Summerside Journal.
AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

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THE

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BY

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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	DAY 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. 10, 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	15d a 16d
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb.	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	10d a 11d
Beef per lb	3d a 4d
Mutton per lb	2d a 3d
Hides per lb	4d
Mackerel per doz	2s a 3s
Codfish per qt	16s a 17s
Pork per lb by carcass	4d a 6d
Flour per bbl	45s a 50s
Oatmeal per cwt.	16s a 18s
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Nov 19, '68

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Ch'town, Nov 19, 1868.

POETRY.

FADED LEAVES.

Hark! to the funeral knell,
Solemn, and deep, and slow,
Of the beautiful summer gone,
Down to the grave so low.

List! to the Autumn wind,
As it sad and sorrowing grieves
Over the pale, dead flowers,
And over the faded leaves.

Beautiful, fragile leaves,
Of summer the joy and pride,
As a fair and vanishing dream,
They brightened, then drooped, and died.

Out from the stricken trees,
Softly they rustle down,
Clad in their burial robes
Of scarlet and amber and brown.

Scattered along the ground,
Or lying, a withering heap,
Or, drifting over the mound,
Where sweetly our loved ones sleep.

Never, ah, never again,
In beauty and grace to unfold,
To flutter and laugh in the air,
And flash in the sunshine's gold.

And never, never again,
To quiver and thrill as when stirred
By the musical song of the brook,
And the melody sweet of the bird.

The dust that covers our loved,
Filling our souls with grief,
Ay portion too soon will be,
Beautiful, perishing leaf

But thou from the mouldering tomb,
Shalt never again arise,
While our loved will brighten and bloom
In the beauty and bliss of the skies.

Select Literature.

ROSE TERRACE;

OR,

The Trail of the Serpent.

Continued.

MAMMA'S apartments were situated in a quarter of the house remote from mine, and I was obliged to cross several passages ere reaching the one from which her chamber opened. It was not quite dark, but the ghostly light of the grey day-break was worse than none, causing, as it did, all sorts of fantastic shadows to play hide-and-seek with the darkness. I was a timid child, and glided fearfully along, looking neither to the right or left lest some spectre should rise to confront me, until I came to the room I sought. I tapped gently on the door; there was no answer; again and then again I knocked, but vainly; and, in tears, I turned away and commenced to retrace my steps.

Suddenly they were arrested by a sight which sent me in terror to my knees. A tall, white-robed figure, with floating hair of black, and large fiercely opened black eyes, was advancing towards me from the opposite end of the dimly-lighted passage—that leading to the guest-chambers—with a look of almost horror on her face as those wild eyes fell on me. I was at first too terrified to believe the figure human, and it had come close up to me, and raised me hastily from the floor before I knew it was mamma.

"You little spy!" she hissed, shaking me violently. "How dare you prowl about these passages? What have you seen? Whom do you seek? What right have you to watch me? Answer me, you shivering little fool!"

Terror and her rough handling quite robbed me of the power of utterance, and I could only gaze piteously into her angry, suspicious face. My evidently extreme terror softened her a little; she loosened her hold on my arm, saying, in the same fierce, breathless way,—

"Whom and what have you seen? How long have you been here? Have you lost your speech, girl?"

"O mamma, you frighten me!"

"Coward! I shall not hurt you—unless you do not answer me speedily."

"I have seen nobody, mamma; I only wanted to beg your forgiveness for disobeying you to-night, and to say—"

"Pshaw! Is that all?" And from mamma's face rolled the cloud of mingled rage and terror which had shrouded its natural beauty, to give place to a smile of evident relief. "Of course I forgive you, innocent! I had forgotten all about the incident. There—kiss me and run off to bed; I'm sorry I hurt you, but that will be something to tell your wise nurse when you see her. Now, then—"

She presented her cheek for my caress, and I timidly touched my lips to it; she waited significantly, then, for me to go, but I could not leave her in coldness. I was nervous, wrought up and agitated, or I never should have found courage to cry, as I did,—

"O mamma, mamma! If you would only kiss me and love me with your heart. I love you so much!"

"Tut, tut! What's this? Heroics in the nursery? That will never do! I must tell Mistress Sally Deane to give you a composing draught occasionally. Well, kiss my lips if you choose—what, again? And tears, too! O, fie, Lillian! This is folly."

Alas! I stood upright, my father's "little spartan" again, with flushed face and pride-lighted eyes, but an aching heart.

"Pardon me, madam. I will be more careful in future. Good morning."

One of Miss Evans' carefully taught courtesys completed the apology, and as I walked slowly away, her clear, ringing laughter, called forth by my childish demonstration of dignity, mocked my bitter grief. And I knew, then, that mamma's heart was stone to me.

CHAPTER III.

I was just seventeen, and told Miss Evans so when requesting that she would give me a week's vacation, for I had studied hard, and felt ill. She looked at me thoughtfully through her eye-glass.

"You *are* a little pale, Miss Melville. Perhaps you are right. We will not resume our studies, then, until this day fortnight. Meanwhile, with your permission, I will pay a long-promised visit to my sister."

