# Summerside Journal.

## AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

Vol. 3. Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, January 9, 1868. No. 14.

THE
**Summerside Journal**
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AT HIS OFFICE, CENTRAL STREET.

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


### Summerside Markets.

January 9, 1868.

| | |
|---|---|
| Oats per bush | 2s 6d |
| Barley per bush | 3s 6d a 4s |
| Potatoes per bush | 1s 9d a 2s |
| Turnips per bush | 10d a 1s |
| Butter per lb by Tub | 10d a 1s |
| Lard per lb | 9d a 10d |
| Tallow per lb. | 9d a 10d |
| Eggs per doz | 10d a 1s |
| Beef per lb | 3d a 4d |
| Mutton per lb | 2d a 3d |
| Pork per lb by carcass | 3½d a 5d |
| Geese each | 1s 6d a 2s |
| Flour per bbl | 60s a 65s |
| Oatmeal per cwt. | 16s a 18s |
| Hay per Ton | 60s a 70s |
| Straw per cwt. | 1s 9d |
| Pine Boards | 10s |
| Spruce Boards | 4s a 5s |

### Charlottetown Markets.

January 9, 1868.

| | |
|---|---|
| Beef (small) | 4½ a 6d |
| Do. by quarter | 2d a 4d |
| Mutton | 3d a 5d |
| Lamb per lb. | 3½d a 4d |
| Butter | 14d a 16d |
| 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. | 17s a 18s |
| Eggs | 15d a 16d |
| Potatoes | 2s a 2s 3d |
| Turnips | 13d |
| Barley | 3s a 9s |
| Oats | 2s 9d |
| Boards (Hemlock) | 4s |
| Spruce | 4s a 5s |
| Pine | 7s a 9s |
| Shingles | 12s a 15s |
| Wool | 1s a 1s 3d |
| Hay | 70s a 80s |
| Straw cwt. | 1s 6d a 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—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—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.

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 be consulted at his office, over the Store of Green & Schurman, in Summerside.
June 13, 1867. tf

DR. McNEILL,
**Physician & Surgeon,**
RESIDENCE—At George. Garret's, Esquire, Stanley Bridge.
New London, - - - - P. E. I.
Jan 24, 1867.

*DR. PRICE,*
**Physician & Surgeon,**
OFFICE—At the SUMMERSIDE DRUG STORE, next door to Bank, Central Street
*SUMMERSIDE, . . . . P. E. ISLAND.*
October 12, 1865.

THOMAS KELLY,
**Barrister - at - Law**
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
SUMMERSIDE, - - - - P. E. ISLAND.
aug. 9, 1866

**Important to Shipbuilders**

**Blocks! Blocks! Blocks!**

IF YOU WANT TO RAISE THE
**Price of Vessels**
in England, order a set of those SPLENDID BLOCKS, which everybody is praising, from
**YOUNG'S.**
**Terms Liberal.**
Water-st., Summerside, Sept. 26, 1867.

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

## Business Cards.

**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

**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 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

**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.

**North American Hotel,**
**KENT STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN.**
JOHN MURPHY, PROPRIETOR.
Permanent and Transient Boarders will find good accommodation.
Good Stables in connection with the HOTEL, and a careful Hostler always in attendance.
Ch'town, Feb. 14, 1867. tf

*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

**SAWS,**
**SAWS! SAWS!!**
SAWS of the best quality, and at the following Cash prices, always on hand at the manufacture of the subscribers:—
CIRCULARS.

| DIAMETER. | DIAMETER. |
|---|---|
| 36 in. $20 each | 34 in. $18 each |
| 32 in. $16 each | 30 in. $15 each |
| 28 in. $12.50 each | 26 in. $11 each |
| 24 in. $9 each | 22 in. $8 each |
| 20 in. $7 each | 18 in. $5.75 each |
| 16 in. $5 each | 14 in. $4 each |
| 12 in. $3 each. | |

