Summerside Journal,

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

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SUMMERSIDE, Dec. 20, 1866.

Oats per bush	2s 2d a 2s 3d
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 per lb.	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	9d a 10d
Beef per lb	3d a 4d
Mutton per lb	3d a 4d
Pork per lb by carcass	3d a 4½d
Geese each	1s 6d a 1s 9d
Flour per bbl	50s a 60s
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October 12, 1865.

JOHN HOMER, M.D.F.M.M.S.
MEDICAL OFFICE
OVER GREEN & SCHURMAN'S STORE,
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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 Lift'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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aug. 9, 1866 1y

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October 12, 1865.

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Nov 1, 1865

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October 12, 1865. 1y

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A CARD.

THE subscriber having purchased the STOCK IN TRADE of JAMES L. 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.
ALBERT L. ANDERSON.
St. Eleanor's, April 10, 1866.

Mails.

THE MAILS for the UNITED KINGDOM, NEIGHBORING PROVINCES, UNITED STATES, &c, will, until further notice, be make up and forwarded from the General Post Office, Charlottetown, as follows, viz:—

For CANADA, NEW BRUNSWICK, and the UNITED STATES, via Shediac, every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, and every Friday morning at 8 o'clock.

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For GREAT BRITAIN, NEWFOUNDLAND and the WEST INDIES, every alternate Monday morning at 9 o'clock, and every alternate Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock, viz:

Monday, Dec. 3. Wednesday Dec. 5.
Monday, " 17. Wednesday, " 19.
P. DESBRISAY,
Postmaster General.
Gen. Post Office, Dec. 6, 1866.

PEASE PAY UP!

ALL persons who were indebted to the Subscriber, either by BOOK account, or otherwise, previous to JUNE 1st, 1866, are positively requested to PAY UP immediately. Delay will only add expense.
JOHN HOMER, M. D.
Summerside, Nov. 15, 1866.
N. B.—Medical Office over the Store of Messrs. Green & Schurman.
Residence at the CLIFTON HOUSE.

Notice!

ALL persons indebted to the subscriber, WILLIAM TUPLIN, by Book account, or notes of hand, are requested to make IMMEDIATE PAYMENT, to save expenses
Summerside, Nov. 29, 1866.

POETRY.

THE FOOTSTEPS OF DECAY.

O! let the soul its slumbers break—
Arouse its senses, and awake,
To see how soon
Life, in its glories, glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

And while we view the rolling tide,
Down which our flowing minutes glide
Away so fast,
Let us the present hour employ,
And deem each future dream a joy
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind,
No happier let us hope to find
To-morrow than to-day!
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
Like them the present shall delight—
Like them decay.

Our lives like hastening streams must be;
That into one engulfing sea,
Are doomed to fall—
The sea of death, whose waves roll on
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne;
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble rivulet's glide,
To that sad wave!
Death levels poverty and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side,
Within the grave.

Our birth is but the starting place:
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal;
There all our glittering toys are brought—
That path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

See, then, how poor and little worth
Are all those glittering toys of earth,
That lure us here;
Dreams of a sleep that death must break:
Alas! before it bids us wake,
We disappear.

Long ere the damp of death can blight,
The cheek's pure glow of red and white
Has passed away;
Youth smiled and all was heavenly fair;
Age came and laid his finger there,
And where are they?

Where is the strength that spurned decay,
The step that roved so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows wearisome, and woe!
When age comes on!

Select Literature.

OLD HUMDRUM.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

"I wonder what old Humdrum will give us for a Christmas present," said Nellie Hastings, as she twisted her curls before the sitting-room mirror, and admired her pretty face, as therein displayed.

"Don't Nellie," said her sister Agnes, looking up from her sewing; "nicknames are intensely vulgar, and it pains me to hear our kind friend so spoken of."

"Kind friend, indeed," said the beauty, saucily; "what has he ever given to us but a few prosy sermons?"

"O, Nellie, what should we have done without his care for us? Think how cheap the rent of this little cottage is made for us, and how many scholars he has procured for you, and how well he pays me for the sewing. He is a kind friend," and tears stood in Agnes Hastings' eyes as she spoke.

