Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

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THE

Summerside Journal

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BY

JOSEPH BERTRAM

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SUMMERSIDE, August 1, 1867.

Oats per bush	2s 6d a 2s 9d
Barley per bush	3s a 3s 6d
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Turnips per bush	1s a 1s 3d
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Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb.	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	6d a 7d
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Mutton per lb	4d a 5d
Pork per lb by carcass	3d a 4½d
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June 13, 1867. 3m

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October 12, 1865.

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July 11, 1867.

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POETRY.

STANZAS.

BY ALEXANDER ALLEN.

How beautiful is earth! The balmy air
Is rich with perfume from the vernal plain;
The sweetest gems are scattered everywhere.
While ripe for harvest bow the golden grain.
The bird soars jocund in the blue serene,
Or from the bough pours forth the grateful hymn;
Or, guardian of the nest 'mid foliage hid,
With twitterying joy hops round from limb to limb.
All nature in her brightest vestments drest,
Is smiling with a calm and holy peace,
The very graveyards speak of blissful rest,
Where sorrow ends, and weary heartaches cease.

All, all is beautiful! Each living thing
With rapture swells to own a blissful life,
Save wayward man, whose frantic passsions bring
His all, a sacrifice to ruthless strife;
The lord of all, o'er all with reckless sway,
His fury sweeps with devastating hand;
His genius glories in its lust to slay,
And scatter ruin o'er his native land.
In vain, with all her prodigal delights,
Fair nature gently woos him to repose;
His armed heel her verdant beauty blights
While fast the fratricidal torrent flows.

And yet how vain is triumph and renown!
He strives to write in blood a deathless name.
Delusion all! Time casts his trophies down.
Blots out his record, and denies his claim,
He spurns the gifts Eternal Love supplies,
Lured by Ambition's feverish unrest;
Lives to oppress his fellow men—and dies,
To mingle with the soil his pride oppressed.
A few brief years to win immortal life,
He yields to Avarice, Ambition, Lust;
The Reaper steals on his unholy strife,
His soul imperilled, and his body dust.

Select Literature.

LUCY EARLSTON;

OR,

THE ENGLISH HEIRESS.

BY SCOTIA.

ON a very cold day in January, some twenty years ago, a merchant was hurrying homeward after business was over. He was wending his way with long strides, for, although well muffled up, he felt sensibly the difference between the temperature of his well-warmed counting room and the open air; and he thought within himself that once at home, it would require something very urgent to bring him forth again on that day. The hall clock was giving auricular evidence that the hour of five had arrived, when he heard a plaintiff voice at his side. Our friend considered it a duty to minister to the wants of the poor, but so often had he given relief which he knew was misplaced, that at times his heart became cold, and he would positively refuse to lend an ear to any appeals whatever. He was in this mood on this day. Less than an hour before he had in a decided manner refused to lend any assistance to a benevolent scheme which he had the honor of originating, and in doing so he had wounded the feelings of an esteemed friend.

"Please, sir; my mother is dying; she's awful cold. Oh, won't you give me some money to buy wood?"

As these words, uttered in a singularly beautiful tone of voice, fell upon his ears, he hesitated for a moment, and was about to pass the supplicant unheeded, when he cast his eyes on the figure alongside. He beheld a small girl, apparently six years old; a calico bonnet on her head; a semblance of a shawl drawn tightly around her body, concealing and keeping warm her hands; a faded, well-worn frock; a pair of old shoes, through the holes of which could be seen the white skin of the wearer; and, what interested him more than all, a magnificent pair of black eyes, embezzling a thin, anxious-looking face, with features so regular and so fascinating that he paused and gazed.

"Why are you not at home? What is the matter, little one?" he exclaimed.

She then told him that her mother was very sick; that they had no fire, and nothing to eat; and that she herself was sick from hunger and exposure.

The merchant could not resist this claimant on his charity. Having ascertained that she lived but a few squares from where they now were, he determined to accompany her home, and if her tale was true, she and her mother would not endure privations any longer.

They reached the house—one of those miserable holes were landlords make excessive interest on their investments by renting rooms to the poor and degraded. She opened the door, and he saw a staircase at the end of an entry about ten feet long; both enterd; he shut the door, and was about to step forward, when he was felled to the floor by a blow from a club in the hands of a man who had been concealed behind the door. The child terribly frightened at seeing her companion lying prostrate, rushed madly up-stairs, leaving the ruffian to rifle the pockets of the fallen man

In such a place as the front entry of a tenement house, where half a hundred persons had their home, he could not remain long unnoticed. But fully twelve persons, men, women, and children, passed in and out, stepping over his body without making an effort to discover whether he was dead or alive. However, a woman more humane than the others, called to a passing policeman who succeeded in bringing the unfortunate man to his senses, and afterwards assisted him to a drug-store, where the wound on his head was dressed.