Mill Saws 5½ feet, $5 each; Buck Saws 28 in. $7 per dozen, set and sharped.
A. RICHARDSON & Co.
St. John, N. B. April 11, 1867.y

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

PRINCE COUNTY
**Tobacco Factory.**
THE SUBSCRIBER would announce to his friends, customers and the public, that he has, at a considerable outlay for new moulds and machinery, so enlarged and improved the capacity of his FACTORY
**In Summerside,**
that he is now enabled to turn out an article of
**Natural Leaf Tobacco.**
equal to the very best, and superior to most Tobacco imported, which he will WARRANT IN EVERY RESPECT, and will sell nearly
**Twenty per cent. Cheaper**
than it can be imported into the Island.
FLAT OR ROUND TOBACCO furnished to suit the taste of buyers.
Try it and judge for yourselves.
Dealers supplied on liberal terms.
Be sure to ask for REILLY'S PRINCE COUNTY NATURAL LEAF, and take none other.
Remember that the PRINCE COUNTY TOBACCO FACTORY turns out nothing but the BEST KIND OF TOBACCO.
PATRICK REILLY,
Summerside Dec. 6, 1866.

## 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

FRANCIS LONGWORTH,
*BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW*
Office—PAVILION HOTEL.
(next door to the Hon. Joseph Hensley's.)
CHARLOTTETOWN - - - P. E. Island.
Jan. 17, 1867. 1y

WILLIAM M. HOWE,
Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public.
ST. ELEANOR'S .....P. E. ISLAND

WILLIAM DODD,
Commission Merchant,
**And Auctioneer,**
QUEEN SQUARE,
*CHARLOTTETOWN - - - P. E. ISLAND*

CARD
WILLIAM BEAIRSTO,
**Commission Merchant,**
*Auctioneer & General Agent,*
WATER STREET,
*Summerside, - - - - - - - - P. E. Island.*

CARVELL BROTHERS,
**AUCTIONEERS,**
**Commission Merchants,**
**And General Agents,**
BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET.
*Charlottetown, - - - - - - P. E. Island*

**JABEZ HUDSON,**
**Authorized Auctioneer,**
GENERAL AGENT, &c.,
*TRYON, - - - - - - - - P. E. I.*
June 27, 1867.

**KIRKWOOD, LIVINGSTONE & CO.**
**Flour, Produce, Leather,**
AND GENERAL
**Commission Merchants,**
MONTREAL, - - - - - - - C. E.
The most careful attention given to the execution of orders for Flour, Grain, Seeds, Provisions, Leather, Hides, Coal Oil, and general Merchandize. Freights secured and Insurances effected at lowest current rates.
Merchants in the Lower Provinces will find it to their interest to forward their orders for Flour to us for execution, as an extensive acquaintance with Western Millers, and as Agents for some of the most popular Brands in Canada, we can with safety assure them of every satisfaction.
Remittances against orders when not otherwise provided for, may be made with Stirling Exchange, or Gold Drafts on New York. Drafts on New York being worth usually an ⅛ to a ¼ per cent more than on Boston.
Every information as to the state of the market, present and prospective, given when required.
Consignments of Fish, Cod Oil, &c., carefully realized, and returns made with the utmost promptitude, or applied according to the wish of consignors.
Charges only made for actual disbursements and commissions not over those of responsible Houses in the line. Unquestionable references given when required.
KIRKWOOD, LIVINGSTONE & CO.
503 St. Paul Street,
Montreal, C. E.
February 7, 1867.

