Summerside Journal.
AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

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Almanac for April, 1869.

MOON'S PHASES.

Last Qtr., 3d day, 4h. 36m. evening, N.
New Moon, 11th day, 9h. 35m., evening, N.W.
First Qtr. 19th day, 10h. 53m., morning, E.
Full Moon, 26th day, 2h. 9m. morning, N E.

D. of WEEK	DAY	SUN rises	SUN sets	sun slow clock	sun's dec. north	moon rises	moon sets	DAYS
		h m	h m	h m		h m	h m	m
1	Thurs	5 41	6 24	3 52	4 40	morn	12 43	
2	Frid	40	25	3 34	5 3	0 28		45
3	Sat	38	26	3 16	5 06	1 5		48
4	Sun	5 36	6 27	2 58	5 49	1 54	12 51	
5	Mon	35	28	2 40	6 11	2 37		53
6	Tues	34	29	2 23	6 34	3 8		55
7	Wed	32	31	2 6	6 57	3 47		59
8	Thurs	30	32	1 49	7 19	4 16	13 2	
9	Frid	28	33	1 32	7 41	4 42		5
10	Sat	26	35	1 16	8 4	5 8		9
11	Sun	5 25	6 36	0 59	8 26	5 32	13 11	
12	Mon	23	37	0 44	8 48	sets		14
13	Tues	21	39	0 28	9 9	8 22		18
14	Wed	19	40	0 13	9 31	9 26		21
15	Thurs	17	41	fast	9 52	10 27		24
16	Frid	16	43	0 17	10 14	11 26		26
17	Sat	14	44	0 31	10 35	morn		30
18	Sun	5 12	6 46	0 45	10 56	0 23	13 34	
19	Mon	10	47	0 58	11 17	1 16		39
20	Tues	8	49	1 11	11 37	2 3		41
21	Wed	7	50	1 24	11 58	2 24		43
22	Thurs	5	52	1 36	12 18	3 22		47
23	Frid	3	53	1 48	12 38	3 56		50
24	Sat	1	55	1 59	12 58	4 30		54
25	Sun	5 0	6 56	2 10	13 17	rises	13 56	
26	Mon	4 59	57	2 20	13 37	7 32		58
27	Tues	57	58	2 30	13 56	8 43	14 1	
28	Wed	56	59	2 39	14 15	9 52		3
29	Thurs	55	7 0	2 38	14 33	10 54		5
30	Frid	53	2	2 57	14 52	11 50		9

Summerside Markets.

April 13, 1869.

Beef per lb	4d a 5d
Mutton per lb	3d a 4d
Oats per bush	2s 6d a 2s 7d
Potatoes per bush	1s 3d a 1s 6d
Turnips per bush	10d a 1s
Butter per lb by Tub	15d a 16d
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb.	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	8d a 9d
Hides per lb	4½d
Mackerel per doz	2s a 3s
Codfish per qt	18s a 19s
Pork per lb by carcass	4d a 6d
Flour per bbl	45s a 47s
Island Flour per cwt	20s to 21s
Oatmeal per cwt.	17s a 18s
Hay per Ton	45s a 50s
Pine Boards	10s
Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

Charlottetown Markets.

Ch. Town, April 13, 1869.

Beef per lb	4½d a 8d
Mutton per lb	4d a 7d
Pork per lb., by carcass,	5d a 6½d
Ham per lb	6d a 7d
Geese	3s a 3 6d
Fowels	1s a 1s 6d
Ducks each	1s 3d a 1s 6d
Flour per 100 lbs	20s a 21s
Oatmeal per 100	18s a 19s
Buckwheat Flour, per lb	2d a 2½d
Codfish per quintal	18s a 20s
Butter per lb	10d a 1s
Do. by the tub,	1s 3d a 1s 4d
Cheese	3d a 6d
Tallow	8d a 9d
Eggs per dozen	10d a 1s
Potatoes per bushel	1s 6d a 1s 9d
Barley " "	5s
Oats	2s 7d a 2s 9d
Hay per ton	70s a 75s
Hides per lb	4d
Sheepskins each	4s a 4s 6d
Spruce Boards per 100 ft.	4s a 4s 6d
Hemlock " "	3s 6d a 4s

Business Cards.

