Summerside Journal,

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

Vol. 3. Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, April 23, 1868. No. 29.

THE

Summerside Journal,

IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY EVENING,

BY

JOSEPH BERTRAM,

AT HIS OFFICE, CENTRAL STREET.

TERMS:

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" " half advance, 7s. 6d.
" " at the end of year 9s.

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inserted at moderate rates and in good style. SPECIAL AGREEMENTS may be made on reasonable terms for a whole, a half, or quarter column, or by the year.

JOB PRINTING

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

Almanac for April, 1868.

MOON'S PHRASES.

Full Moon, 7th day, 3h 4m. mor. bearing East
Last Qtr., 14th day, 6h.22m., af'noon, below h.
Full Moon, 22d day, 2h.7m., af'noon, b. West
First Qtr. 29th day, 2h. 5m., af'noon, b. West

D M	DAY WEEK	SUN rises h m	SUN sets h m	sun slow clock m s	sun's dec. north	moon rises h m	day's length h m
1	Wed	5 41	6 24	3 49	4 45	2 8	12 43
2	Thu	40	25	3 31	5 8	2 57	45
3	Frid	38	26	3 13	5 31	3 41	48
4	Sat	36	27	2 55	5 44	4 18	51
5	Sun	5 35	6 28	2 37	6 17	4 54	12 53
6	Mo	34	29	2 20	6 40	rises	55
7	Tue	32	31	2 2	7 2	7 9	59
8	Wed	30	32	1 45	7 25	8 16	13 2
9	Thu	28	33	1 29	7 47	9 21	5
10	Fri	26	35	1 12	8 9	10 22	9
11	Sat	25	36	0 56	8 31	11 20	11
12	Sun	5 23	6 37	0 40	8 53	morn	13 14
13	Mo	21	39	0 24	9 15	0 6	18
14	Tue	19	40	0 9	9 36	0 58	21
15	Wed	17	41	fast	9 58	1 40	24
16	Thu	16	43	0 20	10 19	2 17	26
17	Fri	14	44	0 34	10 40	2 15	30
18	Sat	12	46	0 48	11 1	3 17	34
19	Sun	5 10	6 47	1 1	11 22	3 50	13 39
20	Mo	8	49	1 14	11 42	4 18	41
21	Tue	7	50	1 26	12 3	4 49	43
22	Wed	5	52	1 38	12 23	sets	47
23	Thu	3	53	1 50	12 43	7 52	50
24	Fri	1	55	2 1	13 2	8 51	54
25	Sat	0	56	2 11	13 22	10 6	56
26	Sun	4 59	6 57	2 21	13 41	11 9	13 58
27	Mo	57	58	2 31	14 0	11 59	14 1
28	Tue	56	59	2 40	14 19	morn	3
29	Wed	55	7 0	2 49	15 38	0 57	5
30	Thu	53	2	2 57	14 56	1 4[illegible]	0

Summerside Markets.

APRIL 23, 1868

Oats per bush	3s
Barley per bush	3s 6d a 4s
Potatoes per bush	2s 3d
Turnips per bush	1s 3d
Butter per lb by Tub	1s
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb.	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	10d
Beef per lb	5d a 6d
Mutton per lb	3d a 4d
Pork per lb by carcass	3½d a 5d
Geese each	2s 3d a 2s 6d
Flour per bbl	65s a 70s
Oatmeal per cwt.	18s a 20s
Hay per Ton	80s a 90s
Straw per cwt.	2s
Pine Boards	10s
Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

Charlottetown Markets.

April 23, 1868.

