Summerside Journal,
AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

Vol. 3. Summerside, Prince Edward Island, hursday, April 30, 1868. No. 30.

THE
Summerside Journal,
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY
THURSDAY EVENING,
BY
JOSEPH BERTRAM,
AT HIS OFFICE, CENTRAL STREET.

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1 copy for one year, in advance, 6s. 3d.
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JOB PRINTING
of every description, performed with neatness and despatch, and at moderate rates, at the JOURNAL Office.

Almanac for May, 1868.

MOON'S PHASES.

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

Summerside Markets.

APRIL 30, 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.

A... , 1868.

	6d a 7d
Beef (small)	3d a 5d
Do. by quarter	4d a 6d
Mutton ... lb.	3½d a 5d
Lamb / 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
PILGRIM'S REST, 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 ...
King Square, (North Side,) ... JOHN, N. B.
...e 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 Ge...
May 9, 1867.

CAP... ...AM 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.

ALONE.

Selected for Journal.

'Twas midnight, and he sat alone—
The husband of the dead.
That day the dark dust had been thrown
Upon her buried head.
Her orphan'd children round him slept,
But in their sleep would moan·
Then fell the first tear he had wept—
He felt he was alone.

The world was full of life and light,
But ah, no more for him!
His little world, once warm and bright—
Is now was cold and dim.
Where was her sweet and kindly face?—
Where was her cordial tone?
He gazed around his dwelling place,
And felt he was alone.

The wifely love—maternal care—
The self-denying zeal—
The smiles of hope that chased despair,
And promised future weal
The clean bright hearth—nice table spread—
The charm o'er all things thrown—
The sweetness in whate'er she said—
All gone—he was alone!

He looked into his cold wild heart—
All sad and unresigned:
He asked how he had done *his* part
To one so true—so kind?
Each error past he tried to track—
In torture would atone—
Would give his life to bring hers back—
In vain—he was alone.

He slept at last, and then he dream'd
(Perchance her spirit woke),
A soft light o'er his pillow gleam'd
A voice in music spoke—
"Forget—forgiven all neglect—
Thy love recalled alone:
The babes I leave, oh, love protect!
I am still all thine own"

Select Literature.

COLONEL HILSON.

A STORY OF WATERLOO.

Continued.

I was late in entering the dining-room; something had irritated my father, and, in his common coarse manner, he commenced one of his philippics. To his and the surprise of all I answered coolly that it was useless making any noise about a trifle, and that the inconvenience of cold soup would be more than adequate punishment for my offence. A reply had heretofore never passed my lips. Sir Philip got red with rage—the domestics trembled for consequences—my father could not speak for passion, but pointed to the door—I understood the hint, and rose and quitted the apartment.

Unconscious of whating myself upon a to the shrubbery, ged in bitter musings unbenexpectedly, till, before I was aware of their approach, Lady Hilson and Tom were beside me. My mother, with her characteristic calmness, passed me, coolly remarking.—

"Well, George, your temper is so like your poor father's!"

"By heaven!" I exclaimed, "among you I shall be driven mad;" and I wildly rushed from the shrubbery.

Arthur had taken the earliest moment for quitting the baronet to come and look for me. I was rushing past him, when he forcibly arrested me. I was almost crazed, and my cousin took me by the hand, when he affectionately began, "*Dear* George": the recollection of the morning perfectly unsettled my understanding—and, with an execration of my wayward fate, I rushed from him, and, with the speed of a hunted deer, plunged into the darkest of the plantations.

Stretched on the grass, evening came on—the shades of night fell fast, and hours elapsed while I lay on the ground in bitter listlessness. At length the rolling of the mail-coach, and the winded horn of the guard broke my melancholy reveries. I rose up—it was nearly dark; one of the village streets was parallel with the park wall, and by accident I took the path which ran beside it; the night was still, and I overheard two persons in conversation, one of whom I recognized to be the postmaster.

"This news will make a stir at the hall."

"It will," replied the second voice.

"What says the letter?"

"Nothing more than that Dr. Dosewell died on Saturday."

"That is one thousand a year for George Hilson;" and the speakers separated with a "good night."

You can scarcely imagine how coldly this important occurrence affected me; for I had already formed a plan for immediately leaving home. "Could I but see Emma once more," thought I, "could I but know the reason of my rejection"—and instinctively my steps led me to the garden. "I will, at least," said I, "visit the spot which witnessed my misery." I started—the little wicket was open, and voices were talking softly at no great distance. "Oh, if it be Emma," thought I; "and that sweet voice is surely hers." I advanced cautiously—the evergreens concealed me—I approached the rustic bench—and heavens and earth! I saw Emma herself sitting beside a man, whose arm encircled her waist, while her head fondly rested on his shoulder.

I leaned for support against a tree, when a well-known voice told me that the stranger was my cousin. He had been just listening to her account of our morning interview.

"And did you soften the bitterness of a refusal, dearest Emma? did you soothe the agony of such a disappointment? Good heavens! Poor youth—how I pity him! Emma, I love him, next to yourself, best in the world, and would sacrifice everything"—

"But *me*," interrupted the blushing girl.

