

# Summerside Journal.

## AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

Vol. 2.

Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, March 14, 1867.

No. 23

### THE Summerside Journal

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Thursday, Jan. 10, 1867.
Saturday, " 12,
Thursday, " 25,
Saturday, " 27,
Thursday, Feb. 7,
Saturday, " 9,
Thursday, Feb. 21,
Saturday, " 23,
Thursday, March 7,
Saturday, " 9,
Thursday, " 21,
Saturday, " 23,
Thursday, April 4,
Saturday, " 6,

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aug. 9, 1866 ly

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Nov 1, 1865

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TO ORDER.  
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Sept. 1866. 6m

### POETRY.

#### FOOTSTEPS ON THE OTHER SIDE.

Weary and worn, at close of day,  
Fainting and dying by the way,  
A wounded Pilgrim sleeping lay.  
While Silence, stealing to his side,  
And winding her soft arms around,  
Sighed in her dreams and pressed his wound.  
And so, he, walking, caught a sound—  
A footstep on the other side.

How many weary pilgrims lie,  
And watching wait, and waiting sigh  
For steps that never wander nigh,  
But pass upon the other side;  
For steps that trampled heart and brain,  
And made their lives a lingering pain,  
And passed and never came again—  
Lost footsteps on the other side.

How many walk with bleeding feet,  
Seeking the loved and lost to meet,  
While the dear visions flit and fleet,  
And vanish on the other side!  
While life's fresh love and youth's sweet trust,  
Those Eden-blossoms in earthly dust,  
Lie bruised and broken, stained and crushed,  
'Neath footsteps on the other side.

And so we watch, and watching sigh  
While youth, and faith, and hope go by;  
While life, and love, and gladness die  
With footsteps on the other side.  
And so we wait with ear and eye,  
For one dear echo floating by—  
A grief, a woe, a wandering sigh,  
A footstep on the other side.

O heavy hearts, that ache and break  
O heavy eyes, that droop and sleep!  
Why must ye ever wake and weep  
At footsteps on the other side?  
Why must ye ever lie forlorn,  
And ache, and wail, and weep so long,  
Because one footstep has gone wrong,  
And passed upon the other side?

#### Select Literature.

#### Ten Years and Two Hearts.

BY BELLE RUTLEDGE.  
(Conclusion.)

There was a half pitying and half scornful expression in Margaret's eyes as she looked up from reading this heartless letter to the mortified, rejected lover. Scarcely a year had elapsed since she had suffered, and more deeply than ever Carl could, for hers had been the one true love of her life, while his had been the wildly ambitious dream of one short twelvemonth. Yet she said kindly:—

"I am sorry for you, Carl; but she is unworthy of you. And it is better to learn this lesson in time."  
"In time!" Did Margaret intend any reproach in her words? No. She was not thinking of the very cavalier reference to that old relation between Carl and herself in Miss Branscomb's cruel note; her only desire was to soften this blow to him.

"Margaret, I know I have no right to your sympathy—you, of all women in the world whom I have wronged so!" broke out the young man, a tide of crimson surging over his face.  
"Carl, I am your sister always; and as such you have the right you would deny. And I thank you for the confidence which brings you to me in your trouble. You will read Miss Branscomb's letter more calmly in a few days."

"Was Margaret speaking from her own experience? Did people get over such experiences so easily? Carl could not help asking himself, as, a few hours later, he sat moodily in the law-office, brooding over the memory of the false girl who had so heartlessly jilted him. Certainly her words and manner would have led to such a conclusion; but well it is that hearts are not always written out on faces, and calm utterances may often veil a tide of turbulent feeling beneath.

Following that blow which fell sharply on Carl's high-spirited, ambitious nature, passed another year, which glided by calmly and uneventfully at Newburg. At its expiration he was surprised to find that he was not so miserable as he had thought to be; that life held much that was consoling for him yet; and all this he owed to the unselfish sister who had, by her kind efforts, won him back to his olden self again. He even began to hope that, in time, he might win back all that he had lost in the noble love which, he now felt, had been a prize he never valued aright.

And Margaret? Ah, the heart of woman is ever forgiving and trusting; and sweet dreams again began to nestle in her breast. And so at length Carl spoke of his latest, best love; and Margaret forgave the past; and the old judge, delighted at the consummation of the plans of his heart, gave his sanction to their renewed engagement.

A happy autumn and winter went by; and March came, with its wild equinoctial gale. There had been many wrecks of late off the Newburg coast; and one morning the old town was startled by the report of minute guns from a ship in distress, and the pitiful story ran from lip to lip of the vessel that lay below on the jagged reef. Half the inhabitants were immediately down on the beach where the wild storm was driving in the surf with a noise like thunder; and the hardy fishermen were lowering their boats into the breakers.

