Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

Vol. 2. Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, April 11, 1867. No. 27.

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

TERMS:

1 copy for one year, in advance, 6s. 3d.
" " half advance, 7s. 6d.
" " at the end of year 9s.

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POETRY.

BEAUTY AND THE WAVE.

BEAUTY sat tracing, with sportive fingers,
Names on the ocean sand one day;
Watching how long each wave would linger,
Ere it had washed the print away.

First Hope she sketched—the wave just kissed it,
Then sank to ocean's breast again,
As half regretful to have missed it,
And with the maid let hope remain.

Next Friendship's name, so fond, yet fleeting,
The maiden on the sand enshrined:
The wave flowed on—but soon retreating,
No trace of friendship left behind!

Love then appeared—'twas deeply graven
On that frail page by Beauty's hand!
The wave returned—ah! silly maiden,
Love's vows are ever writ on sand.

When one by one each name had perished,
Beauty grew wearied of her play;
Finding that almost prized and cherished,
Some passing wave will sweep away.

Select Literature.

ADRIFT.

MRS. FARLEY had exercised a great deal of forbearance towards the girl; that must be admitted. But there was a limit to Mrs. Farley's patience, and that point had been reached.

"I won't put up with this any longer," she said, in the tone of a woman who was entirely in earnest. There is no reason why the peace and order of my family should be disturbed by one neither of my kith or kin. No obligation to keep her tests upon me—none in the world; and I'll just turn her adrift to take care of herself. She'll soon find the difference between home and the kind of place to be picking up among strangers. The lesson will do her good."

Mrs. Farley's husband was her only auditor. The person of whom the lady complained so bitterly was a girl named Helen Bond. Two years before, a family had moved in the house adjoining Mr. Farley's. This family consisted of a father, a mother, and a daughter, the latter a girl in her seventeenth year. The name of this family was Bond. They had been living there for several months when, noticed particularly by Mrs. Farley. What first attracted her attention was the gay dress, and jaunty, assured air, of the girl, walking the streets coquettishly, and in a manner calculated to win observation.

Next, the mother was observed, though opportunities for seeing her were rare—a pale-faced, exhausted, unhappy-looking woman, apparently without strength to bear the burdens which life had placed upon her shoulders. The husband and father next drew attention. His face was sensual, and marred by signs of excess and passion.

"He drinks," was the remark of Mr. Farley one day to his wife, on observing Bond pass the window. "I saw him in an omnibus yesterday so drunk that he could hardly sit up straight."

You have the case in a nutshell. A self-indulgent, dissipated, unprincipled father; a heart-broken, weak, compliant mother, and a vain, self-willed, half-educated, undisciplined daughter.

A year after the Bond's moved next door, the husband and father went off, it is said, to California, leaving his family in utter destitution. To sustain herself, Mrs. Bond sold one article of furniture after another, until scarcely enough for use and comfort remained. Still, the daughter made her appearance on the street almost every day, with dress and manners designed to attract attention. On nearly every fine afternoon you might have seen her, with step elastic and eye alert, moving along the fashionable promenade, the observed of too many observers.

All this was noticed by Mrs. Farley, and remarked upon.

"What can the mother of that girl be thinking about?" she would sometimes say; "does she not know that dangers lie in the path her daughter is treading?"

And yet there was something in the face of Helen Bond that always interested Mrs. Farley, and something in her air and manner, jaunty though it was at times, that seemed easy and graceful, indicating native refinement.

"I pity her from my heart," she would sometimes say, "for no true happiness lies, I fear, at the end of the path her feet have taken."

One day Mrs. Farley was startled by an unusually loud ringing of the street door bell.

"Is Mrs. Farley at home?" she heard asked, a few moments afterwards, in a frightened tone of voice.

Hurrying down stairs, she saw Helen Bond, with a face ashen pale.

"Oh, ma'am, won't you come in and see mother? I'm afraid she's dying!" cried the agitated girl.

Mrs. Farley did not hesitate for a moment; but she reached the bedside of her neighbor only in time to watch the last painful signs of dissolution. She passed away with her mournful eyes fixed lovingly, but sadly, on the face of her weeping child.

