

Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

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Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, July 15, 1869.

No. 42.

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Almanac for July, 1869.

MOON'S PHASES.
Last Quarter, 1st day, 8h. 34m. evening, N.E.
New Moon, 9th day, 9h. 25m. morning, S.E.
First Quarter, 16th day, 2h. 35m. morning, N.W.
Last Quarter, 31st day, 0h. 54m. evening, W.

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

Summerside Markets.
July 15, 1869.

Beef per lb	5d a 6d
Mutton per lb	4d a 5d
Oats per bush	3s
Potatoes per bush	1s a 1s 3d
Turnips per bush	10d a 1s
Butter per lb	11d a 12d
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb	8d a 9d
Eggs per doz	4d 4d
Hides per lb	2s a 3s
Mackerel per doz	18s a 19s
Codfish per qt	4d a 6d
Pork per lb by carcass	35s a 40s
Flour per bbl	18s to 19s
Island Flour per cwt	16s a 17s
Oatmeal per cwt	50s a 60s
Hay per ton	10s
Pine Boards	4s a 6s

Charlottetown Markets.
Ch. Town, July 15, 1869.

Beef per lb	4d a 5d
Mutton per lb	4d a 5d
Pork per lb, by carcass	5d a 6d
Ham per lb	7d a 8d
Geese	none
Fowls	1s 3d a 1s 6d
Ducks each	20s a 21s
Flour per 100 lbs	18s a 19s
Oatmeal per 100	2d a 2d 1/2
Buckwheat Flour, per lb	18s a 20s
Codfish per quintal	18d a 19d
Butter per lb	1s 3d a 1s 4d
Do. by the tub,	3d a 6d
Cheese	8d a 9d
Tallow	8d a 9d
Eggs per dozen	1s 6d a 1s 9d
Potatoes per bushel	1s 6d a 1s 9d
Barley	9s a 9s 3d
Oats	70s a 75s
Hay per ton	4d
Hides per lb	4s a 4s 6d
Sheepskins each	4s a 4s 6d
Spruce Boards per 100 ft.	5s 6d a 4s
Hemlock	5s 6d a 4s

Business Cards.
BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
Corner of Great George & King Streets, Charlottetown.
President—HON. DANIEL BRENNAN.
Cashier—WILLIAM CURRIE, Esquire.
Discount Days—Mondays & Thursdays.
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.

UNION BANK.
Grafton St., Queen's Square, Charlottetown.
President—CHARLES PALMER, Esquire.
Cashier—JAMES ANDERSON, Esquire.
Discount Days—Tuesdays & Fridays.
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.

SUMMERSIDE BANK.
Central Street, Summerside, P. E. Island.
President—JAMES L. HOLMAN, Esq.
Cashier—E. L. LYDIARD, Esquire.
Discount Days—Tuesdays and Fridays.
Notes for Discount must be in before 11 o'clock on Discount days.
Hours of Business—10 a. m., to 1 p. m. from 2 p. m., to 4 p. m.

CASH FOR EGGS!
The highest price, in Cash, will be paid for EGGS, at the EUREKA HOUSE.
C. C. GARDINER.
Summerside, April 15, 1869.

Business Cards.
HANFORD BROTHERS,
Successors to Thomas Hanford,
Commission Merchants,
And General Agents,
11 NORTH MARKET WHARF,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
CHAS. U. HANFORD. FRED. S. HANFORD

J. H. ALLEN,
Commission Merchant,
AND DEALER IN
PROVISIONS, &c.,
MARKET STREET, - ST. JOHN, N. B.
Gives personal attention to the Sale and Purchase of every description of Goods. May 9, 1868.

