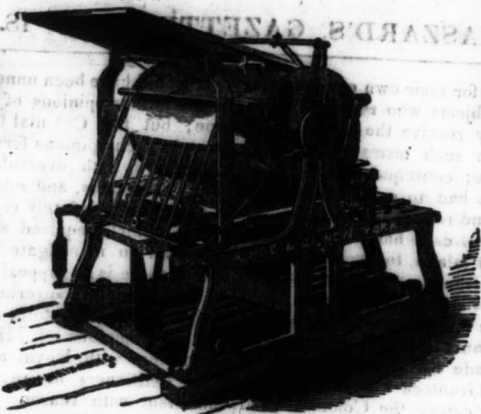


HASZARD'S

FARMERS' COMMERCIAL

PUBLISHED ON EVERY



GAZETTE

JOURNAL & ADVERTISER

WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY.

Established 1823.

Charlottetown, P. E. Island, Wednesday, July 18, 1855.

New Series. No. 258.

AUCTIONS.

Pine and Spruce Deal.

TO BE SOLD, BY AUCTION, TO-MORROW EVENING, (Thursday), 19th inst., on Peake's Wharf, at 6 o'clock.
20,000 ft. refuse PINE and SPRUCE DEAL, (suitable for Plank Buildings.)
JAMES MORRIS, Auctioneer.
July 18, 1855.

Advantageous opportunity of obtaining Building Sites for Business

(IN CHARLOTTETOWN.)
THE Terms of Sale of Mr. DAVID WILSON'S LOTS, sold last Winter, not being complied with, they will be again offered at PUBLIC AUCTION, on THURSDAY, the 23d day of August next, at 12 o'clock, on the Premises. These Lots are cut up into Building plots to suit intending purchasers, having fronts of fifty feet each on Pownall Street, and forty-two feet on Richmond Street, and are well worth the attention of Mercantile men.
Twenty per cent on day of Sale and the balance on delivery of Deed.

C. & J. BELL,
MERCHANT TAILORS, and Manufacturers of Ready Made Clothing, Queen Square, opposite the Market, Charlottetown.
IMPORTERS OF
Cloths, Whinnies, Doestins, Tweeds, Vestings and Tailors' Trimmings, and keep in their employment the largest number of the best Journey-men Tailors on the Island.
All Orders attended to with punctuality and despatch.
Jan. 11.

FASHIONS for 1855.

SILK, SHAWLS, and MANTLES,

At GAWAN & Co's New Dry Goods Establishment, Corner of GREAT GEORGE & KENT STREETS. (ad. El. Adv.)

NEW GOODS. Spring 1855.

THE Subscriber is now receiving, per ISABEL and SIR ALEXANDER, from Liverpool.
60 Packages DRY GOODS and IRONMONGERY, which have been purchased, and will be sold at unusually low prices, and to which they solicit the attention of their customers and the public.
The assortment consists of
4 Cases HATS and CAPS,
5 Trunks BOOTS and SHOES,
3 cases Ready Made Clothing,
1 bale broad and summer CLOTHS,
1 do Gambroons, Drills, &c.,
3 bales CARPETS, Flannels, &c.,
1 case Gloves and Ribbons, 1 case Shawls,
1 do Straw and Silk Bonnets,
1 do Silks and Bargues,
3 do Haberdashery and Hosiery,
2 bales Grey, white and printed Calicoes,
2 do Cotton Warp,
2 cases Fancy Dress Muslins, Alpacaes, Delaines and Orleans,
3 do Linnen Drapery,
15 Packages Hardware and Ironmongery,
10 bundles Cast, German and Spring Steel,
8 Tons Bar IRON.
D. & G. DAVIES.
Charlottetown, May 11. w

REMOVAL.

THE Subscriber takes this opportunity of thanking the Gentlemen of Charlottetown, and the public generally, for their liberal patronage, and begs to inform them that he has lately MOVED to the house recently occupied by Dr. FORTY, in Queen-street, and is now ready to receive all kinds of orders in his line of business, which will be promptly attended to, and punctually executed in style which cannot be exceeded in Charlottetown.
N. B.—WANTED, three or four Journeymen, to whom the highest wages will be given, and who must be able to finish their work in first rate style.
JAMES McLEOD, Tailor.
June 15, 1855.

MOTHER AND STEP-MOTHER.

CHAPTER. XIII.

"KITTY," cried Edward, bursting into the drawing-room, at the Parsonage, where Catherine sat with an open book before her, but thoughts wandering far away, "Kitty, my dear sister, what am I to do? Here I have been puzzling my brain for the last ten days to compose an Epithalamium for you and Frank! I tried Greek first, but you know I've only read the Prometheus, and Iambics don't come easy. I tried Latin next, but I couldn't determine whether it should be in Sapphics or Alcaics, and owing to the confusion of my mind, half the stanza was in one and half in the other; so down I fell to English, plain, wholesome English, as father calls it—which is, after all, the most Christian language of the three. I shall have a couple of hours' hard fighting with the Muse, by and by, and I'll bring her coy ladyship to terms, depend upon it. If you could but help me to a rhyme, now and then—but, of course, that is not to be expected. Mother is tremendously grand to-day. I can't get a word out of her, or I'd have pressed her into the service. She is glorious at finding rhymes. She has got a splendid gown for to-morrow, and a bonnet my aunt would give her ears for."