It often happens that circumstances out of their control bring duties to our hands which may not be avoided. So was it with Mrs. Farley in the present case.—From Helen she learned that her mother had no relations, and that her father's friends, with whom the family did not hold intercourse, lived in Canada. The manner in which Helen appeared to lean upon and cling to her in this utter bereavement, touched the heart of Mrs. Farley, and she felt that she could do no less than offer her a temporary home, after the funeral was over, which was accordingly done.

Mrs. Farley soon discovered in the young, undisciplined girl, many naturally good qualities, which might be turned to useful account in the family. This seemed to form the basis of a permanent home for Helen, who, in her bereavement and destitution, was glad to accept of any place of refuge.

Now came the trial for both. Any thoughtful reader will comprehend, on a moment's reflection, how utterly impossible it would be for a girl raised as Helen Bond had been—with false ideas of life, and pride, vanity, and love of ease and freedom, fixed almost into habits, to fall easily and naturally into the ways and usuages of a well-established household, where those who stood at the head ordered all things below them, and required a dutiful obedience.

Of course, in taking Helen into her family, it was no part of Mrs. Farley's plan to leave her in the state of idleness and freedom that she had enjoyed while her mother was living. She must be usefully employed, and hold her position by the right of service. All this was taken for granted by Mrs. Farley, and assumed by her to be so self-evident a thing, as not to require any special elucidation for Helen. And here was her error. She was a woman of few words in the way of precepts, but very prompt and resolute in action.—She saw very clearly herself, and gave others credit for being equally clear-sighted, an error that often made her impatient and unjust. She ought to have talked very soberly and very calmly to Helen in the beginning, and led her thoughts in advance, so that judgment and a right estimate of the new life upon which she was entering, might be a light to her feet and a monitress within her own soul.

But Mrs. Farley only assigned duties which were soon felt to be irksome, because right thoughts did not sustain Helen in them.

"That girl is a great trial," she soon began to say to her husband. "I'm afraid I shall not be able to make everything out of her. She is capable enough, but so self-willed and undisciplined. I've been sorry many a time that I ever took her into the family."

Mr. Farley would merely shrug his shoulders, or answer, indifferently—

"She's pretty, and she knows it—that's the trouble. She's lived on the street so much, that she can't content herself in the house."

"Well, she's not going to live in the street while she's under my care," or something of the kind, would be responded by Mrs. Farley, who had no real sympathy with Helen; because she had never thought of changing places with her in imagination, and going down into a realization of her wants, weakness, and mental habits. As well might the bird whose wings, since newly fledged, had borne it in grove and meadow, find contentment in a narrow cage, as Helen Bond under her altered circumstances. She wanted, in this new relation, a wise, loving, patient mother, to teach, to lead, and to guide her in a better way, not an unsympathizing [illegible] that she only required service, and grew hard towards her when it was not rendered dutifully.

There had been seven or eight months of inharmonious life under this new aspect of things, when Mrs. Farley made the declaration with which our story opens.—Helen, who occupies a position in the family just above the grade of an ordinary domestic, had assumed of late a degree of independence that was in no way agreeable to Mrs. Farley. She took the liberty of dressing herself and going out much more frequently than was approved by the lady, and under remonstrance, sometimes answered with a pertness that aroused indignation against her. Of late there had been an occasional evening call from a young man whose acquaintance she had made somewhere, and this proved another source of displeasure.

"Where are you going?" demanded Mrs. Farley, meeting Helen on the stairs one afternoon, dressed to go out, and with more than usual attention to her appearance.

"To take a walk," was the answer; "I haven't been out of the house this week."

Now, the last sentence was true.

"You should have asked if going out were agreeable to me," said Mrs. Farley, without any softening of the stern aspect she had assumed.

"I am not quite reduced to slavery, was the unguarded retort."

"Oh, well, go your ways, and to destruction, if you will!" and Mrs. Farley turned from the weak girl, angrily.