Two hours went by, during which time every boat which had endeavored to gain the reef had been hurled back, with its half-drowned inmates, upon the cold hard beach; and then came the fearful cry that the vessel was breaking up. Now the fishermen stood ready to rescue any whom the rolling surf might fling shoreward, and again their boats were launched.

With the crowd who had come down to the beach stood Margaret Brent, with her ample waterproof cloak protecting her from the driving rain; while Carl, all energy and daring, was foremost among the sailors and fishermen who were en-

deavoring to rescue the passengers of the doomed vessel.

And now the horrors of the shipwreck culminated. Body after body came in on the tremendous surf, sometimes borne to the grasp of the boatmen, but oftener snatched back by the swift undertow to the maw of the hungry sea.

Every house near the shore was opened for the reception of the rescued; and Carl was busy in directing the removal of some to his adopted father's, when suddenly turning to look upon a pair who, clasped in each other's arms, were cast up at his feet, he grew pale as death, ejaculating:—  
"My God! Paul and Marie!"

In a minute more Margaret was beside him; and as she looked upon the pale, wet faces of these two, a cold shiver ran through her heart. Were they dead? Had her rejection of Paul Branscomb driven him to a foreign land—and had the cruel sea cast him lifeless at her feet, to reproach her evermore? And Carl, too, was fearfully agitated; but this was no time to think of aught but the restoration of the half-drowned pair, who were immediately carried to the house.

Weeks followed after the wreck of that proud government sailing vessel from foreign shores off the Newburg coast. Many lifeless bodies had been washed up long after the fierce equinoctial storm had spent its fury, and such found decent burial, or were reclaimed by their friends; while all those who survived the peril of the wreck had returned to their homes save Paul Branscomb and his sister Marie, who still lingered in the mansion of Judge Brent; for Marie had, for some time, lain from the chill and exposure of the ocean. But now she was fast convalescing; her old spirits were returning with her bloom; yet still she lingered. Why did she not depart from the presence of that man near whom she, of all, ought not to linger?

Who that has ever witnessed the tactics of a thoroughly heartless flirt—a woman, vain, ambitious, capricious, andickle—need wonder at her conduct? Marie Branscomb had been flattered by the admiration of the handsome, aspiring young collegian; she had even fancied herself in love with him; but she had not scrupled to cast him off for the wealthy and titled suitor she met abroad. And now, though she had less than woman if she had not felt emotions of gratitude to the man who, with his own hands, had drawn her from the cruel surf, and though she found it very pleasant to linger in his home receiving his attentions, she did not hesitate to try her coquettish arts upon him anew. Not that this vain, cruel beauty repented her past conduct, or intended to accept Carl Brent. Oh no; for she expected her titled admirer from England in the following autumn, and to return with him a bride; but admiration was so much a passion with the heartless girl that *pour passer le temps* Carl was to be trifled with anew.

And how could Margaret—almost maddened by her jealous fears, and mistaking the polite attentions of the host for a warmer feeling renewed for their artful and beautiful guest—reason calmly and dispassionately? She did not; she asked herself, bitterly, "Am I to live over again what they once made me suffer?" And so she came to a sudden decision, born of her jealous, exacting love; and without waiting, this time, to assure herself that Carl might not be falling readily into the toils of the beautiful temptress, she exclaimed: "I hold the power in my own hands now, and I will turn back upon him what he once meted out to me! This is my decision."

But Carl? Did he bend again at the shrine of the beautiful coquette? Not in his very heart; but it cannot be denied that it gave him strange pleasure to behold that haughty woman grow submissive and pliant at his approach, and to note how the fascinating polish she had acquired in the Old World circles was held out to him as a bait—and so he was not so careful of his conduct as he might have been, until he was awakened by his decided and unequivocal dismissal by Margaret.

"Carl, I see how it is. You wish to be free, and return to your old allegiance again. You are like the moth that hovers around the blaze of the candle; and I will not bear this treatment!" said the girl. "Take back your ring—and never, never speak to me of your wavering, vacillating affection again—for Margaret Brent will share no divided heart!" she said, with firmness in her tones.

"You mistake me, indeed you do! Listen, Margaret!" began Carl, but she would not listen; for "trifles light as air" had become, to her heart, "confirmation strong;" and she honestly believed that this step was rendered imperative.

And so they parted for the second time; and Margaret adhered firmly to the role she had marked out, and announced to her father that her engagement was at an end the day following the departure of their guests, for Paul and Marie now brought their stay at Newburg to a close.

