

Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

Vol. 2.

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No. 49.

THE
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Summerside Markets,
SUMMERSIDE, SEPTEMBER 12, 1867.

Oats per bush	2s 6d a 2s 9d
Barley per bush	3s a 3s 6d
Potatoes per bush	2s a 2s 3d
Turnips per bush	1s a 1s 3d
Butter per lb by Tub	10d a 1s
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	6d a 7d
Beef per lb	4d a 5d
Mutton per lb	4d a 5d
Pork per lb by carcass	3d a 4d
Geese each	none
Oatmeal per cwt.	18s a 20s
Hay per Ton	60s a 70s
Straw per cwt.	1s 6d
Pine Boards	10s
Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

Charlottetown Markets,
SEPTEMBER 12, 1867.

Beef (small)	6d a 9d
Do. by quarter	3d a 6d
Mutton	4d a 7d
Butter	9d a 10d
Do. by tub	none
Lard	8d a 9d
Lamb per lb.	4d a 7d
Cheese	9d a 10d
Tallow	8d a 9d
Flour lb.	3d a 3d
Oatmeal 100 lb.	17s a 18s
Eggs	5d a 10d
Potatoes	2s 9d a 3s
Turnips	4s a 5s
Barley	2s 9d
Oats	4s
Boards (Hemlock)	4s a 5s
Spruce	7s a 9s
Pine	12s a 15s
Shingles	1s a 1s 3d
Wood	55s a 65s
Hay	1s 6d a 2s
Straw cwt.	5s 6d a 6s
Homespun	9d a 1s
Sheepskins	5d a 9d
Calfskin lb.	5d a 9d
Hides lb.	5d a 9d

Business Cards.

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President—HON. DANIEL BIENAN.
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Hours of Business—From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.,
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President—HON. JOHN R. GARDINER.
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Discount Days—Tuesdays and Fridays.
Notes for Discount must be in before 11
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from 2 p. m., to 4 p. m.

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
be consulted at his office in Summerside, after
the 20th of June, 1867.
June 13, 1867. tf

DR. MCNEILL,
Physician & Surgeon,
RESIDENCE—At George, Garret's, Esquire,
Stanley Bridge.
New London, - - - P. E. I.
Jan 24, 1867. ly

DR. PRICE,
Physician & Surgeon,
OFFICE—AT THE SUMMERSIDE DRUG STORE,
next door to Bank, Central Street,
SUMMERSIDE, . . . P. E. ISLAND.
October 12, 1865.

S. W. DODD, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
RESIDENCE:
JAMES M. PIDGEON'S, Esq.,
MARGATE, P. E. I.
June 13, 1867. 3m

JOHN HOMER, M. D. F. M. S.
can be consulted at his office in
Tryon;
and on Tuesdays and Wednesdays in Sum-
merside, at the CLIFTON HOUSE.
July 11, 1867.

Copy Books.
FOR SALE AT BERTRAM'S BOOK
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adapted for our schools.
July 11, 1867.

Business Cards.

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Forms of Application can be had by apply-
ing to Mr. J. BERTRAM, Journal Office, Sum-
merside.
Charlottetown, June 20, 1867.—ly

DANIEL D. CREW,
Clock & Watch Repairer,
HEAD OF CENTER STREET,
Summerside, . . . P. E. I.
All orders punctually attended to.
June 6, 1867. 3m

THOMAS FRIZZEL,
Boot and Shoe Maker,
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Boots and Shoes of a superior quality con-
stantly on hand, and for sale cheap.
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BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Office—PAVILION HOTEL.
(next door to the Hon. Joseph Hensley's.)
CHARLOTTETOWN - - - P. E. Island.
Jan. 17, 1867. ly

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AND
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
SUMMERSIDE, - - - P. E. ISLAND.
aug. 9, 1866 ly

WILLIAM M. HOWE,
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Public.
ST. ELEANOR'S, . . . P. E. ISLAND.
DAVID BERTRAM,
Saddle and Harness Maker,
Water Street . . . Summerside.
October 12, 1865.

