Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

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SUMMERSIDE, Feb. 28, 1867.

Oats per bush	2s 1d a 2s 2d
Barley per bush	3s a 3s 6d
Potatoes per bush	1s 3d a 1s 6d
Turnips per bush	1s a 1s 1d
Butter per lb by Tub	1s a 1s 1d
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb.	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	9d a 10d
Beef per lb	3d a 4d
Mutton per lb	3d a 4d
Pork per lb by carcass	3d a 4½d
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aug. 9, 1866 1y

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Office—PAVILION HOTEL.
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CHARLOTTETOWN - - - P. E. Island.
Jan. 17, 1867. 1y

A CARD.

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ALBERT L. ANDERSON.
St. Eleanor's, April 10, 1866.

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October 12, 1865.

Business Cards.

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Jan 24, 1867. 1y

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A. McSWEEN.
Summerside, January 17, 1867.

POETRY.

SUNNY DAYS IN WINTER.

Summer is a glorious season,
Warm, and bright, and pleasant;
But the past is not a reason
To despise the present;
So, while health can clim the mountain,
And the log lights up the hall,
There are sonny days in winter, after all!

Spring, no doubt, hath faded from us,
Maiden-like in charms;
Summer, too, with all her promise,
Perished in our arms;
But the memory of the vanished
Whom our hearts recall,
Maketh sunny days in winter, after all!

True, there's scarce a flower that bloometh,
All the best are dead;
But the wall-flower still perfumeth
Yonder garden bed;
And the arbutus, pearl-blossomed,
Hangs its coral ball;
There are sunny days in winter, after all!

Summer trees are pretty,—very,
And I love them well;
But this holly's glistening berry
None of those excell;
While the fir can warm the landscape,
And the ivy clothes the wall,
There are sunny days in winter, after all!

Sunny hours in every season,
Wait the innocent;
Those who taste with love and reason
What their God has sent;
Those who neither soar too highly,
Nor too lonely fall,
Feel the sunny days in winter after all!

Then, although our darling treasures
Vanish from the heart;
Then although our once loved pleasures
One by one depart,
Though the tomb looms in the distance,
And the morning pall,
There is sunshine, and no winter all!

Select Literature.

Ten Years and Two Hearts.

BY BELLE RUTLEGE.

A SULTRY midsummer day was dying out in a halo of gold and purple clouds, on which the sun sank regally to rest behind the long line of western hills lying back of the old seaside town of Newburg. And the refraction of his last beams, burnished with kaleidoscopic hues, the ancient, wood-colored houses, the white, dusty highway stretching inland, the fruited orchards, the green meadows that crept almost down to the shore, the wet, reedy marshes, the blue sea, spreading away eastward like a glassy mirror, and the wide, sandy beach, left dry and hard by the far-down tide.

It was a glorious sunset—such as often comes with the heart of summer, when the day, wearied with its intensity of heat, gladly folds itself away among the shadows of the long, gray twilight; and the pure, cool, blessed night brings refreshment on its wings. And so this arid, stifling day over the old seaside town of Newburg.

Just as the last red rays of the sun slanted over the sea, the door of a large, square, old-fashioned mansion on a swell of land near the shore at the edge of the town was thrown wide open, and Margaret Brent—old Judge Brent's only daughter—came forth, with her straw hat hung over her arm.

"I am going down to the beach to catch a breath of cool air, father," she said, glancing back to the dignified-looking, white-haired old gentleman who sat in the great arm-chair on the piazza that skirted one side of the house. "Tell Carl, if he returns from town before I am back, that he will find me there."

"Yes, Margaret. But you know this is his last evening at home; and there is much I would say to him, so don't make a long stay, my daughter."

"Well, father; but I must see if old Neptune has not a cooler breath down by the water's edge than he sends us up here," and then the girl passed on—down the sloping avenue, out into the road, from which she soon turned in a well-trodden path bordered with stunted, briery bushes, till she came to the hard, gray sands that stretched away below.