Judge Brent looked at his daughter in surprise; but upon her assuring him that it was her own wish that dictated the decision, and that she had the fullest reason to believe it suited Carl equally well, he could say nothing, save to utter a sigh at this disappointment of his fondest plan.

"And now," said Margaret, to herself, "I will walk in the path I have marked out, and no power on earth shall turn me from it. Let Carl's restless, unstable nature suffice unto himself. I have been humbled sufficiently; and I will listen to no excuse he would thrust upon me."

But if Margaret expected Carl would attempt to turn her from the position he had taken, she was destined to be disappointed; for he maintained a respectful reserve during the few weeks he remained at home, and then bade her a calmly kind adieu, and left Newburg for the city, where he was to attend the law school for the last course of lectures.

And Margaret settled down into a sort of proud, apathetic, forced calm, which she mistook for growing indifference.

"When we meet again, he will probably be under the spell of some other lady, if Marie Branscomb should choose to jilt him now she has brought him to her feet a second time!" she muttered scornfully.

Father is very ill—perhaps dying.

"She does not say 'come home,'" said the lawyer, bitterly, "but I will go, if only for the love I bear him who has so nobly stood in the relation of father to me," and he thrust aside the papers of an important law case pending the court then in session, and left his office.

At the close of the following day he stood beside the bed of the old Judge, who lay stricken down by apoplexy. Thus he lay insensible from the time of the stroke, until this present hour, when reason and speech both returned to illumine the life that rust soon go out in death to be rekindled beyond the tomb.

Margaret was at her post of filial duty—calm and fearless, though her heart was well nigh rent; and, just as the sands of his life were ebbing out, the old judge took her cold hand, and, placing it within his adopted son's, said feebly, but with an expressive look:—  
"I leave you to console each other, my children."

"My father—my more than benefactor—believe me, Margaret's happiness shall be held dearer to me than my own!" responded Carl, solemnly.

The eyes of the dying man roved from one to the other with a wistful glance, and he murmured, "Oh, if it could be so, I should die happier!"

Both understood the wish thus partially expressed; and Carl eagerly exclaimed, "There is nothing you could desire connected with our future, but it would give me happiness to fulfill, my dear father!" and then he looked as eagerly, and with a yearning expression, towards his companion by the bedside.

And Margaret—with her dear father's breath fluttering on her lips, how could she refuse him any request? Her cheek grew paler, and the hand more chill she laid in Carl's extended one; but his own closed with a firm pressure over it, and the feeble, nerveless one of the dying clasped them both ere Judge Brent lay dead upon his pillows.

Margaret found Carl very kind and unremitting in his attentions after her father was gone. In the settlement of the affairs that devolved upon them, she found him invaluable as a counsellor; and all that a kind friend, a tender brother, or a devoted lover could be, he was in this time of trial for her poor, orphaned heart. But her manner to him was that of a sister's only. True, she intended, when the time came, to redeem the sacred promise which he had given the dead; but, meantime, she gave Carl no clue to her heart.

With her trials, and the guarded, reticent life she had lived those last four years, Margaret had grown so grave and uncommunicative that one would have said she was like a statue, which could never be awakened from its frozen, marble sleep.

Carl did not return to the distant city, save to draw his business there to a close; for he had announced his determination to remain at Newburg, and assume the practice of the departed judge. And there his old friend Paul Branscomb found him, six months after the shadow of loss had fallen over the seaside mansion.

Paul—always straightforward, frank, and honorable, as his sister Marie was vain and capricious—brought them news of his family. Marie had just sailed for England, after a home visit with her titled husband, whom she had married three years before; Julia—gay, affectionate, and impulsive as ever—was just wedded to the man worthy her choice; and—in a happy voice he told this—he was shortly to lead to the altar one who had consented to bless his future with her love.

And Carl listened calmly, and offered friendly congratulations; while Margaret, who had ever appreciated the worth of Paul, expressed her satisfaction that he had, at length, found the companion who could bring him happiness.

During that visit of Paul's, all the old friendly intimacy, heightened by increasing recognition of each other's true character, sprang up between Margaret and her guest. Each felt that they could act themselves fully and freely, now that all restraint between them was removed; and Paul, who, with intuitive perception, saw the state of affairs between his friends, one day said to her:—

"You will not think me intrusive, Margaret, if I offer a word in behalf of Carl. Are you quite sure, my dear friend, that you are doing him justice by your unvarying life of calm conduct towards him?"