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.

North American Hotel,
KENT STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN.
JOHN MURPHY, PROPRIETOR.
Permanent and Transient Boarders will
find good accommodation.
Good Stables in connection with the HOTEL,
and a careful Hostler always in attendance.
Ch'town, Feb. 14, 1867. tf

Point du Chene House,
Point du Chene, N. B.
THE Subscriber would beg to call the
attention of the travelling public to this
well-known and comfortable Hotel, situated at
the head of the Railway Wharf at Point du
Chene.
Its advantages as a residence for parties in
quest of health cannot be surpassed. The
air is pure, bracing and invigorating, while
there is every facility for deep sea bathing.
The trains for St. John leave the dock twice
every day. The charges will be found
moderate, the table good; and the proprietor
hopes by strict attention to the requirements
of his customers, to ensure general satisfac-
tion.
PETER SCHURMAN,
Proprietor.
P. S.—Being himself a P. E. Islander, the
proprietor would hereby respectfully request
a share of the Island patronage. P. S.
July 10, 1867. 3m

CRAWFORDS' HOTEL,
No. 9 King Square, St. John, N. B.
Permanent and transient Boarders accom-
modated 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.—ly

Fountain House Hotel,
King Square, (North Side),
ST. JOHN, N. B.
The 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 satisfac-
tion at lowest rates.
JAMES W. THOMSON,
Proprietor.
St. John, N. B., July 4, 1867.—ly

**Blanks of all kinds for sale at
the "Journal" Office.**

Business Cards.

WILLIAM DODD,
Commission Merchant,
And Auctioneer,
QUEEN SQUARE,
CHARLOTTETOWN - - - P. E. ISLAND

WILLIAM BEAIRSTO,
Commission Merchant,
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WATER STREET,
Summerside, . . . P. E. Island.

THOMAS HANFORD,
AUCTIONEER
AND
Commission Merchant,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
Nov 1, 1865

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June 27, 1867.

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And General Agents,
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Charlottetown, . . . P. E. Island.

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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 Goods.
May 9, 1867.

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Commission Merchant.
No 47 Commercial Street
Corner of Clifton Street - - - BOSTON

J. F. HILL & CO.,
DEALERS IN
Potatoes, Apples, Onions,
Foreign & Domestic Fruits,
Cranberries, Beans, Green & Dried Apples
Stalls 107 and 109,
and Cellar No. 19, Faneuil Hall Market
SOUTH SIDE BOSTON.

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Importer and Wholesale Dealer in
British & Foreign Groceries
1, Head North Wharf,
ST. JOHN, - - - NEW BRUNSWICK.
Dec. 6, 1866. ly

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Flour, Produce, Leather,
AND GENERAL
Commission Merchants,
MONTREAL, - - - C. E.

The most careful attention given to the
execution of orders for Flour, Grain, Seeds,
Provisions, Leather, Hides, Coal Oil, and
general Merchandise. Freights secured and
Insurances effected at lowest current rates.
Merchants in the Lower Provinces will find it
to their interest to forward their orders for
Flour to us for execution, as an extensive
acquaintance with Western Millers, and as
Agents for some of the most popular Brands
in Canada, we can with safety assure them
of every satisfaction.
Remittances against orders when not other-
wise provided for, may be made with Stirling
Exchange, or Gold Drafts on New York.
Drafts on New York being worth usually and
to a 4 per cent more than on Boston.
Every information as to the state of the
market, present and prospective, given when
required.
Consignments of Fish, Cod Oil, &c., care-
fully realized, and returns made with the
utmost promptitude, or applied according to
the wish of consignors.
Charges only made for actual disbursements
and commissions not over those of responsible
houses in the line. Unquestionable references
given when required.
KIRKWOOD, LIVINGSTONE & CO.
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February 7, 1867.

