

Summerside Journal.

A N D W E S T E R N P I O N E E R .

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

Vol. 2.—Whole Number 55.

Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, October 25, 1866.

No. 3.

THE Summerside Journal

IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY
THURSDAY EVENING,

BY
BERTRAM & BARNARD,

AT THEIR OFFICE, CENTRAL STREET.

TERMS :

1 copy for one year, in advance, 6s. 3d.
Persons getting up Clubs of Ten
Subscribers will be entitled to
the Journal for one year.

RATES OF ADVERTISING :

One square for 12 months, £2 10 0
do " 6 months, 1 10 0
do " 3 months, 0 18 0
do first insertion, 0 5 0
do each subsequent in. 0 1 3

All communications should be addressed
to BERTRAM & BARNARD, and the Postage,
in all cases, prepaid.

The following gentlemen have consented
to act as Agents, and they are authorized
to receive monies, and give receipts,
on our account :

Charlottetown—W. E. Dawson, Esq.
Henry Harvie, Esq.
Centerville—Major Wright, Esq.
Upper Bedeque—Wm. G. Strong, Esq.
Troyon—George Muttart, Esq.
St. Eleanor's—W. T. Hunt & Co.
Casumpeque—Benjamin Rogers, Esq.
Margate—Reuben Tuplin, Esq.
New London—Pidgeon & Stewart.
Malpeque—D & P McNutt.
Southport—Henry Beer, Esq.
Vernon River—Mr. George Vickerson
Georgetown—Andrew LeRoque, Esq.
Port Hill—David Ramsay, Esq.
Tignish—Benjamin Haywood, Esq.
Miscouche—Joseph B. Perry.
Crapaud—Charles Collitt.

JOB PRINTING

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

Summerside Markets.

SUMMERSIDE, Oct. 25, 1866.
Oats per bush ----- 2s a 2s 3d
Barley per bush ----- 3s a 3s 6d
Potatoes per bush ----- 1s 1d a 1s 3d
Turnips per bush ----- 1s 2d a 1s 6d
Butter per lb by Tub ----- 1s 1d a 1s 2d
Lard per lb ----- 9d a 10d
Eggs per doz ----- 9d a 10d
Beef per lb ----- 4d a 5d
Mutton per lb ----- 3d a 4d
Pork per lb by carcass ----- 4d a 5d
Geese each ----- 1s 6d a 1s 9d
Flour per bbl ----- 5s a 6s
Oatmeal per cwt ----- 11s a 15s
Hay per Ton ----- 50s a 60s
Straw per cwt ----- 1s 6d a 2s
Pine Boards ----- 10s
Spruce Boards ----- 4s a 5s

Business Cards.

BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Corner of Queen & Water Sts., Charlottetown
President—HON. THOMAS H. HAVLAND.
Cashier—WILLIAM CENDALE, Esquire.
Discount Days—Mondays & Thursdays.
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.
from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.

UNION BANK.

Grafton St., Queen's Square, Charlottetown
President—CHARLES PALMER, Esquire.
Cashier—JAMES ANDERSON, Esquire.
Discount Days—Mondays, Wednesdays,
and Saturdays.
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.
from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.

SUMMERSIDE BANK.

Central Street, Summerside, P. E. Island.
President—HON. JOHN R. GARDINER.
Cashier—E. L. LYDARD, Esquire.
Discount Days—Tuesdays and Fridays.
Notes for Discount must be in before 11
o'clock on Discount days.
Hours of Business—10 a. m., to 1 p. m.
from 2 p. m., to 4 p. m.

JAS. WILLIAMSON, Commission Merchant,

MONTREAL,
is prepared to receive all orders for
Flour, Cornmeal, Leather Tobacco, &
on Reasonable Terms.

REFERENCES:

D. Rogers, Esq., - - - Summerside, P. E. I.
John P. Thurgar, Esq., - - - St. John, N. B.
Messrs. B. Douglas & Co., Amherst, N.S.,
July 26, 1866. ft.

James Greenough, FLOUR Commission Merchant.

No 47 Commercial Street
Corner of Clinton Street - - - BOSTON

J. F. HILL & CO.

DEALERS IN
Potatoes, Apples, Onions,
Foreign & Domestic Fruits,
Cranberries, Beans, Green & Dried Apples,
Stalls 107 and 109,
and Cellar No. 19, Faneuil Hall Market
SOUTH SIDE BOSTON.

