Summerside Journal
AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

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SUMMERSIDE, Dec. 27, 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
Oatmeal per cwt.	14s a 15s
Hay per Ton	50s a 60s
Straw per cwt.	1s 6d
Pine Boards	10s
Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

Business Cards.

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

JOHN HOMER, M. D. F. M. M. S.
MEDICAL OFFICE
OVER GREEN & SCHURMAN'S STORE,
WATER STREET, SUMMERSIDE, P.E.I.

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

GEORGE ALLEY,
BARRISTER AND
Attorney-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &C.
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Charlottetown, ---------- P. E. Island.

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

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Plain & Ornamental
HOUSE & SIGN
PAINTER,
Summerside, ... P. E. Island.
October 12, 1865.

Blanks of all kinds for sale at the "Journal" Office.

Business Cards.

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AND
Commission Merchant,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
Nov 1, 1865

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Corner of Clinton Street - - - - - BOSTON

C. L. RICHARDS,
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British & Foreign Groceries
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Dec. 6, 1866. 1y

J. F. HILL & CO.,
DEALERS IN
Potatoes, Apples, Onions,
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Stalls 107 and 109.
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Kent Street, - - - - - - - - - Charlottetown.
Sept. 1866. 6m

DAVID BERTRAM,
Saddle and Harness Maker,
Water Street . . . . . Summerside.
October 12, 1865. 1y

JOHN ANDREW MACDONALD,
Importer of Dry Goods,
Hardware, Crockeryware, Groceries,
stoves, Furniture, &c. &c.
Summerside, - - - - - - - - - P. E. Island.

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.

For NOVA SCOTIA, via Pictou, every Monday and Thursday morning, at 9: and via Brule, every Friday evening at 8 o'clock.

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.

ART.

WHEN, from the sacred garden driven,
Man fled before his Maker's wrath,
An Angel left his place in Heaven,
And crossed the wanderer's sunless path.
'Twas Art! sweet Art! new radiance broke
Where her light foot flew o'er the ground,
And thus with seraph voice she spoke—
"The Curse a blessing shall be found."

She led him through the trackless wild,
Where noontide sunbeam never blazed;
The thistle shrunk, the harvest smiled,
And Nature gladdened as she gazed.
Earth's thousand tribes of living things,
At Art's command to him are given;
The village grows, the city springs,
And point their spires of faith to Heaven.

He rends the oak—and bids it ride,
To guard the shores its beauty graced;
He smites the rock—upheaved in pride,
See towers of strength and domes of taste.
Earth's teeming caves their wealth reveal,
Fire bears his banner on the wave,
He bids the mortal poison heal,
And leaps triumphant o'er the grave.

He plucks the pearls that stud the deep,
Admiring Beauty's lap to fill;
He breaks the stubborn marble's sleep,
And mocks his own Creator's skill.
With thoughts that swell his glowing soul,
He bids the ore illume the page,
And proudly scorning Time's control,
Commerces with an unborn age.

In fields of air he writes his name,
And treads the chambers of the sky;
He reads the stars, and grasps the flame
That quivers round the Throne on high.
In war renowned, his peace sublime,
He moves in greatness and in grace;
His power subduing space and time,
Links realm to realm, and race to race.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

Select Literature.

The Old Year and the New!

BY MARTHA ALLEN.

FROM the rosy West, the whistling wind in eddying gusts, coquetted with the scarf like clouds, now driving them together in feathery masses, anon scattering their folds, so that the bright stars peeped forth; as the hours wore on to midnight, the golden moon, calm, unclouded, floated upwards in the azure sea; momently was expected the advent of the New Year, with mirth and feasting was he to be welcomed, yet a nameless shadow, a gloom and terrible fear hovered over the earth. The young mother ceased her lullaby bowing low in reverential awe to the united influence, scarce breathing as she strained her ears to catch the voices of the spirits of the night. The lover thought of his first vow, for he too felt a heaven-born glow upon his face; a passing shade obscured the moonlight; everything was still; the night wind stayed its wing, and universally recognized became this unknown presence.