"I wish I could show her how grateful I am for all her goodness to us," said Catherine.
"I don't think you need feel oppressed by the weight of the obligation," replied Edward, gaily; "though I must say mother has behaved splendidly about Elington; and one must not mind her being a little cross sometimes. But come, Kitty! If I go and fetch the horses, you'll have our horse ride with me, won't you, before you join the formidable corps of matrons. Just one last ride?"

Catherine not unwillingly consented, for she loved the boy dearly; and in the near approach of an event so important, she felt herself unable to exercise her habitual control over her thoughts. It was a day in early autumn. The foliage had lost nothing of its summer fullness, though it was coloured here and there with the beautiful shades that herald its decay. Roses clustered round the cottage doors, and the air was fragrant with clematis, while the stately autumn flowers nodded queenly greetings to each other, and the ripe fruits basked in the sunshine. The fresh wind, the blue sky, the rich landscape, combined to raise the spirits of the riders. Never had Edward looked so handsome; never had the play of his mind been so graceful. Catherine could not help gazing with admiration on his dark animated countenance, and on the supple grace of his movements.

"I will be with you before breakfast to-morrow, Kitty," he gaily cried, as he rode away, leading the pony she had been riding "as soon as ever Frank is off my hands! And never fear but I'll finish the Epithalamium, if I invoke all the Nine, at once, to my aid."

She lingered to look after him as he rode down the lane, on his glossy chestnut hunter, singing joyously, and with many a bright backward look and glad farewell.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE autumn day had long since closed. Larid clouds shrouded the horizon; and the full harvest moon, waded through majestic clouds—now walled in dense masses—now in fragments of protean shape. Lady Irwin stood on the balcony on which her dressing-room opened. The heavy shade of the trees; the stillness, broken fitfully by the moanings of the rising wind, and the jagged clouds; were in grand harmony with her spirit. The weight at her heart seemed a little lightened as she contemplated, in the deepening night, this tempest hatching in apparent calm, and ready to burst.

The door of the chamber opened, but so softly, that it was only by the current of air produced that Lady Irwin was aware of it. Agnese entered the room, her olive cheek pale, and her thin lips compressed.

Lady Irwin stepped slowly from the balcony, her eyes fixed in eager inquiry on her attendant.
"It is done," said the Italian, speaking with difficulty from her parched throat. Then, after a pause, she added, more quickly, "it was quite easy." The glass was on the table, where Eton had placed it, with the Seltzer water. It was

all as usual. The night is hot; he will certainly drink."

"If he should discover it," said Lady Irwin.

"I placed the powder in the glass as you bade me. It is impalpable,—if there is only enough."

"What I gave you would destroy half-a-dozen lives. But what, if he should not drink?"

"I do not fear that. He will be weary. And least that cold drink should be insufficient to tempt him, I got some claret, and placed it hard by. The Cure has no great choice of wines. He will not fail to drink."

"Is he not yet come home? He lingers to-night. I wish it were over. This suspense is unendurable. Did you hear nothing then?"

"Only the sighing of the wind through the trees. There will be wild work among them to-night. Wild work within, and wild work without: stout young branches rent and snapped, like a tulip by the hand of a child."

"Be silent, Agnese," cried Lady Irwin, fiercely; "the sound of your voice makes me mad! Be silent, and let me listen."

In obedience to her command Agnese was silent. The agony of expectation became every moment more intense. Yet there was no touch of remorse—no timely repentance. Every nerve was stimulated to the highest pitch of sensibility. Sounds, in general scarcely audible, seemed so loud and importunate, as to be almost unendurable. Every pulsation of the great clock on the staircase, the fluttering of a moth against the window, the whizzing of a bat's wing in its tortuous flight, were all so many sources of agony.

"The glass must be changed, and the wine taken away," said Lady Irwin, at last, unable longer to endure the silence. "Have you thought of that, Agnese? They will betray us."

"I shall not dare to go in," cried Agnese, shrinking with terror.

"Not dare to go in?" repeated Lady Irwin, with surprise. "What should you fear?"

"When he is dead?" said Agnese, in a low voice.

"What harm can the poor clay do you, sim-pleton?" cried Lady Irwin, scornfully. "What! the daughter of Beatrice Piorella!"

Agnese hung her head, and was silent.

"He will only look like one in a deep sleep—like one in a deep leaden sleep. We have only lulled him to sleep—to the sweet dreamless sleep that knows no waking. His individual essence—that in him which groaned and suffered—will be resumed into the great all-pervading soul. He is but rocked to sleep a little before his time, to be reproduced in some other form of being. It is she who will suffer: the pain and the woe will be all hers. But hark! I hear Sir Edward's door open. He will be amazed to find me still dressed. Quick, Agnese. Give me my dressing-gown, and let down my hair."