LUMBER YARD.
THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS FOR SALE
at his
LUMBER YARD ON WATER STREET
all kinds of
LUMBER,
consisting of
Pine & Spruce Boards, Deals, Scantling
Laths, Pailings, Shingles, Studding
&c. &c.
Lumber constantly kept on hand.
JAMES CALDWELL.
Summerside, Jan 31, 1867. ly

Renewals!
12,000 PIECES ROOM PAPERING,
good patterns.
For sale cheap by
R. A. STRONG & BROR.
Summerside, May 9, 1867.

POETRY.

THE DYING HUSBAND.

DEAREST I am dying, bend thee down
One little moment by my bed,
And let the shadows of thy hair
Fall gently o'er my aching head.
Oh, raise me up and let me feel
Once more the beating of thy heart,
And press again your lips to mine
Before in midnight's death we part.
"Ay, tremble not, but totum close
I faint upon thy own dear breast:
Pass forth to its eternal rest.

She stoops, and upon her trembling breast
His drooping head is pillowed now,
Whilst white and slender fingers part
The damp hair on his pallid brow.
And there, upon his upturned face,
With quivering lips the kiss was given,
And press as if 'twould draw him back,
Back from the very gates of heaven.

There like a dying bird his frame
Lay panting out its fluttering life,
And still his almost listless arms
Clung fondly to his pale young wife.

A holy smile came o'er his face,
As moonlight gleaming o'er the snow:
One struggling breath, one faint embrace,
And lifeless he is lying now.
The setting sun with golden light
Was flooding all the room and bed,
Enfolding with its pinions bright,
The fainting wife, the marble dead.
EDWARD E. HARRISON.

Select Literature.

THE RUNAWAY SON.

"JOHN, give me that book."
These words, spoken in a harsh tone by
his father, caused John Morton to start in
astonishment.
"Please, father, I was only—"
"No words," interrupted the father,
"give me the book."
With tearful eyes and trembling hands,
John passed the book to his father, who
immediately threw it into the fire.

"Now, sir, go and finish chopping that
brush, and remember, if you quit it again
before it is all done, I'll give you a whip-
ping."
Mr. Morton was a small farmer, who
lived a few miles from the village of M—
A man of no literary taste himself, he could
not endure it in others; and for this reason
was an unkind and often unjust father to
wards John, his second son, who loved
books better than anything else in the
world.

John was not a lazy boy, but as a farm-
er boy knows no such thing as leisure,
he was obliged to do his reading at such
times as he could steal from his work,
when his father was not by. George, his
elder brother was his opposite in every
respect; he was a good farmer, but a
dunce at school.

"I tell you what it is John," he would
say, "I wouldn't give a snap of my fin-
gers for all your book learning; but if you
like it, go in, if the old man will let you,
but as for me, I am bound to stick to the
farm."

John had been saving his money for
some time, to buy a fine edition of Cooper's
works complete, which an acquaintance
had bought at auction in a neighboring
town; and not caring much for it, had of-
fered it to him for half price.
The night before our story commences,
John had procured the long coveted treas-
ure, and in the morning had commenced
to read as soon as it was light. From this
he was soon called by his father to chop
a load of brush he had just brought in.

Reluctantly John left the book and went
to the task, but the departure of his father
after another load was too much for him;
he left the brush heap and was soon ab-
sorbed in his book.

Mr. Morton had gone but a short dis-
tance when he remembered some direc-
tions he had forgotten to give George, and
returned. As he neared the house, he
missed the sound of the hatchet. When
he entered the house there sat John com-
fortably before the fire, completely lost in
his book. It was this that made him an-
grily burn the book. With a bursting
heart John went to the brush heap and
again commenced his work. He worked
steadily all day, but spoke not a word to
any one.