ROBERT GORDON,
AUCTIONEER
AND
LAND BROKER.
Alberton, P. E. Island
REFERENCES:
Hon. Judge Young—Charlottetown.
Hon. G. W. Howland—Alberton.
Mr. Joseph Bertram—Summerside.
Alberton, May 13, 1869. ly

REUBEN TUPLIN,
Commission Merchant,
AUCTIONEER,
And General Agent.
Margate, P. E. Island.
REFERENCES:
Hon. D. Brennan, R. T. Holman,
Ch. Town, Summerside.
April 22, 1869. pat. pro. 6m

WILLIAM BEARSTO,
Commission Merchant,
Auctioneer & General Agent,
WATER STREET,
Summerside, P. E. Island

R. & W. T. HUNT,
Commission Merchants,
AUCTIONEERS.
SALESROOM AND OFFICE
Head Queen's Wharf, Summerside, P. E. I.
(Opposite the Store of W. T. Hunt & Co.)
April 2, 1869. ly

CARVELL BROTHERS,
AUCTIONEERS,
Commission Merchants,
AND GENERAL AGENTS.
BANK BUILDING, - - QUEEN STREET,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

WILLIAM DODD,
Commission Merchant,
And Auctioneer,
QUEEN SQUARE,
CHARLOTTETOWN - - P. E. ISLAND
E. F. PURDY
NEW

Marble and Freestone
ESTABLISHMENT,
(NEXT DOOR TO BEER AND SONS')
KING SQUARE,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.
All orders punctually attended to.
Call and See!
Jan 7, '69 ly

A. W. ANDRES,
Marble Worker,
Point Du Chene, Shediac N. B.
MONUMENTS, TOMBS, GRAVE-STONES, &c., &c.
AMERICAN AND ITALIAN MARBLE constantly on hand.
Can furnish Gravestones and Monuments at a less price than any other establishment in the Province, 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.

REMOVAL!
DOCTOR FULLER
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR
RESIDENCE AND OFFICE ON
Central Street, Summerside.
(Directly opposite the Summerside Bank)
Summerside, May 13, 1869.

CARD.
DR. DODD may again be consulted at his old residence, in MARGATE, NEW LONDON.
April 15, 1869. - pro 3m.

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

Business Cards.
FOUNTAIN HOUSE!
North side King Square, (next to Park Hotel)
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. ly

CRAWFORD'S HOTEL.
NO. 9, KING SQUARE,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
THE subscriber having thoroughly refitted and enlarged his HOTEL and STORE, is now prepared to accommodate Permanent and Transient Boarders on the most reasonable terms.
ALSO, in connection, a GROCERY STORE, where every article required for house use may be had.
J. CRAWFORD & SON.
Sept. 10, 1868. ly

Point Du Chene House!
THE Subscriber would beg to call the attention of the travelling public to this well-known and favorite Hotel, situated at the head of the Railway Wharf, at Point Du Chene, N. B.
Its advantages as a residence for parties in quest of health cannot be surpassed. The air is pure, bracing and invigorating, while there is every facility for deep sea-bathing.
The trains for St. John leave the door twice every day. The charges will be found moderate, the table good; and the subscriber hopes by strict attention to the requirements of his customers, to ensure general satisfaction.
PETER SCHURMAN, Proprietor.
P. S.—Being himself P. E. Islander, the subscriber would hereby respectfully request a share of the Island patronage.
Pt. Du Chene, May 13, '69. 3m

ROCKLIN HOUSE,
KENT STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN,
SIMON D. FRASER, PROPRIETOR.
Permanent and Transient Boarders will find the above House of give satisfaction.
Ch. Town, June 13, 1868.

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.

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

JAMES GREENOUGH,
FLOUR
Commission Merchant,
No 47 Commercial Street
Corner of Clinton Street - - - BOSTON
Jan. 1, 1869. ly

KERSHAW & EDWARD'S
IMPROVED PATENT
Non-conducting and Vaporising
Fire and Burglar Proof
SAFES.
MANUFACTURERS OF
BANK VAULTS, BURGLAR PROOF VAULT DOORS, IRON VAULT DOORS, PATENT COMBINATION BANK LOCKS, DEED BOXES, PATENT JAIL LOCKS & CELL DOORS, &c. &c.
THOS. FULLER, | DAVID STARR & SONS,
Travelling Agent. | Agents, Halifax.
Montreal, Dec 15, '68 y

BOOT & SHOE ESTABLISHMENT.
THE subscriber begs leave to acquaint the inhabitants of SUMMERSIDE and the country generally, that he has commenced his business of **Boot & Shoe Making**, in the Shop next door to O'Neill's, near the Wesleyan Church. He trusts that by strict attention to business and good work to give general satisfaction and merit a share of public patronage.
WILLIAM CLARK.
Summerside, April 22, 1869.