Beef (small)	6d a 7d
Do. by quarter	3d a 5d
Mutton	4d a 6d
Lamb per lb.	3½d a 5d
Butter	13d a 15d
Do. by tub	1s a 13d
Cheese	4d a 7d
Tallow	9d a 10d
Lard	8d a 9d
Flour lb.	3d a 3½d
Oatmeal 100 lb.	20s a 22s
Eggs	15d a 16d
Potatoes	2s 6d a 2s 9d
Turnips	13d
Barley	3s a 9s
Oats	3s
Boards (Hemlock)	4s
Spruce	4s a 5s
Pine	7s a 9s
Shingles	12s a 15s
Wool	1s a 1s 6d
Hay	70s a 80s
Straw cwt.	2s
Homespun	5s 6d a 6s
Sheepskins	2s a 3s
Calfskin lb.	5d a 9d
Hides lb.	4½d

Business Cards.

BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Corner of Queen & Water Sts., Charlottetown

President—HON. DANIEL BRENAN.
Cashier—WILLIAM CUNDALL, Esquire.
Discount Days—Mondays & Thursdays.
Hours of Business—Fom 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—Wednesdays & 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. LYDIARD, 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.

THOMAS FRIZZEL,

Boot and Shoe Maker,

WATER STREET,

opposite Green & Schurman's Store.

Boots and Shoes of a superior quality constantly on hand, and for sale cheap.
Summerside, June 6. 1867. 1y

Business Cards.

Co-Partnership Notice.

THE Subscribers have this day entered into CO-PARTNERSHIP as BARRISTERS and ATTORNIES-AT-LAW, under the name, style and firm of

ALLEY & DAVIES

OFFICE,—O'HALLORAN'S BUILDING,

GREAT GEORGE STREET.

GEORGE ALLEY,
LOUIS H. DAVIES.

Charlottetown, Oct. 18, 1867. oct 24.

THOMAS KELLY,

Barrister-at-Law

AND

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

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

WILLIAM M. HOWE,

Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public.

ST. ELEANOR'S..............P. E. ISLAND

DR. PRICE,

Physician & Surgeon,

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

KITSON CASEY, M.D.,

Physician, Surgeon & Accoucheur

formerly Assistant Surgeon in the U. S. Navy, offers his professional services to the people of Summerside and vicinity. He can consulted at his office, over the Store of Green & Schurman, in Summerside.
June 13, 1867. tf

DR. SHAW,

recently arrived from Old England, has taken his abode at

FILGRIM'S EST, LOT 10,

where he can be consulted at all hours.
March 5, 1868.

North British and Mercantile

INSURANCE COMPANY.

FIRE AND LIFE.

Established 1809.

CAPITAL: TWO MILLIONS, Sterling.

HEAD OFFICES:

EDINBURGH & LONDON.

G. W. DEBLOIS,
Agent at Charlottetown.

Forms of Application can be had by applying to Mr. J. BERTRAM, *Journal* Office, Summerside.
Charlottetown, June 20, 1867. 1y

CRAWFORD'S HOTEL,

No. 9. King Square, St. John, N. B.

Permanent and transient Boarders accommodated on reasonable terms.

In connection with the above the subscribers have opened a

First Class Grocery Store

where they will keep constantly on hand, Flour, Corn Meal, Provisions, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, and all articles usually kept in a Grocery Store.

J. CRAWFORD & SON.

May 30, 1867.—1y

Fountain House Hotel.

King Square, (North Side,)

ST. JOHN, N. B.

The Subscriber having leased the above Hotel, and refitted the same, is now prepared to accommodate Transient and Permanent Boarders, and trusts by attention to meet a share of public patronage.

Having also leased the commodious Stable attached, and secured the services of a careful Hostler, who will be in attendance at all hours, travellers will be sure to get satisfaction at lowest rates.

JAMES W. THOMSON,
Proprietor.

St. John, N. B., July 4, 1867.—1y

Commercial Hotel,

NEW ARRANGEMENT!

COACH FARE PAID!

IN FUTURE the COACH FARE of all travellers from the Railway Station and Steamboat Landings in this City to the COMMERCIAL HOTEL, King Street, who make their stay one day or upward, WILL BE PAID by the Proprietor.

FARE AT THE HOTEL.

TRANSIENT.

One Day, ---------- $1 00
One Week, -------- 5 00

PERMANENT.

