Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

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THE

Summerside Journal

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SUMMERSIDE, Jan. 31, 1867.

Oats per bush	2s 1d a 2s 2d
Barley per bush	3s a 3s 6d
Potatoes per bush	1s 3d a 1s 6d
Turnips per bush	1s a 1s 1d
Butter per lb by Tub	1s a 1s 1d
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow 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	50s a 60s
Hay per Ton	1s 6d
Straw per cwt.	10s
Pine Boards	4s a 5s
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aug. 9, 1866 1y

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CHARLOTTETOWN - - - P. E. Island.
Jan. 17, 1867. 1y

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.

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

Business Cards.

DR. McNEILL,
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RESIDENCE—At J. M. LYDIARD, ESQUIRE, Stanley Bridge.
New London, - - - - P. E. I.
Jan 24, 1867. ly

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SUMMERSIDE, ... P. E. ISLAND,
October 12, 1865.

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

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MAILS.
Winter Arrangement.

THE MAILS for the neighboring Provinces and the UNITED STATES, will, until further notice, be made up and forwarded from the General Post Office, Charlottetown, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening, at 8 o'clock.

Mails for GREAT BRITAIN, NEWFOUNDLAND and the WEST INDIES, will be made up every THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 8 p. m., as follows:

Thursday, Jan. 10, 1867.
Saturday, " 12,
Thursday, " 25,
Saturday, " 27,
Thursday, Feb. 7,
Saturday, " 9,
Thursday, Feb. 21,
Saturday, " 23,
Thursday, March 7,
Saturday, " 9,
Thursday, " 21,
Saturday, " 23,
Thursday, April 4,
Saturday, " 6,

P. DESBRISAY, Postmaster Gen.
Gen. Post Office, Ch'town, Jan. 3, 1867.

Saddle and Harness Shop.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the inhabitants of NEW LONDON and surrounding places, that he has

Opened a Saddler's Shop at Clifton, New London,

where he hopes, by strict and punctual attention to his business, and moderate charges, to merit a share of public patronage.

JAS. SENCABAUGH.
Clifton, New London, Oct. 25, 1866.—tf.

POETRY.

SANDALPHON—THE ANGEL OF PRAYER.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

HAVE you read the Talmud of old,
In the legends the Rabbins have told,
Of the limitless realms of the air?
Have you read it—the marvellous story
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,
Sandalphon the Angel of Prayer?

How erect, at the outermost gates,
Of the City Celestial he waits,
With his feet on the ladder of light,
That, crowded with angels unnumbered,
By Jacob, was seen as he slumbered
Alone in the desert at night.

The Angels of Wind and of Fire,
Chant only one hymn, and expire
With the song's irresistible stress—
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp strings are broken asunder,
By the music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,
With eyes unimpassioned and slow,
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening, breathless,
To sounds that ascend from below.

From the spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore,
In the frenzy and passion of prayer—
From the hearts that are broken with losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,
Into garlands of purple and red;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal,
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend, I know—
A fable, a phantom, a show
Of the ancient Rabbinical lore;
Yet the old medieval, strange superstition,
The beautiful strange superstition,
But haunts me and holds me the more.

When I look from my window at night,
And the welkin above is all white,
All throbbing and panting with stars
Among them majestic is standing
Sandalphon the angel, expanding
His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,
The frenzy and fire of the brain,
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
The golden pomegranates of Eden,
To quit its fervor and pain.

Select Literature.

THE UNCLE'S RETURN.

BY REV. HORATIO ALGER, JR.

AN elderly man, shabbily attired, was seen walking through one of the fashionable streets in a large city one cold December morning, supported by a large staff, which he grasped firmly in one hand, while from the other swung a bundle wrapped in a coarse cotton handkerchief. His coat was of coarse gray, and had evidently seen considerable service, though still perfectly whole and neat. The traveller walked slowly along, as I have said, examining carefully as he passed the names on the door-plates. He finally paused before a dwelling of showy exterior, which, if we may credit the testimony of the silver plate upon the door, was occupied by ALEXANDER BEAUMONT.

