Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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THE

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October 12, 1865.

POETRY.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

A JOLLY sort of a fellow am I,
A trifle fond of a spree;
Yet not so bad after all that's said,
For they tell hard tales of me;
But people, you know, will have their say;
And the world rolls on in the same old way.

Little it matters if good or bad,
I've many a friend, I know;
And never was man or woman yet
Who could not count a foe;
Then mine may talk till their throats get dry,
So they keep their hands off what care I?

Come sit you down here along with me,
There's nothing like a glass,
And a jolly fellow for company
To make the dull hours pass;
So drive all care from your thoughts away,
Why need you heed what the dunces say.

With a kindly sparkle I light the eye,
And I flush the pallid cheek;
And with sudden flashes of wit I make
The ready tongue to speak;
And in course of years I give to the nose
Just a trifling shade of the red, red rose.

In the rich man's palace, where gilded wealth
Its air of splendor lends,
Hobnobbing there I am often seen
With the master and his friends;
While my titled cousins from over the sea
Are set aside out of choice for me.

I'll tell you a joke that happened last night,
How all in the storm and dark,
While crossing a bridge with a tipsy friend,
By way of a little lark,
I tumbled him in when no help was nigh,
And the man was drowned or the papers lie.

Meeting another, a savage brute,
I put it into his head
To beat his wife after reaching home,
While she lay sick in bed;
And the woman's shrieks, as they rent the air,
Would have frozen your blood had you been there.

Here's a hopeful youth, a crony of mine,
A widow's only son,
Who had chances plenty and friends enough,
But he lost them every one,
And for no better reason, Sir, than that he
Was seen too often along with me.

Silly prejudice, so say I,
But it matters not a straw,
Only a lot of blockheads framed
A stupid excise law,
Shutting me up after twelve at night
And all day Sunday till dawn's pale light.

But forth from hovels where squalor reigns,
On the last of every week,
Come half-starved wretches, women and men,
My well-known haunts to seek;
And in greedy clutches they bear me away,
And house me over the Sabbath day.

So you see I'm a favorite with rich and poor,
Though I've many a bitter foe,
And wicked stories are told of me,
But people will talk, you know;
Then let them, I say, till their throats get dry,
So they keep their hands off what care I?

Select Literature.

In and Out of the Brambles.

(Concluded.)

My poor little dear came and sat beside me, laid her head on my pillow, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Oh, Percy," said she, "I have dreaded this worse than death. It seems to me my father's heart must be made of stone. I have never had a loving word from him in my life, and when I think of what mother endured, I feel as if I had no real affection for him; and yet she said he was not always so.

I was terribly ill, but when I began to convalesce, I think I need not have made quite such tedious work of it; but it was so pleasant, after a life of loneliness and unrest, to be loved and petted, and waited upon. I that always waited upon others, to have every want anticipated. I have told you all this, Clem, to let you know how much I lost when I lost her. I distinctly remember one day when I was able to sit up she was reading to me from a favorite poem. When she got to this verse—she was a glorious reader, Clem—her voice was like a chime of silver bells, and then her enunciation was so perfect—

"Yet though dull hate as duty should be taught,
I know that thou wilt love me; though my name
Should be shut from thee, as a spell still fraught
With desolation and a broken claim;
Though the grave closed between us, 'twere the same—
I know that thou wilt love me; though to drain
My blood from out thy being were an aim
And an attainment—all would be in vain—
Still thou wouldst love me, still *that* more than life retain."

"Still thou wouldst love me," she repeated. "I think our love would stand such tests as those—don't you, Percy? but God forbid that we should ever be compelled to travel the thorny path some people do when they love devotedly! But sometimes I have a presentiment of evil. Perhaps it is your illness that has thrown a gloom over me, for I was dreadfully afraid one time God would separate us."

"And yet you kept up a brave heart, Lizzie darling. I never felt you were anxious for my life any of the time."

"That is a way we women have," laughed Lizzie, "for it is said (though I scarcely know from experience, as you were scarcely free from every description of nervousness), that it is dangerous for a man who is ill to know or be let to conceive the extent of his illness, so we have to be brave to keep you alive."

The weeks passed on, and I was finally pronounced well enough to ride out; Lizzie accompanied me the first few times, until I went to the office.

On returning on day I found a letter awaiting me, which contained the terrifying intelligence that mother was dangerously ill, and to come to her without delay. She was then at my brother's house, in a village on Long Island.

I had built a great many air-castles during my hours of convalescence about my future, and the greatest of all was the one I built of my home, with Lizzie as mistress, and mother, serene and happy in her old age, living with us, and that was the first to tumble. My little girl felt dreadfully for me, and arranged everything for my comfort, for I was even then too weak to walk about much.