THOMAS HANFORD,
**AUCTIONEER**
AND
**Commission Merchant,**
ST. JOHN, N. B.
Nov 1, 1865

**C. L. RICHARDS,**
Importer and Wholesale Dealer in
**British & Foreign Groceries.**
1, Head North Wharf,
ST. JOHN, - - - NEW BRUNSWICK.
Dec. 6, 1866. 1y

**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.

James Greenough,
**FLOUR**
**Commission Merchant.**
No 47 Commercial Street
Corner of Clinton Street - - - - - BOSTON

**Ladies Sewing Circle.**
THE LADIES of the SUMMERSIDE WESLEYAN CHURCH AND CONGREGATION have established a SEWING CIRCLE, assembling on Tuesday afternoons, at Messrs. Strong's Hall. Preparation for a BAZAAR towards liquidating debt on the Church is the object. Contributions of material or money will be gladly received.
President—Mrs. R. A. Strong.
Vice President—Mrs. Richardson,
Secretary—Mrs. Alex. McRae,
Treasurer—Mrs. Charles Strong.
Summerside, Nov. 14, 1867.


## POETRY.

THE FOLLOWING LINES,
Composed for the occasion, were sung to the tune of *Lang Syne*, at the close of a very liberal and interesting donation visit which Mr. Crawford's friends made him on Christmas day at the house of Mr. John F. Baker, Summerside.

Can time or distance ever break
The golden cord of love,
Can Jesus e'er his friends forsake
For whom he pleads above.

CHORUS:
Oh! never can that Friend forget,
On him our hope relies,
Though many snares our path beset
We'll meet him in the skies,
We'll meet him in the skies at last,
We'll meet him in the skies
Though many snares our path beset
We'll meet him in the skies.

'Tis joyful here to sing with friends
Of grace and mercy given,
But Oh! how far that joy transcends
To meet these friends in heaven.

While deeds of kindness mark the course,
Pursued by friends below,
We'll trace them to that higher source
From whom all blessings flow.

As Christian offerings are enjoyed,
And hearts more closely blend,
We would with praises unalloyed
Extol the heavenly friend.

Dear Saviour when we pass away
From earth and all but Thee,
O will thou in the judgement say
"Ye have done it unto me."

CHORUS:
O may we ne'er thy love forget,
On thee our hope relies,
Though many snares our path beset,
O call us to the skies
O call us to the skies at last,
O call us to the skies,
Though many snares our path beset,
O call us to the skies.

## Select Literature.

### THE COURT BEAUTY.

A TALE OF TWO COUNTRIES.

[Continued]

CHAPTER II.

A WEEK passed, and the preparations still continued. Of course, the circumstances of the case, the fact that Belvoir was to act as groomsman, brought about a degree of intimacy with the ladies at the manor-house which could not have been gained by years of ordinary acquaintance.

Bertha was dazzled and bewildered by the marquis, but she dared not acknowledge, dared not ask the old earl to break off the engagement between her and Lord Fairfax. Night after night she paced, restless and wakeful, the floor of her room, but excitement crimsoned her cheek and burned in her eyes, and her lover never suspected the secret which weighed, cold and heavy, upon her heart. He trusted her as he would have trusted the heaven above, and dreamed on. It was two days previous to the time appointed for her wedding, that Belvoir begged her to take a stroll with him in the park. She took his arm, and they walked on. He had lost his usual ease, and looked pale and sad when he at length said,—

"Bertha, I am going to leave the country again. You must obtain a substitute, for I cannot stand bridesgroom at your wedding."

"And why?"

"Do not ask, but believe me when I say it is no light thing to part with you."

"What has caused this sudden resolve?" queried the girl, trifling with a spray of flowers he had gathered for her.

"Bertha, I have dared love you, presumptuous as it may seem. I cannot give you up without a pang, cannot stand calmly by when you go to the altar."

They had paused ere he spoke, and now Bertha sank down and abandoned herself to a passion of tears.

"Dearest Bertha," murmured the marquis, "is it possible you can weep for me? Do you even pity me in my hopeless love?"

He knelt before her, and gradually she revealed the truth that she returned his love, and shrank from the prospect of an alliance with Lord Fairfax. After a brief and hurried conversation they parted, the marquis to await her summons to the house, and she to make a startling disclosure to her lover.

