Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

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SUMMERSIDE, March 7, 1867.

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Barley per bush	3s a 3s 6d
Potatoes per bush	1s 3d a 1s 6d
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Butter per lb by Tub	1s a 1s 1d
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aug. 9, 1866 ly

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Jan. 17, 1867. ly

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October 12, 1865.

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Jan 24, 1867. ly

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October 12, 1865.

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Repairing of all kinds, together with all other work appertaining to their line of business, will be attended to.
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Ch'town, Feb. 14, 1867. tf

POETRY.

TRUE LOVE CAN NEVER DIE.

I saw a maid bring summer flowers.
And twine a wreath where her love was lying;
She thought of the past and its golden hours,
While sad and low her lips were sighing;
"The winds may chill, the green leaf wither,
And the lilly cold on the waters lie;
The frost may blossom over the heart,
But true, true love, can never die!"

She twisted the wreath for an earth hope fled—
A hero fallen in freedom's battle;
"What he should have won," she lowly said.
"When he fell in the fearful din and rattle.
Oh, summers and winters will come and go
Forever back from the by and by;
The eye will dim and the blood run slow,
But true, true love, can never die."

The chaplet fell, and scattered its flowers
Over the turf at the hero's head;
"Oh, ever, oh ever as fresh as the hours
Of the past, dear love!" the maiden said.
"The earth may moulder back to its ashes,
Its mountains fall, and its seas go dry;
But heaven's beyond its lightning flashes,
"And true, true love, can never die."

I wept a tear where the hero was laid,
And honored the dust in silence lying;
Oh sweet 'twere to live, and sweeter to fall
For a heart so true, and a love so undying.
Though Eden be barred from the whisper of mortals,
The angel that watches would never deny
The words of the maid as they came to the portals,
"True, true love, can never die."

Select Literature.

Ten Years and Two Hearts.

BY BELLE RUTLEDGE.

(Continued.)

Thus the young graduate left the scene of his well worn laurels; and with the family who returned to Newburg went also Paul Branscomb and his sisters, who had accepted Judge and Margaret Brent's polite invitation to spend a few weeks with them. That this was an appreciated pleasure to Paul may be inferred from the fact that he had conceived a sincere admiration for his chum's sister during his last year's visit; while Carl's heart secretly throbbed with joy at the thought that he might cultivate the further acquaintance of the elegant Marie in the freedom of his own pleasant home in that beautiful summer time by the sea. And Margaret? Well, the proposition to invite Carl's friends home with them had first emanated from her father, hence she must fain seem to fall in with it. And so the whole party went into Boston that night, and on the following day went down to Newburg.

That was not an idle, though a sultry summer month, that followed at the seashore. It was crowded with walks, drives, boat rides and country excursions; and in each and all Margaret Brent was mover and director, as became the hospitable hostess cattering for the amusement of her guests.

But all this time while Carl was active and solicitous for the entertainment of their visitors, Margaret found herself growing second in his attentions. She perceived how he hung over Marie at the piano; how he reserved for her the best seat in boat or carriage; how he lingered by her side in the garden or upon the beach; she saw all this, and yet she excused all, saying. "She is our guest, and Carl is trying to render her visit agreeable." And yet she was very unhappy.

It had been a great mistake when Margaret consented to Carl's plan to keep their betrothal a secret from her father. Both had thought it for the best then, but the lapse of time had proved the falsity of such doctrine. Now, this fact was giving Margaret much uneasiness; and Carl, who had proposed it at first, thinking only of his own inferiority in position to his patron's daughter, was dimly beginning to experience emotions of relief at the freedom thus given to his restless, ambitious nature.

One moonlit evening, late in August, Margaret and Marie Branscomb found themselves wandering together on the beach. Marie evidently sought this interview alone with her hostess; for when her sister Julia would have joined them, she sent her back to the house saying laughingly: "Go and keep the judge company till the young gentlemen return from town. Margaret and I can get along very well without you."