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Corner of Great George & King Streets, Charlottetown.
President—HON. DANIEL BRENAN.
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KENT STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN,
SIMON D. FRASER, PROPRIETOR.

Permanent and Transient Boarders will find the above House to give satisfaction.
Ch'town, June 13, 1868.

Business Cards.

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Commission Merchants,
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NEW
Marble and Freestone
ESTABLISHMENT,
(NEXT DOOR TO BEER AND SONS')
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CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.
All orders punctually attended to.
Call and See!
Jan 7, '69 1y

DR. JARVIS
Has Removed His Residence to the House
(lately occupied by Mr McKinlay)
next to Thomas Hunt's, Esq., St Eleanor's. He may be consulted every forenoon at the Drug Store of W. T. HUNT & Co., Summerside.
St. Eleanor's, May 18, 1868.

THOMAS KELLY,
BARRISTER - AT - LAW
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
SUMMERSIDE, - - - - P. E. ISLAND.

WILLIAM DODD,
Commission Merchant,
And Auctioneer,
QUEEN SQUARE,
JHARLOTTETOWN - - - P. E. ISLAND

DR. J. PRICE,
Physician & Surgeon,
OFFICE—At the SUMMERSIDE DRUG STORE, next door to Bank, Central Street
SUMMERSIDE, ... P. E. ISLAND.
October 12, 1868.

R. & W. T. HUNT,
Commission Merchants,
GENERAL AGENTS AND
AUCTIONEERS.
SALESROOM AND OFFICE
Head Queen's Wharf, Summerside, P. E. I.
(opposite the Store of W. T. Hunt & Co.)
April 2, 1868. 1y

DR. J. H. JAMIESON,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR
OFFICE at the residence of the Rev. W.W. Colpitts, Margate.
December 3, 1868.

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ST. JOHN, N. B.
JAMES W. THOMPSON, Proprietor.

THE Proprietor of the above HOTEL takes this opportunity to return thanks for the liberal patronage hitherto received, and most respectfully solicits a continuance of the same.

This HOTEL is very pleasantly situated, and commands a view of King Square, and other parts of the City.

In connection with the Hotel, is GOOD STABLING, and a careful Hostler in attendance. Parties coming from Prince Edward Island with horses will find this establishment the most comfortable in the City, and a person always at the Cars on their arrival.
St. John, Sept. 10, 1868. 1y

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Insurance Company.
FIRE AND LIFE.
CAPITAL: TWO MILLIONS, Sterling.

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Risks taken daily, in Town and Conntry, at the office of the Agent, Reading room Building, Dorchester street.
G. W. DEBLOIS,
General Agent for P E Island.
Charlottetown, June 20, 1868.—1y*

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Marble Worker,
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AMERICAN AND ITALIAN MARBLE constantly on hand.
Can furnish Gravestones and Monuments at a less price than any other establishment in the Provinces, and pay a duty besides.
ORDERS can be left at BERTRAM'S Book Store and at D. ENMAN'S, Esq., Summerside, or sent to
A. W. ANDRES.
Point Du Chene, June 11th, 1868.

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J. CRAWFORD & SON.
Sept. 10, 1868. 1y

Business Cards.

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Graduate of Bellevue Hspital, Medical College, N. Y.
Office in the residence of Rev. r .DesBrisay, on Water Street—directly opposite the Establishment of J. L. Holman, Esq.,
*** All calls promptly attended to.
Summerside. October 15. 1868.

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Gives personal attention to the Sale and Purchase of every description of Goods.
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Corner of Clinton Street --------BOSTON
Jany. 1, 1869. 1y

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Established 1845.
NEW YORK
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Assets, January 1st, 1868,
Over Ten Million Dollars!
PRESIDENT:
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The New York
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IS ONE OE THE
OLDEST INSTITUTIONS
Of the kind in America, having been chartered in the year 1841, and commenced business in ay, 1845. During he twenty-three years of its existence, it has issued policies upon the lives of more than
Fifty Thousand Persons.
and has paid in losses $5,000,000 to the families and representatives of those who have deceased while members of the Company.