He was sitting alone, when she stole in, uplifting her troubled face to meet his gaze.

"Thomas," she said, in a voice which no effort could render quite firm, "this confession will be a great blow to you. I have no doubt, and yet I cannot withhold it. It would be a sin to marry you when my heart is Lionel Belvoir's."

"Bertha!" was the only word Fairfax articulated, but his face told its own story; pride, scorn, disappointment were struggling for the mastery.

"Answer me a few questions," he said, at length, breaking the terrible silence which had sealed his lips. "Answer me as in the presence of God and his holy angels."

"I will," gasped the girl, for there was something in his bearing that filled her with awe, and she durst not prevaricate in the least.

"A suspicion has flashed upon me since you came in. Perhaps you may judge it cruel to indulge it, but I must be frank."

"Go on, Thomas."

"Have you and Lionel Belvoir ever met during my absence in the Indies, and was it to mislead me that you feigned yourselves strangers when I introduced him to you the evening of his arrival?"

"No, no, I had not seen him since he went abroad."

"I am glad to be assured of that, and now, Bertha, have you been playing a part in which you had no interest from the hour of my return? If so you are a skilful actress, for you have completely blinded me."

"Oh, Thomas, I thought I loved you, but Lionel has taught me that it is only a sister's love I feel for you."

The nobleman's brow knit, and there was an uneasy tremor about his lips as he inquired,—

"How long have you been aware of this new passion? Was it the case of love at first sight, Bertha?"

The girl writhed under the keen torture he was inflicting, but she replied,—

"I confess I was dazzled and bewildered the night of his introduction, but I dared not acknowledge it to myself or you, and I resolved to keep the secret."

"And what has changed your purpose?"

"The marquis declared he could not act as groomsman, because of his own love for me; I wept, and this led to an understanding."

"Ah!" said Fairfax, bitterly, "that is one of Belvoir's old games. Thus he wiled your heart from me."

"Thomas Fairfax," resumed the girl, "do you release me?"

The query swept all traces of tenderness from his countenance; a cold gleam shot into his eyes, and his mouth grew stern with some settled purpose.

"Release you?" he exclaimed; "yes. I should be a fool to stand between you and such a brilliant match—the handsomest man in England, and Marquis of Esterleigh besides."

A sharp cry broke from Bertha, and opening the door, she hastened to meet Belvoir. She had gone but a short distance when he sprang from a clump of larches and joined her.

"Dearest Bertha," he murmured, "tell me all. I am dying of suspense."

"I am free," said the girl, hoarsely.

"But you have had a stormy scene, I will venture to say?"

"Do not speak of it. I never wish to think of it more."

"Well, nobody can blame him if he was bitter and indignant. No man would willingly relinquish a treasure like you, but our future bliss will, I trust, compensate for what you have suffered for a few days past."

When Belvoir led Bertha back to the manor-house she was his betrothed wife, and they fancied they only lacked the old earl's approval to secure their happiness. The lovers parted in the ivy-draped porch, and while the marquis rode homeward, Bertha entered her grandfather's room. It was a quaint chamber, with polished wainscoat, grotesque carving and antique furniture. A high posted bedstead, surmounted by an earl's coronet and a tuft of plumes stood in one corner, and there her grandfather lay, with his gray head propped up with a mass of frilled pillows.

"You need not step softly," he said, as she approached him. "I'm not asleep. Pray what time is it?"

"Nine o'clock, sir."

"Thomas has gone home early, it appears."

"Grandfather, I must be truthful to you. Lord Fairfax will never come here again as a lover."

"What! have you quarelled, and just at the altar, too?"

"I will explain;" and sinking by his bedside, she repeated the confession she had made to the young officer.

"And now," she pleaded, "I am honorably released from him, will you refuse us your blessing?"