Helen went out, as she had designed, and Mr. Farley met her in Chesnut street, in company with a young man, fashionably dressed, in whose face, taking it in a passing glance, he read no true moral record. It was on the occasion of mentioning, in a tone of dissatisfaction, this circumstance to his wife, that she had spoken as we have seen; and she was entirely in earnest.—Helen had tried her beyond the point of endurance, and her mind was made up to part with her.

A brief but short passage at arms occurred between Mrs. Farley and Helen, when the latter returned home, at the conclusion of which Mrs. Farley said—

"And now, my young lady, I wish you to look out for another home. You cannot remain here; that is settled."

Mrs. Farley saw a sudden paleness on the face of Helen; but pride quickly flushed it again. The startled girl tried to assume a haughty air, and did so in a measure, answering—

"Very well, ma'am. It shall be as you say," and not waiting for another word, went quickly to her room, where she cried bitterly for a long time.

"What is to become of her?" asked Mr. Farley, when he heard that this young girl, at the most critical period of her life, was to be cast adrift into the world, with no one to care or guard her amid its thousand dangers.

"That is no concern of mine," answered Mrs. Farley. "I've done my part by her, and shall be conscience clear. She might have kept a good home in my house, if she had choose to conduct herself in a right manner. Let her try the difference. The lesson will be salutary."

Mr. Farley sighed. His thoughts was on the perils that would beset her way.—But he did not offer to mediate between his wife and Ellen. The girl was nothing to him; and of late the annoyances experienced by his wife on her account had affected him unpleasantly. Then, while she was in his family, a certain responsibility rested with them, and he felt that he would be easier in his mind if it were removed. So, the argument that was in his thoughts, and which might have been used effectually, was not offered in Helen's favor.

The parting which took place a few days afterwards did not leave a very decided feeling of self approval with Mrs. Farley. Helen had gone out frequently in order to find another house. In this she was left entirely to her own will, Mrs. Farley having ceased to manifest any right to control her movements. When she gave notice that she was ready to leave, the questton came naturally as to where she was going.

"You've found another place," said Mrs. Farley.

"No, ma'am—not yet," was answered. The voice of Ellen betrayed a doubting, fearful heart.

"You haven't!" Cold surprise was in Mrs, Farley's tones, but no sympathy, no interest, no relenting quality. "Where are you going?"

"To stay with a friend until I can find another place. Maybe I'll learn a trade."

She stood a few moments with a failing heart and half suffused eyes, looking into Mrs. Farley's face. A single kind word would have held her back, and kept her in that place of safety, a wiser girl, and a stronger one to resist the enemies that dwelt in her own bosom. She shrunk, shivering and in fear, on the threshold over which she was about passing, lingering even for a word of invitation to stay; but no word came, and she went drifting out upon the sea of life, having neither chart nor compass, and certain almost of shipwreck.

"So much off my mind," came audibly from the lips of Mrs. Farley, and she drew a long breath of relief. But concern did not pass wholly from her mind. That was impossible. Mrs. Farley was not entirely lost to human sympathy; nor was conscience an idle slumberer in her bosom.—She understood the meaning of the last troubled look that Ellen threw back upon her as she went out; and knew, in her heart, that the motherless girl did not want to leave her.

"She'll learn the difference between a true friend and outside people!" said Mrs. Farley, nursing her unkind feelings towards Helen, who had tried her severely, and feeling a certain pleasure in the fact that the misguided girl would prove the difference in sorrow to herself. Again, she said, in looking back over the trial-passages of the past few months:—

"I shall never permit her to return.—Nothing would tempt me to receive her into my family again. A happy riddence in every way."

Adrift, and without chart or compass! Poor child! How was it possible for Mrs. Farley to rest a moment in calm indifference? To her had been assigned the duty of guarding, guiding and saving an immortal soul; but, she lacked patience and [illegible]—self-denial, and a right perception of the great responsibility that had in Providence, been laid upon her. She did not think of her duty to those of her household not of her own blood, but of *their* duty. They were to serve and minister; and the hire was to cancel all obligation on her side. What was Helen Bond to her more than any of the motherless creatures adrift in the world? She felt that, she had done even more than her duty; or, rather let us say, tried to feel—for conscience would make, ever and anon, unwelcome suggestions, that troubled her peace of mind.