We parted as true lovers always part—Lizzie in tears, and I almost ready to sob, for somehow I had a terrible misgiving then. I promised to write in a few days, and she to answer. As the carriage turned the corner, I saw my darling watching for the last look, and that was the last time, Clem Hungleford, that I ever saw her.

Where under the canopy of heaven she is, I am unable to decide; but, oh, God! if I could only find her!

Percy cleared his throat, and continued:

I wrote to her soon after I arrived, and received a reply, a sweet, affectionate letter which comforted me considerably, although she did not seem in good spirits. One little sentence of her letter I remember especially.

"I want you here so much dear Percy. Papa is sick, and acts so strangely that he almost frightens me."

Mother lingered nearly three weeks, and it was almost a month since I parted from Lizzie, when I started to return. Death is terrible, Clem, and when it takes one's mother, I tell you it is rough; but there are events a thousandfold worse, and harder to be borne. For the last two weeks I had not heard from Lizzie, which considerably alarmed me, fearing that she might be ill. I hurried back, stopped at the office on my way up town, and there found a letter. She said she could not bear to add to my misery by writing to me while at home the sad tidings. She said her father had been pronounced insane, and his brother had come from Philadelphia, and found his pecuniary affairs in a terrible state, and now said she:

"My darling, I find upon inquiry that insanity has been transmitted from generation to generation in my father's family. Sad as it is, we must part; for I can never entail such misery upon you, and who knows but I may be the next victim? My poor father is to be carried to an asylum, for he is already very violent. Arthur and I go with our uncle to Philadelphia."

It was a long, loving, heart-broken letter. I went to the Quaker City, but could get no clue. I have hunted and inquired; sometimes seen a little figure which reminded me of hers; sometimes a pair of shy brown eyes, which opened my heart afresh, but it is no use. God separated us for some good reason; and now, Clem, let's go to bed; I am totally unnerved.

Clem sat a moment in perplexed thought, then stretched out his hand, and grasped his friend's, saying:

"I'm sorry for you, Percy; I swear I am; but have you no picture of her?"

"Yes, I have a perfect one," and Percy opened his private drawer and passed a little jeweled case over to his side of the table.

"Good God!" roared Clem, "and you have hunted and inquired; been up and down Broadway, and never seen that face? Why, I've been dead in love with her for the last six months, but I could never succeed in getting a smile or a nod; in fact, I don't believe she ever saw me. She comes down town every morning about nine o'clock, with a young, fine-looking, curly-headed little fellow. He leaves her at W.'s music store and goes further down. She always has a roll of music with her. Have you a picture of her brother?"

"Yes," groaned Percy, and produced another.

"The very same," said Clem; "the same large blue eyes and fearless expression. He looks as if contact with the world wouldn't hurt him. I am not mistaken, old boy. So you needn't look so incredulous. If you had made me your confidant six months ago, I could have saved you some misery."

Percy Fenwick arose from his chair, and paced up and down the room at a furious rate.

"Can I live till morning? To have been so near her all this time and not know it! She must have to work, too, the poor little darling; and here I am with money and position, and a heart overflowing with love for her. Oh, my God! why are such things permitted?"

In vain Clem persuaded him to go to bed.

"Go to sleep!" he replied. "Do you suppose you could sleep under such circumstances?"

"No, I suppose not," sympathetically responded Clem. "But you can make it all right in the morning;" and he snored off, leaving Percy to continue his walk and meditations uninterrupted.

The morning dawned bright and beautiful. Old Sol did his best to make everything look brilliant. He poured his coruscations into windows were sickness and misery dwelt, and brightened up the pale faces a little. He flashed his rays in among the branches of trees whose only foliage was the frozen snow, and caused them to drip little sparkling diamonds on the passers-by. Percy Fenwick didn't see the sun. *His* light was away in the distance, and no warmth or enthusiasm could be refused into his soul until he could again bask in the rays of his old love.

He made a hasty toilet, drank off two or three cups of strong coffee, tried in vain to rise Clem, who, at each poke he received, would turn over again, muttering:

"All right, old fellow, I'll be with you in a moment. The music store on the corner of C—— street and Broadway," and his voice would die away into a deep breathing, which Percy well understood, and knew it would be no use to disturb.

He put on his over-coat, buttoned it up to the chin, wound a red and white comforter all over his mouth and ears, hiding effectually the long, dark whiskers, which would have betrayed him instantly, pulled a slouch hat over his eyes, and started out. He felt quite certain his disguise was perfect, for as he passed down he met friend after friend, but nobody recognized him. It lacked about fifteen minutes to nine when he arrived at the corner where he proposed waiting; but he was not a moment too soon, for there came tripping along right past him a little graceful figure, which caused his heart to bound against his side, with a violence which was truly distressing.