'Alexander Beaumont! yes, that's the house,' murmured the traveller to himself, as he ascended the steps and rang the bell.

His summons was answered by a servant, who, after a moment's scrutiny, which apparently was not of a very favorable character, said roughly:

'Well, sir, what do you want?'

'Is Mr. Beaumont at home!' said the old man, without heeding the intentional rudeness.

'No, sir, he is not.'

'Then perhaps I can see his wife.'

'I think it very doubtful, but I will see,' and the servant withdrew, without inviting the old man to enter, though the day was cold, and his clothing seemed hardly sufficient to protect him from its inclemency.

Mrs. Beaumont was reclining on a fauteuil, in a room handsomely furnished. The last new magazine was in her hand, and her eye was listlessly glancing over its pages. She was interrupted in her reading by the entrance of the servant.

'Well, what now, Betty?' she inquired.

'There's a man down stairs wants to see you, ma'am.'

'A man! a gentleman, you mean?'

'No ma'am,' said Betty, stoutely, for she well understood what made up a gentleman in the conventional sense of the term; 'it isn't a gentleman at all, for he's got on an old gray coat, and he doesn't wear any gloves.'

'What can he want of me?'

'I don't know, I'm sure; he inquired after Mr. Beaumont first.'

'You didn't bring him into the parlor, did you?'

'No ma'am; the parlor isn't for the likes of him.'

'You did right, and you had better tell him I am not at home.'

'Mrs. Beaumont is not at home,' said Betty, re-appearing at the door.

'I suppose that means that she is engaged,' said the old man; 'but I think she will see me when she learns who I am. Tell her that I am her husband's uncle, and that my name is Henry Beaumont.'

'That old rag-tag master's uncle?' said Betty, wonderingly, as she re-ascended the stairs.

'Ma'am, he says he is Mr. Beaumont's uncle, and he wants to see you.'

'Good heavens!' said her mistress; 'if it isn't that old vagrant, that strayed off years ago nobody knows where. I did hope he would never come back again. And now I suppose he is as poor as a rat, and wants help. Well, he won't get it if I can prevent it. I suppose I must see him.'

The lady descended, fully prepared to give the visitor a frigid reception.

'I am not mistaken,' said the old man, with feeling. 'This is my nephew Alexander's wife.'

'You are right, sir. I am the wife of Mr. Alexander Beaumont; and I suppose, from your language, you are—'

'His Uncle Henry. Ah me! I have been gone many, many years, and it does me good to return once more among my kindred.'

The old man leaned upon his staff, and his features worked convulsively as thoughts of the past came over his mind. Mrs. Beaumont stood holding the door, as if waiting for him to depart. She did not give him any invitation to enter.

'Is your husband well?' inquired the visitor, looking wistfully in, as if he expected an invitation to enter, and refresh himself after his walk, by an interval of rest.'

'He is. If you have any message for him you can leave it with me, and I will deliver it,' said Mrs. Beaumont, desirous of ridding herself of the intruder as speedily as possible.

'You may tell him I have called,' said the visitor, in a disappointed tone, 'and that I would like to have seen him.'

'I will tell him;' and Mrs. Beaumont was about to close the door.

'Hold! there is one question more. What became of Alexander's sister Anna?'

'She! I don't know much about her,' was the rather distainful reply; 'but I believe she married a clerk, mechanic, or some such person. His name is Lowe, and he lives in Norton street. Is that all?'

'That is all!' and the old man turned his steps toward the street indicated with many forebodings lest his second visit might be as unwelcome as the first appeared to be.

'Betty,' said Mrs. Beaumont, as she closed the door, 'if that old man comes again, be sure and tell him I am 'not at home.'"

Norton street was not a fashionable street, nor was the two-story dwelling occupied by William Lowe either handsome or costly. It was marked, however, by an air of neatness which indicated that its tenants were not regardless of outward appearances.

We will take the liberty to introduce you into the little sitting-room where Mrs. Lowe and her three children are even now seated. A plain, cheap furniture, though of a kind which would hardly be selected for a drawing-room, was of a comfortable, home-like appearance, which amply satisfied the desires of those who derived their happiness from a higher and less mutable source than outside show.