Per Week, ------ $3 25 to $4 50

The HOTEL is situated on the best business street in the city, and nearly opposite the WAVERLY. It is handsomely fitted up and calculated to accommodate some fifty persons very comfortably.

D. P. HOWE, Proprietor.
St. John, N. B., Nov. 7, 1867 1y

"FOUNTAIN HOUSE,"

CENTRAL STREET.

SUMMERSIDE!

THE subscriber most respectfully returns his thanks to the public who so liberally patronized him heretofore in the "Union House," and wishes to inform them that he has again opened up, next door to his old stand, a

Boarding House & Bar.

Having plenty of yard room, and excellent and commodious STABLING, he is prepared to make all comfortable who may patronize the "FOUNTAIN HOUSE."

DAVID GRADY.

Fountain House, Summerside, Feb. 27, 1868. } tf

DAVID BERTRAM,

Saddle and Harness Maker,

Water Street . . . . Summerside.
October 12, 1865.

Business Cards.

DANIEL CREW,

Watch & Clock Maker,

Water Street, Summerside.
(Adjoining the Shop of Mr. Jas. Caldwell)

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired. at moderate charges and with punctuality.
April 2, 1868. 1y

R. & W. T. HUNT,

Commission Merchants,

GENERAL AGENTS AND

AUCTIONEERS.

SALESROOM AND OFFICE

Head of Queen's Wharf.

(opposite the Store of Wm. T. Hunt & Co.)

Summerside, P. E. Island
April 2, 1868. 1y

Temperance Hotel,

GRANAILLE STREET,

SUMMERSIDE, P. E. I.,

JAMES CROZIER, PROPRIETOR.

Permanent and Transient Boarders will find good accommodation at the above Hotel. Good stabling, and a careful Hostler always in attendance.

This Hotel will always be kept open on the nights in which the Steamer arrives and leaves, for the accommodation of travellers.
Summerside, March 12, 1868.—3m

ROCKLIN HOUSE,

Kent Street, Charlottetown,

SIMON D. FRASER, PROPRIETOR.

Permanent and Transient Boarders will find the above House to give satisfaction.
Ch'town, June 13, 1867.

HANFORD BROTHERS,

Successors to Thomas Hanford,

Commission Merchants

And General Agents,

11 NORTH MARKET WHARF,

ST. JOHN, N. B.,

Chas. U. Hanford.......... Fred. S. Hanford.
Jan. 21, 1868.

James Greenough,

FLOUR

Commission Merchant.

No 47 Commercial Street

Corner of Clinton Street - - - - BOSTON.

J. H. ALLEN,

Commission Merchant,

And Dealer in Provisions, &c.

MARKET STREET,

St. John, N. B.

☞ Gives personal attention to the Sale and Purchase of every description of Goods.
May 9, 1867.

CARD

WILLIAM BEAIRSTO,

Commission Merchant,

Auctioneer & General Agent,

WATER STREET,

Summerside, ---------------- P. E. Island.

WILLIAM DODD,

Commission Merchant,

And Auctioneer,

QUEEN SQUARE,

CHARLOTTETOWN - - - P. E. ISLAND

CARVELL BROTHERS,

AUCTIONEERS,

Commission Merchants,

And General Agents,

BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET.

Charlottetown, - - - - - - P. E. Island

C. L. RICHARDS,

Importer and Wholesale Dealer in

British & Foreign Groceries.

1, Head North Wharf,

ST. JOHN, - - - NEW BRUNSWICK.
Dec. 6, 1867. 1y

JABEZ HUDSON,

Authorized Auctioneer,

GENERAL AGENT, &c.,

TRYON, - - - - - - - - P. E. I.
June 27, 1867.

SUMMERSIDE

Furniture Factory!!

(Next door to Mr. John F. Baker's, and directly opposite the JOURNAL Office.