Annual Income
EXCEEDS
Four Million Dollars.

A SAFE INVESTMENT.

The instances are many within the experience o every Life Insurance Company, in which the proceeds of a Policy has saved from poverty the survivors of those who have thus made provision for their wants in times of prosperity and health. A wife may insure the life of her husband for her own benefit, and should she survive him, the amount of the insurance will be payable to her free from any claims against his estate; and in case of the death of the wife before that of the husband, the amount of the insurance may be made payable to her children.

THE COMPANY DECLARES
ANNUAL CASH DIVIDENDS,
which are available in payment of each Annual Premium. All the insured in this Company receive dividends which can be used in part of the second and each subsequent Annual Premium thereafter; or the dividend may be allowed to accumulate, and subsequently used in whole or in part in the payment of Premiums. The business of the Company being *PURELY UTUAL*, each member pays only the average cost of insurance, all surplus being annually returned to the Policy holders. (Companies having a Stock Capital usually retain a large portion for the Stockholders.) The Dividends paid to Policy holders exceed

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MEDICAL EXAMIMERS:
DR. MACKIESON, DR. R. JOHNSON.
Agent for P. E. Island:
HENRY A. HARVIE.
Ch'town Nov 19. 1868.

POETRY.

LINES FROM GEORGE DOWEY TO HIS WIFE AND MOTHER.

[The following lines were written by George Dowey, the unfortunate man who was executed on Tuesday, the 6th inst. They were published in the *Patriot* some time since, and have been sent to us by a subscriber, with the request to publish them.]

Weep, my poor old mother, weep,
Let tears fall fast and free,
They will help ease your troubled heart
Of woe and agony.

Weep, for the loss of your poor son,
Who, on a foreign shore,
Now lies in iron fetters strong,
And ne'er will see you more.

Poor mother, you I've ever loved,
Through life's short changing scenes,
Whether on Africa's burning clime,
Or midst the Arctic's winds.

Through storms and hurricanes o sea,
Through evils on the shore,
I shall my love e'er show to you,
Until my dying hour.

How can I, you, my dear address,
My only joy in life,
Who must a widow shortly be,
Almost before a wife.

The fountain of my heart is dry,
No more my tears will flow,
And God alone doth only know,
How bitter is my woe.

It is not death that troubles me,
Or cause me such pain,
For I have faced it often times
Upon the stormy main.

But it's the shame and sure disgrace
Which I to you have borne,
Which makes me now to rue the day,
I ever had been born.

Oh then, my young and tender wife,
It makes me blush with shame,
To think when I'm dead and gone,
You still must bear my name.

But, oh, remember, dearest Kate,
To you, I'll never lie,
Although my hand has done the deed
For which I am to die.

I never for an instant thought,
To use the fatal knife,
Nor would I for ten thousand worlds.
Take a fellow-creature's life.

But there's *one* thing I'm guilty of,
Which pains me to confess,
That, in an evil hour, to you
I've proved most faithless.

But, oh, my kind and loving wife,
I suffer for it sore,
Nor will I cease to think of it
Until my dying hour.

Farewell, my mother, sad farewell,
Likewise my loving wife,
I leave you poor and desolate.
Within this world of strife.

But He who doth the ravens feed
And hears them when they cry;
Will be to you a constant friend,
So I can calmly die.

And, now, my dearest mother,
Let this, your spirit cheer
Your son has been well treated,
Although a stranger here.

And from each Christian heart, there doth
A tearful prayer ascend,
That Christ will take me to His home,
Where Sabbaths have no end.

Ch'town, Feb. 27, 1869.

Select Literature.

SNOW BIRD,
THE TRAPPER'S CHILD.

CONTINUED.