Mrs. Lowe was seated in a rocking-chair, engaged in an employment which I am aware is tabooed in all fashionable—I mean darning stockings.

Emma, a girl of ten, was brushing up the hearth, which the ashes from the grate, in which a blazing fire was now burning, had somewhat disordered; while Mary, who was two years younger, was engaged in reading. Charlie, a little rogue of five, with a smiling face which could not help looking roguish, was stroking the cat the wrong way, much to the disturbance of poor Tabby, who had quietly settled herself down to pleasant dreams upon the hearth-rug.

All at once a knock was heard at the door.

'Emma,' said her mother, 'you may go to the door and see who it is, and invite them in, for it is a cold day.'

Emma obeyed her mother's direction.

'Is Mrs. Lowe at home?' inquired Henry Beaumont—for it was he.

'Yes sir,' said Emma; 'please come in, and you shall see her.'

So she ushered the old man into the comfortable sitting-room.

Mrs. Lowe rose to receive him.

'I believe,' said he, 'I am not mistaken in thinking that your name before marriage was Emma Beaumont.'

'You are right, sir that was my name.'

'And have you no recollection of an uncle who wandered away from home and friends, and from whom no tidings have come for many a long year?'

'Yes sir, I remember him well—my Uncle Henry; and I have many times wished I could learn something of him. Can you give me any information?'

'I can, for I am he.'

'You my uncle!' said Mrs. Lowe, in surprise; 'then you are indeed welcome. Emma, bring your uncle the arm-chair, and place it close to the fire, and Mary bring your father's slippers, for I am sure your uncle must long to get off those heavy boots. And now, uncle, when you are quite rested, I must demand a recital of your adventures.'

'But your brother Alexander,' interrupted Mr. Beaumont; 'let me first inquire about him. He lives in the city, does he not?'

A slight cloud came over Mrs. Lowe's face.

'Yes,' says she, 'he does live in the city; yet, strange as it may appear, I seldom or never see him. He has succeeded well, and is wealthy; but ever since he married a wife of small property and greater pride, he has kept aloof from us. I do not so much blame him as his wife, who is said to have great influence over him. I have called once, but she treated me so coldly that I have not felt the disposition to renew my visit.'

'I can easily believe it,' was the reply, 'for I too have been repulsed.'

'You repulsed! did you give your name, and inform her of your relationship to her husband?'

'I did; but she did not invite me to enter; and as she was evidently impatient for me to be gone, I took the hint, and here I am.'

'At least uncle,' said Mrs. Lowe, smiling, 'you need fear no repulse here.'

'Of that I am quite sure,' said the old gentleman, looking affectionately in the face of his niece. 'But you have not told me of your husband. Let me hear whether you have made a good match,' he added, playfully.

'That depends upon what is meant by the term. If it implies a rich husband, then I have failed, most certainly, for William's salary is only eight hundred dollars a year, and that is what we have to depend upon. But for all that I care not, for a kind and affectionate husband is of far more worth than a magnificent dwelling and costly furniture.'

'You are right,' said her uncle, warmly; 'and I infer that your husband is of such a character.'

'He is, in truth.'

'Still,' continued her uncle, 'there must be some things which your limited income will not permit you to obtain, but which would be desirable, are there not?'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Lowe. 'I am anxious to give Emma and Mary a musical education; but William's means will not allow of such a piece of extravagance as the purchase of a piano, so that is one of the things which we must be content to deny ourselves.'

Mr. Lowe here entered; and, being informed of the character of his visitor, extended to him a warm welcome. A comfortable repast was soon spread, of which Mr. Beaumont partook heartily. His spirits rose and he seemed to grow younger, as he saw the cheerful faces around him, and felt himself once more at home. Soon after the evening meal he arose to depart.

'Surely you are not going,' said his niece. 'You must henceforth take up your abode with us.'

'We will see about that, and if you don't think you will get tired of me, perhaps I will come. But I have hired a lodging and must remain there a few days.'

'But you must call in every day and make yourself perfectly at home, even before you come here to stay,' persisted his wife.