"*My* permission! Oh, Miss Evans, you overpower me. Your time is indisputably at your own disposal."

She bowed, and I arranged my books for their fortnight's idleness. In the midst of it the school-room door suddenly opened, and mamma came sweeping in. She wore a riding-habit of dark blue, with a jaunty hat and jetty plumes, and looked, as she always did, a right royal beauty. We both rose to our feet in response to her graceful greeting. I joyfully, Miss Evans in stern silence. Most of my subordinates were barely civil to mamma, to my great perplexity and grief.

"Good morning, Miss Evans! Good morning, Lillian! Do you remember whose birthday this is?"

I thought of another sad birthday which she had totally forgotten, and answered, quietly,—

"Yes, mamma, it is mine."

"How demurely the child says so! Well, and what do you think will befall you on this bright day?"

"I cannot even imagine, mamma."

"You need not be alarmed—nothing terrible. It is simply this: your school servitude ends with yesterday's lessons How shall you like that?"

She spoke as if she thought I should like it very much, but being fond of study I could not answer with the enthusiasm she anticipated.

"If it be your will, mamma, it must be my pleasure."

Her face darkened a little, and she turned suddenly to my governess.

"I must compliment you on the miracle you have accomplished, Miss Evans—actually teaching a young lady of seventeen to regret leaving her books. You have a rare talent for your calling."

"Madame Bernard is pleased to be complimentary," said my governess, bowing coldly. "Do I understand that you think my services are no longer required at Rose Terrace?"

"Why, yes, Miss Evans," answered mamma, her gracious smile softening the hardness of her words; "Lillian's education must be complete, and your salary is now but a useless expense."

Miss Evans flushed a little, for she had her own pride. She answered, calmly,—

"Unfortunately, madam, my dismissal does not rest with you. I engaged to remain with Miss Melville until her eighteenth birthday. It was her father's wish."

Mamma started and changed color.

"I crave your pardon—I was not aware of that," she said, in a changed tone. "You will remain, then, of course. But remember—" and mamma's eyes flashed—"she is a woman, now, with a woman's understanding. I hear, in the servants hall, that you are careless in the use of your tongue. Curb it in future. Do you understand my meaning?"

"Perfectly," frigidly returned Miss Evans. "I understand my duty in all its phases. The freedom of tongue was for your benefit exclusively, madam. Your maid is an excellent spy.

Mamma would not reply to this, but haughtily left the room. She paused to beckon me to follow her, which I did, amazed beyond measure at the words I had heard.

"What did Miss Evans mean mamma?" I asked her when we were out of that lady's hearing. "I did not like her tone, at all. I do not think she was quite respectful."

"Pshaw! Such people are not worth heeding," said mamma, hastily. Have you ever been to a theatre, Lillian?" she resumed, with a direct change of subject.

She very well that I had not, therefore the question seemed rather unnecessary. But it served to direct my thoughts from Miss Evans' mysterious words, if that was its purpose, most satisfactorily.

"No mamma," I eagerly answered; "but I have read of them, and oh! I should like so much to go to one!"

"Would you, child?" was the careless response; "well, see that you are ready by six, and I will take you to town in the Earl's carriage. From this day you number a box at the—Theatre among your possessions, and will be at liberty to go there when you please. Dress well, for Halbert will probably introduce you to some of his friends."

I had no time for thanks, as, at that moment a waiter approached, bearing on the silver tray he carried a coronetted card. It was the Earl of Malmsbury's who waited mamma's leisure for riding, and informed her by a few pencilled words that the horses were weary of standing. As his lordship's temper was none of the patientest, perhaps mamma did not care to ruffle it by further delay; at all events she left me immediately.

I flew in search of Sallie at once. She was not in her room, and I repaired to the housekeeper's apartment, hoping there to find my faithful friend. Sure enough, she and Mrs Dale was standing at one of the windows of the latter's commodious room, conversing of some one whose name the did not mention.

"She has a bonnie face!" said Sally, "an angel could not be lovlier."

"Ay! but what's that, Mrs. Deanne, when the soul is black beneath it? I say it's all shameful! And the way that villian acts! He is with her at all seasons! I say it's infamous to deceive that innocent—"

A slight movement of mine caused them to look around, and Mrs. Dale blushed very much, I thought, as I said, laughingly,—

"Come now, dear, proper Mrs. Dale, allow the poor lady's name to rest in peace. I don't know who you are talking about, but I crave your mercy for her. And I have such rare news to tell you, Sally! What do you think mamma says?"

"I'm sure I don't know, bairn," said Sally, with an indulgent smile, as I ran dancing around her like a wire-jointed doll. "What?"

"Oh, you must guess! It's something so very, very kind! Just hazard a conjecture."

"Well, perhaps you are to have a new play-house."

"Now, Sally! You know it is not that!" And Miss Melville looked indignant,

"Another Arabian pony, then?"