The old man reflected a few moments ere he replied,—

"Bertha, in a worldly point of view the marquis is a far more eligible match, but Tom Fairfax has been dear to me fom his boyhood. I would far rather trust your happiness with him than with a gay, dashing man of the world, like Lionel Belvoir. Still, if you are bent upon it, I shall not say you nay."

Bertha thanked him for this reluctant consent, and retired to her room to dream of her new conquest and picture the chagrin of her acquaintance at court, when they should learn that she had captivated no less a personage than Lionel Belvoir.

The Marquis of Esterleigh had gained the high road, when he came upon a man whom he dared to meet—Lord Fairfax Stopping his horse, he said,—

"By the way, Fairfax, winning your betrothed bride from you was the last thing I thought of when I rode over to the manor-house to remind you of your promise, but love will go where 'tis sent, and therefore I'm not to blame. If a lady's heart was not mine, I should thank the person who would reveal the fact before it was too late. I bear you no malice. Will you take my hand?"

With a fierce gesture the young officer thrust it aside, muttering,—

"He who is false in love cannot be true in friendship. I tremble for Lady Bertha's peace, but she has chosen her path—she must walk in it!"

"By Jove! you are positively insulting; but I will not call you to account. Life is too precious just now to be thrown away in a duel," and with these words he spurred onward.

The night was glorious; the moon rode high and clear; there was not a cloud drifting in the blue depths of the summer sky; and yet a more than Arctic winter, sheeted with eternal snow and spectral with icebergs, was setting around Lord Fairfax. Hour after hour he wandered through the grounds, endeavoring to look destiny in the face, but that great grief brought the weight of weary years upon his strong, earnest, trusting manhood.

The next morning he stalked into the hall, and with a grim smile locked the boudoir he had fitted up for Lady Bertha, forever, and moving into the picture gallery, turned her portrait to the wall. He then summoned the servants to the breakfast room, and said, with an expression they could not comprehend,—

"You are doubtless expecting to receive my bride to-morrow, but the engagement is broken off; Lady Bertha is to be Marchioness of Esterleigh, and as soon as my arrangements can be made, I am going to America to look after my estates there."

The housekeeper made some remark, she hardly knew what, in her surprise and dismay, and the servants retired to the kitchen, to form a thousand fruitless conjectures with regard to the "broken troth plight."

That evening a groom in Fairfax livery brought a small parcel to Bertha; she opened it, and found the bouquet she had flung him at the review in Hyde Park, a knot of ribbon that had fallen from her hair, a glove she had worn, exhaling her favorite perfume, and the wedding ring intended to be the pledge and seal of their vows at the altar.

Hurrying to her chamber, the girl folded the white robe and veil, and placed them with these keepsakes in old oaken chest, thus shutting out of sight every memorial of love which she saw crumbling like a dream-palace beneath her gaze.

CHAPTER III.

LADY BERTHA sat before the toilette-table of her dressing chamber in her grandfather's town residence, for he had come to London earlier than usual, to celebrate her wedding. How beautiful she looked, with her bright hair showering in a golden woof around her, and peach-like bloom of her cheek, the dewy richness of her lips, the lustrous blue of her great, heavy-lidded eyes! Bertha was ambitious, and in this match her pride as well as her love was gratified. The sunshine that glinted across the waves of her hair struck upon the Belvoir diamonds, and set the coronet of a marchioness, lying on a velvet cushion, all ablaze. A wedding robe, fit to be worn by a queen at her bridal, swept over a large ebony chair near; gloves embroidered with pearls, and dainty slippers with jewelled clasps; a costly fan and several gossamer handkerchiefs were scattered about, together with knots of white ribbon and clusters of flowers.

As the toilette proceeded, Bertha sent one of the bridesmaids to an oaken chest, in search of some missing article. The girl presently returned, bringing back a parcel carefully enveloped. Bertha seized it, and then thrust it aside with a hasty and impatient gesture; it was the bridal dress and veil intended for a different occasion, and for an instant her brilliant face paled, and her heart beat quick with remorseful memories of Lord Fairfax.