THE Subscriber would take this opportunity of announcing to the public that he has opened a

Cabinet Shop

next door to Mr. John F. Baker's Store, where he is prepared to manufacture Furniture as reasonably as any in the business.

He will supply at short notice—
Bedsteads, Bureaus,
Wardrobes, Cupboards,
Sinks; Bedroom, Kitchen,
Leaf, Centre and Extension
Tables, Sideboards, Cheffioners,
What-nots, Stools, Desks.
Picture Frames,
Lounges, Settees,
Cradles, Cribs,
Cots, &c., &c.
Bedroom Setts, Matrasses, &c., &c., &c.

Imported Furniture put together. Old Furniture repaired, and TURNING done.

J. ALEXANDER BOVYER.

Central Street, Summerside, }
Aug 22, 1867 }

POETRY.

MARTIAL ELEGY.

How glorious fall the valiant, sword in hand,
In front of battle for their native land!
But oh! what ills await the wretch that yields,
A recreant outcast from his country's fields!
The mother whom he loved shall quit her home,
An aged father at his side shall roam;
His little ones shall weeping with him go,
And a young wife participate his woe;
While scorned and scowled upon by every face,
They pine for food, and beg from place to place.

Stain of his breed! dishonoring manhood's form,
All ills shall cleave to him:—Affliction's storm
Shall bind him wandering in the vale of years,
Till, lost to all but ignominious fears,
He shall not blush to leave a recreant's name,
And children, like himself, insured to shame.

But we will combat for our father's land,
And we will drain the life-blood where we stand,
To save our children:—fight ye side by side,
And serried close, ye men of youthful pride,
Disdaining fear, and deeming light the cost
Of life itself in glorious battle lost.

Leave not our sires to stem the unequal fight,
Whose limbs are nerved no more with buoyant might,
Nor, lagging backward, let the younger breast
Permit the man of age (a sight unblessed),
To welter in the combat's foremost thrust,
His hoary head dishevelled in the dust,
And venerable bosom bleeding bare.

But youth's fair form, though fallen, is ever fair,
And beautiful in death the boy appears,
The hero boy that dies in blooming years:
In man's regret he lives, and woman's tears,
More sacred than in life, and lovelier far,
For having perished in the front of war.

Select Literature.

COLONEL HILSON.

A STORY OF WATERLOO.

'Oh the heart that has truly loved, never forgets,
But as fondly loves on to the close' MOORE.

I AM the second son of Sir Philip Hilson; my elder brother, the baronet, and I were the sole issue of Sir Philip's marriage. My father and brother have been long dead; and my orphan nephew (a minor) and myself are all that survive of that ancient name.

My early history is so closely interwoven with my father's, that I must describe him. At the time I last saw him he was in his fiftieth year—a man of eccentric opinions, and stern, uncompromising temper. In his youth he had been a busy, bustling intriguer in politics, and had so materially injured his property by election contests, as to make it necessary to repair it by means of a wealthy alliance with my mother. How two such beings could come together is marvellous: the one seemed to be the hottest production of the tropic sun; and she, the offspring of an iceberg. I have often thought that Sheridan and my father were intimate; for Sir Anthony Absolute, in "The Rivals," was but a softened portrait of Sir Philip.

Different as were my parents, there was a comparative difference between my brother and me. Thomas was a quiet, tame-spirited, milk-and-water character; he was the counterpart of his mother, and she literally doted on him. As to myself, I believe she did not dislike me; but she certainly never wasted a thought on what I did, or what I should hereafter do. Not so my father; I was honored with a due share of his attention (for he never minded my brother). Every day I was scolded or chastised, right or wrong; and the sun never set without my having received some personal favor in the shape of an oath or blow. I pass over my infancy, and now imagine me fifteen years old.

The family estate was entailed, and, of course, devolved upon my brother; and a valuable church preferment being in our gift, I was destined to possess it.

My education for a churchman was after the peculiar system of my worthy father. I had a tutor who was fond of me, and endeavored to teach me Latin. The huntsmen gave me lessons in riding, and I learned shooting and swearing from the keeper; and, under these instructors, I have some doubts whether I should have attained much eminence as a theologian.