He soon discovered the loss of his pocket-book and watch, and resolved that as certainly as his name was Samuel Brookbank, so certainly would he never again be duped; for he believed that he had been decoyed to the house of the little girl for the purpose of robbery. After reflection, and consultation with the policeman, he deemed it advisable not to make any attempt to bring the parties to justice, for there seemed no way to discover them as he supposed the girl would immediately leave the house, and the man he had not seen.

Mr. Brookbank's physician decided that his patient should keep quiet for several days, when he was again able to attend to his business as usual. On the evening of the first day that he had again resumed his business relations, he was going home at the usual hour when he heard the noise of some one running after him, and then the words,—

"I am so sorry, sir. That man was awful bad to knock you down. I am so glad that you were not killed." Here the poor child stopped, for the look that she received from Mr. Brookbank told her plainly that something was wrong.

"You little rascal," he exclaimed, "are you not satisfied with what you have already done? Glad I'm not killed, I suppose, because you can entrap me again. I'll sift this affair to the bottom, and have justice done to the villains."

The latter part of this speech was unintelligible to the little girl; the thought had never entered her head that she would be charged with complicity in this affair.

"Come along," he said, "and we will investigate."

The twain proceeded towards the street where the girl lived. On the way they accidentally fell in with the policeman who had assisted Mr. Brookbank on the previous evening, this being his regular beat. The trio entered the house without any of them being molested, and ascended the creaking staircase, the little girl leading the way. One, two, three landings were reached, and then she pushed open a door, and they entered a room, the abode of sickness and poverty. A dry, hollow cough attracted the attention of the two strangers to a woman sitting at the window, sewing, who was evidently endeavoring to make the most of the few minutes of daylight yet remaining. The child ran towards her mother, exclaiming,—

"Mother, this is the gentleman I told you about; he is very angry with me."

Here she glanced at Mr. Brookbank, and seeing his unsubdued features, burst into tears, and caught hold of her mother's dress, as if for protection.

"We have come," said Mr. Brookbank, "to make inquiry in regard to this assault on my person. I judge from what she has just said, that you are well acquainted with the circumstances. I feel sorry for you, my good woman, but the affair was monstrous, and I cannot allow any feelings of pity to overcome my duty. We shall leave no stone unturned to ferret out the wretch."

The woman listened in silence to this address, and her reply showed plainly that she did not comprehend it.

"You must be mistaken, sir, for I do not at all understand what you mean. I am poor and in very bad health, and have to work hard to earn a living for myself and child. About a week ago I was taken with a fainting spell, which rendered me unconscious. Lucy, as she afterwards told me, ran out to the public street, and applied to you for assistance. You were so kind as to listen to her appeal, and came to this house where, as she also informed me, you were knocked down. More than this I do not know. The people who live here are very wretched indeed, and I have had very little to do with them. An old woman, who has the room just below this, heard Lucy's cries, and came up to see the cause. By her assistance I was brought to life again. Who assaulted you I do not know. There are so many rough-looking men coming and going all the time, that it would be impossible to tell."

The two men allowed her to make this statement without making any attempt to interrupt her. But the feelings of the two were entirely different. The policeman, doubtless accustomed to such stories and appearances, like the generality of prosecuting attorneys who believe every prisoner to be certainly guilty, turned to Mr. Brookbank, and said,—

"I will arrest this woman, and you can appear against her at the station house in the morning."

"No, sir; no, sir; not at all," was the emphatic response. "I will manage this case myself. I shall not proceed any farther. I shall not have any more use for you; you may go, if you wish."

"Very well, sir. Good-day, sir;" and he of the baton disappeared.

"What is your name, madam, if you have no objections to telling me?"

"Mrs. Earlston."

"Mrs. Earlston, I pretend to be somewhat of a judge of human character, and I feel certain that I came to the wrong conclusion in regard to this matter. After what is passed, I cannot leave you without doing something to alleviate the pain which this interview must have caused."

"Take a chair, if you please." All had remained standing during the previous conversation. "These are the first kind words that I have heard for many a day."

To relate in detail all that transpired would occupy considerable space, and might not prove as interesting as a synoptical account.

When Mr. Brookbank entered the room he was firmly resolved as to what he should do; but the sight of Mrs. Earlston's remarkably handsome face and graceful form, and her calm and evidently truthful story, had caused a radical change of mind; and instead of hurrying her to prison, as he had intended, he determined to become her benefactor. Perhaps he was too much swayed by impulses; but while we can pity him for allowing himself to be so easily influenced, either for good or the opposite, we cannot blame him for acting according to his disposition. It is the hardest thing in the world for us to alter our natures; in a certain sense, we may say, it is impossible.

