Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

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THE

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BY

JOSEPH BERTRAM,

AT HIS OFFICE, CENTRAL STREET.

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Almanac for December, 1868.

MOON'S PHASES.

Last Qtr., 6th day, 5h. 21m. evening, S.
New Moon, 13th day, 9h. 21m., evening, S.E.
First Qtr. 22d day, 0h. 16m., morning. E.
Full Moon, 29th day, 9h. 35m. morning, N W.

D. MON	WEEK	SUN rise	SUN sets	sun fast clock	sun's dec. south	moon rises	days leng
		h m	h m	h m		h m	h m
1	Tues	7 28	4 10	10 35	54 35	6 18	8 42
2	Wed	29	10	10 12	3 27	7 18	41
3	Thurs	31	10	9 48	11 54	8 24	39
4	Frid	32	10	9 24	19 55	9 34	38
5	Sat	33	10	8 59	27 30	10 44	37
6	Sun	7 35	4 9	8 33	34 39	11 57	8 34
7	Mon	36	9	8 7	41 21	morn	33
8	Tues	37	9	7 41	47 37	1 7	32
9	Wed	38	9	7 14	53 26	2 9	31
10	Thurs	39	9	6 46	58 47	3 25	30
11	Frid	40	9	6 18	3 41	4 33	29
12	Sat	41	9	5 50	8 8	5 39	28
13	Sun	7 42	4 9	5 21	12 8	sets	8 27
14	Mon	43	9	4 53	15 9	5 6	26
15	Tues	44	9	4 23	18 43	6 9	25
16	Wed	45	10	3 54	21 19	7 4	25
17	Thurs	45	10	3 24	23 27	8 1	25
18	Frid	46	10	2 55	25 6	9 0	24
19	Sat	46	10	2 25	26 18	9 59	24
20	Sun	7 47	4 11	1 55	27 1	10 56	8 24
21	Mon	47	11	1 25	27 16	11 57	24
22	Tues	48	12	0 55	27 2	morn	24
23	Wed	48	12	0 25	26 20	0 56	24
24	Thurs	48	13	slow	25 10	1 56	25
25	Frid	48	13	0 35	33 32	2 59	25
26	Sat	48	14	1 4	21 25	3 59	26
27	Sun	7 48	4 15	1 34	18 50	5 10	8 27
28	Mon	48	16	2 3	15 48	rises	28
29	Tues	48	17	2 32	12 17	5 3	29
30	Wed	48	18	3 1	8 18	6 8	30
31	Thurs	48	18	3 30	5 3	7 19	30

Summerside Markets.

Dec. 24, 1868.

Oats per bush	2s 5d a 2s 6d
Potatoes per bush	1s 3d a 1s 6d
Turnips per bush	10d a 1s
Butter per lb by Tub	14d a 15d
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb.	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	11d a 1s
Beef per lb	3d a 4d
Mutton per lb	2d a 3d
Hides per lb	4½d
Mackerel per doz	2s a 3s
Codfish per qt	16s a 17s
Pork per lb by carcass	3d a 5d
Flour per bbl	45s a 50s
Oatmeal per cwt.	16s a 17s
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J. BERTRAM, Printer, Summerside. P. E. I.
J. D. McLEOD, Merchant, Char'town, "
J. H. ALLEN, St. John, N. B.

Nov 19, '68

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This HOTEL is very pleasantly situated, and commands a view of King Square, and other parts of the City.

In connection with the Hotel, is GOOD STABLING, and a careful Hostler in attendance. Parties coming from Prince Edward Island with horses will find this establishment the most comfortable in the City, and a person always at the Cars on their arrival.

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Fifty Thousand Persons.

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Annual Income

EXCEEDS

Four Million Dollars.

A SAFE INVESTMENT.

The instances are many within the experience of every Life Insurance Company, in which the proceeds of a Policy has saved from poverty the survivors of those who have thus made provision for their wants in times of prosperity and health. A wife may insure the life of her husband for her own benefit, and should she survive him, the amount of the insurance will be payable to her free from any claims against his estate; and in case of the death of the wife before that of the husband, the amount of the insurance may be made payable to her children.

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ANNUAL CASH DIVIDENDS,

which are available in payment of each Annual Premium. All the insured in this Company receive dividends which can be used in part of the second and each subsequent Annual Premium thereafter; or the dividend may be allowed to accumulate, and subsequently used in whole or in part in the payment of Premiums. The business of the Company being *PURELY MUTUAL*, each member pays only the average cost of insurance, all surplus being annually returned to the Policy holders. (Companies having a Stock Capital usually retain a large portion for the Stockholders.) The Dividends paid to Policy holders exceed

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☞ Tables of Rates, Circulars, Examples of Dividends, Forms, &c., can be had by applying to the Agent, at Charlottetown.