Slowly the two girls walked down the sands; Margaret striving to throw off the painful oppression that brooded over her, but her guest was in unwontedly high spirits that evening. At length, as they neared the long reef around which the water eddied, Marie exclaimed: "Come, Margaret, let us sit down on the rocks yonder. The evening is delightful—and I have a little story I want to tell you before I leave Newburg, for you know we are talking of returning home shortly."

Margaret followed her to the seat selected on the huge rock whose base was washed softly with the tide; and as she sat down, the thought came over her that this was the very spot where, but little more than three years before, Carl had sat beside her that night when he won her love promise, and a half shudder came over her lest this beautiful girl had won that love away from her keeping. Her fears were prophetic.

"Maggie," began she caressingly—and her companion almost hated her at that moment—"Maggie, dear, you have perhaps guessed what this secret is I want to tell you, for you must have noticed your brother's manner toward me. And perhaps you have seen that he loves me?"

Margaret Brent, half prepared as she was, could not help starting and uttering a little gasping cry when the thunderbolt fell.

"Ah! you have *not* noticed then? And I have been just the least bit vain in imagining all of you saw it—though Julia began teasing me about my admirer as long ago as last year, when he paid that little visit at our house with brother Paul, you remember. But I am determined to make a *confidante* of you sooner than Carl can get an opportunity to do so. He spoke to me of his feelings last night—you know we were out riding horseback together; but I was a little preverse and wilful, as I am apt to be at times, my dear, and didn't give the gentleman so prompt an answer as he seemed to desire, because I was almost angry at something he told me; for, in the same breath in which he confessed that he adored me, he also confessed that he was half bound to another. And so I resolved to punish him a little, you see Not that I fear any boyish promise he may have ever given, you know, of course he couldn't have known his own mind then; but I want to get the girl's name, and so tease him well before I give him any answer. And of course you know who it is, Maggie?"

Margaret Brent sat silent. A dim, benumbing ache held her heart, succeeding the sharp pang which had cut it through at first. Then a fine scorn rose up for both the false lover and the woman at her side who could pour out such plans to any listener.

Miss Branscomb waited some moments, and then said, with some pique:—

"I thought you could enlighten me, Margaret, or I should not have troubled you with my confidence."

"Oh, its a 'confidence' I shall not betray, I assure you; but I cannot give you the name of Carl's former fancy. But this I will say, I do not think he can have loved her very strongly, and her charms have no chance before your own," replied Margaret, with her hand over her bleeding heart. "I suppose you love Carl?" she added, calmly forcing her white face to turn towards that woman whose words had stabbed her there in the pale moonlight. "You love him, and will accept him, after you have punished him sufficiently for ever daring to think of another?"

"Oh, as to that I must confess I have found your brother fascinating, Margaret He is very ambitious and aspiring, and handsome enough to suit my fastidious taste; and all these qualities Marie Branscomb would have in her husband. I must acknowledge that I am a great lover of distinction; and have often wished that we could have noblemen in this country instead of plain republicans."

"If so, Carl would be marquis, and you a marchioness, I presume," said Margaret, scornfully.

"Ah, now I have offended your Puritan taste, little sister Margaret!" replied Miss Branscomb, with a caress from which her companion shrank. "I am sure your handsome *distingue* brother is worthy of the former rank, whatever I might attain."

Margaret made no reply—for her brain was whirling with contending emotions. Should she tell this proud, elegant lady, that the lover she had won was but the son of her father's bounty? the orphan of an humble widow, rescued from a place among the lowly, and brought up to his present position by charity? Should she confess *herself* his affianced wife for the three past years? how he had crept up to *her* level, and then pushed her aside as the stepping stone to another? Never! Margaret's heart was proud as it had been loving. She only rose quietly, saying, "I thank you for your confidence, Miss Branscomb; and I hope you will make Carl happy. Let us go in now."

Hurrying over the reef, they met Carl and Paul Branscomb coming in quest of them.

"Ah, the truants are found!" said the former, holding forth his hand to assist them over the rocks—his adopted sister first, for she had hastened on foremost, wildly eager to get clear of the spot.

"Why, Margaret, how cold your hands are! You are ill! Your face is ghastly white!" he exclaimed.

