

Summerside Journal.

A N D W E S T E R N P I O N E E R .

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

Vol. 4.

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No. 31.

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Almanac for May, 1869.

MOON'S PHASES.
Last Qtr., 3d day, 9h. 28m. morning, S. W.
New Moon, 11th day, 9h. 55m., morning, S. W.
First Qtr., 18th day, 5h. 17m., evening, S.
Full Moon, 25th day, 11h. 11m. morning, N.

| DAY | SUN | sun | | moon | DAYS |
|----------|--------|------|---------|-------|------------|
| | | rise | set | | |
| 1 Sat | 4 51 7 | 4 | 3 41 | 21 | morn |
| 2 Sun | 49 7 | 5 | 3 11 28 | 18 | 0 35 14 |
| 3 Mon | 47 6 | 3 | 18 45 | 59 | 1 15 19 |
| 4 Tues | 46 7 | 2 | 24 3 25 | 1 45 | 22 |
| 5 Wed | 45 8 | 3 | 30 20 | 35 | 2 18 24 |
| 6 Thurs | 44 9 | 3 | 34 37 | 28 | 2 49 25 |
| 7 Frid | 43 10 | 3 | 39 54 | 5 | 3 12 27 |
| 8 Sat | 42 12 | 3 | 43 10 | 26 | 3 36 30 |
| 9 Sun | 41 13 | 3 | 46 26 | 29 | 4 2 14 32 |
| 10 Mon | 40 14 | 3 | 48 42 | 15 | 4 30 34 |
| 11 Tues | 39 19 | 3 | 50 57 | 43 | sets 37 |
| 12 Wed | 38 17 | 3 | 52 12 | 53 | 8 20 39 |
| 13 Thurs | 36 18 | 3 | 52 27 | 45 | 9 20 42 |
| 14 Frid | 35 19 | 3 | 53 42 | 18 | 10 20 44 |
| 15 Sat | 34 20 | 3 | 53 56 | 32 | 11 15 46 |
| 16 Sun | 33 21 | 3 | 52 10 | 28 11 | 59 14 49 |
| 17 Mon | 31 23 | 3 | 50 24 | 3 | morn 52 |
| 18 Tues | 30 24 | 3 | 48 37 | 16 | 0 47 54 |
| 19 Wed | 29 25 | 3 | 46 50 | 15 | 1 24 56 |
| 20 Thurs | 28 26 | 3 | 43 2 | 50 | 1 58 58 |
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| 23 Sun | 24 29 | 3 | 31 38 | 29 | 3 2 15 4 |
| 24 Mon | 24 30 | 3 | 26 49 | 32 | 4 7 7 |
| 25 Tues | 23 31 | 3 | 21 59 | 34 | rises 10 |
| 26 Wed | 22 32 | 3 | 14 11 | 2 | 8 34 11 |
| 27 Thurs | 21 33 | 3 | 6 21 | 9 | 9 38 13 |
| 28 Frid | 20 34 | 3 | 1 30 | 54 | 10 28 15 |
| 29 Sat | 19 36 | 2 | 53 40 | 16 | 11 10 17 |
| 30 Sun | 18 37 | 2 | 45 49 | 16 | 11 50 15 8 |
| 31 Mon | 39 39 | 2 | 37 57 | 53 | morn 20 |

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OFFICE—At the SUMMERSIDE DRUG STORE, next door to Bank, Central Street
SUMMERSIDE, . . . P. E. ISLAND.
October 12, 1868.

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.

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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 STABLES, 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.

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Mr. W. H. POPE
BEGS to inform the public that he has resumed the practice of the Law.
OFFICE—A few doors below the Bank of Prince Edward Island.
Charlottetown, March 18, 1869.

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General Agent for P. E. Island.
G. W. DeBLOIS,
Charlottetown, June 20, 1868.—1*

POETRY.

BETRAYED.

BY SELLIE E. RAYMOND

To and fro, to and fro,
I, a weary wanderer, go.
When I sleep, I dreaming sigh,
When I wake, I weeping lie.
No one loves me—no one loves me—
Why?