'Be assured of that.'

In accordance with his promise, Mr Beaumont made his appearance the next day at about eleven o'clock, and was received as cordially as before. He had scarcely been in the house a quarter of an hour when a loud rap was heard at the door. Mrs. Lowe answered it. She beheld two men who had driven up in a waggon.

'Where is this piano to be put, ma'am?' they inquired.

'Piano! you have made a mistake. We have not purchased a piano.'

'Isn't your name Mrs. Lowe?'

'Yes.'

'Then it's all right. Jim bear a hand, for it is confounded heavy.'

'But I am sure there must be some mistake,' she turned around in amazement.

'You know,' continued her uncle, 'that I am going to come to live with you, and I thought I would pay my board in advance, that is all. As you expressed a wish yesterday for a piano, I thought that it would be as acceptable a way of doing it as any.'

'You, uncle! Why—excuse me—but I thought from—from—'

'You mean,' said he, smiling, 'that you thought from my appearance that I could not afford it. And I confess,' said he, casting a glance at himself in the glass, 'that my dress is not in the extreme of fashion, and in fact I was obliged to look some time when I called at the second-hand clothing house the other day before I could find these. However, as I have got all the service that I wished out of them, I shall throw them aside to-morrow, and appear rather more respectably clad.'

'What! are you wealthy, uncle?'

'Depend upon it, Anna, I didn't spend ten years in the East Indies for nothing,' was the reply. "I had a mind, however, to put on the appearance of a poor man, and so test the affection and disinterestedness of my relations. One of them, however,' he added, significantly, 'I found 'not at home;' I am happy to find myself at home with the other.'

Let us return to the aristocratic Mrs. Beaumont, who a few mornings succeeding the events here recorded, was in her drawing-room receiving morning calls.

'By the way,' said a fashionable visitor, 'I am to have your relatives, the Lowes, for next door neighbors."

'Next door neighbors!' exclaimed Mrs. Beaumont, in amazement. 'What do you mean?'

'Is it possible that you have not heard of their good fortune? Mrs. Lowe's uncle has just returned from the East Indies with an immense fortune. He has taken for her a house in the same block with ours, and, when they have moved into it, will take up his residence with them. Meanwhile, he is stopping at the R—— House."

'What! Henry Beaumont!"

'The same; but I thought you knew it.'

When the visitor withdrew, Mrs. Beaumont ordered a carriage, and immediately drove to the hotel where her husband's uncle was stopping. She sent up her card, and requested an audience.

The servant soon returned with another card, on which were traced these significant words:

"NOT AT HOME."

JUDGE NOT ACCORDING TO THE APPEARANCE.

In the sleeping car coming east, on one of the hottest nights of last summer, many passengers were attempting to obtain a little respite from their discomforts in the blessed unconsciousness of sleep. But the air in the car was close and full of dust, and the jerking, jolting motion, as the engine snorted along over its iron track, rendered the attempt very difficult.

The heat and dust that overpowered the men and women, was too much for the weak powers of endurance of an infant, also in the car. Its constant wailing, sounding all the more sadly in the silence of a sleeping car, was only varied by occasional shrieks. The little one who was in the hands of a man who seemed to be bestowing upon it with the utmost tenderness, all his attention, bearing it about in his arms and trying every plan that he could devise to hush its cries. He was evidently a sorrowful man, and was now quite at his wits' end. He looked the picture of despair as he pressed the little tortured creature to his face or bore it along the car. It was a work to which he was evidently not accustomed, and many wondered were the mother was, and why she did not interfere to hush the infant's distress. All remained quiet, for no one could help sympathizing with both father and child. Still it was a very unpleasant sound, especially in the night when they were all so hot and wearied.

The writer recollects hearing a father, one night, while riding in the cars, and a little one was lifting up its sorrowful cry, remark to his son, as he sat on the seat before him, "My boy, what a difference it makes whose baby it is that cries!" After a while, the prospect of relief seeming to be so very small, a man thrust his head out of his berth and shouted out with a particularly rough voice, "Where is the mother of that infant? Why don't she take it and hush it?"