Up the valley, mounted on a spirited poney, which she rode without a saddle, and with a leather thong about its neck instead of a bridle, came a beautiful girl, galloping at full speed. Young as she was, she had the appearance of a woman and the air of a princess Her features were perfect, and it was doubtful whether her complexion was injured by the warm tints that it had taken from the sunshine and breezes of the wilderness. Her abundant black hair was neatly braided, and crowded with a fanciful head-dress of feathers. She wore a braided red flannel sack, under which was a long garment of dressed fawnskin, richly embroidered, and girded at the waist. Her moccasins, also, were gayly ornamented, and reached high up the ankle.

She suddenly brought her poney to a stand in front of the two old men, who looked at her with admiring eyes.

"What's the matter, Annette?" asked Barteau "You look as if you had been ridin' a race, and I've a notion, from the sparkle of your eyes, that somebody must hev been contrairyin' you. Is there any row among the red skins? What is bringin' them up this a-way?"

"It's a prisoner," answered the girl. "He is my prisoner, by right, and Red Wolf says that he means to murder him. I tell him that he shall do no such a thing; but he vows that he will. At last he agreed that he would bring him to you before he killed him, and I want you to let him know that he must mind me."

"Of course he must, beauty. The chief must hev been mighty mad, if he wouldn't mind you without a word from me. What sort of a prisoner is he!—a white man?"

"Yes sir; the same young man who—"

"Enough said, gal. You mean the same good-lookin' young chap who was follerin' you about a few days ago. I mought hev put a bullet in him easy; but I knew he would come up afore long, and there's no tellin' what a speckilation thar may be in him."

"What do you mean, father Barteau?"

"We'll see, my gal. P'raps he's rich, and it will pay better to blead his pocket than his veins. Here comes Ah-na-mish-co, bringin' him up. I will hev a talk with him, gal, and will see that the chief don't hurt him."

The next moment a tall and fine-looking Blackfoot came up to the spring, attended by two warriors and a number of women and children. He was leading, as a captive, no less a person than George Searle, who had thus fulfiled his promise to bring James Musson, or something that belonged to him, into Henning's fort.

The hands of the young gentleman were bound behind his back, and his weapens had been taking from him; but his air was bold and definant, and he did not appear to be in the least disconcerted at finding himself in such an unpleasant situation. In fact, as he looked at Annette, his eyes brightened, and a glad smile lightened up his countenance,

"What have you here, Ah-na-mish-co?" asked Barteau, as he signed to the Indian to be seated.

"A white man, as the Gray-haired chief can see," replied the Blackfoot, addressing Barteau by the Indian name. "I mean to burn him and to take his scalp; but the Snow Bird says that he must not be hurt."

"Wal, I hope you don't mean to go ag'inst what the Snow Bird says. You are allers mighty ready to mind her talk—too much so, 'cordin' to my notion."

"This white man has slain two of my warriors. Their blood calls for vengeance, and their wives and children will not be satisfied unless he is put to death."

Annette glanced angrily at the chief, and spoke up quiet sharply.

"The warriors had no business to meddle with him. If they had let him alone, they would not have been killed. He was my prisoner, and I was bringing him into the valley when they set upon him."

"That is as true as gospel," said George Searle, with a merry laugh. "I was the prisoner of her bright eyes, if I was not the captive of her bow and spear. I was willing to follow her wherever she choose to lead."

"You were not following me, and you know it," pettishly replied Annette. "I was driving you, and you know that I would have shot you if you had tried to run. The Red Wolf can not say, father Barteau, that his warriors had any right to interfere with my prisoner."

"The Snow Bird is right," said Musson. "The warriors had no right to touch the man, if he was really her prisoner. That is a question that must be investigated. Let the women and children be sent away, Red Wolf, and let us speak to this man. We will see to it that he does not escape."

The red rabble were accordingly dispersed, and Searle was confronted by the two old men and the Blackfoot chief. Annette dismounted from her poney, and seated herself on the grass near the group.

"Who are you, stranger; and whar do you come from?" asked Barteau.