"Even so," said my cousin, as he kissed her tenderly, "to make George Hilson happy; and when I think of our engagement, this, like all the rest, omens badly for its issue."

"Nay, dear Arthur, you are always very apprehensive."

"If I am, Emma, it is for you; am I not injuring you, in inducing you to make engagements with a beggar—you, whose beauty, whose worth, would insure you a handsome settlement in life?"

"Stop, Arthur; I know your feelings. You are richer than all the world to me—and none but Arthur Hilson shall call me wife."

My kinsman, with his happy mistress, talked of his future plans—of fortunes to be made, and years to be endured in hopes of happiness.

"And now, dearest, we must part till to-morrow night; my heart is full of anguish for my dear cousin. I will see him, and acquaint him with our long attachment; his honor and his affection for me call for this discovery"—and again the parting kiss was given.

I had listened with a brain on fire; but even in my madness I determined on my future course of action. Suddenly I stood before them. Emma screamed, and nearly fainted. Next moment I had seized her passive hand. "Fear not, Emma," I exclaimed; "I would not harm you for the universe. Hear me, Arthur; I have been a listener from accident, and, for the last time, you see me here. Happier days await you! to-morrow shall unfold the mystery. Adieu—forever!" I kissed her clay cold lips, and, before either could speak, I bounded across the hedge.

I retired to my chamber, but not to sleep. I wrote two letters—one to Emma, bidding her adieu, and congratulating her on the prospect of independence which Dosewell's death had opened up to my kinsman, Arthur. The other was to my father, stating that his tyranny made my home so comfortless, that to avoid the repeated indignities I suffered, I had resolved to leave Ireland, and seek my fortune beyond sea. Having enclosed Emma's letter in a cover to Arthur, I next prepared for my departure. My half-yearly allowance had been paid me only a few days before. I made up a small bundle of linen, and, with a good stick in my hand and twenty guineas in my pocket jumped out of my bed-room window, and bade a long adieu to Hilson Hall.

Morning was just breaking as I passed down the village street. One minute I stopped before Emma's door. I knew her room, and gazed for a moment on her lattice—then depositing my letters as I passed the post, I took the most unfrequented road that led across the country, to the nearest seaport.

I slung my bundle across my stick and moved rapidly on. A weight seemed to press on my breast, and my respiration was difficult and uneasy. I stole a side look at the hall and village, and then, as if I had seen some object I disliked, hastily turned away my eyes. At last a turn in the road shut out both objects—and raising my head erect, I fancied that I breathed more freely. In three hours my home lay twelve miles behind me; and I entered the village of N—— just as mine ... the Spread Eagle was ... way before, joined ... and bodily exhaustion, made refreshment necessary, and I entered the Spread Eagle, and called to the landlord for breakfast.

He, worthy man, was at the moment combining a quantity of milk and brandy. He looked at my haggard countenance,—

"You are way-worn, my friend," he said; and handing me the mixture made a droll inclination of his head and little finger. I understood this freemasonry, and, in a second, swallowed the specific of the Spread Eagle. The quantity of alcohol, which was a trifle to mine host, soon affected my unpractised head. My cheek recovered its faded color; my eye lost its leaden hue; I laid my weary head upon a bench, and after two hours' sweet repose, was awakened by the maid to tell me that my breakfast was waiting.

I arose and followed her to a neat small parlor off the kitchen, which formed the center of the house; and, accommodated with a towel, bathed my hot and feverish hands, removed the marks of dust and fatigue from my face, and sat down to breakfast with what appetite I had earned

"I will not yield to this despondency," said I; "I have acted at least a manly part; and though my dream of happiness is dissolved, have I not made others happy? and the world is surely large enough for us all. What's to be done? Rouse thyself, George Hilson! As I still soliloquized, a sweet and powerful voice sang as it passed my open window,—

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad one tires in a mile a!"

"I hail the omen," said I; and, at the instant, a fine, gallant looking fellow entered the parlor.

He was dressed in an artillery form, and three stripes across his arm announced his subordinate rank. A red handkerchief dangled from the extremity of a sword; his knapsack was across his shoulders; and, taking his cap off, he placed it on the table, and throwing himself on a form opened the conversation with,—

"No offence, I hope, sir."

"None in the world," I replied.

The soldier bowed.

"What, ho! landlord, have my comrades been here?"

"Not yet, serjeant; how left you the old dame?"

"Well, and tolerably cheery, considering the odds are against her ever seeing me again."

"That," said the landlord, "is all the chance of war."

"It is so," said the soldier, with a heavy sigh.

"But here, Marian," cried mine host, "have you nothing to offer your old companion?"

I thought the soldier drew himself up to his full height, and did not appear to acknowledge the alleged equality which mine host's speech would have implied; who continued, "You look but dull this morning."

"I was just thinking," said the soldier, "that my grandfather came here a captain of horse, and his descendant leaves it a serjeant of artillery· However, we both wore honorable livery, which is more than richer men can say."