"Well, then, don't cry about it, sis," and Nellie gave her sister a hasty kiss.

"I won't call him nicknames any more, if it displeases you, and I shall soon be independant of his kindness," with a scornful emphasis upon the last word. "There is one of my tiresome brats at the gate now," and she sauntered into the little parlor, to meet the music scholar coming up the garden walk, to take his lesson.

You would scarcely have supposed the [illegible]

belles in the circle of fashion, and suitors were not wanting, some attached doubtless by youth, beauty, and talent, others attached by the reputed wealth of Mr. Hastings. For two years the twins reigned as queens, heart-whole and gay. Agnes was something of a blue, and had been guilty of poetry. Helen added to her beauty a wonderful talent for music, and a superb voice. Cultivated to the highest perfection by her proud father, the voice richly deserved the fame it had acquired, and few saloons considered their visiting list perfect where the beautiful young singer was not a guest.

From early childhood there had been great dissimilarity in the characters of the sisters. Agnes, grave, even reserved, was fond of reading, something of an artist, with great sweetness and gentleness of disposition, and at sixteen a member of the Episcopal church, and a Christian, sincerely trying to keep herself "unspotted from the world." Nellie, on the contrary, was a dashing, lively girl, superficial in all studies excepting music, full of animal spirits, and thinking religion "very nice for old people."

Two years after their *debut*, the grave Agnes was betrothed to a young lawyer, poor but talented, with a heart full of devotion to his beautiful betrothed, and a head that promised in time to win him distinction in his chosen profession. The engagement was satisfactory to relatives on both sides, and preparations for the wedding were commenced, when Agnes met with an accident that crippled her for life. She was driving out with her lover, when the horse became frightened, and, making a sudden plunge forward, threw her from her seat into the road. Her injuries at first appeared to be slight, but as time went on the physicians found the injury to the spine was twisting the figure to one side, and making a limping gait and a curved back unavoidable. In the agony and horror of discovering this Agnes dismissed her lover, spite of his prayers and protestations, and then months of bitter repining proved that even her Christian spirit could sink under her heavy burden. It was a still greater affliction that roused instead of crushing her, and restored her faith, patience, and hope. Her father committed suicide, after periling his own and sister's fortune in one speculation, and losing all; and that sister, deprived at once of home, fortune, and the brother she idolized, in one short month followed him to the grave. Nellie was frantic under this complication of trouble, and now Agnes, roused from her own selfish grief, came out true and faithful in the storm around her.

Friends came forward to offer counsel and assistance, and from the wreck of the once noble fortune a small sum was secured, barely sufficient to clothe the orphans in an humble style, greatly at variance with their once splendid wardrobes. By the advice of their father's lawyer, the girls left the city and went to a small country town, where, by their needlework, they earned a support.

They had been but little time in their new home when a stranger, a gentleman past middle age, came to reside at G——. It was not long before he became acquainted with the young seamstresses, and in a short time so won their confidence that he became a fast friend. His means appeared large, for he bought a cottage for himself, and two others which he rented, one to the sisters, and a large handsome stone mansion, in process of erection, was soon known to be his future home. Having letters that made him at once influential in G——, he used that influence to procure music scholars for Helen, who bore the drudgery of sewing but badly, and himself kept Agnes busy on the most exquisite of shirts, collars, and cuffs, at large prices, but of the most elaborate finish.

The music lesson over, Helen came again to her sister's side.

"Still at that handkerchief?" she said, touching the dainty embroidery growing under her sister's busy fingers. "What a dandy old—Mr. Lawrence is."

"I think, Nell, dear, it is more the desire to aid me by giving employment, than from any dandyism of his own, that he has such wonderful shirts, and so many handkerchiefs with his initials embroidered in the corner."

"Aggie," A long pause—then, again: "Aggie, is he in love with you?"

Startled and shocked, Agnes let the work fall from her hands.

"Nell, how can you?"