A circumstance occurred about this time which will mark the state of the family of Hilson Hall. Tom had scarcely nerve to ride a donkey; but, from his childhood, a pair of horses had been kept solely for his use; while I was obliged to follow the hunt on foot, or get an old ring from the huntsman or whipper. "St. Stephen's day, that blessed morn," as the old ballad goes, I was in the field, with nothing to depend on but my own supple legs; for, on that grand day, my friends, the gentlemen of the kennel, would have sooner part with their lives than their cavalry. Tom, sorely against his own inclination, had ventured out to look at the hunt, and the chase unluckily headed towards the rising ground where he had established himself—and the galloping of horses made his mare so uneasy that he dismounted. At this moment the fox broke cover, and the hounds made a gallant burst from the coppice beneath us. Human nature could not bear it. I sprang on Tom's mare, seized the bridle, and, with a shout of delight, was in a second across the fence and alongside my worthy friends the huntsman and whipper. The chase was long and sharp; and, unfortunately, Tom's mare not being in wind, made a mistake at the last leap, and a broken knee was the result.

Trembling for the consequences of my rashness, I had scarcely time to change my clothes before the dinner bell rang. One of the capital offences of Hilson Hall was not being regularly at the table. I hurried down. My father, who had an additional twinge of the gout in the course of the day, was seated near the fire, his foot rolled in flannel, and a crutch standing perpendicularly against the chimney-piece. My mother sat in imperturable placidity, while occasionally Tom threw a reproachful glance across the table, first eyeing my father askance, to see that he did not observe him. Our dinner passed with its usual accompaniments—my father, between every mouthful, rating the attendants and cursing the cook.

The only accomplishment that I can remember to have learned from Sir Philip was the art and mystery of making a turf fire. Poor Tom's nervous habits prevented him from being employed; for he never took the tongs in his hands, that his dread of my father did not occasion the fall of a peat, to the imminent peril of the baronet's gouty toe.

The cloth was removed, and I was summoned to my duty. I had approached awfully close to Sir Philip, when the head groom came in and whispered him. My hand trembled, my face grew pale, as he bellowed, "Blood and thunder!" I thought Tom would have fainted. "Who broke her knees, you rascal?"

"I can't tell," said the groom. "Mr. Thomas rode her out quite well in the morning."

"Ay, you nincompoop," returned my father.

My mother, comprehending by this epithet that my brother was implicated in the business, with her usual provoking calmness inquired what was the matter.

"The devil's the matter," replied Sir Philip. "Miss Macnamara's knees are broken."

"I am sorry," said my mother, with perfect unconcern.

"Blood and fury!" said my father. "Will your sorrow grow hair upon the mare's knees? The mare I refused a hundred guineas for from that puppy in the dragoons! How did this happen, you hen-hearted do-no-good?" Tom was perfectly thunderstruck, and looked at me as if he was fascinated. "Who broke her knees?"

"I did," said I, mustering desperate resolution.

In a moment the crutch described a rapid circle round my head.

"And why, you blockhead, did you lend your mare to the villain?"

"He did not lend her," said I, doggedly.

"And how, you graceless rogue, did you break her knees?"

"He could not ride her, and I took her from him; she was in no wind, and fell at a leap."

Now comes the blow, thought I; but to my surprise the crutch was lowered.

"Humph! a good reason enough for taking the fellow's horse; a thirty-year-old donkey would suit the simpleton better than the best mare I bred these ten years. When I was your age I would have ridden the devil himself if he had but a horse's skin over him. Ah! if you were but like me."

"God forbid! Sir Philip," rejoined my mother, who had coolly collected her needle work, and, with the heir apparent was leaving the room.