Mr. Brookbank spent some time in that room on that evening. He succeeded in drawing out of Mrs. Earlston the history of her life. Many parts of it were given rather reluctantly, and would not have been furnished if Mr. Brookbank had not by persistent questioning elicited them. It was substantially as follows:—

"My maiden name was Lucy Doster. I was born in London, and therefore am what you call an English woman. My father's father was a manufacturer, and was very wealthy. He was twice married, and had one son by each wife, my father being the elder. His stepmother was no exception to the general rule; she loved her own son well enough to cheat his half-brother out of his rightful property. This designing woman embittered my father's life, and made him a miserable man At an early age my father was sent off to boarding-school, so that he never received that parental attention which should have been bestowed on him. He received a university education, studied law, and became an attorney and counsellor.

"During all this time his father gave him an allowance which had been increased from time to time; but when he became settled in his profession he was told that his allowance would not be farther increased. This led to a bitter strife between him and his stepmother. As the heir expectant to a handsome estate, he saw no reason why he should be limited to what he considered an insufficient amount. He not only failed to secure the additional sum desired, but, in consequence of the high words which ensued, he was ordered not to attempt ever again to enter the parental mansion. The stepmother seemed to have resolved that he should go penniless, for at his father's death it was found that all the real estate, to which by right of birth he would have been entitled, had been previously disposed of; that is, sold, and the personal property had been willed to his younger brother, thus cutting him out completely. Not a farthing did he ever receive from his half-brother or stepmother. All this happened before I was born.

"My mother died when I was three years old. I have no recollection of her whatever. My father rarely spoke about her, and whenever I would endeavor to ascertain something concerning her, he would answer me in monosyllables, and either change the subject or leave the room. He must have loved her dearly, for he wore a miniature portrait of her, encased in gold, next to his heart as long as he lived, and just before he died he gave it to me, saying,—

"'Lucy, your mother was a true woman. May you be like her.'

"I never knew anything regarding my mother's family or any of her relatives, if she had any; in fact, I never saw a person who was kin to me, either by the paternal or maternal side. I suppose my father had a fair practice, for we always lived very comfortably. At his death, which occurred when I was twenty, he left me about five hundred pounds, which was invested for me. But what was of far more account than money, I had a good education, and good health.

"Through the exertions of the principal of the school which I had attended, I obtained a situation as teacher in a ladies' seminary, a short distance out of London. In my own home I had seen but little company, but in my new sphere of duty I was encumbered with newly formed acquaintances. All my life I had been told that I was pretty, but now I was magnificent, beautiful, and so forth. The many flattering remarks made about me, directly and indirectly, turned my head a little, and I became rather vain and proud. But I have since learned the bitter fruits of this folly.

"There was a young man who came very often to the seminary, where he had a sister, one of the pupils. His name was George Earlston. He was the younger son of a lord, and, consequently, without title or estate, and dependant on his father. He fell in love with me, and I with him. The idea of becoming related to a noble family seemed very grand, and when he proposed marriage, I consented. I believe his love for me was true, and I call Heaven to be my witness that I loved him as I never did nor never can love anything earthly save this child, the offspring of our love.

"We were married privately, and I continued at the seminary six months after this. He then took me to a nice country home, where I had everything that I could wish. I had two servants, a coachman, two horses and a carriage, a handsome garden, plenty of money, and every want supplied. Here I spent four happy years.

"My husband did not reside with me permanently. He would stay three or four weeks at a time, and then remain away about the same period. What he did, and where he was while absent from me, I did not then know, but I know now to my sorrow. The bright sky, which during these four years, had been unclouded, suddenly became black as darkness itself.

"On one of George's periodical returns I noticed that something was wrong with him. He appeared very much depressed and careworn. I ventured to inquire if anything serious had happened to cause this great change. At first he was irresolute, and seemed inclined to allow me to remain in ignorance; but after several days he told me all. His father had not until recently known of his marriage. In order to prevent suspicion he had lived half the time with me, and the balance at home.

"It could not, however, remain a secret forever, and in some way it came to his father's ears. He thought the thing was incredible; but when he asked his son, and learned that it was really so, his rage knew no bounds. Separation or disownment were the two alternatives proposed by the aristocrat to his son. The reason of George's changed appearance was that he had resolved on the former course. He besought me, by all that was good and holy, by the love which he bore for me to leave England and go to America, and remain there until his father's anger was cooled off; then perhaps he might relent, and, if so, I should rejoin him without delay. My love for George was so strong and ardent that, because he wished me to go, I thought I should go, and here I am.

"Two years ago I landed with Lucy at New York. Every month for the first year I received a letter from George, containing a remittance sufficient for my wants, and renewing his protestations of affection. About a year ago I receiv[illegible] letter, written in a strange hand, [illegible] ing me that George Earlston w[illegible] from me. Although I have w[illegible] letters to him since then, [illegible] no answer of any kind. [illegible] have obtained