"Searle is my name, if that will do you any good," replied the young man.

"We know that," interrupted Musson. "Your name is George Searle, and you are the son of Charles Fauquier Searle, of Dinwiddie county, Virginia. He is a gentleman of means, and you are travelling for pleasure."

The young gentleman was startled, and wondered whether these bandits of the mountains could have spies in the fort, who had overheard his conversation with Major Henning; but a second thought struck him.

"If you have found the letter-case that I lost in the hills a few days ago," said he, "I will thank you to hand it over to me."

"You are a tol'able peart young chap," said Bearteau, with a grin, "and I've a notion that you wouldn't hev been took prisoner by the gal, onless you had wanted to be took. Your father is a rich man, I am told, and you are his only son."

"You seem to know as much about the matter as I do, if not more."

"Wal, I shall want to hev a talk with you afore along; but I've got part'clar business on hand jest now. I must look into that claim that the chief, here, has got ag'inst you, too. Ah-na-mish-co, s'pose you call a couple of your men to take keer of this chap, and lodge him in the cave fur a while."

Two warriors were called, who took Searle by the arms, and led him off to another part of the valley. Annette remained seated on the grass, gazing after the prisoner, until she was told that a council was about to be held, at which her presence was not required. She then walked slowly down toward the lake, leading her pony, and apparently occupied by perplexing thoughts.

CHAPTER VIII.

DRIVEN FORTH.

The morning after George Searle's introduction into Henning's fort, the major set at work all the men who could be spared from other important duties, to strengthen the works that were intended for the defense of his fort. He did not attempt to disguise the anxiety that he felt concerning the band of Blackfeet who were known to be in the vicinity. He knew that their mode of warfare was only by ambush, surprise and assault, and that they were not wont to attack the fortified positions or camps of the white man; but he also knew that his fortifications were weak; that his force was small and largely outnumbered by the enemy; that the stores collected at the fort were a prize for which they would be willing to run a great risk; and that the organization and military habits of the Blackfeet must have been greatly improved by the white men who had acquired control over them.

He had reason to suspect, also, that spies from the Blackfeet had gained access to the post, who had informed their leaders of the weakness of the little garrison, and of the condition of the works of defense He knew that this must be the case, because one of his employees had lately wounded and captured a Blackfoot, who boasted, just before his death, of the knowledge that the band possessed, and declared that they would soon take the fort and the scalps of its inmates.

After the departure of Searle and Swannick, therefore, strict orders had been given that no one should be allowed to enter the inclosure who was not well known and that all Indians and strangers should be examined by the major or his principal clerk. The worthy old gentleman had been sorry to see his two new acquaintances leave him so soon, and had endeavored to dissuade them from their enterprise; but Searle was not to be dissuaded, being confident that he would soon return, and that he would bring back important information, if nothing more. The major was by no means so confident, but feared that he would only lose two valuable auxilaries, who might be useful in the coming crisis.

There was another matter that troubled Major Henning not a little. The attempted abduction of Henri Labardie by one of the Blackfeet, and the great agitation of the boy's mother, when she heard the supposed name of that man, were circumstances which seemed very mysterious to him, and which were as yet entirely unexplained.

Jeannette told but little of her history to her kind friends. In fact, they knew scarcely anything of her past life, except the history of her lost husband and child. During the past few days the major had become convinced that there was some mystery connected with his protege, and he could only conclude that she was suffering from the consequences of some error, if it was not a crime, of her earlier days.

There was a slice of suspicion in his nature, which had not been lessened by years of contact with treacherous savages and deceitful white men. When his suspicions concerning Jeannette had sprouted, if we may use the expression, they grew rapidly, and he became very desirous that the matter should be investigated, and that the real cause of her agitation should be made known.

Feeling that such an investigation would be too delicate a task for himself to undertake, and being, at the same time, rather ashamed of his suspicions, he requested his wife to sound Madame Labardie on the subject, to endeavor to learn her history, and to find out, in particular, what had caused her to appear so troubled when the name of James Musson was mentioned.

