Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

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THE

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BY

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SUMMERSIDE, June 27, 1867.

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NOTICE!

ALL PERSONS whose accounts have been rendered during the past month, will please call and pay or remit amount due, immediately.

JOSEPH BERTRAM.
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June 6, 1867. 3m

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Permanent and Transient Boarders will find the above House to give satisfaction.
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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 in Summerside, after the 20th of June, 1867.
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☞ All work done promptly and at very reasonable rates. Orders left with T. B. HALL, will receive careful attention.
Summerside, April 4, 1867. tf

POETRY.

SPRING RAIN.

BY E. C. K.

I love the Spring rain!
Its liquid refrain
Is music to me;
It sings of new birth
To the well-watered earth,
To meadow, hill, valley, and tree.

Rejoice, little seed!
In the time of thy need
It comes to thy heart;
Patters first at its door,
Then descends to the core,
There riches of life to impart.

It quickens, it lives!
Now upward it strives
To look in day's face;
When lo! at the view,
It opens anew—
The flower takes the little seed's place.

I love the Spring rain,
With its liquid refrain!
Soul-music it seems;
It sings to my brain.
While it patters the pane,
Such singing as one hears in dreams.

Nor singeth alone,
In sweet monotone
It brings life indeed.
I love the Spring rain,
With its liquid refrain,
It quickens the soul's early seed.

Now upward that shoots
From the well-watered roots,
In daylight to bloom.
I love the Spring rain,
With its liquid refrain,
It sings of thought's harvest to come.

It sings of that Power.
Which sendeth the shower
For nature's new birth:
I love the Spring rain;
Its liquid refrain
Sings ever, "God loveth the earth!"

Select Literature.

THE BEAUTIFUL SUICIDE.

A TALE OF WOMAN'S FOLLY.

[CONCLUSION.]

"GOOD GOD! what is all this?" I exclaimed, looking at the priest who stood by Narcissa. He shook his head sadly, and answered not. But the old physician laid his hand upon my arm, saying "Come away, come away!" and I returned to the carriage, and drove straight to the villa, resolved to wring some information from the servants. I thought I saw it all. I fancied that they had given the honors of the church to the cruel, the hard-hearted, and the vicious, and refused them to the innocent. The door of the villa stood open, as usual, and there were two servants in the hall; but both ran away at once the moment they saw me. I entered, however, and could hear voices speaking; and the next instant there was a step in the vestibule. I thought I knew the sound of the footfall; but for an instant could not see, and I wonder I did not fall down dead with the beating of my heart. The next moment, Beatrice herself ran forward, with her hair falling over her shoulders, her eyes stained with weeping, but her arms stretched out toward me. I caught her in my embrace. I pressed her warmly to my bosom; I murmured my surprise and joy, while she sobbed forth, "Thank God! Thank God! I thought even you had deserted me."

Holding her still in my arms, I carried her toward the saloon, where I had seen her lying two days before; but she whispered, "Not there! not there!" and I bore her to the lesser room. But it was long, very long, before I could obtain from her any distinct account of what had happened.

It was all in detached fragments, even when I did hear it; but I found, at length, that the same sight which had deceived me had, probably, deceived others. It would seem that Narcissa had discovered the fact of Beatrice having sent a messenger to me, and either guessed or found out the contents of her note. She sought her out in the saloon, and assailed her with fierce and angry language. From her sister's answers, she learned that her own criminal intercourse with Conway was discovered; and her father coming in at the moment, a scene ensued which must have been terrible, but the particulars of which I never learned. She boldly avowed her guilt, however, and the frightful position in which she had placed herself.

Excited almost to frenzy, the Marquis sought out Conway, and drove him from the house, daring him to do his worst, and receiving back bitter threats and taunts in return. He did not return to the saloon, and for some quarter of an hour, her sister having left her also, Beatrice remained alone, exhausted and almost overpowered by the scene that had just passed. At length, however, her sister came back with a knife in her hand, and the poor girl knew not whether her purpose was murder or suicide.

Few words passed, for Beatrice sprang up, shrieking for help, and attempted to wrest the knife from her sister's grasp. Her efforts were vain, however. Narcissa was taller, stronger, endued with the strength of frenzy; and holding her sister back with her left hand, she plunged the knife into her own bosom, exclaiming, bitterly:

"There! See what you have done! Now you are satisfied!"

The struggle, the horror, and the anguish was more than the delicate frame of Beatrice could bear, and she fell upon the floor in a death-like fainting fit, after which she remembered nothing for nearly an hour.

Perhaps some remains of sisterly affection—perhaps mere habitual impulse—induced Narcissa to try to catch her sister as she fell, or to raise her when she had fallen; but certain it is that she was found by the servants lying across the inanimate form of poor Beatrice, with the fatal knife still in her hand. She was yet living when they found her, and bore her to her chamber; but she only survived a few minutes.