A man crept down the streets faintly supporting his tottering steps by the aid of a staff that bent beneath his trembling weight, yet being early troubled it seemed long to have driven the glow of health from cheeks wan with want and disease, a few grey hairs lay on hollowed temples, damp already with the chilliness of the grave; across his shoulders was strapped what appeared to be a huge sack, but a band of giddy revellers pelted in with bonbons, when wondrously 'twas seen to be compounded of life's joys and ills; as a tear coursed down the aged face, I recognized in the time-worn pilgrim, the ghost of the fair blooming boy but a year before we had greeted with prayers and hopeful welcome. It was the Old Year near its dissolution, about to enter the gulf of eternity, with seared brain, riven heart, its mighty wrongs, unuttered hopes and dread record of broken vows.

Sighing deeply he spoke; "Well do I remember the first morning of my life, though the cold was intense, the glorious sunshine sparkled and glistened on the trees, till their long, bare arms were encrusted with diamond-like crystals; as a young victor I listened to the shouts of rejoicing, and notes of gay music; love the beautifier my companion, everywhere was I received with trust and confidence, the roaring, shrieking winds of winter were then unheeded; soon came spring, beautiful spring with dainty breath, giving life to rivers and streams, long ice-bound; redolent with gorgeous tints, flowers of rare fragrance grew beneath her feet; then, then I sported, dancing amid the April clouds, peeping from behind the arch of the rainbow. Leafy June, nature's festal month, I strayed in the deep vallies, reclining hours in luxurious repose on the velvetty sward, my brow decked with starry wreaths of the green creeper. I stood by the maiden in her pride of beauty, and adorned her with perfumed clusters of the silver clematis. Alas! this gay, happy life little fitted me for seasons of adversity.

"Snow and sleet, and storm-darkened clouds, shrouded the fair earth, gloom and despair met me at every step, all the sons of humanity wept for the summer fled. Dread and disappointment infused gall into my spirit, the poisonous essence spread, I then became a misanthrope; I, the once gay, joyous, mirth-loving Year, but old age, wronged old age was looking on me, promises made me in my youth were long ago broken, or forgotten, the hopes I once cherished were all dead: so I visited the keenness of my agony on whosoever crossed my path. The maiden with whom I had sat at the lone twilight hour, peopling her impassioned solitude with the precious imaginings of a poetic fancy, whose lover I had arrayed in id al beauty, that maiden I again visited in her desolation, her lover had drank of the purple wine cup, its mantling light had hidden the enchantment that soon bound his soul in thralls love had no power to unloose; yes, there she sat in her darkened chamber, the beautious form bowed in its first despair, her bliss had shrank and withered within her grasp, like the far famed fruit that grows in mystery and silence on the Dead Sea's shore, brightly tinted to the eye, bitterness and ashes on the lips.

"Again I stood within the palace home of the merchant, whose gorgeously appointed rooms, rich with sculpture and paintings, the floors covered with the costly woven tapestries of the East; by the light of the alabaster lamp, I saw the man of pride, crushed in his haughtiness, as he looked on possessions no longer his, for the treasure laden vessels from India were wrecked, their costly freight "deep in the bosom of the ocean buried." I stood by the window of a poor widow as she prayed for light, the light of day to dawn quickly, that she might once more see the face of her living child; the clouds disappeared, the diamond sunshine crept through the broken window, illuminating the dim, dust-covered furniture, farther on it crept, on to the rude bed foot, higher till it reached and glowed a halo round the pale brow of the little one resting there, just like the glory round a pictured saint; but the spirit had flown to God, the mother was alone in her sorrow, alone save for the still, small voice that whispered, 'those whom God loveth He chasteneth.'

"More, more have I seen of pain and trial, but 'twere vain to relate to you idle, scoffers, alike incapable of comprehending my saddened memories, or becoming faithful to the vows once made, change is written on the face of all things; my last hour is near, my priesthood is ended, life is ebbing slowly in my vains. I go bearing as a souvenier your ingratitude; time pursues me, earth swims round, I see the recording angel ready to receive me, amid the hush of nature I descend to the tomb."

Midnight chimed from the distant towers, a shout mighty, inhuman, ascended from the vast multitude assembled, while from the bosom of a dark cloud, reached forth a gigantic arm embracing the dying, drooping form of the Old Year.

Now crimson lights, alternating with columns of silver shot up the Northern sky, the Aurora Borealis' magic light, forming brilliant coruscations, imaged towers and snow capped mountains, from their midst sprang a cherub boy, winged, crowned with myrtle, cheeks rosy with health, blue eyes flashing like the eagle's; triumphant, rejoicing in new born existence, he glanced down the glittering moonbeams; again the stars whirled in mazy circles, the night breeze resumed its old familiar strains, multiplying in a thousand echoes the bells that now rang cheerily, while the fickle, inconstant crowd saluted the youthful monarch, All hail! the New Year.