As she hastened the operations of her waiting-woman, whose hands, cold and clammy with excitement, were little apt to render her service, the clock struck eleven.

"He cannot be long now," said Lady Irwin, assisting her maid to unfasten the long coils of her hair. "If you are afraid to go alone, wait for me, and, when Sir Edward is asleep, I will come to your room, and we will go together. How awkward you are to-night, Agnese. Comb my hair carefully instead of tearing it. Do you forget we are to have a wedding to-morrow?"

At this moment Sir Edward came through the dressing-room. He paused to say a few words to his wife, and to make some inquiries as to the arrangements for the morrow. Lady Irwin's face reflected in the mirror, shaded though it was by the profuse masses of her hair, struck him by its extreme pallor, made the more remarkable by the feverish brilliancy of her eyes. He lingered to observe her, and, tenderly chiding her negligence of her health, closed the window.

It seemed to Lady Irwin and to Agnese that he would never go. In vain she returned short answers. He was evidently disturbed about her. He would not go, but began to talk of other things. A aware of the extreme danger of awakening his suspicions, she did her best to simulate an interest she did not feel. But when she became aware that some one was moving in the room above, which was Frank's her excitement became uncontrollable. At length, shaking her hair over her face, so as almost to conceal her features, she said, with a desperate attempt at playfulness, "Come Edward, I shall quarrel with you, if

you do not go quickly. Here I have kept poor Agnese for half-an-hour over my hair. Remember we must be up betimes in the morning."

As she spoke, there was a slight tumult over head, and a sound as of something falling.

"Frank is noisy," said Sir Edward, with a smile. "I suppose he doesn't feel particularly sleepy. I didn't know he was come home."

And so saying, he took up his candle and went into the bedroom.

When he was gone, Lady Irwin closed the door, and turned her face towards Agnese. The two guilty creatures looked at each other in speechless but eager inquiry. They listened breathlessly, but there was nothing more to break the stillness above. The great clock ticked, the wind wailed among the trees, and the rain came in heavy drops, splashing on the terrace and ploughing up the earth. With these sounds, mingled the peaceful movements of Sir Edward as he prepared for repose. The lightning flashed across the windows in fierce succession, disclosing the ruffled landscape and the pale eager faces of the wicked women.

All at once, there was a noise of opening and shutting doors; a quick step mounted the stairs; it passed Lady Irwin's door, and ascended to the room above. The women looked at each other in an agony of expectation; who can imagine the inexpressible terror of that moment!

Who was it that came so swiftly!—who had fallen a few minutes before? The steps in the chamber above went rapidly to and fro. Then there were a momentary pause—a great cry of surprise or terror—hasty movements—the flinging open of a window—the violent ringing of a bell—the heavy step of one carrying a burden: then a hasty running down stairs, and a pause at Sir Edward's door.

"For God's sake, get up, sir!" cried Frank's voice, in a whisper, a whisper terribly audible to Lady Irwin. "Don't alarm my mother: Edward is ill."

"Where? What is the matter?" cried Sir Edward, starting up in alarm.

"I don't know—he seems to have fainted. He is in my room. I'll go—"

But here he was interrupted by a shriek so loud, so terrible, that it seemed like the rending asunder of soul and body, and Lady Irwin rushed in with fierce desperate eyes, demanding the truth.

Wildly raving, and followed by Sir Edward and his son, who strove in vain to restrain her, and wondered at her strange and terrible words, she rushed to the chamber where the awful punishment of her crime awaited her. Little wonder that the sight which there blasted her vision overthrew her reason: for there he lay, the gallant boy just on the verge of manhood, not half an hour ago so full of joy and promise, dead on a couch beside the opened window, the stormy wind blowing his long hair to and fro.

On the table stood the glass, and by it lay the copy of verses which had been the occasion of his visit to his brother's room. He had gone to rest early, as his mother thought, but he had set his heart on finishing his poem, and having succeeded beyond his expectation, had taken it to read to his brother: entering his room by a study common to the two. The wine which was to ensure the destruction of his brother had tempted the boy, weary with excitement, and he had drunk.

Consternation and dismay spread through the house and village. The facts of the case were too notorious to be concealed. Lady Irwin's reason was destroyed by the frightful catastrophe; and she now bemoaned her child—now demanded vengeance on his murderers. Agnese, overwhelmed by her reproaches, attempted neither escape nor defence. With a curious self-devotion, she found some solace in her misery, by attributing to herself the guilt which she shared with her mistress; and in her shameful death felt a glow of triumph in the thought that she suffered for the only being she loved.

Sir Edward, overwhelmed by the loss of his child and by the crime of his wife, humbled himself at the foot of the cross, and in the depth of his misery learnt to prize the light which, if he had not despised, he had disregarded. The marriage between Frank and Catherine was solemnized by his desire, when a year had passed; and they retired to Devonshire, where, in works of active benevolence, and in a fervent but humble spirit, they endeavoured to live by the precepts of the great Master, whose kingdom is yet to come.