When or how the Marquis had died, no one knew. He was found in his own chamber, seated in his own arm chair, and quite dead. There was no wound or mark of violence upon the body. An empty vase was found in the room, but without any proof that it had ever contained poison, though I had very little doubt that such had been the case.

Such was the dark and terrible tragedy at the Villa Spezzia, of which you may hear the neighboring peasantry tell the tale, terribly magnified and distorted. There were many painful things to be done, and various difficulties to overcome; but the good old medico who had accompanied me from Florence was of infinite service both to me and Beatrice. He soothed and calmed her even better than I could do; for he had more experience of the heart of man or woman; and he brought his medical skill, too, to bear, drawing forth a large pocket case full of vials, and administering what he knew would tranquilize the dear, unhappy girl. He went, too, to the chief magistrate of the place, to make many arrangements that were necessary, and when he returned he offered kindly to take the poor girl to his own house, and place her under the care of his own wife. No better plan could be devised, and in the evening we quitted that dark and melancholy place and made our way back to Florence. Early on the following morning, I flew to Beatrice again; but the fatal experience of the last few days had shaken her confidence in all mankind, and she seemed to doubt even my intention toward her. These doubts were soon removed, however; for my very first task was to represent to her that, left alone in the world, as she now was, she must endeavor to overcome her grief so far as to become my wife immediately. Her only answer was, as she clung round my neck:

"O, do take me away from this dreadful land as soon as may be!"

For a few days, several distant relations visited her frequently, and seemed inclined to interfere; but when they found that all the property left by the Marquis, except that which went to a male relation, would not suffice to pay his debts, their visits fell away, and Beatrice was left entirely to her own discretion. At that time, great difficulties existed in Italy in regard to the marriage of a Roman Catholic to a Protestant, and the only means of solving them rapidly was to induce the old physician and his wife to cross the Alps with me into France, bringing Beatrice along with them. This was easily accomplished by means which are generally all-powerful with Italians; and, two months after her father's and sister's death, Beatrice became mine. She lived with me three happy years, and left me the dear boy you have seen. But her health had received a shock at the villa Spezzia, from which it never recovered, and she died in the end of last May. Her fate was a sad one; but she showed no immoderate grief at the approach of an early death, no eager clinging to life, no anxious terror at the view of the world to come. Instead of perishing by a sister's hand, as I once thought, or by her own, as Narcissa had perished, she died with her babe by her side, with her husband's arms around her, and with full faith and hope of a Christian.

WALTER SCOTT.

Scott had done more for Edinburgh than all her great men put together. Burns has hardly left a trace of himself in the northern capital. During his residence there his spirit was soured, and he was taught to drink whiskey punch—obligations which he repaid by addressing "Edina, Scotia's darling seat," in a copy of his tamest verses. Scott discovered that the city was beautiful—he sang its praises over the world—and he has put more coin into the pockets of its inhabitants than if he had established a branch of manufacture of which they had a monopoly. Scott's novels were to Edinburgh what the tobacco trade was to Glasgow about the close of the last century. Although several laborers were before him in the field of the Border Ballads, he made fashionable these wonderful stories of humor and pathos. As soon as "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" appeared, everybody was raving about Melrose and Moonlight. He wrote "The Lady of the Lake," and the next year a thousand tourists descended on the Trosachs, watching the sun setting on Loch Latrine, and began to take lessons on the bagpipe. He improved the Highlands as much as Gen. Wade did when he struck through them his military roads. Where his muse was one year, a mail-coach and hotel were the next.

His poems are graded down into guide-books. Never was an author so popular as Scott, and never was popularity worn so lightly and gracefully. In his own heart he did not value it highly, and he cared more for his plantation in Abbotsford than for his poem and novels. He would rather have been praised by Tom Purdle than by any critic. He was a great, simple, sincere, warmhearted man. He never turned aside from his fellows in gloomy scorn; his lip never curled with disdain. He never ground his teeth save when in the agonies of toothache. He liked society, his dogs, his domestics, his trees, his historical nicknacks. At Abbotsford he would write a chapter of a novel before his guests were out of bed, spend the day with them, and then, at dinner, his store of shrewd Scottish anecdotes, brightened the table more than did the champagne. When in Edinbugh, any one might see him in the streets or in the Parliament House. He was loved by every body. No one so popular among the southers of Selkirk as the *Shirra*. George IV., on his visit to the northern kingdom, declared that Scott was the man he most wished to see. He was the deepest, simplest man of his time. He sinks like Ben Cruachan, shoulder after shoulder, slowly, till its base is twenty miles in girth. Scotland is Scott-land. He has proclaimed over all the world Scottish virtue; and has put money into pockets of Scottish hotel-keepers, Scottish tailors, Scottish boatmen, and the drivers of the Highland mails.