George seeing how bad he felt about it,
good-naturedly said to him,—
"Never mind, Jack, I wouldn't care, let
it go, and the next time I go to the city
I'll get you another."
"And what if you do?" said Jack, "he
will not let me read it. I tell you, George,
it's no use," he continued, "I am going
away where I can have a chance to study
as much as I please."

"Oh, nonsense, Jack," said George,
"you will soon get over it. As for my
part, I can't see what you can find so in-
teresting in books. I'd rather go into the
corn-field and work the hottest day in
any kind."
"I know that," said John. "It's your
nature, but I can't do the farm work, it
isn't in me. I was never meant for it, and
therefore, to-morrow morning I'm going,
come what may."

George tried to change his mind for
some time, but finding him determined,
helped him to get ready to the best of his
ability, forcing him to accept all his spare
pocket money, telling him that he could
repay it when he got rich.
"But one thing, Jack," said he, "what-
ever you do, be an honest man, You'll
make a smarter man than ever I shall. I'm
sure of it, but be honest, don't forget that.
And remember, I expect to be here as
long as I live. So if at any time the
world goes hard with you, don't forget
home."
R. A. STRONG & BROR.
Summerside, May 9, 1867.

was missed. An examination of his room
showed that he had taken his little bundle
of clothes, and gave evidence to his father
that he had gone for good.
"Never mind," said he, "he'll soon be
back."
"Thirteen years have passed since John
Morton left the old homestead; and con-
trary to his father's prediction he had not
come back.

In the meantime, things had not gone
so smoothly about the farm. Farmer
Morton had given up the whole charge of
the farm to George, who had married a
girl in the neighborhood, and whose
father had five children.
Mortgage the farm to a small amount,
and ever since the marriage of George, in
spite of all his exertions, the mortgage
had been gaining ground, until now the
place must be sold to meet the terms of
agreements.

This was a terrible blow to George and
the old man, but there was no help for it;
their friends and neighbors were no better
off than themselves, and therefore could
not help them had they been ever so much
inclined.

It was a bitter cold night in December,
that they were seated around the kitchen
fire. It was to be their last night at home,
for the next day would be the sale, and
they then would be homeless. Farmer
Morton sat with his head buried in his
hands. At times he would raise it up and
gaze at some cherished article, as if to
take a last farewell, and then bowing it
again, would sob aloud.

"Come, come, father," said George,
"don't be so down-hearted. Cheer up,
I am young yet; and if I live, and hard
work will do it, you shall come back to
the old place yet."
"I cannot hope for it, George," returned
the old man. "It will require years of
successful labor; and I am old, and can-
not last long. I had hoped to die in the
old house, but I am afraid it cannot be.
Sixty years I have passed here, boy and
man, and it is hard to leave now—"

They were interrupted by a knock at
the door, and upon opening it, there en-
tered a young man very shabbily dressed.
For a moment he stood surveying the
group, with tears in his eyes, and then
reached forth his hand, exclaiming:
"George do you not recognize me?"
"Father, it is John!" exclaimed George
joyfully seizing his hand, and leading him
towards his father.

The old man arose, and turning towards
him exclaimed:
"John, my son!" at the same time
stretched forth his arms—then suddenly
yet it has such great and noble accessories
as to command the world's attention, and
to vie in interest and terror with any
tragedy ever imagined. The dramatic person-
—the heroes and the heroines—the good
men and the bad—the scheming fools and
the more greatly scheming villains—are
all of them the highest rank; and in
all that they do, and in all that they suffer,
they excite either our admiration, our
sympathy, or our abhorrence. The heavy
hand of fate seems to lie upon them all;
and as the stately pageant is involved from
its beginning to its ending, the onlookers
sit spell-bound expecting the catastrophe.
And when the catastrophe comes, it is hard
to tell whether our wrath or our grief is most
excited. Neither Euripides nor Shakes-
peare could desire a grander story for the
exercise of his genius. As noble and
princely a gentleman as Hamlet has been
vilely done to death—an innocent and as
lovely a lady as Ophelia has met a sadder
fate than death in its most tragic forms;
and the foremost man of all our time—he
whom fortune has seemed to make her
darling, and to crown with every blessing
that his heart of ambition could crave—has
been made to feel that his very wisest
scheme has been his most ill-starred, and
to prove that a highly intellectual and able
monarch may fall into errors as tragical as
the veriest dolt that ever inherited a throne
which he was incompetent to win.