With slow steps—eagerly drinking in the cool, salt sea-breeze, which just curled the crest of the low, droning brakers that broke lazily on the beach—Margaret Brent walked along the shore. The tide was out; and all along the shore the ocean was very calm and gentle, save where, at the base of a long, rocky reef, dangerous always to the mariner on that coast, it broke with a whirling, eddying flow, that sounded up distinctly to Margaret's ears, and enticed her towards it. And so she walked down the beach, and over the rocks, until she gained the outermost one, against whose base the waters washed and eddied constantly.

Standing there—sending her eyes abroad over the waves growing dusky with the falling twilight, dimly discerning the white-sailed vessels riding in the offing, then bringing her vision back to the waters curling at her feet—Margaret involuntarily murmured those lines of Tennyson:—

"Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
And I would that my heart could utter
The thoughts that arise in me."

"When those thoughts *are* uttered, let *me* be the listener, dear Margaret," said a voice behind her just as the concluding words of the quotation had passed her lips; and, turning, Margaret beheld her adopted brother, Carl Brent, beside her.

A faint color suffused the girl's cheek as she answered: "Your sandals must be fairyshod, Carl, that you steel upon me in this way. But you did not stay long at the village to-night. I hardly expected you back so soon, and so came down to the beach a few minutes to get a breath of air. But we will go up to the house, now, for father bade me not to linger."

"Not just yet. Stay a little, Margaret. I hurried back because I wanted to have a little talk with you; and I am glad that I found you here. Let us sit down a few moments, Margaret."

The youth went on speaking rapidly; and his cheek was flushed hotly, as Margaret's own had been when he suddenly appeared beside her. It was a sudden, impetuous avowal he poured forth, there, in the evening shadows, with Margaret Brent and the eddying waters for listeners—the old, old story of youthful love and ambition. And the girl beside him—how did she answer? As the moon sways the tides of the hungry sea, so her heart went out responsive to her lover's.

"Margaret," said Carl, after a little pause, "Margaret, you have allowed me to tell you of my great love and regard for you, who are so much my superior. I know my presumption; but I will try to render myself worthy of you, and I know I can succeed. I am ambitious; and your father shall yet look with pride upon me. I can do and dare *anything*, if I only felt sure that *you* loved me."

"Carl, I *do* love you very much," said the girl, softly, glancing into the spirited, handsome face of the youth at her side. "But, Carl, remember I am full two years older than you. And perhaps you may change; you are going away to mingle in new scenes, and you may meet others. Do you know your own heart sufficiently yet to risk the happiness of both our lives upon your present decision?"

"Do I know my own heart, dearest Margaret?" said the youth reproachfully. "Ask yonder sea-bird, sweeping in from its long flight over the waters, if it knows its mate in the nest yonder in the reedy marshes; ask the tides if they acknowledge not the all-potent sway of the queenly moon. I know, Margaret, that I love and worship you now, and ever shall, whatever fate the years of the future may hold for me; and that this fate shall be no *meagre* one, I feel in my own ambitious heart and bounding pulses. I shall win a name and fame to lay at your feet in reward for your present condescension."

"Say no more, Carl," replied the girl, trustfully. "I do not, and will never doubt you. And I feel sure that you will succeed in life, and ascend to the heights of a great and noble manhood; and I shall be very proud of you, and happy in your greatness."

"Dearest Margaret, your love would inspire me to the subjugation of the world, if I were a warrior like those of olden Greek days; but *my* field must lie in the world of letters, and I shall pass my first college year absent from you and this home in toiling hard in view of the reward that is to come with the future. But your *father*? Do you believe he will look favorably on a poor, ambitious boy, whom he has fostered beneath his roof, as the future husband of his only daughter? Perhaps we had best not speak to him of our love until I have proved some claim to it by one year's hard study," said the youth, half regretfully.

"I do not know, Carl. Father has always been so kind to you—and to me, too—that I feel almost sure he would not refuse his consent to our happiness; but perhaps it would be the best plan to wait until you are home again next year before we speak to him!" replied Margaret. "But see, Carl! It is going to rain, and we have been so wrapped up in each other, that we have not observed that heavy cloud which has risen so rapidly. We must go home, now," and the girl rose.