Arthur was with her, and as they paused a moment at the door, he heard Arthur say:

"You will be home to dinner, Lizzie?"

"Oh, yes, dear, I shall be back in an hour."

Percy waited here and there, up and down, until he grew very impatient, and revolved a multitude of ridiculous plans. Finally she came out, looking, it seemed to Percy, more beautiful and bewitching than ever.

She tripped along—he following—sometimes almost losing sight of her. She never slackened her pace; and by the time they arrived at Fourteenth street, Percy's "comforter," tied so closely around his neck and face, was a comforter only in name. Down Fourteenth street a few paces, up a high stoop, and Percy lost sight of her.

He stopped a few moments, wrote on a card, T. B. Generve, Professor of Music, and he passed up the same flight and rang the same bell. A colored porter answered the summons.

"Is Miss Lizzie Banks in?"

"Walk into the parlor, and I will see, sir."

"Give her this card," said he, passing the sham piece of pasteboard.

In a moment more the little light step which had been made so familiar to him by constant attendance during illness, and which he had heard in his dreams innumerable times since, crossed the soft Wilton carpet, and his lost Lizzie was beside him, looking up into his face, or rather his comforter, with a wondering look in her liquid eyes.

"Do you wish to see me on business, sir?" and there was a depth of dignity and true womanliness in that delicately modulated voice.

Percy deliberately closed the parlor door unwound the snake-like wrappings from his neck, and with a little shriek, Lizzie was in his arms.

It was a long time before Percy could find voice for this exquisite happiness, after so protracted a siege of mental torture it was too much for even *his* strong nerves.

Lizzie was first to speak.

"Oh, Percy, Percy, is this right? Ought I to be so happy when I am sure that we can never be any more to each other than friends?"

"Don't let me hear any more such nonsense," replied he, trying to assume a sternness he was very far from feeling. "I have borne this as patiently as I could, hoping that God in His own good time would unite us. He has done so. If you love me still the same, then am I content, for we shall have nothing to fear in the future."

"But you know, darling," said Lizzie, nothing but my great love for you could have induced me to lay aside my life's dearest hopes as I have done. It was all because I feared to entail upon you a crushing misery.

"Look at me, dear Lizzie, right in my eyes, and read there the truth of what I am about to tell you. I never can, and never will endure to live on after the fashion of the last two years, and if you insist upon such a course, there will be one more maniac, and his name will be Percy Fenwick,"

"I have felt each moment since the day I wrote the letter which separated us that, should I once see you, every resolve would be scattered to the winds—and here they go. Take me, dear Percy, for good or for evil, sickness or health."

Clients waited, fumed and flustered. Smith the learned advocate, thought Fenwick must be ill, for never before since the sign went up proclaiming the fact that a copartnership existed between Smith and Fenwick had Percy ever been dilatory. Business men depended upon him—for his word was his bond—and no man had truer friends than Percy Fenwick. But there was a screw loose that day. One old gentleman who had been pretty severely bitten in a recent defaulting encounter shook his head, remarking:

"Fine, frank-looking man, but I have learned not to depend upon physiognomy any more. He may be on his way to Europe by this time."

Scarcely to be wondered at that men grow suspicious, when friend robs friend and brother ruins brother with the same *sang froid* they would eat a good dinner.

Arthur came in with a look of astonishment on his young, handsome face; but when he saw the happy state of affairs, he was completely overjoyed.

"Oh, Mr. Fenwick, I have been on the point of coming for you many a time, but Lizzie wouldn't let me. She had some foolish whim in her head, which I hope you have *everlastingly* dispelled.

Mr. Banks was still confined but less violent, and his children occasionally visited him, but with little satisfaction. His brother, or half-brother, Philip Lambeau, had moved to New York a few months previous, and Lizzie, with a true nobility which scorned dependence, determined that both she and Arthur should support themselves. Arthur found a situation in a large importing house, and Lizzie composed music, earning for herself in the musical world quite an enviable reputation. Percy and Arthur went down together after dinner, and as Percy bounded into the office with a face full of love and satisfaction, Smith looked up from his musty old law papers with:

"Why, what has happened, Fenwick?"

"All I could desire, Smith. I have found her."

"Is *that* all? I thought, judging from your radiant countenance, that you had had a fortune left you!"

That man carries his soul in his pocket—a locality containing more than *one* man's soul—whose outer covering is broadcloth and fine linen. Death will strip that off, and what will be left?

Percy gives up his bachelor establishment in June; and Clem has been promised a place at his fireside, with this promise, that he shall not make love to Mrs. Fenwick, to which he has reluctantly consented.