Young in years, and yet so old
Since I left the dear home-fold;
Gone my beauty, gone my youth,
Gone my innocence and truth.
This my fault—I loved too well;
This my fate—I trusted, fell!
Such is woman's doer born,
Man's to woo, and win, and scorn.
Cast the broken flower by,
Do not lift it—let it die;
None to heed it—none to spare it—
Why?

One he loved me, and he swore
By my sunny waves of hair,
By the lustre of my eyes—
Could I know his vows were lies?
By my cheek, which stole his breath
From the sunset's waning flush;
By my shapely hand, he said,
But for love's carresses made;
Sighing, pressed his lips to mine,
Murmuring, "Ever, ever thine!"
Kiss, and whispered word, and sigh
All alike were false, and I
Am left a weary, sad and dreary.
Why?

Babe, thy father's glance I see
When thine eyes look up at me,
And the shadow of his smile
Lingers round thy lip the while.
Smile, my sweet, thy mother's breast
Gives thee shelter, food and rest.
Innocent, thou canst not know
All its weary weight of woe.
Scorned, despised, and cast away,
E'en the right denied to pray;
None to heed me when I cry,
None to pity when I sigh,
Homeless, friendless, bare and I,
Nought is left us but to die!

Select Literature.

SNOW BIRD,
THE TRAPPER'S CHILD.
CONTINUED.

The atmosphere of my very respectable home was so oppressively tranquil, that I longed to face a storm by way of variety. Our style of civilization was so duced dull, that I concluded to seek relief among the barbarians. My respected progenitor, the Reverend Charles, asked me the same question, although he did not mention thunder in that connection, and I will tell you the conclusion at which he arrived.

He said that I could not be going to the west to get riches, as I had enough at home; I could not be going for the purpose of learning, as there was plenty of books that would tell me all about the country and the people. In fact, there was no good or useful end that could be served by the journey, and he could only conclude that the devil had put the idea into my head—that the devil wished to drive me away from the respectable influence of my home. If the old gentleman was right—and he must have been—I think the devil ought to help me out of all the scrapes I get into.

More than half of the young gentleman's "palaver" might as well be Greek, as far as Jean Beartean's comprehension was concerned; but he understood enough of it to know that his prisoner had come into the wilderness because, as the ex-trapper would have expressed it, he "durn pleased to."

"And now, my predatory old beaver," continued Searle, as I had answered so many of my questions, I must ask you one in return. "When do these red-skins' savage propose to roast and eat me?" "Wal, it is jest possible, young chap, that you might get along without being roasted, if you are willin' to fall in with my notions. You will allow, I reckon, that bein' married is a better business than bein' roasted."

"Sometimes it is, I admit; but there might be instances in which I would prefer the roasting. A few minutes of quick fire would be preferable to a lifetime of hot water. If, however, I could marry to suit myself—such a person, in fact, as the beautiful creature who is sometimes called Snow Bird—"

"That's the idee, stranger. She is a mighty fine gal, and is all she ort to be, 'cep't in pint of education. She is young yet, but will soon be old enough to marry. I want to marry her to a rich man, who will be able and willin' to keep me in ease and comfort until I die. If you want to marry Annette on those terms, you may hev her; if you don't want to, I must turn you over to the red-skins, who don't make any such bargains."

"You offer me strong inducements," replied Searle. "Life and liberty and love are good arguments. I would gladly accept your terms, even at the risk of shocking my highly respectable family by presenting to them such a rough old beaver as my grandfather-in-law. The Reverend Charles, I am convinced, would advise me to chose the roasting, and he would publish, at his own expense, a new edition of Fox's Book of Martyrs, with a pictorial account of my horrible end; but the Reverend Charles is not in love with Annette, as I am. There is, however, one objection."

"What's that?" growled Beartean. "I have no desire to purchase a wife, after the Indian fashion. If I can win the love of Annette, I will gladly make her mine; but I will not marry her against her will."

"I will see to that," said Beartean, as he rose to go; the gal will do as I tell her to do."

"Permit me to observe that you stated, a while ago, that she had a will of her own, and I think that you are right about it."