THE HANDS.

The hand is a member of the human body that is quite indispensable. It is almost the first member that an infant notices or tries to use. From the hour of birth until we die the hands are rarely still, save in sleep. Yet, with all this familiarity with and constant use of them, we meet people constantly who don't know what to do with their hands. To say nothing of that wicked propensity for getting them into other people's pockets which so many display, resulting in trouble to their owners, they are often sources of great embarrassment. We have seen men whose hands were trained to prodigies of strength, or taught to perform miracles of cunning in art, become of a sudden at an utter loss what disposal to make of their manual extremities. This embarrassment seems to steal upon them as soon as they enter any public assembly. No matter how easy they may have been before, as soon as they enter a room where they are subjected to the observation of their fellow mortals, particularly if there are persons of an opposite sex present, their hands become as unfamiliar to them, apparently, as when their infant eyes first took cognizance of the existence of such appendages. They would appear at greater ease if their arms were amputated above the elbow.

Look in at an evening party, for instance; you will see men endeavoring to conceal the fact that they have any hands at all, by carrying them thrust deep in their pockets or beneath their coat tails. Endeavoring to appear at ease, they look as awkward as it is possible to imagine. Others hook them on the armpits of their vests by the thumb, as if to hang them up out of the way. Others devote them exclusively to the work of jingling their watch chains or seals; others set them as braces upon their hips to hold their elbows akimbo; others use them simply as brushes for moustaches or whiskers; others will set for an hour at a time, warming their knee pans with them; others stand for a like period, firmly collaring themselves with both hands. We have seen men, and woman too, enter a room with both elbows pressed against the side at right angles, and their hands dropping down in front of them like the foot of a broken-legged chicken; and we have seen others wringing their hands constantly, as though suffering the deepest anguish, while their faces expressed serene happiness and joy.

Familiarity with society, good breeding and ease of manners are more readily indicated by the management of the hands than in any other way; while on the other hand—or the same hand, just as you please—people of but little acquaintance with society make it known immediately—"show their hands," as it were—by their disposal of those expressive members. While children are taught dancing and kindred accomplishments they should receive some instructions in the management of the hands. A hand department might be incorporated in our schools with good results. Hands have idle moments, and it is said that Satan, who is a remarkably industrious person himself, is always ready to fill in the moments spoken of with characteristic employments. If those idle moments were devoted to some system of training, whereby people could render their hands appendages of grace instead of objects of clumsiness, a good work would be accomplished and society benefitted.

SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY.

Of the almost silent delights of this one day out of the seven, those who persistently dwell in the city know little or nothing.

The Sunday morning air is as tranquil, and in summer as redolent, as the poets all say it was in Eden. You can hear mellow bells calling one to another from hill-top to hill-top, their echoes tripping across the intervening meadows as lightly as tricksy Ariel. Men, women and children, are starched up in their very cleanest and best. An open waggon, stiffly set on the old-fashion "thorough-braces," comes as near to a coupe, charlotee, or barouche as you can ordinarily discover.

After the country wagons begin to stir the dust on the roads, they do not stop to let it settle again. One family party close behind; a white horse pulling up behind a red one, and a lean beast chasing after a pot-bellied one; a loitering line of sturdy young fellows, honest and lusty, whose necks and hands have been tanning all the week in the hot corn-fields; now two maidenly young women in bonnets to match their years,—now a hobbling old man who is not able to keep a horse, turning about all the while to let the wagons pass him; girls crowded in on the back seats at the cost of much of the starch in their Sunday attire;—these are the sights that give a new face, on that day, to the landscape.

Almost every country meeting-house has a plot of green grass before and around it; and, occasionally, a few trees,—old elms, or vigorous growing maple. Commonly, too, a signpost,—the magnet for knots of men before services open within, whereon they attentively study the probate, town, and society's proclamations.

As I look at such matters, nothing sweeter, or purer, or more delicious to a simple soul can be conceived than the unaffected singing of a country choir. There is so little scientific fuss and professional palaver about it. And the melodies come out so full and clear,—a creation each by itself, rising and falling in its cadences like the steady swell of the sea! I know few things, for myself, more true and hearty. There stands the choral row, male and female, heads erect and mouths opened wide, letting out souls and voices together; the fiddle squeaking with excitement to get the lead, and the hard-working chorister, with quick eye thrown to one side and the other, actually singing down the whole! As for the melody itself,—so simple and direct, so plaintive, stirring, filling the house as with a flood from floor to ceiling, and drifting out through the open doors and windows into the echoing street,—it is enough to move the most worldly heart that ever tried to mint itself into money. One hardly thinks he catches such seraphic strains again, though he goes all the way from New England to Rome.