mingled with the more arid and unproductive districts, and a soil was prepared fit for the agricultural uses of man.

DIMENSIONS OF HEAVEN.—Revelations, xxi. chapter, 16th verse: "And he measured the city with a reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length, heighth and breadth of it are equal."

Twelve thousand furlongs, 7,920,000 feet, which being cubed, is 948,998,000,000,000,000,000,000 cubic feet, the half of which we will reserve for the throne of God and the court of Heaven, half of the balance for the streets, and the remainder divided by 4.96, the cubical feet in the rooms 19 feet square and 15 feet high, will be 5,743,759,000,000 rooms.

We will now suppose the world always and always will contain 900,000,000 of inhabitants, and a generation will last 32½ years—2,700,000 every century, and that the world stands 100,000 years—27,000,000,000,000 persons. Then suppose there were 11,230 such worlds, equal to this number of inhabitants and duration of years, then there would be a room 16 feet long, and 17 feet wide, and feet high for each person, and yet there would be room. —*Episcopal Methodist.*

THE WESTMORLAND BANK.

The *Morning Telegraph* says:—

The following statement of the cause of the suspension of the Westmorland Bank appeared in yesterday's *Journal*, and is believed by many to be correct. The Press generally expresses sympathy with the institution so suddenly embarrassed. A general meeting of the Stockholders is called for Monday next. We may take an opportunity of referring to the matter again, after informing ourselves more fully on the subject:—

"During the last fortnight it has been known that the business undertakings of a leading mill owner and lumberman at Shediac were somewhat involved, as as he had received advances from the Westmorland Bank it was feared that the Bank's standing would be injured. Accordingly the people of the country districts in Westmorland, Kent, etc., holding the Bank's paper, becoming frightened, kept sending it in and demanding gold, leading to a heavy drain on the specie resources of the Institution.—The demand was met until twenty thousand dollars had been thus paid away, when it became known to the public that the Shediac merchant's matter had been satisfactorily arranged with the Bank and public confidence was restored, parties returning gold and deposits which had been withdrawn. The week opened favorably for the Bank. The President had freely laid the state of affairs before the bank's agents in St. John, namely, the bank of New Brunswick, and an understanding was arrived at respecting the redemption of the bank's notes in St. John. On Wednesday Mr. Lewin wrote Mr. Jones respecting the balance due his bank, and suggested that if the Westmorland Bank could not meet it this week, they had better send security. The letter was apparently written in a very friendly style. Mr. Jones replied on Thursday, explaining the Bank's position and tendering security. On Friday, about 11 o'clock, the Westmorland Bank was thunderstruck by receiving a telegram from Mr. Lewin, saying that Mr. Jones' letter was not satisfactory, and the Bank of New Brunswick refused the Westmorland's notes.

It is known that the notes were thrown out two hours before the telegram was sent—which would indicate that the Bank's decision had been made before the receipt of Mr. Jones' reply. No previous warning was sent, and no opportunity given of making other arrangements. The Bank had no option but to put up their shutters. There is great indignation felt in Westmorland County, and on the North Shore with the action of the St. John Bank, as the Westmorland Bank was believed to be in a good position; and if the blow which destroyed public confidence in the institution had been stayed but a few hours, all the necessary arrangements to secure its credit would have been made."

It is stated in the English papers that wearing chignons, known here as waterfalls, has brought on a terrible skin disease, as it is supposed the hair was cut from the heads of persons after death, though it has always been maintained that hair to be of any use must be cut from the head of a living person. Samuel Peyps, in his Diary, records how, on the 3d of September, 1865, it being "Lord's Day," he was "up and put on my colored silk suit, very fine, and my new periwig, bought a good while since, but durst not wear, because the plague was in Westminster when I bought it; and it is a wonder what will be the fashion after the plague is done, as to periwigs, for nobody will dare to buy any hair, for fear of the infection, that it had been cut of the heads of people dead with the plague.

A REMARKABLE CURE.—A young man wanted to marry a girl out in Wisconsin, but her rich parents forbade the match. The young man became sick—very sick—and had terrible fainting fits. The doctors were called, and said he would soon die, and he said he wanted to die. The father of the girl visited the patient, and agreed with both him and the doctors. The poor fellow said that if he could marry his Mary Ann he would die happily. His dying request certainly could not be refused, and Mary Ann having no objections, the minister was sent for, and the solemn ordinance of marriage was performed before the most solemn messenger of death should step in and snatch away the gasping bridegroom from time to the regions of eternity. The knot being securely tied, the patient rose from the bed a well man. It was a great cure, astonishing both the cruel parent and the doctors, but the bride acted as though she had expected it all the time.

BOYS USING TOBACCO.—A strong and sensible writer says a good sharp thing, and true one, for boys who use tobacco: It has utterly ruined thousands of boys. It tends to softening and weakening of the bones, and greatly injures the brain, the spinal marrow, and the whole nervous fluid. A boy who smokes early and frequently, or in any way uses large quantities of tobacco, is never known to make a man of much energy, and generally lacks muscular and physical as well as mentnl power. We would particularly warn boys who want to be anything in the world to shun tobacco as a most baneful poison. It injures the teeth. It produces an unhealthy state of the throat and lungs, hurts the stomach, and blasts the brain and nerves."

ENGLISH GIRLS.—This is the cry of rapture which a distinguished French writer M. Taine, raises after the contemplation of the young ladies of England: "Nothing more simple than the young girls. Among lovely things there are few so lovely in the world; well-shaped, strong, sure of themselves, so thoroughly sound and open, so exempt from coquetry. Impossible,