"No—oh, you'll never think! She says I may go to the theatre to-night, and I'm actually to ride to town with her in the Earl of Malmbury's carriage! And his lordship may introduce me to some of his friends. I'm sure I hope he will not, for I shall be so dull and stupid. If I were only beautiful and bright, like mamma! but never mind; we'll do the best we can, won't we? I'm so happy when I think of it!"

Ump!" said Sally, and then she and Mrs. Dale exchanged such ominous glances that I felt vaguely terrified.

"Why, Sally dear, don't you approve of my going?" I asked.

"No!" she said, grimly. "It's a bad, wicked place, Lassie, it is a play-house, and with my consent you should never enter one."

"But mamma goes to them," I said, convincingly.

"And she is not wicked, and I love her so much! I will always be good for her sake,"

"God bless the child!" exclaimed Mrs. Dale; and then she coughed and turned her back to me.

I am sure Sally brushed away a tear as she suddenly stooped to kiss her pet.

"My bairn shall do as she pleases," she said. "You and I are two old ravens, Mrs. Dale!"

*** *** *** ***

I fairly trembled with heavy excitement when mamma and I entered the luxuriously-cushioned box at the—Theatre. I had never been away from home before except during my daily walks or rides, and this evening promised to be a grand one to me. With a child's curiosity I parted the curtains and looked into the pit below, which was fast filling with all sorts of people. We were very early, and the the theatre was dimly lighted, and somewhat gloomy. But I never heeded that, so absorbed did I immediately become in observing the shifting crowd, the long tiers of boxes, the lofty galleries—everything, in short, to be noticed in that great building. I was pleased, rather than otherwise, with the subdued light, for mamma and Sallie had dressed me so grandly that I felt quite ashamed and conspicuous I wore my first really rich dress—a pale blue satin embroidered richly with seed pearls, with pearl ornaments for hair neck and arms, and an ermine-trimmed opera-cloak; then I had so many little trifles to look after, such as boquet, fan, scent-bottle and lorgnette—that I was almost at a loss to manage them gracefully. Mamma, indeed noticing my awkwardness, felt it necessary to give me a lesson before we left home on the way I must manage myself and appurtenances during the evening, and my very anxiety to please her threatened to bring my good wishes to grief. Therefore I was thankful for the dim light.

'Well Lillian,' said mamma, pleasantly, observing my curious observation of all around, "do you think you can amuse yourself until the curtain rises, half an hour hence?"

"Yes, indeed, madam; I am charmed with all this delightful confusion."

"*Au revoir*, then; I shall see you after the play." "Why mamma! are you not going to remain with me?" I asked, much disappointed, for the thought of passing a whole evening by her side had not been the least of my pleasurable anticipations.

"No—I have an engagement elsewhere. But you will not be lonely. The Earl has promised to give you countenance by looking in upon you, presently, so you will do very well."

Now I did not like the Earl of Malmbury. True he had been a constant visitor at Rose Terrace for years, and was always kind to me; but this did not cause me to like him the more. I disliked him, and always should, I know so I could not respond very cordially to mamma's assurance, and that displeased her; to my sorrow she left me abruptly.

The little cloud this incident left was put to flight by the shifting scene around; I grew so interested in watching the different arrivals, and listening to the noisy criers of the little venders of various wares who already thronged the pit and galleries, that I was seriously startled when the building became suddenly illuminated, and the faces which before seemed to blend in one dim mass each stood out in bold relief, and all seemed looking at me. I shrank back in the box, and did not show myself again until the overture was completed, and the heavy green curtain slowly rose.

The play was "Romeo and Juliet," and and I became absorbed in it from the first. The brilliant, old-style dresses and quaint scenery particularly charmed me. But when Juliet appeared on the stage!—she wore a rich, lustreless white silk, exposing the faultless neck and arms; her black hair, unbound, fell in a rich, curling mass to her slender waist; her eyes, lit up by excitement, were simply glorious, and the dazzling complexion and vermillion lips completed a beauty which drew the homage of the audience forth in a long, continuous roar of applause. A graceful inclination—a glance of those magnificent eyes—and the actress proceeded with her part.

I sank back, with hands pressed tightly over my rapidly beating heart, unable to credit the evidence of my senses. Juliet was mamma—mamma was Juliet!

I felt no shame in discovering that she was an actress; oh, no! I had too little knowledge of the world and its ways to understand the dishonor pertaining to such a profession. I was proud of her matchless beauty—bewildered with my sudden discovery that was all.

Presently I recovered myself, and followed the play with intense interest, hanging on mamma's every word and look; all too soon ended the first and second acts, and I was wakened to real life by the Earl of Malmsbury's voice; he had strolled into my box during the second act.

"Well, Miss Lillian, What do you think of it?"

"O, my lord! Is it you? I am entranced and mamma—*my* mamma—is Juliet!"

"Yes—Marguerite is one of London's leading actresses; she queens it well on the boards."

"Royalty! Oh, she is superb! My beautiful, beautiful mamma!"

He smiled.

"Control your admiration a little, enthusiast, or you will attract attention. May I offer still another suggestion?"

I started nervously, knowing by instinct that something in my deportment had been amiss.