"What do you mean, Paul?" asked the girl, though her flashing cheek told that she fully understood him.

victim to her lures? Surely! else, when free again, he would have returned to her shrine—and this Margaret acknowledged to herself that she had never heard of his doing. And then she suddenly remembered, with a shame she had never felt before, that she had refused to listen to any explanations when she had dismissed him so curtly and coldly; and that, ever since their sudden re-betrothal by the death-bed of her father, she had afforded Carl no opportunity of speech concerning his former conduct, but had been cold and forbidding as an iceberg. But as Margaret sat there in the gray evening, she had not noticed that the tide had turned, and, even while she was absorbed in thought, was creeping up around the outermost rock she had chosen for her seat; and she quite forgot that the sea had a higher surf than usual, owing to a northeast storm which had prevailed, one of those wild storms which often creep into the heat of the summer-time.

And so she lingered, unheeding the incoming tide, which was rapidly and treacherously creeping up around the rocks till one could scarcely discern their outline from the watery sands, until she was very suddenly roused by a huge breaker which burst half over her and dashed the spray high into her face. Then, aware of her danger, she jumped to her feet, and turned to flee to the shore.

But what had come over the night? A sighing wind had sprung up; the sea was moaning sadly; the darkness had gathered deeply; a thick mist had draped both ocean and shore; and she could scarcely discern a hand's breadth before her. And the incoming tide—how wildly and rapidly it was sweeping up over the reef where she stood!

She realized her danger; but she dared not stir, for she knew not where to step, and there were eddying and deepening pools around the bases of the rocks. Was she to perish there, now life had suddenly become so dear to her? and a call for him whom she had shunned, and even doubted before, rang out wildly and piercingly on the thick, misty air.

"Carl! Carl, save me!" rose high above the surging waters.

Minutes went by that seemed like ages; and then she felt the chill waves curling up higher around her. Again she cried; but the wind, driving in from the sea, though it might have borne her cry far landward, carried no response back to her ears. She had taken her stand on the highest point of the rock; but now her foothold was growing slippery, for the tide came up stronger, until it washed over her a knee, then rose and rose, and the white spray dashed cruelly against her face.

"Carl! Carl! if you love me, save me! Oh! must I drown here in sight of home?" again broke fearfully distinct on the air; and then her senses recoiled—she heard not the loud, cheery call—"I am here! Courage, my Margaret!"—and knew not that she had slid from the wet, slippery rock into her lover's rescuing arms, and that she owed her life to the affection she had invoked.

When Carl Brent listened, next morning to Margaret's expressions of gratitude, he did not fail to tell her how, often and again, during those last coldly painful months, he had sighed to be near her and share her thoughts, as he had sighed that preceding gray twilight, when from afar he watched her walking down to the lonely shore, whence her cry of danger had floated up to him in the misty darkness.

But he did add, with a tender smile, "I am glad, Margaret, that it was in my power to save your lonely life there, on the spot where I first told you I loved you. And have I not fully expiated the faults of the past? We are both older and wiser now—and the experiences of ten years have surely taught us that our hearts may no longer be divided." And it was not long after they were.

### THE NOBLE NEGRO BOY.

The following incident in the fatal collision of the Niagara with the Postboy on the Mississippi, was related to me by an eye witness:

The two steamers struck, and the Niagara immediately careened, and began to sink. The wildest consternation was at once universal. Ladies rushed to and fro with piercing screams, imploring the men to help them. But no means seemed at hand, and each sought his individual rescue.

At this fearful moment a negro boy—one of the crew—was seen quietly lashing a long and stout rope round his body, at the other end tying a stick of wood in its centre.

Instantly, with this apparatus, he threw himself into the river. Turning upon his back, the stick drifted to the rope's end, and calling upon two ladies, who stood on the edge of the boat—one with a child in her arms—he urged them to spring, and catch either end of the stick. Horrified, they hesitated. The negro lay calmly on the waves, and, in tones of confidence, told them it was their only hope, insisting that he would carry them safely to the shore. For another instant they hesitated; but gathering courage from his self-possession, and realizing that it was their last moment, they took the leap, and both succeeded in grasping the stick. Turning quickly to prevent their seizing him, the heroic fellow struck out with strong muscles for the land. The rapid current was well nigh resistless, but he wrestled manfully with his burden. The energy of despair kept them to their hold, and at length their feet touched bottom. Both ladies, with the clinging little one, were saved. Many witnessed this feat. It exhibited not only a cool, unparalleled bravery, but was wholly uninterested, as both ladies were strangers.

It should be added that the boy left his own trunk, with his best clothing, and two hundred dollars in money, to sink with the wreck.—Rev. J. W. Alford.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.—Ten thousand human beings set forth together on their journey. After ten years, one-third at least, have disappeared. At the middle point of life, but half are still upon the road. Faster and faster, as the ranks grow thinner, they that remain till now become weary, and lie down and rise no more.—At three score and ten, a band of