"Never you mind, stranger. Stick to your say-so, and I will make it right with the gal."

"There may be stranger things in heaven and earth than this amount to; but I don't believe there are many," thought Searle, when Jean Beartean had squeezed himself out of the cave. "This is what I must call decidedly a mixed joke. A mixed joke is composed of good, bad, and indifferent. I have had the bad and good, and now, if this wild Snow Bird should prove to be indifferent toward me, the mixture will be complete."

CHAPTER X.

HAGAR.

It was a dark night when Jeannette Labardie set out from Henning's fort, and started across the prairie, shaping her course toward the mountains that loomed up, grand and gloomy, in the east. After the scene with Major Henning, she had retired to her room, locked the door, and spent some time in an agony of grief bordering on destruction.

The conclusion to which her wandering thoughts arrived was that there was no longer any shelter for her under Major Henning's roof. He had shown too plainly that he did not believe what she had told him, and that he did believe the horrible allegations that had been made by James Musson. Worse still, he had accused her of having repaid his kindness with the basest ingratitude—of having acted as a spy against him, for the benefit of a band of numerous savages.

If she had reflected, she would have known that the charge was an improbable one, and that Major Henning would not have made it in a moment of calmness. She would have been sure that he would retract it, when he came to consider the matter coolly. But the charge had been made, and it had wounded her so deeply as to destroy her powers of reflection. She only felt that she must fly from the presence of a man who could accuse her so unjustly, and of so base a crime.

She knew not whether she would go, or what she should do after she left the fort. Her fate had been following her during fifteen years, and again she must fly before it. This time, she could not doubt, it was destined to overtake her, to find her far in the wilderness, homeless and friendless.

She hesitated when she thought of her son. Should she take him with her, or leave him at the fort? She feared that it would be death to him, as well as to her, if he should go forth like Ishmael with Hagar; but she could not leave him. Was it not probably that Major Henning would visit her supposed sins upon him, and treat him as a vagabond and the son of a wicked woman? Besides, she could not bear the thought of separation from him. She was selfish enough to wish that he might perish with her, if she must perish in the wilderness.

She took nothing with her, except a very few articles of absolute necessity—a heavy shawl, a little food, and the remnant of the money she had saved since the death of her husband. She made no reply to the wondering question of Henri, but enjoyed silence upon him, and stole quietly out of the house and the inclosure, holding him tightly by the hand.

It was not until the dark outlines of the fort had mingled in the general gloom of the night, that she gave him any explanation of this strange proceeding.

"We are going away from that place, my boy," she said. "I do not know where we will go to, or what we will do; but we are going away from the fort. Major Henning has spoken very harshly to your mother, and has accused her of being a wicked woman. I suppose he thought he was acting right; but he has done me a great wrong, and I can not stay under his roof any longer."

"If I was a man, mother, I would make him sorry for that," said Henri, looking up into her face.

"You should not say so, my boy, and you must have no hard feeling against Major Henning. He has protected us during many years, and has been very kind to us. He was angry at something that had occurred, and a man made a false charge against me, which he believed. Appearances were not in my favor, and I do not know that I ought to blame him."

"Of course you would speak a good word for him; but he must have acted very badly, to drive you out of the fort in this way. He had better not come across my path when I get bigger. What are you going to do, mother?"

"I do not know, Henri," replied Jeannette, whom this question affected very painfully, now that she was compelled to answer it. "I know that I could not stay at the fort any longer, whatever happened, and I left my course to be directed by Providence. It God does we must be lost. Perhaps we may meet with some friendly party of trappers or emigrants, for there are likely to be many in the valley at this season. But I fear we may be starved before that happens, if we are not captured by the savages."

"I have brought my bow and arrows that Bob Thatcher made me, and I will make as good a fight as I can if we meet any red-skins. I wish you had got a gun for me, as I wanted you to, and then you would have seen what I could do."

"I am afraid that you could do but little, my dear boy. We can only trust in Him who is the protector of the widows and orphans."

If you will show the way to the place you speak of, we will try to rest during the remainder of the night."