That good lady, however, not being a sharer in her husband's suspicions, was by no means inclined to do anything that could cause Madame Labardie the least uneasiness. She loved Jeanette as a mother would love a daughter, and was always tender and affectionate in all her dealings with her. It was not to be supposed, therefore, that she would be very searching in her enquiries, or that she would endeavor to probe Jeanette's wound when she discovered that the treatment was painful to her. Jeanette's answers to the questions that were hinted at, rather than asked, by the kind old lady, were mainly composed of tears, and of entreaties that she would let the subject drop, as it would only uselessly revive unpleasant recollections. Jeanette could solemnly assure her, she said, that there was nothing wrong connected with her past life; but there were circumstances which she desired to be buried in oblivion, and which she would gladly forget, if she could.

She confessed that she had run away with Henri Labardie, because her father had sought to marry her to a man whom she hated and despised—to a man named James Musson, who was probably the same man whom Major Henning had mentioned as one of the leaders of the Blackfeet band.

That man, she said, had greatly annoyed her husband and herself, in past years, and she was afraid that he might cause her further trouble when he discovered her whereabouts. She felt herself safe, however, under the protection of her kind friend, Major Henning, and she only wished that the subject might be dropped, as it was very painful to her.

Major Henning was by no means satisfied with this information, as his wife communicated it to him. He thought that she might have pressed Madame Labardie more closely, and might have drawn from her something more definite. He did not say so, however, but shook his head gravely, and went to attend to his duties.

Affairs remained in this situation for three days after the departure of Searle and Swannick, when there was a new occasion of excitement at the post.

The Blackfeet had lately made their appearance so near the fort, and in such numbers, that Major Henning had sent out no more hunting-parties, and had allowed no one to leave the inclosure, except two of his best scouts. He was not surprised when two mounted and painted Indians made their appearance, bearing a white rag on the point of a lance, which was doubtless intended as a flag of truce.

This proceeding was so different from the usual customs of the savages, that he supposed it must have been arranged by the white leaders of the Blackfeet, and that the object was to demand the surrender of his post.

The result proved that this conjecture was partly right and partly wrong. The Indians were received outside the fort, where they delivered to him a well-written letter, which he read as follows:

"TO MAJOR HENNING commanding trading-post in Green river valley:

"As you must be aware, a large band of Blackfeet warriors are encamped near your station. I am one of the leaders of that band, and can assure you that their numbers and their bravery are such that they are able to capture your fort and all it contains. They are eager to do so, and have only been restrained, thus far, by my influence. I am still willing to restrain them, if you will make such reasonable terms as I propose. You have with you, under your protection, a woman who calls herself Jeanette Labardie, but who is really my wife, having left me years ago, in company with a young man named Labardie. I demand that she be given up to me, and her father, Jean Barteau, who is here with me, joins in the demand. If it is complied with, and if you are willing to send me a sufficient quantity of powder and lead, alcohol, blankets and other articles, to be divided among the Indians as presents, your post will not be molested; otherwise, I will let my warriors loose upon it. If you knew as much about the woman as I do, you would be glad to send her away. I have exact information of the number of your men, the strength of your defenses, and all particulars connected with your station and its contents. You will perceive, therefore, that I am making you a liberal offer, and I have no doubt that you will send back by the bearers your acceptance of my terms.

"JAMES MUSSON,
"Otherwise known as the Bald Chief."

Major Henning's feeling on reading this missive were those of astonishment and indignation. Here, then, was the solution of the mystery that had lately troubled him. Jeanette Labardie, as pure, good and saintlike as she had appeared, was a woman who had lately left her husband, and had taken up with another man. Worse—her real husband was a gambler and adventurer of the worst kind, and her father was a mountaineer of bad character, who had been flogged as a deserter. Worse, still—her husband and her father were chiefs of a murdering and plundering band of savages, who were even then seeking an opportunity to destroy his trading-post, and to take the lives of his family and friends. It was no wonder that this woman refused to tell her history, that she desired a curtain to be dropped over her past life.

To be Continued.