"I'm afraid that child's in danger!" said Mr. Farley, a few weeks after Helen went forth from his home. There was real concern in his voice.

"What of her?" asked his wife, a shadow crossing her face.

"I saw her on Chestnut street yesterday, and again to-day, in company with a young man with whom I would as soon think of trusting an innocent girl, as a lamb with a wolf."

"Bad stock, I'm afraid," and Mrs. Farley knit her brows, and tried to assume a look of virtuous displeasure.

"Bad training most likely," answered Mr. Farley. "It never struck me that Helen was strong at heart. She is vain, weak, and fond of dress; but innocent, I am sure."

"She'll not be innocent long, I'm afraid," said Mrs. Farley, with some severity of manner."

"I've often been sorry you permitted her to go away," replied her husband.—"To save a soul from evil is the highest work assigned a human being; and I sometimes think, that, in sending this motherless girl in our way, Providence assigned to us that duty."

"I don't see it so," answered Mrs. Farley, not all liking that view of the case. "I have my own children to care for, which is about as much as I can do."

But, for all this, the remark of her husband laid as a wait upon her feelings.

Time moved on. Helen, from the day she went out, in evident fear and reluctance, from the sheltering haven of Mr. Farley's household, never went back again. She was hurt in the separation. The cold, hard, unsympathising spirit in which Mrs. Farley parted with her, chilled to an icy dislike the tearful softness of feeling that, could it have free course, would have thrown her sobbing, repentent, and pleading upon her bosom. Her good angels wept as she went over the threshold. She had made the acquaintance of a girl about her own age; but the companionship was not a safe one. Helen was really innocent and pure-minded—vanity, love of dress and admiration, were the dangerous defects in her character—but this person was naturally depraved. Helen had mentioned her break with Mrs. Farley, and the girl's prompt invitation to make her mother's place her home, until she could get another place, was accepted. Hither went Helen on leaving Mrs. Farley; and here she made the acquaintance of several young men who were visitors. By one of these she was selected as a victim; and in her weakness, trust, and blindness, fell into the snares that were laid for her unwary feet. There was no one to watch over or give her a word of warning. Alone, and adrift, the first strong wind threw her right among the breakers; and a fair bark went down amid the seething water of sin and misery, and there was no hand of deliverance!

"I wonder what has become of Helen?" said Mrs. Farley, as she sat one evening, with a sleeping baby held against her bosom. There was a tone of interest, mingled with concern in her voice. Nearly three months had passed since the girl went away. Mr. Farley had a newspaper in his hand, and his response was a sudden ejaculation of pain.

"What is the matter?" asked his wife.

"It is all over with the poor girl!" A wave of anguish swept across the countenance of Mr. Farley.

"Who? What? You don't mean Helen?" The face of Mrs. Farley reflected that of her husband.

"I mean Helen," was his answer, speaking in a disturbed manner. "Poor, unguarded child! We ought never to have cast her adrift."

"What of her, Mr. Farley?"

"She is dead!"

"Dead!"

"Yes; dead in disgrace and sin. Her way downwards has been swift."

Mrs. Farley groaned aloud.

"Here is the sad story." And her husband read from the paper in his hands how a beautiful young girl, named Helen Bond, had been found dead in a house of ill-repute. A vial, labelled "Sulphate of Morphia," indicated the means by which she had passed away. A few remarks as to her history were given, and the regret added that no one had sufficient interest in the motherless girl to throw around her the protection of a virtuous home.

Conscience, which had been unheeded, now lifted its voice aloud, and smote the ear of Mr. Farley with words so full of stern accusation, that her heart shook, and tear united in her soul with pain. She felt that guilt lay at her door, and the stain of blood upon her garments. Ah, how vividly came back the face of Helen as she went out from the home in which she had found a refuge, agitated and full of grief and fear! It seemed to Mrs. Farley that a shadow of coming evil must have been cast there upon the girl's heart, filling it with dismay.