Rising, she took the parcel, flung it again into the chest, and brought down the lid with a clang, muttering,—

"That was an unlucky *contretemps*, but I shall often be reminded of him, and I must nerve myself to meet even him calmly."

As she spoke, she retraced her steps, and her friends resumed their task.

At twelve o'clock she stood at the altar of old St. Paul's, the centre of an admiring throng. The "Court Journal" afterwards declared, in a glowing account of the wedding, that a handsomer pair had never plighted their faith in any church or cathedral; and, indeed, in his splendid costume, and with his graceful and knightly air, Lionel Belvoir appeared a fitting match for the dazzling Bertha.

All the *elite* of London crowded in to witness the wedding, and the king and the queen occupied the royal box; but there was one face amid the multitude that wore no smile, one pair of eyes that were full of shadows during the ceremony. Lord Fairfax lurked in the dim gallery, silent and watchful, and gazed at the pageant till it had disappeared, like a sunset cloud or a dissolving view. As the marquis and marchioness passed the royal box, the queen leaned forward and touched the bride with her fan.

"How is this?" she asked. "I thought you were going to marry Lord Fairfax, my dear."

"My heart awoke before it was too late, royal madam; after I had seen Lionel, I could not love Thomas Fairfax."

"Very well. Since you are suited, I am, and wish you joy."

Bertha bowed her acknowledgments, and the bridal train swept on. Their most intimate friends had been invited to a dinner and ball at Esterleigh House, and proceeded thither in superb chariots, drawn by horses decorated with wedding favors.

The exterior of the mansion remained as it had for years, but the foreign splendors of frescoe, stucco, marble, and gilding had transformed it into an enchanted palace. Dinner was served on a scale of princely magnificence, and when the lamps were lighted in the house and gardens beyond, and fountains laughed, and bands were playing in pavilions, draped with the Esterleigh colors, you might have fancied yourself in a land of eternal bloom and verdure—a land where there is no thought of sorrow. But one presence was sufficient to bring gloom into the gay scene; it was Lord Fairfax; and when, flushed and weary with dancing, the bride stole for a moment from her husband's side, he confronted her, stern and pallid, in his scorn and indignation.

"Allow me to congratulate you, Lady Bertha," he exclaimed. "You look radiant; your pride as well as your love is gratified in being Marchioness of Esterleigh; but if you have a woman's nature, voices in your heart must upbraid you."

"Lord Fairfax, this is not generous of you," replied the lady, endeavoring to preserve her self possession.

"Bertha, was it generous of you to trample my love beneath your feet, to blight my hopes, to break your solemn promise to be mine?"

"It was my fate, Thomas Fairfax; you would not have been happy with me after I had once seen Lionel."

"Hush, hush—you only embitter me more and more. I am about to leave England, and, mark me, when I am gone, the memory of your broken vows will torture you; nay, the hour will come when the tie that binds you to the Marquis of Esterleigh will be a burning fetter."

The next moment he was lost to sight, and she sped back to join the revellers.

Three months later Thomas Fairfax had crossed the Atlantic, and trod the soil of America. From his mother, a daughter of Lord Culpepper, he had inherited large estates in Virginia. They had been granted to him by Charles II., and comprised all lands lying between the Rappahannock and Potomac rivers, meaning thereby, it is said, merely the territory on the northern neck, east of the Blue Ridge. His lordship, however, on a previous visit, having discovered that the Potomac headed in the Alleghany mountains, had returned to his native land, and claimed a corresponding definition of his grant. The matter was arranged by compromise, extending his domain into the Alleghanies, and securing to him a great portion of the Shenandoah Valley.

Our historian tells us that Lord Fairfax had been charmed with the climate of Virginia, the magnificence of the forest scenery, the profusion of game, the frank, cordial character of the inhabitants; and

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