THE MODEL FIGHTER.

The little peddler-boy Jimmy, who was so well known in our village as an honest lad, must have been somewhat acquainted with the art of keeping the heart-strings pure. I will tell you a story or two about him, and then you can judge for yourselves; for Zenobia would not use the 'judgement' of the boys and girls without their leave, any sooner than she would any other of their valuable property.

One day Jimmy went to a neighboring village, to sell some wares. Pins, needles, tape, cord, buttons, soap, matches, braid—indeed, I am not merchant enough to carry in my brain the long list of articles which he carried in his basket. Jimmy's brains and arms both must have been pretty strong, for he carried a regular "notion merchant's store!"

With this varied stock, one day, he stepped out of the cars, whistling from a spirit of peace with all men, when up came a rude boy, and, "just for mischief," as he said, gave the well-laden basket a sudden knock. Away went all the goods and chattels, to the four winds, and to the ground. Now where is the boy to be found who would not have been at least a little vexed at this provocation? Jimmy's temper was naturally pretty quick, and his blood instantly burned at this deliberate piece of wickedness.

"Look out, old fellow!" said he, on the spur of the moment, and he almost obeyed the impulse to strike. But he recollected himself, or rather he recollected his duty to God and to his neighbor. Instantly his whole manner changed. A smile took the place of the angry frown, and he said, quietly:

"I don't believe you meant that."

"Yes I did, too," said the tantalizing boy.

"O, well never mind," said Jim; "I'll be your friend, though; I guess we won't quarrel just yet."

"Halloa! there's a saint for you!" bawled out the rude boy at the top of his voice.

Jimmy did not wish particulary to have his "saintliness" thus proclaimed upon the public streets; but he knew it was better Christian policy to place a guard at the door of his mouth. So almost biting his lips, and lifting his heart in prayer to God, he stooped to gather up his little stock in trade. His spirit was soon tranquil, and he went on his way.

A gentleman and his wife had noticed, from a window of their house, across the street, the whole performance. Said he to the lady, "My dear, call the boy in, and buy from him all the cotton and pins, etc., which you will want for the next six months." So master Jim was relieved of his load in a much more agreeable mode than before. And, you see, his forbearance had its reward? Use your own judgement, now, and answer.

Two weeks after, Jimmy had another trial with the same boy. The fellow must have been what is called a "bully." That is the name which suits his character, at any rate, and so we will adopt it for him, although rather inelegant. Worcester's big dictionary describes him finely, in giving a defination of the word: "A noisy, blustering, overbearing fellow, known more for empty threats and insolence, than for courage, and disposed to provoke quarrels.

Going along through the same village, though rather in its outskirts, Bully jumped over a fence, and, without any warning, gave Jimmy a blow upon the side of the head, exclaiming:

"Ha, ha, sir! You are the saint what's afraid to fight!"

Jimmy knew him instantly, and, setting down his basket, stood back, saying:—

"No sir—I'm not afraid; but I had a great deal rather not. Still I can do it. I tell you beforehand, sir, it's not my way of doing. I would much rather be a friend to you."

"I'm no friend to saints; so take that!" said Bully, dealing a not very gentle blow, and this time with his doubled fist.

Now Jimmy was no coward, and not lacking in physical strength, either. So he just seized Bully by the collar, and extending his right foot, tripped up the feet of his antagonist, laying him low on the ground. There he held him tight for a minute or two. Bully was completely in Jimmy's power, unable to move a limb. He screamed out, "Let me go! let me go!" But Jimmy sat, a monument of victory, utterly unmoved. He saw that his captive was not in a condition for self-government, so he had no notion yet to "let him go." Full five minutes he sat there, patient and self-respectful, his own spirit entirely tranquil, and his heart full of love to the vanquished boy. And there he meant to sit until Bully's spirit was somewhat subdued. At last the poor boy begged to be released.

"Promise me first," said Jimmy, "that you will strike no more boys in the street?"

"I'll promise," said Bully.

"Mind now—you really mean it, do you?" said Jim.

"Yes, I'll promise true," said Bully.

"And I promise to remember that I'm your friend, and that I don't want to fight you."

"Yes," said Bully.

So he was allowed to rise; and he went on his way a somewhat wiser fellow than he was before. Religion does not take true manly spirit from a boy. It makes him much more manly, for it helps to curb his temper, and act with cool deliberation. "He that ruleth his spirit, is greater than he that ruleth a city."