CARD

WILLIAM BERTAMO,
Commission Merchant,
Auctioneer & General Agent,

WATER STREET,
Summerside, - - - P. E. Island
Summerside, Oct. 12, 1865.

DAVID BERTRAM, Saddle and Harness Maker,

Water Street - - - Summerside,
October 12, 1865. 1y

Business Cards.

THOMAS KELLY,
Barrister - at - Law

AND
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

SUMMERSIDE, - - - P. E. ISLAND
aug. 9, 1866 1y

GEORGE ALLEY,
BARRISTER AND
Attorney-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

Telegraph Buildings, Water Street,
Charlottetown, - - - P. E. Island.

WILLIAM DODD,
Commission Merchant,
And Auctioneer,

QUEEN SQUARE,
CHARLOTTETOWN - - - P. E. ISLAND

H. J. RICHARDSON,
COMMISSION MERCHANT

Auctioneer.

Dealer in Flour, Groceries, and
Dry Goods.
Water Street - - - Summerside.

CARVELL BROTHERS,
AUCTIONEERS,
Commission Merchants,
And General Agents,

BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET,
Charlottetown, - - - P. E. Island.

THOMAS HANFORD,
AUCTIONEER

AND
Commission Merchant,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Nov 1, 1865 1y

DRS. PRICE & BLACK,
Physicians & Surgeons,

OFFICE—At the SUMMERSIDE DRUG STORE,
next door to Bank, Central Street
SUMMERSIDE, - - - P. E. ISLAND
October 12, 1865. 1y

J. H. GIBSON,
Plain & Ornamental
HOUSE & SIGN

PAINTER,

Summerside, - - - P. E. Island.

Archibald McKay,
MONCTON, N. B.,

Contractor and Agent for the purchase and
sale of—

Ship Timber, Masts, Plank, House
Frames, and Lumber of all kinds.

Orders for shipment will receive prompt
attention.

REFERENCES:

THOMAS ALLEY, Esquire, } Charlottetown.
SEAS BARNARD, Esquire, }

May 17, 1866. 1s1.

E. D. STAHR
CABINET-MAKER,
AND
Undertaker.

FURNITURE OF ALL KINDS MADE
TO ORDER.

Kent Street, - - - Charlottetown.
Sept. 1866. 6m.

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.

REFERENCES:

ALBERT L. ANDERSON,
St. Eleanor's, April 10, 1866.

JOHN ANDREW MACDONALD,
Importer of Dry Goods,

Hardware, Crockeryware, Groceries,
stoves, Furniture, &c. &c.

Summerside, - - - P. E. Island

A. W. ANDRE'S
Marble Works,
Point Du Chene, Shediac,

Monuments, Tombs, Grave-
stones, &c.

American & Italian Marble con-
stantly on hand.

Sold at a less price than at any other estab-
lishment in the Provinces.
Point Du chene, N. B., oct. 18, 1865.

Carriage Factory!
At Long River, New London

THE subscriber begs leave to acquaint the
public that he has every facility for turning
out a FIRST CLASS CARRIAGE and
SLEIGH. The best of mounting guaranteed
and in the first style. All who want a good,
serviceable Wagon or Sleigh will do well to
call at the Long River Carriage Factory.

Also—All kinds of Blacksmith work, such
as Carriage and Sleigh Mounting, Plough
Mounting, Horse Shoeing, Ship work, &c.,
done on the premises with neatness & despatch.

DONALD BEATON,
Long River, New London, aug. 16, 1866. 3m

POETRY.

ONLY WAITING.

A very aged man in an almshouse was
asked what he was doing now. He replied,
"Only waiting."

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home,
For the Summer-time is faded,
And the Autumn winds have come;
Quickly, reapers! gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor and desolate;
Even now I hear their footsteps,
And their voices far away,
If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Then from out the gathering darkness
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor and desolate;
Even now I hear their footsteps,
And their voices far away,
If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

Select Literature.

THE NOBLE LIFE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

How slowly we learn in the school of
life! No day passed without its lesson;
and yet, how rarely is the lesson taken
to heart! We go forth in the morning fresh
for the day's employment—for its work or
its pleasure—counting on a harvest of
satisfaction when we gather in our sheaves
at evening. But, except in rare instances,
how few are the golden grains among these
sheaves! We have toiled among them
It had long been so with my friend Heart-
ley. One of your earnest workers—a man
of strong motive power, who must ever be
up and doing. "I shall leave my mark
upon the world," he was wont to say.