"Pish!" cried my father, "these Placids (my mother was of that family) would drive a passionate man mad. "Here, you, sir!"—and he filled a bumper of port "—here, never mind the mare's knees again." I took the glass, and drank with suitable gravity towards his better health. "Humph!" said he, and thinking he had encouraged too much freedom between us he gruffly added, "I tell you, George, my easy temper, and your mother's silly indulgence, will destroy you. Ah! if you had Sir Humphrey, my father, to deal with; but be off;" and he pointed to the door. There was no misunderstanding my father. I accordingly retired, wondering what kind of a man Sir Humphrew was.

I pass over two years. My entrance into the Dublin University was fixed for the ensuing month, but circumstances gave my life a very opposite color; and now I must introduce you to the only two beings whom I may say I ever loved. The one was my kinsman, Arthur Hilson, and the other, Emma Folingsby, the daughter of a deceased officer.

Arthur was the only child of my uncle. His father made an imprudent match, and died of a broken heart before my kinsman was born. The widow did not long survive him, and the orphan fell to the protection of Sir Philip. Whether it was to Arthur's destitution or some superior qualifications he possessed that my father's predeliction for the boy can be ascribed, I know not; but certainly he treated him uncommon civilly, asked him for an opinion, and supplied his pecuniary wants with delicacy and liberality. Arthur was indeed a fine creature. His character one of quiet decision; his manners particularly bland; but, with external gentleness, there was much manly feeling in Arthur Hilson. His character, indeed, was unknown, until an incident called his latent spirit out.

In one of those afflictions of Ireland, a general election, Sir Philip must, forsooth, "as it was his wont," interfere; and any interference of his was sure to create confusion to all parties. He said something harsh to a young gentleman, which drew forth a rejoinder that my father called an insult. Away he posted for his friend and pistols; for among his numerous virtues, it is but common justice to say, that he was always ready to fight for any quarrel, or for no quarrel at all.

Arthur happened to be fortunately at the election; and promptly waiting on the gentleman, pointed out the inequality of years between my father and him, and concluded by offering himself as his substitute. A kind of Sir Lucius, who happened to be the friend, thought it mattered nothing who fought, provided there was a battle; and the offer was accordingly accepted. My cousin took my father's place, received a fire, and afterwards an apology. The generous conduct, of course, raised him highly in his uncle's esteem, as well as in the good opinion of all the neighborhood.

Arthur noticed the injustice with which my parents treated me, and, when staying at Hilson Hall, endeavored to lighten my sufferings. I sincerely loved him as a brother, and the affection of my youth followed him, poor fellow, to his grave.

I remember the last interview I had with my parents, and as it is characteristic of both, I will relate it.

I had latterly been promoted to be a kind of deputy master of cavalry to the establishment, and had occasion to call on my father, professionally, for something required in the stables. He was sitting in his usual place, which was called the study, although Sir Philip seldom used it for purposes to which such apartments are commonly appropriated. Within this room was a small closet which was the baronet's sanctorum; it was a curious repository of all sorts of things. Here was gunpowder for the keeper, specifics for the gout, leather for the harness, and iron for the ploughs. To this Noah's ark my father directed me, and when employed searching through the lumber, the study door opened, and my mother sailed in.

A voluntary call from the good lady was so extraordinary that Sir Philip immediately growled, "How now, anything wrong?"

"Sir Philip," replied the dame, "I have made a dreadful discovery."

"Humph!" said my father.

"I and my maid," continued my mother, "were in my flower-garden, when, on the other side of the hedge, we saw George kiss the huntsman's daughter, and put his arm with frightful familiarity round her waist."

"Well, madam, and what next?"

"What next, Sir Philip! Oh! if this this shocking affair has proceeded to the height of my apprehensions"—

My father here burst in with a tremendous "Pish! All I shall say is, that I hope your fears are realized to their fullest extent! What! all this bottle of smoke about a fellow kissing a wench! But be under no alarm for nincompoop, your pet—no fear of him. Zounds! he's a man of snow—an automaton. Why, before I was his age the increase I gave the population would astonish you! Zounds! if he was like me"—

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated Lady Hilson, as she glided in unruffled composure from the chamber.