So when the June roses are in bloom, there will be led to the altar the sweetest flour of them all—charming Lizzie Banks.

A SPECIE BASIS FOR CHARACTER.

In the admirable memoir of that great and good man, George N. Briggs, which ought to be read by every young man in the Commonwealth, nay in the land, there is a letter full of wise counsel, addressed to his nephew, Alfred Briggs. From this letter I extract the following paragraph:

"A reputation not growing out of a well regulated moral character, may, indeed, for while attract the public gaze, and give its possessor a currency; but the time will come when, like bank bills that have no specie basis to rest upon, payment being demanded, it will be protested and found to be ficticious and worthless."

Here is a whole lecture to young men compressed in a single paragraph. We have all seen bank bills having a temporary currency, bright, clear, with a beautiful vignettee, duly filled up and elegantly signed, to all appearance of genuine worth; but time has revealed that they had no basis. They represented nothing, and henceforth became as worthless as any other piece of paper with a picture on it. And so, alas, have we many times seen the young man, gifted, accomplished, coming forth and taking position in society under conditions full of brightest promise, gaining for a while a wide currency, but the time came "when payment was demanded" and there was nothing to meet it. There was no moral principle, and all his shining qualities became like the pictures on the bank-bill, that represents no specie basis, worthless. Young man, sooner or later this demand for payment will come, and if unable to meet it, you will be like the protested bank bill. Gov. Briggs, in his whole life furnished a most striking illustration of a character that had a "specie basis." The pure gold was stored away in the vault equal to any demands that ever were made on it. As he rose in position, step by step, till he reached the lofty one on which he was standing when summoned from earth, these demands were constantly increasing, but they were ever and fully met, till death.

A MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

If all startling phenomena were investigated by minds free from superstition and fear occurrences that seem to have a supernatural origin would often find an easy solution. Judge Parsons used to tell with great zest of an incident in his travels, which would have furnished food for a whole company of village gossips.

His wife, who seemed much agitated, waked him one night at a village inn, and told him there was a woman sitting at the foot of the bed knitting. The Judge saw the figure as distinctly as his wife, but having no thought of a supernatural origin of the vision, began to speculate on its real cause. After looking sharply for some minutes while the woman knitted on with unruffled composure, he was confident that he could see the wall through her, and that she could not, therefore, be substantial life and blood. This discovery, which might have affrighted weaker nerves, only roused curiosity. He at once rose from the bed, and walking to the foot, saw that no one was there; the form had vanished.

Putting his head as nearly as possible in the position were he had seen the woman, the mystery was at once explained.

He saw a circular hole in the large shutter behind the bed, through which rays of light were streaming; and going to this hole to look through, saw a woman in a room on the other side of the street knitting. The nerves of the wife were greatly soothed by the discovery, and the inquisitive spirit of the judge was gratified by such a simple explanation of the apparition. Many ghost stories could be easily shorn of their apparently supernatural character by a cool and careful investigation.

OPENING OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

[Special telegram to the N.Y. Herald.]

PARIS, April 1st.—The Exposition opened to-day. The day is observed as a holiday. At 11 a.m. the doors of the buildings were opened. Within and without the building there was a lamentable state of confusion. Everywhere debris. Not one-tenth of the goods were opened or arranged but the French Department, of course, was the first in order. The next to that was Russian, and the third the English. The American Department is one of the most incomplete, and the commissioners, exhibitors and Americans generally, in the city, are very dissatisfied with Commissioner Beckwith, who appears totally inefficient.

The only department in operation is the Restaurants, but even here the Americans are behind hand. The only goods damaged on the voyage were American.

At one o'clock p. m. the invited guests assembled in the Art Gallery, where America made a fine show, many fine pictures being exhibited and well hung, but the English display was much greater.

By the time the Emperor arrived 5,000 persons were inside. On the outside along the banks of the Seine and on all the hills and roads for miles around Paris, at least 100,000 people has assembled. 8000 policemen are on duty. The Emperor and Empress came precisely at 2 p.m. The crowd outside the building were good natured but not demonstrative toward them. No cheers greeted the Imperial party. Preceded by chamberlains the party passed round the entire gallery nearly a mile long.

Different national commissioners stood on the platforms over the sections allotted to their countries. Turks, Japanese, Russians, Moroccans, Tunisians and Persians were there in full national costume.

The Emperor spoke a few words to each commission, but at the American depot he stopped with the Empress and bowed to the crowd who were cheering heartily. Half an hour was consumed in this tour, then the cortege descended and passed through the Art and a few other galleries, and at 8 p. m. returned to the palace.

The Exposition will not be ready until May. One half of all the space is allotted