The poor man started as if some one had struck him a heavy blow. However much annoyed the other passengers in the car were, they felt offended by the apparently unfeeling and coarse manner in which their companion had addressed the unhappy father. The universal sentiment of that moment was, that the speaker was an unfeeling brute.

Very quietly the patient man came, with his moaning burden in his arms, to the berth of the gentleman that had so startled the occupants of the car, and whispered loud enough to be heard by numbers in the vicinity, "She is in her coffin in the baggage car; I am carrying her remains to our home to bury them. The infant has no mother!" His voice choked, and there were tears upon other faces besides his own. And now what about our rough, unfeeling fellow, who had so coarsely torn open the fresh wounds in the poor father's heart?

In a moment he was out of his berth. He would hear no refusal from the father. As gently as a practised nurse he took the little one in his arms. He insisted, against all entreaty, that the father should take his place in the berth and get a little rest, while he promised faithfully to care for the motherless babe.

He soon hushed its cries, and with the utmost tenderness watched over it during the remainder of the night.

The previous opinion of this man was changed as suddenly as it had been formed. He was like a chestnut with a bristling, prickling shell, but full of the sweetest meat. Under a rough exterior, and behind a harsh voice, there was one of the tenderest hearts. The moment it was touched it gushed with the most generous feelings.

We are very apt to make such mistakes by judging of people at first sight. We form our opinion from the dress they wear, and the outward manner. We want a favorable occasion for this to open and permit us to see the rich affections that it may cover. We should never form a hasty opinion of the companion that seems, at first, so awkward and unpromising.

The writer recollects a college mate, who came dressed in homespun clothes, and who was so bashful that he could hardly cross the recitation room, under the eye of the Professor, without tripping his feet, but who had become, the last he heard of him, a polished instructor himself, and a man of elegant manners in society. After the rough coating was worn off, there appeared the polish of a diamond.

The minister without a handsome face, the teacher with a rough voice and stiff manner, may have the tenderest hearts beating in their bosoms. Wait till you know them thoroughly before making up your opinion of them.

"What a fright that woman is!" said a young lady. "How large and coarse she seems! how puffy and plain her features, and what a hat and dress!" "That is Miss ——," said the person addressed. "Why you don't mean to say that woman is the noted Miss —— of whom we hear so much!" "She is the veritable one—the respected and beloved philanthropist, whose feet have entered so many prisons, and whose voice has pleaded so effectually for the poor, the insane, and weak in mind." "What a mistake I have made! I supposed she must be a little, delicate woman, looking very much like an angel on earth, with her wings folded. But she *did* have a beautiful smile upon her face and a charming voice."

We know not what sorrows others have around us. Let us never make them, but seek in every way to diminish them. The kind words which a young Christian girl, herself an invalid, addressed to a woman and her little, suffering and moaning child in a car, soothing one and comforting the other, were made the means of bringing a gentleman that overheard them to Christ. Some years afterwards, meeting her again unexpectedly, he sought her acquaintance, and related the singular facts connected with his conversion.

Whenever tempted to turn away from a person with forbidding manners, remember the rough man of the sleeping car, with a heart as mellow and a hand as gentle as a mother's.—*Zion's Herald and Wesleyan Journal.*

BRAZIL.

Professor Agassiz has recently, in Boston, given a series of lectures on the explorations he and his associates have made on the South American continent. In these he has brought forth a larger amount of information on the geography, typography and natural history of the country than has been hitherto available in the English language. Respecting the climate he remarked it "differs from that of other regions in the same latitude, by reason of the great moisture prevailing there. The combination of heat and moisture, he observed, produces a more luxuriant vegetation than is to be found anywhere else. Though most persons are somewhat familiar with descriptions of this vegetation, derived from books of geography and travel, yet when one comes to live there, he is surprised at its extent and beauty.

The life and habits of the Brazillians are modified by the climate. There are not four distinct seasons, as with us; but perpetual summer reigns. There is more or less of rain throughout the year, but no such special period of great prevalence as marks the climate of other topical regions, where a very dry season succeeds months of copious rain. The rains do not prevail over all sections at the same time, but be-