"What kind of a mark?" I once queried.
He looked at me for a moment with a
thoughtful air, dropped his eyes and re-
mained silent. After a pause, he said:
"A mark not soon to be obliterated, I
trust."

"No man acts without a motive," I re-
turned.
"None but a fool!" He flung the sen-
tence out with a tone of contempt.
"And you are not a fool?"
"I trust not, my friend."

"Why do you wish to make a mark?"
But perhaps I am intrusive."

Heartley fixed his eye on me again, read-
ing my countenance.
"Motive are hidden things," he answered.
"We are not always sure of them.
At least, I am not."

"And yet your motives give quality to
all our actions, making them, as they af-
fect our internal lives, good or evil."

"I am not so sure of that," he returned
quickly.
"And yet I hold that declaration to be a
solemn truth, lying at the foundation of
all happiness here and hereafter," I replied.

He looked thoughtful, and a little dis-
turbed, but said no more, and I did not
press the subject. A truth, simply uttered,
like a seed cast upon the ground, is often
in a more favorable state for germination,
than if you raked it by illustration too deep-
ly below the surface.

Men like Heartley are always endanger-
ing their peace of mind. When they put
their hands to the plow, they rarely look
back until they have cut their furrow to
the end.

I met him, one day, in a very unhappy
state. He was never wholly at ease—never
quite satisfied with any thing as it came.
"I'm sick of the world!" he said passion-
ately. "Every thing gets to cross pur-
poses. Nothing comes out right."

"What has gone wrong with you?" I
asked.
"Every thing goes wrong?"
"What specially wrong?"
"I can count specials by the dozen. As
I just said, every thing goes wrong—
Whatever I touch is disturbed or blighted."

"I am sorry for your wife and children."
I intended the remark as a spur or probe.
He gave a slight start, and turned upon
me quickly, reading my face to see if he
understood all I had meant.

"Why do you say that?" he asked, with
less sharpness in his tone.
"Because, if you disturb and blight every
thing with your presence, your home must
be anything but a happy dwelling place;
and therefore I am sorry for your wife
and children."

"I'm afraid that it is anything but a
happy dwelling place. There was a shade
of sadness in his voice, mingled with re-
gret and despondency. "If," he added,
rallying himself, "I could only leave busi-
ness cares and worldly ambition outside of
my home, what a gain it would be! But
they cling to me like destiny."

"Worldly ambition?" I said the words
slowly.
"Is there anything wrong in that?" he
asked.

"Its pursuit, so far, does not seem to
have brought you much happiness. Dis-
satisfied days and gloomy evenings are
judging from what you have said, its only
fruits. Dead Sea apples I should call them."

"Bitterness and ashes!" It is even so.
But why should this be? Is ambition
wrong? There are high places in the
world; and shall not the brave and bold
climb up to them? Nay, is it not every
man's right to ascend, if he will?"

"All depends on the prompting motive,"
I answered.
"Ah! yes; I have heard that before, and
it caused me to reflect. I tried not to be-
lieve it; but there may be something in it,
after all. You think there is?"

"I am sure of it. Ambition is not wrong,
if the motive is right. It is the wrong end
that produces disappointment, and leaves
the soul restless and unhappy."

"What do you mean by a right motive?"
Heartley asked.
"An unselfish one," was my answer.
He shook his head. We are all selfish.
It is not to serve another that I work; but
to serve myself. I toil early and late,
eating the bread of care; not for you, or
my neighbor Arnold, but for my own flesh
and blood. It is thus with all men."

"And all men are unhappy."
"Not so," he answered quickly. I can
point you a man whose serene face bet-
ters the reflection of his tranquil spirit."

"Do I know him?"
"I speak of my neighbor Alcorn."
"Is he ambitious?"
"He has risen to many places of trust
and honor."

"Is he very selfish?"
"The most unselfish person I ever knew,"
Heartley answered with fervor. His tone
expressed admiration for the man.

"And this is why he is in tranquility of
soul. There is no eager, restless self-
seeking that is forever falling short of its
aims; but noble effort to serve others in
his day and generation. All men speak
well of Mr. Alcorn. He is honored and
beloved. And why? Because his ends
are not narrow and selfish, but broad and
philanthropic. Purpose, thought, and ef-
fort are not all wasted on one little human
atom, but are expanded and energized by
a love of the common good. This is God-
like, and brings its sure rewards. This
God does not love himself, but heings he has
made, and whose happiness he perpetu-
ally seeks. And only in a degree that
we walk by the same rule and mind the
same things are we in the true order of
our being. If not in the true order of
our being, can we be happy?"