Next followed inquiries from John, as
to how things had gone in his absence;
and he soon learned the whole story.
"As for you," said George, "I do not
need to ask how the world has gone with
you—that coat speaks for itself. But
never mind; I have some better clothes
up stairs, and you are welcome to take
your pick. But what have you been do-
ing, Jack; trying to get a living by
books?"

"Yes," replied John, "I have lived
entirely by books!"
"And a poor living you have had, I'll
be bound," said the old man; "I never
knew a book worm yet who turned out
much."
"But it seems that we shall be equals
to-morrow, father," said John, pleasantly.
"That's very true," answered his father,
rather testily, "but had you stuck to the
farm with George, this had not been!"
"Never mind, father," said John "go
to bed now, and George and I will try
and make some provisions for the future."

After the old man had left them, John
said that he was rather fatigued, and be-
lieved that he would retire also.
"But," said George, "you have not
inquired as to our future prospects. Do
you not wish to know?"
"No," said John rather shortly, "not
to-night; I don't feel interested." And
taking his light, with a yawn, he left the
room.

George felt hurt. "After all" he
thought, he has changed. He don't seem
to care what becomes of us. Never mind
—poor fellow, no doubt he has seen hard
times, until they have hardened even his
heart."
The next morning found John Morton
engaged in a noisy romp with the whole
of his brother's children. Indeed, so far
did he carry it that he received a cutting
reproof from his father for his heartless-
ness.

"I can't help it, father," he replied,
"everything reminds me so much of child-
hood, that I cannot realize that I am a
man."
At twelve o'clock the auctioneer ap-
peared, in company with those who were
disposed to bid for the place. Immedi-
ately upon their arrival, John took the
auctioneer aside and conversed with him
earnestly for a few moments. Soon after
the auctioneer mounted upon the step and
said:
"Gentlemen, I have been requested, by
the celebrated author, Morton J. Hall, to
bid upon this place, for him, as high as
thirty-five hundred dollars. If any of you
feel disposed to bid higher than that, we
will proceed; otherwise, there is no need."
As no one seemed disposed to make any
advance upon the bid, the place was
declared sold, and soon the family was again
left alone.

"Well," said the old man at dinner,
"the worst is over; and I shouldn't won-
der if we could hire the place of this Mr.
Hall, who seems to be a city man."
"Oh, yes," said John, "I know you
can. He don't care anything about farm-
ing. I know him well."
"Don't say any more!" cried George,
jumping up and seizing both his brother's
hands, "that one expression betrays you
—he don't like farming." John, you are
this Morton J. Hall? I halt suspected it
this morning; for you never was hard-
hearted when a boy, and you didn't act
the part very well."

The old man cried for joy. "I see now
John," said he, "I did not understand you,
as a boy. I thought books would be your
ruin; but, instead, they have saved me
from want."

"You are right, father," said John. "I
am worth, to-day, ten thousand dollars,
all earned by my pen; while had I stayed
by the farm, I should have been as poor
—yes, poorer, than I found you; for you
and George are good farmers; while I
could never fix my mind upon it. In fact—"

MAXIMILIAN.

(From Blackwoods Magazine.)