"Well, but, Agnes, see how odd it is. Here we are perfect strangers, with no earthly claim upon him, and he takes as much interest in our concerns as if he was ...ner"

... Nellie—no, no, a thousand times no ... question. He, so good and noble, ...-what am I?" and she touched the ...r that rose some inches above its ... place.

..., dear me, Agnes, he's as old as ...ls, and as stupid as possible. Of ... he cannot expect youth and beauty ... wife. I think he will propose to ...d so does Harold."

...rold?"

...ere, don't look astonished. Of ... you know what Harold came here ...

...t, Nellie—"

...ar me out. He came to make love ...and propose; well, he has proposed, ...said yes, and in January I will be ...fe."

...ellie!"

...hy not?" and the young girl's head ...with a haughty look of defiance.

...e—he—you know, Nell, they say he ... very constant."

...udge! A parcel of old maids who ... to win him, and cannot, tattle for re...e. I tell you, Agnes I am sick of this ... and she sprung from her seat and ...d the floor with quick steps, to and fro, ...d fro, like some beautiful wild beast, ...d but untamed. "I'm sick of drudg... over stupid children, who can't or won't ...; sick of hearing glorious melody tor...d into hideous sounds; sick of being ...ned to hours; sick of poverty, obscuri... and toil! Harold Granville is rich. He ...es me; he will take me away from this ...tched village to a circle such as I once ...gned in."

"Do you love him, Helen?"

"Well enough to get along. He adores ..., and that is much more to the point."

"But Nellie—his—his—intellect."

"Oh, he's a fool, I know. So much the better—I will rule him. You may tell old Humdrum to-night, Agnes, and he can send my bridal present at Christmas." And she left the room, singing as she went a gay air from Traviata.

Agnes sank into a deep reverie. Her sister's questions had touched upon bitter memories and a painful present. Back, over intervening years, her thoughts travelled to recall the lover of her girlhood. She pictured again the frank handsome face, heard again the tender loving voice, felt the tender caress of long ago, and then came the agony of parting. She heard the pleading words to which she would give no ray of hope. Loving him utterly, she had resolved never to burden his brilliant career by giving him an ailing, crippled wife; never to bear the misery of seeing his love turned to pity; never to bear a reproach for loving herself better than him. He had left her, left the city, and she knew nothing more. Was she to have another trial now?

Probing her heart with a firm unshrinking touch, she found there a respectable affection for her kind friend; a sense of dependence upon his advice and friendship that it would be very bitter to lose. She knew that it would cost her much pain to wound him, be a sore trial to her to see him no more, yet she did not love him. Too well she knew the feeling were heart strings to meet heart, too well she remembered what dreams love had awakened in her young life, to mistake this calm, respectful friendship for the tender passion.

Yet, if Helen was right! If he loved her, and was seeking to win her love, what had she done? In her gratitude for his kindness, her real frankly expressed pleasure in his society, had not she encouraged him to think he might win a dearer place still?

Hot tears were coursing down her pallid cheeks, when her hands were taken in a firm clasp, and a grave, gentle voice spoke her name, "Agnes, you are in trouble."

She knew the voice, and the hot blood rushed for a moment to her face; then she said, hesitatingly:—

"I—was—thinking of the past."

"You must not think too sadly," said her friend, seating himself beside her; "perhaps the future may have bright days too. I—you know to-morrow is Christmas and I have an offering to lay at your feet, my little friend, that you may not altogether despise. I have long—"

"Good afternoon!"

Nellie's gay voice interrupted them. She was followed soon by her lover, and the *tete-a-tete* was not resumed. It was late before all the visitors had departed, and Nellie threw herself at her sister's feet.

"Well, old Humdrum must see how Harold and I stand, and if he don't send me something handsome to-morrow he's too mean to live."

"O, Nellie, don't talk so."

"Was he proposing Aggie, when I came in? I did not see him until it was too late to get away, or I should have kept Harold in the parlor a while longer."

"Please Nellie."

"Well, I won't tease you. You are the dearest of all sisters after all, and may be sure of the best room in my future home, and all the love your madcap sister can give you."