"All of which means," said Heartley,
"that a man can not be happy unless he is
religious." He spoke with a slight tone
of contempt, as if he had a low estimate
of religious people.

"You believe in God?" I said.
"Yes."
"And in the Bible as his inspired word?"
"Yes."
"And in a life according to the precepts
of his word as the only means of gaining
heaven?"

"Yes. All this I was taught in child-
hood, and all this, as a man, I truly be-
lieve."

"In the practice of this faith is the sum
of all religion," I said. "Just in the degree
you live by the divine precepts—that is,
according to them in all your business
and social contact with men, and in all
your home relations, will you have peace
of mind; and just in the degree that you
act contrary to them, will you have distur-
bance of mind."

"Then, according to this theory, when-
ever any one is miserable, it is because he
has been doing something wrong?" he re-
marked.

"Or desiring something wrong—must be,
in some way, out of the divine order, or
no jar or smarting friction could occur."

"We must all be very far out of the
divine order," he said, with a shade of bitter-
ness in his voice. "Oh! this perpetual jar—
this smarting friction to which you refer;
who is free from it?"

"Neither you nor I. And yet, in this
very pain we suffer, is cause of gratitude
to God. Like physical pain, it is the pain,
it is the warning of disease, that, if un-
checked, will cause death—spiritual and
eternal death."

After parting with me on this occasion,
Mr. Heartley as I learned from him after-
ward, began to look more closely into his
mental processes, and to question himself
more rigidly in regard to the motives that
impelled him. One thing was very plain to
him. He did not grow happier with the
 lapse of years. His business prospered;
he gradually acquired the social standing
for which he was ambitious; men deferred
to him in public places, and gave him posi-
tions of honor. Still he suffered from
unrest, and a feeling of perpetual disap-
pointment. Nothing came out just as he
desired. The measure of his wishes was
never full. Even his home was growing
less and less attractive. He was conscious
that he brought into it sunshine no longer,
as of old. There was no hurrying of feet
and no glad voices, when his steps sound-
ed along the hall, such as used to greet
his coming. Antagonisms were beginning
to creep in. His wife, once so gentle and
yielding—so cheerful and ready to serve
him—had grown capricious and fretful—
That quick, electric smile, which in former
years made his heart thrill when evening
brought him home, was now a stranger to
her face. He was beginning to blame her
for all this. It had not once occurred to
him, that he might be responsible for the
sad change which had crept over her. But
my remark that I was sorry for his wife
and children, had turned his thoughts into
a new channel; gradually light broke in;
and he was able to see that in his too eager
pursuit of riches and honors, he was hurt-
ling almost every one who came into close
contact with him—that if light had faded
out of his dwelling, it was because he had
shut the doors and darkened the windows.

One evening Heartley came home in that
fretted state of mind which is apt to be an-
noyed by the most trifling occurrences.
He had been disappointed in many ways.
To use his favorite expression, "Every
thing had gone wrong." The ground of
all this dissatisfaction lay in the fact that
he had expected too much, a very com-
mon error with men who are over eager
to compass their desires. Such men are
rarely satisfied with what the day brings
forth. Heartley never was. Always some
failure in anticipated results marred the
satisfaction which should have been his
guest when the hours of business closed.

All the way home he had been brooding
over a prominent source of annoyance,
and fretting himself therewith. His counte-
nance was actually repulsive—closely knit,
frowning brows; hard, tightly shut mouth;
cold, almost cruel eyes. And this was the
aspect he brought into his home—the
aspect of Mr. Heartley, whom all men
regarded as one among the most favored
and successful; as one whom, to use a

common phrase, the world was using re-
markably well! No wonder that his little
three years old Ada, who was playing in
the hall when he entered, glanced at him
in a half-scared way, and then went hur-
rying off up stairs. No wonder that his
oldest daughter, Helen, a maiden in her
seventeenth year, shrunk back into the
room as he passed her door, instead of
springing out to meet him. She had
caught a glimpse of that countenance.
And no wonder that his wife dropped her
eye quickly on looking up as he entered
the apartment where she sat—sighed
heavily, but offered no word of welcome
home. A growl was in the throat of Mr.
Heartley, but he stifled it with an effort.
He felt like an animal smarting under the
lash. Fretful, angry words kept forming
on his tongue, and it required a strong
will to suppress them. Without speaking
to his wife, he left the room and went in-
to his library. He saw that in his present
disturbed mood, it was better for him to
be alone.