We are said to live in a prosaic age, but
as the same accusation is brought against
itself by every generation of men, those
who think for themselves may be pardon-
ed if they disbelieve it. The elements of
the poetic in thought and the heroic in ac-
tion lie everywhere around us; but it re-
quires the trained eye and the sympathetic
heart to discover them, except on those
rare occasions when the actors move in
the highest places of the world, and their
deeds and their sorrows are equally im-
perial. Could we but truly know the
events that happen every day in our own
country, our own town, our own village—
nay, our own houses—we might discover
love strong as death, hate fierce as hell,
all-devouring ambition, unreasoning pa-
tience, sublime self-sacrifice, and all the great
and tender passions that toss our poor human
hearts about like waifs on a stormy sea.
Every newspaper that we take up contains
a tragedy, if we did but know how to read
it—a tragedy spoiled, perhaps in the tell-
ing, but a tragedy still. We need not
look back to ancient history and mythology
for heroes and heroines, for the gods and
goddesses of crime and suffering. There
are Medas and Clytemnestras in White-
chapel and the Canongate as well as in
Greece, and fools as great as Anthony in
every city of the world, who would peril
fame, fortune, and life for a living Cleo-
patra. A man may appear to be dull and
sordid, yet his heart may be heaving with
suppressed agonies, as we might ascertain
if we could unlock by any magic key the
secret chambers of his conscience, and lay
them bare to the world and to himself.

The tragedy of Maximilian of Austria—the
saddest of our time, as far as we know—is
not perhaps sadder in itself than thousands
of others that have been played upon a
smaller stage, and to a narrower audience;
yet it has such great and noble accessories
as to command the world's attention, and
to vie in interest and terror with any
tragedy ever imagined. The dramatic person-
—the heroes and the heroines—the good
men and the bad—the scheming fools and
the more greatly scheming villains—are
all of them the highest rank; and in
all that they do, and in all that they suffer,
they excite either our admiration, our
sympathy, or our abhorrence. The heavy
hand of fate seems to lie upon them all;
and as the stately pageant is involved from
its beginning to its ending, the onlookers
sit spell-bound expecting the catastrophe.
And when the catastrophe comes, it is hard
to tell whether our wrath or our grief is most
excited. Neither Euripides nor Shakes-
peare could desire a grander story for the
exercise of his genius. As noble and
princely a gentleman as Hamlet has been
vilely done to death—an innocent and as
lovely a lady as Ophelia has met a sadder
fate than death in its most tragic forms;
and the foremost man of all our time—he
whom fortune has seemed to make her
darling, and to crown with every blessing
that his heart of ambition could crave—has
been made to feel that his very wisest
scheme has been his most ill-starred, and
to prove that a highly intellectual and able
monarch may fall into errors as tragical as
the veriest dolt that ever inherited a throne
which he was incompetent to win.

We must go back to contemporary history
if we would trace the beginning of the
tragedy of Maximilian. It was thirteen
years ago, when he had scarcely ripened
into manhood, and when the noble lady
destined to share his glory and his grief
had just entered upon her teens, that the
first step was taken by the Emperor Napo-
leon towards the accomplishment of a pro-
ject that had long held possession of his
mind. That step had no relation to the
Archduke Maximilian, or to the condition
of Mexico, though it led to both by a chain
of events which not even the Emperor
fore saw, and which would at that time
have seemed the wildest freak of fancy to
imagine. A French army occupied Rome,
and upheld the Pope as a temporal sover-
eign against the wishes of the Italian people,
who had for many years prayed and
plotted and schemed for the deliverance
of their country from priestcraft and tyr-
anny, and for the union of its various states
under one constitutional monarch. The
Pope, in his kingly capacity, was one of
the greatest impediments in their way;
and the Emperor of the French, who was
not in the first instance responsible, was
made to bear the odium attached to the
presence of the French in Rome, and held
up to the execration of the Italians as the
enemy and oppressor of their country.

Though he was a Frenchman by birth,
position, and education, he was at least
half an Italian by race and blood; and,
thinking that he owed something to the
land of his ancestors, he seemed to have
conceived the idea that if the Pope could
be removed from Rome with