"Thanks, dear; but I can never consent to be dependent upon Mr. Granville."

"Stuff and nonsense. You may sew your dear fingers off, if that will ease your conscience. I'm sure it will be as well to sew for me and Harold as for old—Mr. Lawrence."

"But—"

"There, don't say a word. To-morrow I'll convince you by all the rules of logic that it would be barbarous cruelty to desert me, but now I am too sleepy. Good-night. By the way, won't the old maid's tongues run? Harold and I will be served up all over the village, with pepper sauce. Good-night! Pleasant dreams to you!"

But dreams will not come without sleep, and sleep would not visit the cripple's pillow. All night she lay thinking of the bitter task she felt sure the morrow would entail upon her. Thinking of the true wise counsel so long offered her, of the hours of pleasant intercourse so soon to end, thinking too somewhat sadly of a future of lonliness, or spent in the home of a man she could not respect, and whose money had won her frivolous sister's hand.

And what was Mr. Lawrence thinking in those same long hours, when he too tossed upon a sleepless couch? He was recalling hours spent with the pale, gentle cripple, when his own world-hardened heart had grown soft and tender in the light of her smile, the music of her voice. He was thinking of her pure Christian patience, her resignation to suffering, her quiet industry, her unwavering cheerfulness. Then he thought of his new home, whose large rooms were furnished and ready for occupants, and he fancied her presence making the house a home, her taste adorning the rooms, her smile welcoming the master when he entered; and, less selfishly, he looked forward to the life of ease and rest he meant to offer her, restoring the bloom to her cheeks and the light to her eyes.

Christmas-day dawned bright and clear The sisters were seated in their little sitting-room after breakfast, when Mr. Lawrence's servant handed in a small parcel.

Upon being opened, it was found to contain a set of diamonds of exquisite purity, beautifully set, a tiny note for Helen, and a letter for Agnes.

"O Aggie! are they not superb? And for *me*; see, my name is on the card inside. But"—and, as she read her little note, her cheeks grew crimson, "is not this spiteful?" and she read aloud:—

"Will Miss Helen accept the accompanying jewels, if they are handsome enough to save old Humdrum from the charge of meanness?"

"Read your letter, Agnes. Of course, as he sends you nothing, he offers you *himself* for a Christmas gift."

There was a long pause, then a cry from Agnes—"God is very good to me!"

"What is it, Agnes?"

"Sit here, Nellie. Do you remember how often father and Aunt Lizzie used to speak of our uncle?"

"The one who sometimes sent us presents from Europe, Asia, or Africa, as the case might be?"

"Yes—look!" and she pointed to the signature at the foot of the letter.

"Lawrence Hastings," read Nellie. "You don't mean—"

"Yes, Nellie, yes. Our own dear uncle, who wanted to win our love before he made himself known. And, Nellie, the house on the hill, the new house, he has settled it upon me, with an income of two thousand a year for life, only asking me to let him be my guest there."

"And you consent?"

He was there, in the doorway, asking the question.

Nell looked up with a comical look, half terror, half penitence.

"I'm sorry," she said, advancing to meet him.

He kissed her tenderly. "Never mind," he said, heartily, "perhaps I am a little prosy. You will stay with us till you are married, and I promise you as handsome a trousseau as New York can furnish; but here," and he turned to Agnes, "I look for some comfort after a lonely, wandering life."

She gave him a tearful but happy smile.

"You love me, Agnes?" he said, gently.

"As fondly as you can desire."

"Then you will accept my offer. Come, the carriage is at the door, your home is ready for you. I invited Harold to dine at the new house to-day, so you will come at once, to make the beginning of a new life for Old Humdrum."

SOCIETY IN NEW YORK.