Henri led his mother to a secluded little nook near the bank of the creek, a pleasant spot, where the hills closed in upon the stream.

"I have some matches, Henri," said Madame Labardie. "If we can find some wood here, we had better start a fire to keep us warm through the night."

"We have nothing to cut wood with," replied the boy; "but that wouldn't make any difference, if it was right to have a fire. I reckon you haven't been out with the trappers and hunters as much as this hoss has. It won't do to have a fire, because the light would be sure to bring the red-skins down on us. Just you wrap yourself up in your shawl, mother, and lie down and go to sleep. I will keep watch over the camp."

Jeannette protested against this arrangement, and finally put an absolute veto upon it; so that Henri was compelled to lay down by her side and share her shawl.

The widow and the orphan were protected that night. They slept well, and were in no way molested. Early in the morning they were awake, and after a cold breakfast from Madame Labardie's scanty store, they again started on their treacherous route.

They went toward the mountains—for no special reason that Jeannette could give, except that she hoped, by crossing the valley, to fall in with any party of white men that might possibly happen to be traveling there.

Twelve o'clock passed. Henri was clamorous for dinner, and the widow's small stock of provisions were soon exhausted. Again they toiled on wearily and slowly, seeing nothing to alarm or cheer them—except nothing living, except a few birds, a stray buffalo or so, and occasionally a herd of graceful antelopes, at which Henri looked with longing eyes.

An hour before sunset found them across the valley, in the midst of rocks and rugged hills, with the vast barrier of mountains towering up endlessly before them. Madame Labardie could go no further, but stopped at a cool little spring, to rest and to bathe her hot brows.

Henri was again hungry, with a boy's hunger, that demands to be appeased, and will not be put off. His mother had nothing for him to eat, and she grew sick at heart. She thought of Hagar and Ishmael in the wilderness, and resolved to try the efficacy of prayer.

Requesting Henri to remain at the spring for a few moments, she stepped aside into a clump of bushes, and prayed earnestly to God, that He would not let her see the death of the child.

As for Henri, his thoughts were soon occupied in quite another manner. Perceiving an antelope that had got separated from the herd, he remembered accounts that he had heard from hunters of the great curiosity of this animal, and of its propensity to approach strange objects. He determined to try an experiment.

Hanging his colored silk handkerchief on a twig, he concealed himself behind a bush, with his bow in his hand.

The shy and beautiful creature, catching sight of this unusual object, ceased cropping the grass, and gradually and warily moved toward it. Henri remained perfectly quiet, and, as it happened, he had the wind of the antelope.

Timidly, but steadily, the animal drew near to the handkerchief, until it was hardly two rods from the boy's hiding-place. Then, like Hiawatha in the alder-bushes, Henri rose upon one knee, without moving a twig or stirring a leaf, and aimed his arrow truly. The antelope must have heard the beating of the boy's heart; for it started, just as Henri's bowstring twanged, and was struck full in the breast by his sharp arrow.

Excited by his success, the young hunter shouted to his mother as the animal fell—a shout of joy and triumph. Madame Labardie ran to him affrighted, and found him exhaling over the dying antelope.

Before she could fully comprehend what had happened, both mother and son were surprised by the appearance of a third person, a young girl, dressed in Indian costume, who stepped down from the rocks near them, and quietly approached them.

"Here's the girl that I told you about, mother!" exclaimed Henri. "Isn't she a stunner! I hope that freckle-faced old chap isn't with her."

Jeannette looked at the new-comer in astonishment; but the girl without saying a word to either, walked to the antelope, slit its throat with a hunting-knife, and proceeded to skin and dress it, a work which she performed in good hunter's style.

Henri, not to be behind hand in usefulness, bestirred himself to gather some wood and make a fire. In a short time a number of juicy cutlets of the antelope were hissing and sputtering on forked sticks, before the blaze.

The girl then washed her hands, turned around with a smile, and seated herself on the grass near the spring.

"As you have been so kind as to butcher our game, I hope that you will consent to share our repast," said Madame Labardie, smiling upon the stranger in return.