"It is nothing; but I am cold—very cold!" she replied shiveringly, turning to take Paul's proffered arm.

"It *is* chilly down here on the rocks. You have lingered too long in this strong sea-breeze," replied Carl; but, though his words were to his adopted sister, his looks were for Marie Branscomb, whose hand he had drawn within his arm.

In the white moonlight Margaret walked up from the sands, hearing, like those who wander in their sleep, words falling dimly on her ear; and only when she neared the house did she become conscious that her companion was telling her he loved her.

"But you do not answer. Have I offended you?" asked Paul Branscomb, in a disappointed tone. "Will you not speak Miss Brent—Margaret!"

"Offended? Oh, no! But I will tell you some other time. I am very grateful, believe me!" she said mechanically, and in a chill dreary way; then she steadied her feet to walk up the staircase to her own room; while half piqued at her abrupt leave, Branscomb joined his younger sister and the old judge in the parlor.

A half hour later, after re-appearing below for a few moments to excuse herself to the trio still occupying the parlor, on the plea of giving directions concerning breakfast, Margaret returned to her chamber. Locking the door, she threw herself in a seat at an open window and leaned her aching head upon her hands. But, hardly had she taken this attitude, ere voices floated up from below; and, before she could stir from the spot, she found herself a listner to a conversation that floated up in the quiet of the night from the garden, where Carl and Marie were walking.

"I tell you, Marie, it was a foolish, boyish promise!" said Carl, passionately. 'And you say she was calm as possible when you told her to-night, and so of course she does not mean to break her heart for me. I know Margaret's nature; she is one of the placid kind—a dear, good girl, an the best sister in the world, and I owe her everything; but, after all, she would be just as happy—happier, I doubt not—with another man. And you say just what I've been seeing for myself for some time, too—*Paul* loves her."

"He never told me so; but I fancy I am not mistaken in supposing that this feeling exists," replied Marie.

"Well, there isn't another man on earth who is worthy of her. And he is nearer her age, too—for Margaret is nearly two years older than I, you know, Marie. But your are *sure* Margaret does not love me beyond a sister; and this will make it easier to break with her. I am glad I know this; for I must confess my conscience has troubled me somewhat since I first saw and began to love you, darling. But it will all come right now Paul loves Margaret; and she has seemed to accept his attentions, so I shall keep her as my double sister. How beautiful the night is, dearest Marie, now I have got over this trouble about Margaret, and know that *you* love me."

All this was borne up to the ears of the girl sitting at the window above them, riveted to the spot as by iron fetters, her feet powerless to carry her beyond the range of their voices. To describe the night that followed would be impossible. Margaret herself knew not how its anguished hours dragged by for her; she still sat, stunned and paralyzed, where she had heard Carl's cruel renunciation of her love float up to her ears. But with the grey morning light a tremor shook her form; and she started up, and, going to the mirror, smoothed out her long hair and rearranged her dress, saying: "They shall not see me thus, for I would escape the humiliation of their pity. I will go down to the beach, and the morning will call back a little light to these pale cheeks and haggard eyes.

In the grey early morning she stood upon the wet sands. The tide had turned, and the beach was strewn with trailing seaweed, matted with snail-shells and the *debris* of old ocean's bed cast up by Neptune's capricious hand. When, later, the sunrise should send long lines of light over the waves, bathing all in a roseate glow, this scene would be very lovely; but now, all was dreary, misty, and barren, like her own troubled breast.

"The tide is going out—and so the tide of Hope is ebbing from my heart The beach stretches gray and cold—and so my life lays gray and chill before me. O Carl, Carl, on yonder rocks you uttered the vows of a *boy*, it was a *woman* who listened. You said truly last night that I was 'older than you.' I *am* older, in very truth, in the ages of anguish I have endured since I walked these sands yesternight!" and so, murmuring her sorrow to the rippling sea, Margaret strolled slowly along in the morning twilight.