"Yes—a sudden shower after this hot day. Come, my Maggie! Let me lift you over these rocks—for you can scarcely see in the darkness. And your father will be getting anxious. We will not speak to him of our happiness now; but in one short year I shall proudly claim a right to openly love you;" and thus, impulsively, eagerly talking, the youth hurried his companion over the rocks, along the beach, and up the path leading to the great house on the cliff, while the rain began to fall in heavy drops, and the thunder began to mutter hoarsely through the cloudy vaults of sky.

Let me now briefly explain who was this eager, ambitious youth who had thus wooed old Judge Brent's only daughter.

Ten years previous, a poor, dying widow—one of that class who occupy a humble rank in the social scale—confided her friendless, eight year old boy to the kind, generous Judge's compassion. At first, the Judge bethought himself only to place the lad among his servants, though giving him rather more than an ordinary hireling's position and care; but the lad's ambition for study arrested his attention, and, having no sons of his own to bear up his family name, he suddenly decided to adopt him. Thus the widow's son was placed in the family of the great man of Newburg on a footing with his own motherless daughter; he received his kind adopted father's name, was sent to the village academy, and now stood ready for the collegiate career upon which he was to depart next day.

Margaret Brent was twenty, and two years older than Carl. She was a girl of superior talents, highly accomplished as well as thoroughly educated; she possessed some beauty of person, strict, upright principles, and a faithful, womanly heart.

Carl, as has been seen, was ambitious and manly beyond his years; he was also frank, generous, and impulsive. These latter qualities, combined with an extremely handsome *physique*, rendered him a great favorite with all; and there was none to whisper that his ambition, without the guide of true principle, would prove a bane instead of a curse to his own heart no less than to that of his benefactor's daughter, who had, that summer night, intrusted it into his keeping.

A year swung round upon its golden axis, with its fruity autumn, its white winter of rest, and its wealth of blossoms, and Carl came home from his first summer vacation having spent the shorter intervening ones at college; and in the long dreary summer days the old life was renewed at the seaside home. There were pleasant rides, rambles over the wide beach, and sails over the broad, blue sea.

A year of college life had improved Carl much, softening down what had been rough and *brusque* in his manner; but there was still the same impetuous, ardent nature breaking through, and Margaret felt glad that the old ways were not wholly gone.

A month of this long summer vacation went by; and during this time neither Carl nor Margaret, happy in each other's society, had spoken of their engagement to the Judge. "Wait till I am about returning to college, Maggie; and then we will go to him and ask his consent. I know he will not refuse it," said the youth.

Then the tenor of their summer dream of quiet was broken up by the arrival of Carl's chum, Paul Branscomb, a handsome, talented young man, some four years Carl's senior. Branscomb had promised Carl to "drop in upon him" some time during the vacation; and only needed the hospitable urging of the Judge and his chum to induce him to linger a few weeks in the cool old seaside town. Margaret had heard much of his friend's talents and worth from Carl; and she found him equally attractive in mind and *personale*. He was gentlemanly and polished; with a figure that might have been modelled after the Apollo of the old Greeks, and hair of a rich chesnut brown, which he wore in long waving locks, gracefully falling on his neck. Margaret playfully told Carl "that he reminded her of portraits of the great German poet Schiller." His manner possessed more natural grace and ease than Carl's, and bespoke the early influences of a whole life surrounded by refinement, wealth, and culture; yet Margaret would not have exchanged her lover's impetuous, rugged nature, for all the polish of this gentleman who was never betrayed from his graceful ease and self-possession.

Brancomb's home lay in the interior of one of the Middle States, where the breeze blew warmer, tempered by the heats of the near southland; hence this quiet home, in the old town by the Atlantic, would have possessed a singular fascination for him, had not Carl's companionship and the society of his fair adopted sister given added charms to it. So the proposed visit of a few weeks was lengthened into the remnant of the long vacation, and the two friends returned to college in company. Carl found no leisure to speak to the Judge concerning the relation he secretly occupied to Margaret; each agreeing that the future would hold a better time for this avowal, when Carl had mounted another round on the ladder of ambitious study.