A late New York paper contains the following faithful sketch of "society" in that metropolis:—

"To be fashionable it is not enough to be rich, to be respectable, to live and dress well, to give parties and to entertain many acquaintances. All this is requisite, but something more is necessary. Fashionable society is organized by a clique of wealthy persons, who having nothing else to do, make it their business to give dinners and parties. They are generally intelligent, reside in handsome houses, dress richly but in good taste, drive fine but not fast horses, and can trace their ancestors back as far as their grandfathers, although their granfathers are often enveloped in a dim and romantic mist, through which it is quite impossible to distinguish whether they were shoemakers or noblemen. These organizers compose their society of a few hundred young ladies and gentlemen, divided for convenience into half a dozen cliques. Most American ladies are in a hurry to get married young: they know that time is fleeting, and they want a man to pay their dry goods bills. Fashionable young ladies are in no such haste. With rich parents, and in an assured position, they do not care to marry before they are twenty-five. Having finished their education at a fashionable school, they pass the interval until their marriage in dancing the German, attending the opera, and receiving the attentions of the gentlemen, with whom, however, they do not go so far as to flirt.

These fashionable gentlemen are also a peculiar class; they toil not, neither do they spin, except waltzes; but Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like unto them. The German is their sole occupation. They rise late, breakfast at noon, and then come down town, ask the price of gold, and drink a cocktail at the lower Delmonico's by the way of business. Fatigued with this exertion, which they perform with great solemnity and regularity, as if the finances of the nation would be disarranged should they omit it, they then ride home and dress for dinner. After dinner they go to various parties, lead the German, and retire at 2 o'clock, A. M., to be awake several hours, trying to invent a new figure for their favorite dance. Their only ambition, like Von Bismarck's, is to be the German leader. If the dance got off well no Prince could be prouder. If the couples get confused the leader is exiled, like Napoleon after Waterloo. When they grow too old to dance they marry fashionable women, and when they die they expect to enter a fashionable heaven, and dance the German throughout eternity upon floors of pure gold and music of angelic harps.—These are the real fashionables, and to apply that term to any other class is a mistake. They set the fashions in dress, in amusements and in society, and a host of admirers and imitators are ready to follow them. They did not patronize the watering place hotels last summer, and consequently the season was a complete failure. The fact is that these fashionables have been crowded out of many of their old haunts by the newly rich people who have more money and spend it more extravagartly. The true fashionables never waste a dollar. They have the best things, but buy them at the lowest prices. Only the shoddy people give their carriages to their coachmen ond light their cigars with greenbacks. It is as unfashionable to throw away money foolishly as it is to earn it by hard work. The newly rich may flourish at the watering place hotels, pay enormous bills, and make the fortunes of rapacious landlords; but the fashionables have quietly withdrawn to their neat cottages and secluded villas, where they are more comfortable at a much cheaper rate."

DON'T LIKE MY BUSINESS.

There is no greater fallacy in the world than that entertained by many young men that some pursuit in life can be found wholly suited to their tastes, whims, and fancies. This philosopher's stone can never be discovered, and every one who makes his life a search for it will be ruined. Much truth is contained in the Irishman's remark "It is never aisy to work hard." Let, therefore, the fact be always remembered by the young, that no life-work can be found entirely agreeable to a man. Success always lies at the top of a hill; if we would reach it, we can do so only by hard persevering efforts, while beset with difficulties of every kind. Genius counts nothing in the battle of life. Determined, obstinate perseverance, in one single channel is everything. Hence, should any one of our young readers be debating in his mind a change of business imagining he has a genius for some other, let him dismiss the thought as he would a temptation to do evil. If you have made a mistake in choosing the pursuit or profession you did dont make another by leaving it. Spend all your energies in working for and clinging to it, as you would to the life boat that sustained you in the midst of the ocean. If you leave it, is almost certain that you will go down; but, if you cling to it, informing yourself about it until you are its master, bending exery energy to the work, success is certain. Good, hard, honest efforts, steadily preserved in, will make your love for your business or profession grow, since no one should expect to reach a period when he can feel that his life-work is just the one he could have done best, and liked best. We are allowed to see and feel the roughness in our own pathway, but not in others; yet all have them.

THOUGHT.—Thought engenders thought. Place one idea on paper, and another will follow it, and still another, until you have written a page. You cannot fathom your mind. There is a well of thought there which has no bottom; the more you draw from it the more clear and fruitful it will be.

Summerside, January 3, 1867.