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Agent for P. E. Island:

HENRY A. HARVIE.

Ch'town Nov 19, 1868.

POETRY.

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rest on the road of life,
If we only would stop and take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would make it.
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through
When the ominous clouds are rifted!
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jewelled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to Heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, minute threads
Of our curious life assunder,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.

Select Literature.

ROSE TERRACE;

OR,

The Trail of the Serpent.

CHAPTER IV.

Continued.

Meanwhile his lordship, the earl, was kind enough to conduct me through the rooms, and seemed pleased at my many expressions of interest and pleasure. But this quiet enjoyment was speedily ended by the arrival of his guests. They were but six in number—three lady compeers of mamma, and three gentlemen of distinction, the earl's friends; and the latter gazed at me very rudely when introduced, and I shrank close to mamma's side as one of them—the young Marquis D'Orme—would have entered into conversation. A gay sally from one of the ladies distracted his attention, and a sudden silvery peal of bell music, which proved to be a summons to table, ended my troubles for the time.

I did not feel at ease; the loud laughter and high merriment disturbed me; their jests I but half understood—their mirth I could not share, and I would gladly have changed my position for a quieter one by Sally's side at home. I was soon to be released from it. We could scarcely have been seated more than five minutes when a side-door of the centre apartment was suddenly thrown open, and a tall, elegant form I well knew, became defined against the shadow.

My heart leaped as Lord Chester advanced, with his usual half-careless, half-indolent step, towards the apartment in which we sat. There was a general exclamation of joy at his approach, and the earl held out his hand in cordial greeting.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Chester!" he said, heartily. "We hardly hoped to see you under a week. What brought you back to London so soon?"

"There are times when even shooting becomes a bore, my lord," Lionel replied, listlessly, "and I grew deucedly tired of it."

"You incorrigible Sybarite! Well, whatever your reasons for returning, you are welcome. Ladies and gentlemen, my son is known to you. Pray establish yourself, Lionel."

Which my Lord Chester proceeded to do in his own easy, graceful style, first acknowledging the presence of each individual member of the little company. I was the last one he observed, and he started on seeing me, losing all his indolence of manner as he exclaimed,—

"Good Heavens—Lillian! You here?"

I cannot describe the horror his tone expressed, and his face was dark with anger as he turned it again towards his father.

"I had not expected this from you, my lord," he said, with bitter anger.

The earl's face flushed, but before he could reply Lionel had turned his back upon him, and was by my side.

"Come with me Miss Melville," he said, coldly and distinctly.

Accustomed to be guided by his will I rose without a word, and was led by him from the room by means of the side door through which he had entered, before mamma could utter one word of disapproval, or the guests recover from their speechless surprise.

I immediately found myself in a long, diamond-shaped room, luxuriously furnished, and sank gladly into the chair which Lord Chester brought me, for I was faint with surprise and joy. He stood beside for a moment, watching me closely, I knew, though I dared not lift my tell-tale eyes to his.

"Has Lillian never a word of welcome for her friend?" he said at last, in tones which expressed neither his habitual listlessness or late anger, but were low even to tenderness.

"Oh, yes, my lord; I am very, very glad to see you once more."

"Look at me and tell me so, Lillian."

I tried to obey, but my eyes refused to meet those which were bent on me so intently, and I drooped them still lower, in hopeless confusion.

"You embarrass me Lionel," I murmured.

He uttered a passionate exclamation, and stooped as if to kiss me; but even while my face burned with maiden shame as his approached it so nearly, he suddenly drew back and walked to the other end of the room.

When he returned he was calm and cool as of old, and asked me when I intended to return to Rose Terrace.

"Not until mamma does; and, my lord," I timidly continued, "do you not think I had better return to her? She may be displeased at my absence."

"Return to her now? No!" he answered, almost fiercely. "Yonder room is no place for you."

"But mamma is there," I said, sorely puzzled; "why may I not stay where she is? I do not understand what you mean."

Lord Chester looked at me searchingly for a moment before he answered, pityingly,—

"Poor little girl! I cannot tell you why you should not stay there. But trust to me, Lillian—I have only acted for your well-being."

I did not answer, for I was troubled with many doubts and conjectures. He noticed my disquietude.

"Can you not trust to me, Lillian?"

"Yes—oh, yes—you know that I can—I do. But it is all so strange! If you would only tell me why you have brought me away from mamma!"

My earnestness seemed to put him on his guard, as it were, for he smiled assuringly and remarked, lightly,—

"I would give you a grave reason did I possess one, Lillian; as it is, I must confess only to selfish motives; I brought you here because I was anxious to talk with my little friend once more. And that I may have this opportunity let me take you home."