While he spoke, the landlord's daughter brought in a plentiful supply of refreshments; and, with fresh apologies for trespassing on my *dejeune*, the soldier sat down with us to breakfast.

Although the gallant serjeant flirted freely with the handsome Marian, and laughed with her jolly father, it required little penetration to remark that he was a man far above the grade of life in which he moved at present. His appearance bespoke habitual good humor, and a naturally buoyant spirit, struggling with the frowns of fortune, and determining to gain the mastery. I took an early occasion of following him of the Spread Eagle, and left the gay soldier and the young *soubrette tete-a-tete* together.

I found my host sitting on the bench beneath the penthouse of the inn, inhaling, in luxurious indolence, the odorous comforts of a long Dutch pipe. He was as communicative as persons of his calling are said to be; and, perceiving that I evinced some curiosity respecting his military guest, he favored me with his history.

"His grandfather," he said, "was a captain in Ligonier's regiment of dragoons, and was quartered in a neighboring town. The male descent of the ancient family of the Aubreys had failed; and the estates were possessed by the orphan daughter of the late lord. Soon after the arrival of the dragoon, a *fete* was given in honor of Miss Aubrey, and Captain Hamilton danced with the heiress. He was young, handsome, and insinuating; and the result was, that the lady loved and wedded him.

"But, unhappily, prudence was not among the qualities of the fortunate dragoon. There were in that part of the country several distinguished families with much larger estates, with whom Hamilton unwisely endeavored to keep pace in extravagance and display. His splendid equipage, his well-appointed retinue, his stud and his kennel, were all supported on a scale of unusual magnificence. His hospitality was boundless and profuse; his bacchanalian exploits formed the theme of many a popular ballad; and Aubrey Hall almost eclipsed the still celebrated mansion of 'Bumper Squire Jones.'

"The consequences may be easily imagined. More than a moderate fortune became rapidly embarrassed; and the improvident owner died of a desperate debauch, leaving a son as thoughtless as his sire to inherit his shattered property. It speedily passed piecemeal to strangers; and forty years saw a noble estate acquired and dissipated, and the grandson of him who had been the meteor of his day, necessitated to enter into life in the humble circumstances of a private of artillery."

It was strange enough that chance should bring me into contact with one so singularly situated as my military companion was; and, without a moment's hesitation, I determined to follow the same career.

Taking Hamilton aside, I told him I was the son of a respectable farmer—prudent to avoid the conse...cessary for me for a ... leave my home. I had decided. I continued, on enlisting, and, if he would receive me, I would enter into his corps. Hamilton commended my resolution, and willingly enrolled me as a recruit; and to prevent my being discovered I took the precaution of assuming another name; the alteration of a letter was sufficient for my concealment, and I entered the Royal Irish Artillery as George Wilson.

The ceremony of my enlistment had scarcely concluded, when the expected comrades of my military friend arrived. They were all hearty, strapping fellows; and I an active, well-grown lad, at once found favor in their sight. Among soldiers little formality exists. I insisted on treating my companions. The bowl was filled, and the tankard traversed the table rapidly. Hamilton's gay cockade was placed jauntily in my hat; and early in the forenoon we left the village on our route to head-quarters.

The road we took ran through a romantic and rich country. The high hedgerows, now in full leaf, sheltered us from sunshine—refreshing showers fell occasionally: we were all full of life and energy, and, save myself, "unburthened with care"—the jest and song beguiled the way, and I almost forgot that I was unhappy. A sigh, however, would sometimes elapse; and, as we passed a gentleman's park, which bore a faint resemblance of Hilson Hall, my lost love and my deserted home came forcibly to my memory. Hamilton observed a tear tremble on my cheek, and remarked my agitation—and with the innate feelings of his better birth, he kindly endeavored to amuse my melancholy.

Our journey continued for several days, unmarked by any incident worth recording. Time, and change of scene, and the novelty of my present life, did much in removing my sorrow; and, when we reached our destination, which was Cork, no traces of the "heart's disease," which had sent me a wanderer from home, were evident.

From the moment I first formed the design of a military life, I determined to devote myself zealously to its professional duties. I was patient and attentive, and, in a few weeks, overcame the drudgery of drill; was transferred to the ranks, having obtained from my instructors the reputation of being a promising soldier.

It was a fortunate circumstance that I had taken the precaution of adopting another name; for shortly after my departure from Hilson Hall, an advertisement appeared in the Irish and English newspapers addressed to me, imploring me to return, "where independence awaited me, and parental forgiveness would be willingly extended."

The delicacy and warmth of expression in which the article was couched left me at no loss to guess who the author was; and, though aware that his own happiness utterly depended on my being alien from my home, I firmly believe my generous kinsman would have sacrificed his brilliant prospects to have restored me to my family; but I was too proud to return like a truant boy; home had no spell to lure me back; mine should not be the hand to pull down the fabric on which my cousin's happiness was placed, and thus annihilate the hopes of her for whom I would have yielded up life itself. I would cut my road to fortune, and return with an honorable name, or perish, like multitudes of the brave, "unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

(To be Continued.)