"God forgive me if I did wrong in this thing!" she said, in a troubled voice, speaking rather to herself than for the ears of her husband.

"It is too late for regrets now. The work is done," was the answer.

And then silence fell upon their lips, and they sat brooding over Helen's unhappy fate, with the burden of a great responsibility resting painfully upon their souls.

But, as Mr. Farley had said, it was too late for regrets. The work was done and there was no repentance in the grave.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

MR. CAUDLE, HAVING COME HOME A LITTLE LATE, DECLARES THAT HENCEFORTH "HE WILL HAVE A KEY."

"Upon my word, Mr. Caudle, I think it a waste of time to come home at all now! The cocks will be crowing in a minute. *Why did I sit up then?* Because I choose to sit up—but that's my thanks. No, it's let the girl sit up for you, and there's an end. What do you say? *Why does she sit up with me then?* That's quite a different matter; you don't suppose I'm going to sit alone, do you? What do you say? *What's the use of two sitting up?* That's my business. No, Caudle, it's no such thing. I *don't* sit up because I may have the pleasure of talking about it; and your an ungrateful, unfeeling creature, to say so. I sit up because I choose it; and if you don't come home all the night long—and 'twill soon come to that—I've no doubt—still, I'll never go to bed, so don't think it.

"Oh yes! the time runs away very pleasantly with you men at your clubs—selfish creatures! You can laugh and sing, and tell stories, and never think of the clock; never think there's such a person as a wife belonging to you. It's nothing to you that a poor woman's sitting up, and telling the minutes, and seeing all sorts of things in the fire—and sometimes thinking something dreadful has happened to you—more tool she for caring a straw about you!—This is all nothing. Oh no! when a woman's once married she's a slave—worse than a slave—and must bear it all!

"And what you men can find to talk about I can't think? Instead of a man sitting every night at home with his wife, and going to bed at a Christian hour—going to a club, to meet a set of people who don't care a button for him—its monstrous! What do you say? *You only go once a week?* That's nothing at all to do with it: you might as well go every night; and I dare say you will soon. But if you do, you may get in as you can; *I* won't sit up for you, I can tell you.

"My health's been destroyed night after night, and—oh, don't say its only once a week; I tell you, that's nothing to do with it—if you had any eyes, you would see how ill I am; but you've no eyes for anybody belonging to you; oh no! your eyes are for people out of doors. It's very well for you to call me a foolish, aggravating woman! I should like to see the woman who'd sit up for you as I do. *You didn't want me to sit up?* Yes, yes; that's your thanks—that's your gratitude; I'm to ruin my health, and to be abused for it. Nice principles you've got at that club, Mr. Caudle.

"But there's one comfort—one great comfort; it can't last long; I'm sinking—I feel it, though I never say anything about it—but I know my own feelings, and I say it can't last long. And then I should like to know who will sit up for you! Then I should like to know how your second wife—what do you say? *You'll never be troubled with another?* Troubled, indeed? *I* never troubled you, Caudle. No; it's you who've troubled me; and you know it; though like a foolish woman I've borne it all, and never said a word about it. But it *can't* last—that's one blessing!

"Oh, if a woman could only know what she'd have to suffer, before she was married—Don't tell me you want to go to sleep! If you want to go to sleep, you should come home at proper hours! It's time to get up, for what I know, now. Shouldn't wonder if you hear the milk in five minutes—there's the sparrows up already; yes, I say the sparrows; and, Caudle, you ought to blush to hear 'em. *You don't hear 'em?* Ha! you won't hear 'em, you mean: *I* hear 'em. No, Mr. Caudle; it *isn't* the wind whistling in the key-hole; I'm not quite foolish, though you may think so. I hope I know wind from a sparrow!

"Ha! when I think what a man you were before we were married! But you're now another person—quite an altered creature. But I suppose you're all alike—I dare say, every poor woman's troubled and put upon, though I should hope not so much as I am. Indeed, I should hope not! Going and staying out, and——