But although reassured by his words, to this I could not consent; I was determined to wait for mamma; and, at last, finding me determined, Lord Chester gave up the contested point, and, seating himself by my side, soon drew me into conversation which made me forget all my haunting doubts and fears.

Hours had passed away when suddenly I was startled by a loud noise from the adjoining apartments. I sprang to my feet and listened, and as I thus stood a woman's voice fell upon my ear It was hoarse in sound—shrieking wild in accent, but I recognized it at once as mamma's, and, flinging aside Lord Chester's arm, I ran quickly towards the door.

Lionel was by my side before I could open it, and held me back forcibly.

"You must not enter, Lillian!" he exclaimed, excitedly, and I saw that his face was pale. "Nay—do not struggle—you shall not enter!"

"But mamma! Oh, my lord, I pray you let me pass! She is ill—hark! Do you hear her? Oh, I must go to her! In mercy release your hold!"

"Child—I cannot—must not! Stay here with me—your mother will come to no harm—Lillian, for your own sake I do beseech you to remain!"

"I will not, my lord, I must go! If you have any care for me let me pass!"

And, as I spoke the words, with a wild effort I slipped from his arms, dashed open the door, and saw—

Alas, alas! In the centre of the apartment mamma stood, swaying hither and yon as she strove to retain her balance; high in one hand she held a wine cup, to which she addressed a mocking homily; her beautiful hair hung round her neck in disorder; her voice, usually so sweet and clear, was far beyond her control, and escaped in half-shrieks and hoarse murmurs. The group around the room were making merry at her expense—such of them who could, for mamma was not the only one who had exchanged sense for the stupid excitement of wine, while the Earl of Malmsbury endeavored, with a tipsy gravity revolting to behold, to draw her from the room. Each face was purpled with the hue the wine-cup lends; and there was not one among that gay party whose appearance did not fill my heart with horror.

I gazed for one full minute upon the sickening scene, with bated breath and ice-cold heart. Then I lost the wretched horror in a swoon.

CHAPTER V.

For some days after the degrading scene just related mamma and I did not meet. I *could* not see her, and avoided every chance of an encounter. My idol had received so sudden a fall that as yet I could mourn over its broken fragments.

I told none of my sorrow, even between Lord Chester and myself the subject was a sealed one How could I talk of the degradation of my beautiful, peerless mamma? I nursed my trouble in silence; but Sally, faithful heart, soon discovered I was in grief.

"What ails you, bairn?" she said, one night, creeping softly to my bedside, after I had retired for the night. "This hour past I have heard sobbing and for the last few days your face has grown whiter and paler. What ails you sweet lass?"

"Nothing, Sally; I am only a little overwrought and nervous—that is all."

"But that's not all, lasaie; something is troubling your poor mind. Tell your old nurse what it is, darling!"

"No—no! I cannot!"

"But if I know, what it is, my poor bairn?" she tenderly asked, her rough hands busy on my heated forehead.

"Hush! if you do not speak of it! I cannot talk of this even with you. O Sally! dear, kind Sally, I am so miserable!"

Her eyes filled with tears, and she did not leave the room until she had soothed me, as in the olden days, to rest.

At last mamma and I met; there was a moment's embarrassment on her part—a painful silence on mine. Then she uttered some light, common-place words which set us both at ease; and so we glided into our old relations again. But I did not forget what had passed—the impression was deep. Much which had hitherto been a mystery was plain to me now: my father's singular words—Sally's vague hints—Miss Evan's open contempt. Ah, how far behind me then seemed the unquestioning belief in her goodness Which had been the great characteristic of my childish love! I loved her devotedly yet but not as before.

This portion was far from happy. Lord Chester had changed strangely since his return He visited Rose Terrace frequently as of old, but his manner was cold and abrupt at times almost to rudeness. He frequently fell into gloomy reveries which I tried in vain to dispel; and sometimes he would look at me in a way which embarrassed me. I could not understand him at all.

I was wandering through the grounds, one day, thinking of all this, and feeling very miserable. Lord Chester whom I momentarily expected, had not yet arrived so I was thrown on my resources for amusement. Limited enough they were; and after thinking until my head ached I threw myself full-length on the grass, in a shady nook of the garden, and tried to forget trouble in a dreamy drowse.

I was aroused suddenly by voices near, and quickly raising my head, espied mamma, leaning on the arm of Lord Chester, advancing in my direction. A jealous pang shot through my heart: was this the reason of his delay! They were conversing earnestly, and I could not avoid overhearing the conversation.