But the fears of my lady mother were unfounded. I had indeed "kissed the keeper's daughter"; but that was the "head and front of my offending." I should have required, no doubt, as much philosophy as my neighbors to have withstood the influence of Susan's rustic beauties: but I had a counter charm—my heart was already full of another and a fairer object—in short, I was distractedly in love.

Emma Folingsby—even yet my cheek reddens as I name her—was an orphan, and resided with a respectable elderly lady, her grandmother. She had neither fortune nor family to boast of, and, like many a village beauty, her existence was unknown beyond the hamlet where she bloomed. She was one of those rare creatures who are occasionally found in obscurity—beautiful, graceful, talented, and spirited. Our years were about equal; we had been intimate from childhood and my passion for her had grown with my growth.

I was now seventeen. Latterly, indeed, Sir Philip had subjected me to the indignity of a blow, but the dreadful severity of his temper made my existence intolerable. Years must pass before I could be emancipated from domestic thraldom, and sometimes I despaired of longer endurance of my slavery, but love supported me through all. Emma heard my complaints, witnessed my sufferings, and cheered me when I whom I held communion; for my cousin was about to graduate in college, and was seldom at home. Her pity I mistook for passion, and her sympathy for love.

The romance of my story draws near to its catastrophe. Arthur was expected home, having completed his studies; and, happy in having any excuse for being near her who engrossed my every thought, I walked to the cottage to tell Emma that my kinsman was returning.

The garden of Mrs. Folingsby was only separated from the park by a holly hedge, and, by means of a little door, the inmates could visit Hilson Hall without passing through the village. It was a sultry day in July, and I found Emma in her favorite retreat. She never looked so beautiful before—the color of her cheeks was heightened by the summer heat, and her expressive eyes sparkled with more than their usual brilliancy.

"Emma," said I, sitting beside her on the rustic bench, "you look so happy, so handsome, to-day; has anything occurred to give you pleasure?"

There was an archness about her "No" that would have been understood to mean the contrary by any one but myself.

"I have good news to tell you," continued I; "our favorite, Arthur, is to be at the hall to-day. I am so happy."

"And are you really so, *dear* George?" she replied, with animated quickness.

A look—a word—will often decide a man's destiny; and such did mine. "Oh, that I was dear to you!" I exclaimed, as my full heart found utterance, and, in fervid language, told its secret. Emma's brow and cheek grew red and pale by turns—I watched the varying expression of her countenance—I listened, trembling for the first word she would articulate. Agitation kept her silent for a minute, but summoning resolution, she spoke—and my hopes were blasted. She told me quietly, affectionately, but decisively, that she had no heart to give me; she would ever love me as a brother, but circumstances rendered all else impossible. While she still spoke to soothe my disappointment her grandmother entered the garden; my mind was distracted—I scarcely knew what I did, but, leaping from the bench, I bounded over the hedge and rushed into the thickest of the underwood.

Hours passed, and still I lay upon the earth; tears rolled fast down my cheeks, for never was man more wretched. At last the dinner-bell sounded, and I mechanically rose and hurried to the hall.

(*To be Continued.*)

A MASONS DUTY AS A CITIZEN.—A Mason is a peaceable citizen, is never to be concerned in plots and conspiracies against the peace and welfare of the nation, nor to behave himself undutifully to inferior magistrates. He is cheerfully to conform to every lawful authority, to uphold on every occasion, the interests of the community, and zealously to promote the prosperity of his own country.

Masonry has ever flourished in times of peace, and been always injured by war, bloodshed and confusion, so that kings and princes, in every age, have been much disposed to encourage the craftsmen on account of their peaceableness and loyalty, whereby they practically answer the cavils of their adversaries, and promote the honor of the fraternity. Craftsmen are bound by peculiar ties, to promote peace, cultivate harmony, and live in concord and brotherly love.

Truth, sense, good humor and wit are four requisites in coversation.