When the ensuing short spring vacation came, Carl wrote that he had accepted his chum's invitation to visit his home, and his letter was replete with anticipations of the approaching pleasure. Margaret checked the rising throb of disappointment, for she had hoped he would run down to Newburg; and replied: "Go, by all means, Carl. We should be very selfish to wish to deprive you of the change; besides, we shall one day have you with us entirely." For, as Carl had entered college as sophomore, he was to graduate with his third year, and then return home to study law with the old Judge.

And so Carl accompanied his chum to his home of wealth and luxury. True, his visit was short, but it was sufficiently long to plant the seeds of discomfort, not to call it by the stronger name of jealousy, in Margaret's heart. He meant to give no pang when he wrote of the pride, beauty, and accomplishment of Paul Branscomb's elder sister Marie, or the grace and playfulness of the young Julia; but every word stung Margaret to the quick. "He is drawing a comparison between us," she mentally said; and then she checked herself, and cried, "I am jealous and foolish, and I will guard against it. I live here so quiet and secluded, that I am getting infected with all sorts of nervous fancies. I am glad Carl has found new friends to enjoy himself with." But she could not refrain from lingering over these letters, and particularly one sentence, which followed a somewhat lengthy description of Branscomb's sisters. "Paul's family live in more style than we ever dreamed of at Newburg, and *we* are the 'great folks' of the old town, you know, Maggie. And I must confess that I enjoy it exceedingly. It is something—a great deal, to my mind—to be surrounded by all that is elegant and luxurious in life; and I have made my decision that when we have a home of our own, dear Maggie, it must be just such a one as Paul and his sisters live in. You see I am getting ambitious, dearest; but you remember you have often praised this very quality, and so I know you will not chide it now."

It was true that Margaret had taken pride in this very attribute of her lover's; but somehow it made her very uncomfortable now, for, with womanly forcasting she began to see that a very long time might elapse before the dreams of that impetuous nature might be realized, and she felt that she could be content with less than he had mapped out as necessary to their happiness.

Another year passed; and when college Commencement arrived, Judge Brent and his daughter went thither to witness Paul's graduation. He had studied hard, and with success, winning the highest honors of his class; and when the white-haired old gentleman listened to the eloquent Valedictory, he could hardly realize that this was the poor, friendless youth whom he had brought up from humble rank to his present position; while Margaret's heart swelled with womanly pride, "He is mine and his love is a treasure."

After the exercises of the day were over, and as soon as Carl could extricate himself from the crowds of congratulatory admirers who surrounded him, he hastened to his friends. Then Margaret noticed, for the first time, that Paul Branscomb and two young ladies had joined him; and another glance convinced her that these were Paul's sisters. The group came up; and, with a flush of gratification and excitement, Carl presented him to his father and sister. Margaret saw that Marie Branscom was taller and more slender than herself, very elegant and stylish in mien and dress, and she fancied that a natural *hauter* pervaded her manner. Julia, the younger, fifteen-year old sister, was a rosy, laughing thing, who attracted love at a first glance.

"I have heard much of you, Miss Brent, from my brother Paul, who once visited your sea-washed town, and sent me such glowing accounts as made me quite desirous of seeing both you and it," said Marie, as she ackhowledged the introduction. "And I think I can understand *now* why your brother was so chary of mention of his lovely sister."

The lady's tone and look savored of compliment, but they did not fail to render Margaret secretly uncomfortable, though she replied, politely:—

"And I am very happy to meet you, Miss Branscomb."

And then she turned to reply to the warm greeting of the childlike Julia, who cried, "Oh, I am delighted to know you at last, Miss Brent—Maggie, I mean, for I have heard brother Paul praise you so much, that I am already in love with you!"