It was long past sunrise when Margaret returned to the house. In the brier-edged path leading up from the beach, she suddenly came face to face with Carl. There was a little embarrassment in the young man's manner; but Margaret was calm, and no trace of her night's anguish remained to tell the tale of her suffering. It was not like Carl to delay long the object for which he had sought her, especially now he thought that Margaret cared for him so little as Marie Branscomb had represented to him; and yet he hesitated how to address her. Whether or not she loved him, it did not excuse his own fickleness in the least; and he felt this as he had never felt it before.

"Margaret I saw you down on the beach, and I wanted to speak with you. I have been measing to for several days"—but here he hesitated.

"Say no more, Carl. I know all you would say," said Margaret, gravely, yet calmly. "We will be brother and sister to each other, as you wish."

"Oh, how happy you have made me, Margaret!" and he took her hand in his, forgetting quite that this eagerness might give her intensest pain. But in a moment he seemed to realize it, for he added, a little uneasily: "You are quite *sure* that you do not love me and that I have not given you pain, Margaret?"

The girl smiled a little—faintly—wearily, for she bethought her that this question at this late hour, had something of selfishness in it.

"Let us say no more," she answered, "I think it a great deal better as it is."

Not another word was spoken as the two walked up to the house. On the piazza they met Paul Branscomb with hat in hand.

"Good morning! You have had an early stroll," he exclaimed.

"Yes, I met Margaret in the path. And such a race as she led me up to the house! I expect there is something new in the culinary line which Phebe cannot concoct without her mistress's direction. Come, Paul, you and I will go down to the sea and sharpen up our appetites to do justice to our breakfast!"

Carl spoke volubly; but he felt far from being at ease as he left Margaret at the door.

That afternoon, in the parlor whither she summoned him, Margaret gave Paul Branscomb a kindly yet decided negative to his suit. And he was too gentlemanly and honorable to refuse to receive it in any other than the spirit in which she gave it.

"Though I have failed to win your love Miss Brent, let me retain your friendship. Had I possessed the qualities necessary to your life-happiness, my own would have been enhanced; but I will not pain you by urging what is unalterable. I shall leave your pleasant home to-morrow, and shortly set out on a tour of foreign travel; and I would bear with me the remembrance of your friendly regard."

Margaret frankly gave him her hand, saying, in a tremulous tone:—

"I thank you sincerely for your kindness and consideration, Mr. Branscomb. Would it were possible that I might bestow on you a warmer sentiment; but be assured that my poor friendship shall ever be yours, and my best wishes will follow you through all your future."

Two days later, the guests had departed from the seaside mansion—Carl accompanying the Branscombs home, to remain until they sailed for Europe the first of October, for the whole family were to go abroad. At that time he returned to Newburg again, and commenced the study of his profession with his adopted father; and Margaret, settling herself to her olden sisterly relation toward Carl, was outwardly calm and happy, and went about her customary home-life as in the days of that long-gone past ere he had left them for his college career.

Nearly a year had passed to the denizens of the old mansion by the sea, when Carl one evening burst excitedly into the parlor where Margaret sat sewing quietly, and flung a letter into her lap.

"Read *that*, Margaret: It is a charming specimen of womanly faith and honor. Yes, read it, I say; and if you have a particle of malice in your nature, you will not be sorry to find yourself avenged!" he exclaimed, recklessly and sarcastically, flinging himself on the lounge, and burying his face among the cushions.

Margaret, startled from the gravity which had become her second nature, felt the hot, indignant blood surge up to her cheek and brow as she opened this letter, which bore a foreign post-mark, and read as follows:—

"FRIEND CARL: You are doubtless expecting us home shortly; but Paul and I have decided to remain abroad another year. And I feel it my duty to write you that which, for some time, has been forced upon my mind—that the engagement we entered into while I was on a visit to your home, was a hasty and premature one. I should be sorry to think this decision would give you pain; but, considering our brief acquaintance, I cannot suppose this will be the case; besides, I imagine I know a little of your nature, and as I was not your first fancy *d'amour*, I trust you will not mourn for me. Please make my regards to your good sister Margaret; and, hoping you will allow me to retain your kind regard, I remain, ever sincerely,

"Your friend, MARIE BRANSCOMB."

(Conclusion in our next.)