WATERFALLS.

If any of our readers imagine that we are about to give a geographical dissertation on the subject of cataracts, we hasten to disabuse them of the impression. We purpose to confine ourselves to waterfalls *par excellence*, such as may be seen by hundreds in our streets on any fair afternoon. It is with some degree of fear and trembling that we approach this subject, feeling that in criticising the ladies we are venturing on dangerous, if not wholly forbidden ground. But the subject, or subjects, have assumed such magnitude as to force themselves prominently on public notice, and fairly demand recognition. To begin with, it must be admitted that waterfalls have become one of the institutions of the civilized world; but they ill-deserve the designation which Artemas Ward applies to his "wax figgers" that of "a great moral exhibition." That they are to a great extent an artificial production is easy to believe, but they cannot be styled an artistic triumph. To the artificial character of these exerescences, the rifled churchyards of Europe and America bear ample testimony. Unfortunate horses who have been deprived of that useful and ornamental appendage, the tail, must look, too, with a certain degree of animosity on those who have been the means of despoiling them of their natural possessions, and torturing them into the unsightly forms which are so frequently exhibited on King street. The artistic element is not so apparent. Mere bulk by no means constitutes artistic excellence, and that is the striking feature in very many cases. All will admit that, before fashion became exhorbitant in her demands as to magnitude in waterfalls, some tolerably graceful specimens of the article were occasionally to be witnessed. But these have become things of the past, and now a waterfall which does not outrage every principle of elegance, which does not ignore every line of beauty, would not appease the most moderate demands of the tyrant fashion.

Why the name of waterfall has been given to these monstrosities, no one can imagine. That there is the slightest resemblance to nature's waterfalls, no one will suspect, unless the model adopted for the fashion is a straw-stack in a shower of rain. Who would look for the graceful lines of falling waters in the objects which bear the name of waterfalls? Who ever imagined a Venus or a Juno with such a deformity? Fancy a Venus with a waterfall! During the present generation no other fashion has so marred female beauty, with a single exception, and that was tabooed about a score of years since. Of course, there is a tendency in fashion to run to extremes, and this is no exception. Were this fashion confined to a certain class of women, few would hesitate in denouncing it as essentially and irredeemably vulgar. But it has too wide a range—too strong a foothold in society—to allow of its being characterized in this sweeping manner. Some very refined young ladies indulge in waterfalls, *ergo* the waterfall is not wholly vulgar, however strongly appearances point to such a conclusion. No one can suspect ladies who exhibit "grace in every motion" of such a total depravity of taste, of such deplorable ignorance of the principles of beauty as is implied by admiring the waterfall. The correct explanation of the phenomenon must be sought elsewhere, and doubtless the whole blame is chargeable to that old offender, fashion, who has long shown himself amendable to no æsthetic rules. Charity would plead that as each young lady is unable to see the unsightly monstrosity at her own back, she tries to fancy that her waterfall is less unbecoming than those she witnessed on her friends. On no other supposition can the prevalence of this unseemly fashion be accounted for. If each waterfall-bearer could be convinced that her own was no less ugly than her neighbor's waterfall, the fate of the deformity would be sealed instantly.

It is a melancholy fact that each particular waterfall is like every other—only a little more so. Let those fair damsels who have been hugging delusions on this subject abandoned them at once, and with them the ungraceful, positively ugly waterfall. If they hold malice against men for failing to admire something which is wholly incapable of exciting admiration, let them decree some fitting punishment for the offence; but let them no longer disfigure themselves in this unnatural manner. Any old fashion may be revived to replace this if a new one cannot be devised; and as the nineteenth century furnishes no other example of an equal ungraceful *coiffure*, the change will be for the better. There has been but one fashion in vogue within the memory of the present generation at all rivalling this one in ugliness, and that was forgotten nearly a score of years ago, and there need be no tears of its resuscitation.—*Canadian paper.*