"I did not know that I had such a warm admirer present," replied Margaret lightly and laughingly; but, under the cover of her words, she concealed a lurking sarcasm, for she had felt hurt beyond expression by Marie Branscomb's words—"Your brother was so chary of mention of his sister."

But presently the mood passed, for Carl was all animation; and, looking upon his flushed face, and feeling the warm clasp of his hand, she crowded down her momentary pique, and mentally murmuring "I have imagined it all; he intended it only as a delicate guarding of his home from the comment of strangers!" the surrendered herself to the triumph of the occasion, and, leaning on Carl's arm, walked proudly from the halls of old Harvard.

(To be continued.)

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

The following is the entire text of the speech delivered by the QUEEN on the 5th February, 1867:—

MY LORDS:—In again recurring to your advice and assistance, I am happy to inform you that my relations with foreign powers are on a friendly and satisfactory footing.

I hope that the war in which Prussia, Austria and Italy have been engaged may lead to the establishment of a durable peace in Europe.

I have suggested to the Government of the United States a mode by which the questions pending between the two countries arising out of the civil war may receive an amiable solution, and which met, as I trust it will be, in a corresponding spirit, will remove all grounds of possible misunderstanding, and promote relations of cordial frienship.

The war between Spain and the republics of Chili and Peru still continues, the good offices of my government, in conjunction with that of the Emperor of the French, having failed to effect a reconciliation. If, either by agreement between the parties themselves or by the mediation of any other friendly Power, peace should be restored, the objects which I had in view will be equally attained.

The discontent prevailing in some of the provinces of the Turkish empire has broken out in actual insurrection in Crete. In common with the allies, the Emperor of the French and the Emperor of Russia, I have abstained from any active interference in these internal disturbances; but joint efforts have been directed to bringing about improved relations between the Porte and its Christian subjects not inconsistent with the sovereign rights of the Sultan.

The protracted negotiations which arose out of the acceptance of by Prince Charles of Hohenzollern of the Governership of the Danubian Principalities have been happily terminated by an arrangement which has been sanctioned by the concurrence of all the Powers that has signed the treaty of 1858.

Resolutions in favor of a more intimate union of the provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, have been passed by their several Legislatures, and delegates duly authorized and representing all classes of colonial party and opinion have concurred in the condition upon which such a union may be best effected in accordance with their wishes. A bill will be submitted to you which by the consolidation of colonial interests and resources will give strength to the sovereign provinces as members of the same empire, and animated by feelings of loyalty to the same sovereign.

I have heard with deep sorrow that the calamity of famine pressed heavily on my subjects in some parts of India. Instructions were issued to my government in that country to make the utmost exertions to mitigate the distress which prevailed in the autumn of last year. The blessing of an abundant harvest has since that time improved the condition of the suffering districts.

The persevering efforts and unscrupulous assertions of treasonable conspirators have, during the last autumn, excited the hopes of some disaffected persons in Ireland and the apprehensions of the loyal population, but the firm and temperate exercise of the powers intrusted to the Executive, and the hostility manifested against the conspiracy by men of all classes and creeds have greatly tended to restore public confidence, and have rendered hopeless any attempts to disturb the general tranquility. I trust that you will, consequently, be enabled to dispense with the continuance of any exceptional legislation for that part of my dominions.

I acknowledge, with deep thankfulness to Almighty God, the decrease which has taken place in the cholera and in the pest which has attacked our cattle. But the continued prevalence of the latter in some foreign country, and its occasional reappearance in this, will render necessary some special measures of precaution; and I trust that the visitation of the former will lead to increased attention to those sanitary measures which experience has shown to be the best preventive. Estimating as of the highest importance an adequate supply of pure and wholesome water, I have directed the issue of a commission to enquire into the best means of permanently securing such a supply for the metropolis and for the principal towns in the densely populated districts of the kingdom.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS:—I have directed the estimates for the ensuing year to be laid before you. They have been prepared with a due regard to economy and the requirements of the public service. You will, I am assured, give your ready assent to a moderate expenditure calculated to improve the condition of