FIGHT YOUR WAY UP.

The many who have to take the world rough and tumble are prone to envy those who roll through it in cushioned vehicles on patent springs. The toiler, as he stumbles through its thorny thickets, and climbs over its foot-blistering gravel, is apt to curse the luck that placed him on such a hard road, and to sigh for a seat in one of the splendid equipages that glide so smootly over Fortune's macadamized turnpike. Born with a pewter spoon in his mouth, he covets the silver one which is the birth-gift of his do-nothing neighbor. The more fool he. Occupation is the "immediate jewel" of life. It is true that riches are no bar to exertion. Quite the reverse when their uses are properly understood. But the discontented worker, who pines for wealth without being willing to work for it, regards the idleness in which it would enable him to live as the acme of temporal happiness. He has no idea of money as a great motive power to be applied to enterprises which give healthful employment to mind and body. All that he desires is to live a feather-bed life—to loat luxuriously.

We have no sympathy with such sensuous longing. People who indulge in them never acquire them. They lack the energy to break their way to the worldly independance for which they yearn and whine. They don't know how much more glorious it is to tear affluence from opposing fate by main strength of will and inflexibility of purpose than to receive it as a windfall. There is infinitely more satisfaction in conquering a fortune with brain and muscle than was ever experienced by a "lucky heir" in obtaining a golden store that some thrifter hand had accumulated. Your accidental Crœsus knows nothing of the pride of success—of the earnest exultation with which the self-made man looks back upon the impediments he has overcome, and forward into the far future which he has earned a right to enjoy.

A SINGULAR CURE FOR LAZINESS.

A friend of ours, whose name we are not at liberty to give, but who is well and widely known as a business man of sterling worth, was last year erecting a large building. One of his excellent peculiarities is, to allow no intemperance or profanity among his men, and to insist that every man shall work for the Liberal pay he is willing to give. One day, this gentleman noticed that one of the builders was continually shirking, seeming to care only to pass away the time and draw his pay. Calling his foreman, who had the hiring as well as the overseering of the men, our friend asked whether the lazy hand had been engaged for the season, or only for a short time. "For the season," was the reply, "but I can discharge him, I suppose." "Oh! no," said Mr. ——, "but I want you to go down to the village hotel and engage the best room you can find; let this man go there and occupy it; every month send his bill to me, and I will pay it." The foreman informed the hired man of the instructions given, and he at once went to the owner. "I understand you are not satisfied with my work," said he.—"I find no fault with your work," was the reply, "but because you *don't* work." "I will leave if you insist on it," said the man.—"Not at all—I don't turn you away, but I have given orders to have the best room at the hotel put at your service, since you want to play the gentleman at my expense, and I promise you I will pay the bill promptly every month, but I will not have your *bad example* among my men." The poor fellow, utterly dumbfounded at such novel treatment, scarcely knew how to reply, but looked as though he would like to sink into the ground. Finally, he asked, "Are you willing to try me for a week?"—"Certainly," said Mr. ——, "I am always willing to help a man who wants to reform." The man returned to his work, cured of his laziness, and from that day forth, no more industrious hand was to be found on the place.

THE GRAND BALL AND PRESENTATION AT THE TUILERIES.—A correspondent who describes the first grand ball and presentation held at the Tuileries thus speakes of the presentation of Mr. Bennett, the owner of the prize yacht:—

"When His Majesty passed down the line of Americans who were to be presented, in about the middle of which stood Mr. Bennet, General Dix presented him to the Emperor as the winner of the great yacht race.

"Ah," said the Emperor, in English, "I have been very much interested in it, and congratulate you, sir, upon your success. Was it not rather a bold experiment?"

"All experiments are bold, your Majesty," replied Mr. Bennet.

The Emperor smiled one of his grim, sphynx-like smiles, and looked at Mr. Bennett, and hearing the name 'Henrietta' pronounced, Her Majesty addressed Mr. Bennett in French at first, which she afterwards changed into English.

"Was it very dangerous, your voyage?" asked Her Majesty.

Mr. Bennett replied, that it probably seemed more dangerous to those who heard