The growl that was in his throat came
forth in a groan, as he seated himself at
the library-table and let his head sink
down upon his arms. In a moment there
came a picture before his mental vision;
a picture of three human faces, all looking
at him with sad and frightened eyes; they
were the faces as he saw them a little while
before, of his wife and children. He could
not endure the sight, it so pained and re-
buked him; and so lifted his head and un-
closed his eyes. As he did so, his gaze
rested upon a woman's portrait looking
down tenderly upon him from the wall. It
was the picture of a young and lovely face;
full of hope and happiness.

"Dear heart!" he murmured audibly,
with a quiver in his voice. And then he
shut his eyes and bent his head again, re-
maining quite still for many minutes.
When he raised himself at length, his
countenance was very sober and thought-
ful, and its expression wholly changed.
He opened a drawer in the table, and took
out two or three miniatures; unloosed the
clasps, and contemplated long the pictured
faces of his children. How lovingly did
their eyes look into his! He heard the old
sweet music of their voices; he felt their
arms clinging about his neck. Affection,
that had almost been dead in his heart,
quickened into life. Great throbs of feel-
ing agitated him. Then the real faces he
had seen a little while before, obliterated
these beautiful representations, and he al-
most groaned aloud at the contrast.

"And is this all my work?" he mused with
himself. "Had my friend really looked
into my home, when he said, 'I pity your
poor wife and children?' My work! Can
it be possible! I seem to be in a nightmare,
or just aroused from one. Why did I come
home in such a wretched mood to-night?"

And then he searched back through the
day for a revolution of the cause.

"Not adequate," was the clear decision to
which he came. "How weak and immu-
nally I have grown!"

A seed, cast into his mind long before,
now showed signs of vitality. He pondered
the truth that, according to a man's
end and purposes in his life, will be the
quality of all his actions and the resultant
state of mind. "A good purpose," he said
to himself, "if this law of cause and effect
be true, never could have so blighted my
home. We are all positively wretched.

But what is a good purpose?"
He thought intently. The answer to
this question involved every thing. It
came; but as if spoken in his ear by
another—"An unselfish purpose." At first,
he did not see anything of its length and
breadth, its height and depth of meaning.

He almost rejected it as an ethical some-
thing, very good to adorn a sermon, but
impractical. The converse of this proposi-
tion, "A selfish purpose is evil," he could
more readily accept.

"What have been my chief ends in life?"
He put to himself, at length this direct
question, feeling, as he did so, that on its
true answer hung the most vital considera-
tions.

"The good of my wife and children?" A
slight shiver crept into his heart, for he
could not respond affirmatively. They
were very near and dear to him—oh! yes;
but, in the plans and purposes that filled
his thoughts and spurred him to action,
how small a space did they fill! It was
honor for himself; position for himself;
wealth, and its commanding influence for
himself. They were not ignored, of
course; but their pleasure and their good
were subordinated to his own. A hurting
sense of humiliation passed down upon
his soul under this accusing conviction.
Self—self—only self!" he murmured.

"The good of my neighbor? Any public
good?" He went on questioning. "What
great or noble end have I set before me?
I grow richer every day; I gain in steadily
in social influence. My opinions have
weight. I am, so to speak, a power in
the community. And yet, now that I look
closely into myself, I can find no desire to
be of use to my neighbor in any thing;
but, instead, the purpose to make every
one the minister of my will. I am the
centre about which everything else re-
volves. I gather from all sides, but with
no thought of distributing them again. Is
that like God, in whom we live and move
and have our being? No wonder I am un-
happy."

As he sat thus in painful self-examina-
tion, the shades of evening fell gloami-
ly around him, making his heart sadder and
heavier. Neither wife nor children had
come near him; for no sweet influences
drew them as in past times; no sunshine
wooded them to his presence. Now and
then, muffled and sounding through closed
doors, as if from afar, broke out a child's
voice. Except for this, a melancholy still-
ness reigned through the house.

"Am I under the influence of a spell—
am I the slave of some malignant power?"
Heartley exclaimed in the bitter agony of
these new convictions. A revelation of
himself had been made, and he was shock-
ed at his own image. "A selfish monster;
not a true, generous, God-like man!" he
said with a shudder.

The tea-bell rang. He started to his
feet. "How can I meet them?" He sighed.
A wave of tender feeling, long held back