"But I tell you Chester," mamma emphatically said, "I am wearied of this useless hesitation. Months ago you decided upon the steps you were to take. You have commenced well; her heart is yours; why not complete your design at once? She has usurped my place long enough; I am tired of being a mere nonentity at Rose Terrace. Relieve me of her, and I shall have my rights again."

"It is useless to weary me with your importunities, Marguerita," commenced Lord Chester, gloomily "I am not a good mar; but I would die ere that innocent face should blush for the shame I had brought to it. She is purity itself. God forbid that I should wound her heart with words she could never forgive."

Mamma made an angry pause, and drew her hand from his arm.

"If you have such faith in her goodness, may I ask what your intentions are, my lord?" she coolly asked.

"I cannot tell," he replied, in the same gloomy tone. "If I were the son of an honest, plain citizen my course would be easy; *now* the accursed pride of birth stand between us. But why do I speak of this to you?" he continued in a changed tone. "It is never my wish to impart to others the secret troubles of my mind. Do not question me further."

"I certainly shall not," returned mamma, coolly. You have told me all I desired to learn, and my course, at least, is plain."

"*Your* course?"

"Yes. During the time wasted with you I have received several brilliant offers for Lillian. I shall accept one of these immediately, and use every means in my power to induce her to regard it favorably."

A change came over Lord Chester's face; his eyes flashed fiercely, and he laid a firm hand on mamma's shoulder.

"Marguerite, beware! If you attempt to undermine the innocence of that child the consequences to yourself may be such as you little imagine."

She quailed beneath his glance, and said, with some dread mingling with the bitter defiance of her tone —

"Your own scruples compel me. I do not fear you; you can do me no injury."

"I have spoken," he said, sternly. "Do not *dare* to interfere between us. I will not brook any rivalry."

Without further words he turned sharply aside, leaving mamma to walk back to the house alone, she looked after him a moment, with a mocking smile upon her pretty lips, then walked gracefully away.

Bewildered by what I had heard, yet far from comprehending its full meaning, I rose, and tried to think calmly. It was evident that mamma looked upon me as a usurper; that there was between her and Lord Chester an agreement tending my disposal which he now refused to fulfil. He had often called me a child; did he consider me as such, or—

I dared not pursue my thoughts; with a dull ache at my heart I strove to drown reflection, and wandered listlessly about, striving to interest myself in the beauties of my favorite plants. But I soon grew tired of wandering about the grounds, with their endless succession of bright flower-beds, hot-houses, vine-arbors and fountains. A desire seized me to wander for a while in the woody pasture lands immediately adjoining Rose Terrace, and though I wore but my garden hat, with a light scarf carelessly thrown around my shoulders, I crossed the intervening road, and, walking dreamily along the edge of the cool, breezy meadows, taking care to keep within sight of the highway, I rambled on in the direction of London.

It was a delightful walk; the fresh breeze came sweeping through the tall, murmuring trees, bearing on its breath a thousand sweet odors, and dashed in my face, playing hide-and-go seek with my tangled hair, and waking me from gloom with its boisterous play. I stepped briskly forward, refreshed and invigorated. Once or twice I fancied I heard a step behind me, and several times paused to listen; but naught was heard but the rustling of leaves, and singing of birds, with the occasional chirp of a saucy squirrel as he peeped at the stranger from out his leafy covert.

Suddenly a gig dashed round a point of the high-way, and came rapidly in my direction. Quickly I returned away from the road, for I recognized in one of its occupants the young French Marquis D'Orme, and had no desire to encounter him. But my precaution came too late; I had succeeded in retreating but a short distance when the gig came opposite me. D'Orme held the reins, and checked his horse with a jerk.

"By all that's beautiful Templar. here is *la petite*, Chester *cherie maitress*! *Bon Dieu*! My lucky star rules! Where away so fast *mignon*?"

I answered not a word, but breathlessly pursued my way. He was in no condition for conversation of any kind, and resentment would be wasted on him; he was intoxicated, I perceived at once.

I was not to escape so easily; with a half laugh he sprang from the carriage, throwing the reins to his companion, vaulted over the low fence, and in a moment had reached my side.

"Have you not one kind word for me, *ma ami*? *Ma belle* Marguerite would scarcely be so cold! They speak truly who say you are as ice to all but Chester!"

He looked mockingly in my face, and endeavored to encircle me with his arm; escape was impossible, for in trying to elude him I had run fairly against a huge tree, and he stood in such a manner that I could not pass. Still I did not speak, but stood rigidly upright, almost benumbed with terror and wounded pride.

"Silent still?" he continued, approaching still nearer, and flinging his arm tightly around my waist; "if these scornful lips will not speak—"