FASHIONABLE LIFE AT THE ANTIPODES.—The Melbourne papers just received contain an account of a fancy ball given by the mayor of Melbourne to Sir H. Manneurs Sutton, the Governor of Victoria, Lady Manneurs Sutton, and about 1500 *elite* of the city. Some idea of colonial wealth and splendour may be formed from a description of the dresses worn by some of the ladies. Mrs. Gurner, as Selika, wore a petticoat of amber cashmere enriched with silver lace, a crimson velvet bodice with a gold circle round the waist, from which depended diamonds, emeralds and topazes; over the bodice was a royal blue satin robe trimmed with deep gold lace; the headdress was a gold diadem with a cluster of topazes in the centre, surmounted by a bird of paradise; a necklace of jewels was worn to match the circlet. Mrs. Butters, as The Press, wore a white satin dress on which was printed the first pages of the Melbourne newspapers and periodicals, including that of an illustrated journal with a portrait of the governor. In her hand she carried a gold model of a printing press, from which were struck off in the room some lines from Byron's "Lara." Miss Carter, as the Goddess of Music, wore over a blue satin dress a tulle skirt, circled at the waist by a band of amber satin, on which were printed bars of music. The bodice was of fluted black velvet, displaying musical characters. On her dress hung a gold coronet. A great number of ladies wore golden and jewelled diadems. The dresses of the gentlemen were equally gorgeous and singular.

A SIBERIAN WOMAN.—A gentleman who is engaged in the telegraphic expedition in Siberia, relates the following incident in a letter to a friend:

"I met with a Korak woman of about twenty-two years of age on the great Tundra, (marked Keran on the map,) who drove a team of reindeers with a loaded sledge fifty versts in one day and at night slept out in the snow, except the clothing she had worn during the day, and in a temperature 40o below zero, or 75o below the freezing point! That I saw myself, although even to me it seems incredible now. I thought it an extraordinary thing to sleep in a reindeer skin tent out doors in such weather, and I should have frozen to death in two hours had I attempted to sleep without it, but this woman slept on the snow every night."

THE OLDEST NEWSPAPER.—The *Gazette de France* is the oldest newspaper extant. It is now in its 236th year, and was already mature before the revolution of 1688.

JOHN MORRISEY AND HIS SISTER.—A few days ago a man named John Morrisey was arranged before the Police Court in Chicago with being drunk, and for abusing his wife, a blind woman. The name, taken in connection with that of a member of Congress elect, gave rise to some amusement which in turn resulted in the discovery that the miserable and badly abused woman was a sister of John Morrisey, one of the members lately chosen to Congress from New York city. Mr. Morrisey was telegraphed to and informed of the statement made by the woman. He returned answer that he had a sister, but had not seen or heard of her for seventeen years; but if her statement was true Mr. Morrisey's correspondent was to pay her $250 and draw for the amount. The necessary investigation was made, the poor woman's story found reliable, and the money was paid over to her.—The Chicago *Post*, after narrating the above story at length, say "Morrisey may be a bruiser, a burglar, a gambler, and even the faithful Democratic Representative of the Fifth Congressional District of New York, and yet possess some of the traits which distinguish a man from a demon."—

A DREADFUL DEATH.—An accident occurred at St. Leonard's Mill on Saturday afternoon, whereby one of the workers, a young woman named Christiana Neil, lost her life. While climbing up to the window to speak to one of her companions, a shawl which she wore on her head was caught by a horizontal shaft working near the roof, The poor girl was drawn up to the roof, and her hair and scalp were torn off, together with one of her ears. She was then flung from the shaft, and fell into a cistern full of liquid alum almost in a boiling state. Dr. Main was soon in attendance, but little could be done for the girl, who lingered in a dreadful state, sensible at intervals, until, nine hours after the occurrence, death put an end to her sufferings.—*Scotsman.*

AN ENTHUSIASTIC OBSERVER.—The editor of the London "Daily Telegraph" was impressed with the grandeur of the meteoric display. He remarks that the meteors "looked like no earthly fireworks, but rather resembled silver birds wending their way one after another to some mysterious starherony in the firmament—or if not birds, then the forehead planets of angels and archangels, summoned in splendid cohorts and regiments to vast service of God, and hastening with the lamp of their world lighted to the Divine rendezvous." There is nothing equal to this in any other English journal.

A WEDDING SERMON.—In his sermon, on the marriage of the Princess Dagmar, the British chaplain at St. Petersburgh compared many of the circumstances connected with the history of the newly married princess with those in the life of Ruth, the gleanor in the fiels of Boaz. The most difficult point to touch upon was the change of religion, but here again he found similarity between the fate of the Danish Princess and the Moahitess. "And," says he "if some shaking of the old disturbing fears, yet in the new faith, there was nothing which need rob her of the ever-present grace of that good upon whose bosom he whom first she loved had laid down and slept."