THE GENUINE COMMON SENSE
Family Sewing Machine!
FOR
\$3 55. 0d.
AT
HARVEY'S BOOKSTORE,
Charlottetown, and PRINCE COUNTY BOOKSTORE, Summerside.
June 4, 1869.

THOMAS HALL
IS NOW PREPARED, with the assistance of the STEAM POWER, to furnish any number of
TIREHING MACHINES,
of the most improved kind.
Iron Turning, Wood do., Carvs, Trucks, &c., &c.,
manufactured, together with
All other Work in his branch of trade
Every Machine warranted to do good work.
THOMAS HALL.
Summerside, May 20, 1869.—4t.

POETRY.
[FOR THE JOURNAL.]
A BRITON'S HEART.
One boon vouchsafed to mortals here,
Which we may all enjoy,
To fill our souls with holy cheer,
And feel all comfort nigh:
'Tis LOYALTY—that holy prize
God doth to us impart;
Who would not make a sacrifice
To have a Briton's heart?

We love Old England from our heart,
And we esteem her laws,
We must condemn the men who mart
Their honor in her cause;
But we remember, there are those
Who never will depart
From serving her, and who repose,
Bless'd with a Briton's heart.

There is no land beneath the sun
Which we esteem so high,
Her broad domains do every one
Possess prosperity;
Peace doth within her borders dwell,
She knows not warfare's smart;
Oh! that I could the bravely tell
That fills a Briton's heart.

VICTORIA, thy name we love,
Thy happy reign we bless,
From year to year, with joy we prove
The blessings we possess;
Though other nations may arise,
And fiercely use the dart,
Peace reigns with us; O! could we prize
An honest Briton's heart!

"God save our country and our Queen,"
We are resolved to stand
A noble race, and e'er esteem
The blessings of our land.
And shew that we possess a peace
From which we cannot part,
And through our life we ne'er shall cease
To hold a Briton's heart.

Select Literature.
Pierre, The Charcoal-Burner.
CHAPTER I.
"But at noon-day, this brightness glanced like a jewel in the forest, and all the fringe of the book, standing like a dark setting round about the dell."
"Think of the loneliness of this spot, where a pebble flung into the stream starts comes like a wonder. If a shriek of agony—a cry for help went up to heaven from this lone place, no human ear would hear it. If some dreadful deed were done here, no human eye would witness it—no tongue could ever testify against the evil-doer."
"Ten years ago, one August day, when the sun was blazing in the sky, I crept away from my fellows, and bent my steps toward this dell. All the hot morning, as I worked, I had thought of it longingly, and the sound of the cool rill trickling over the pebbles, had haunted me, whispering of rest and freshness. So, while the others betook themselves to the siesta beneath the trees, I crept away, and wound round through the wood, following the music of the brook."
"Somehow it seemed to me that I did not step through the underwood, but that I broke through it suddenly, like a man lying in a dream, and then I saw Elmore lying on the grass, in the glare of the noonday sun. It did not come upon me gradually that she was dead. I knew it like a flash, even as I beheld her."
"The place was silent as a wrecked ship in mid-ocean might be. Not a leaf stirred as if hot air, not a blade of grass quivered as I stood looking at her. I saw she was dead, yet I would not see it—I would not believe it. So, as the color came slowly back to my face, as my heart began to beat again, I cried, softly:
"Elmore! Elmore!"
"There was no answer—no movement in the prostrate form; and then I knew the silence was the silence of death."
"I sprang across the brook and lifted her in my arms, and as I touched her my hands were covered with blood. I do not tell you what I felt. As I have said before, suffering has no words. The tongue cannot betray the agony of the soul, strive as it may. No; it cannot even utter the pangs of the flesh; true grief and pain are silent, and the woes that chatter of their smart are nothing."
"She was stabbed again and again before she died. I could see the blood upon the grass. I could see the place where she knelt and begged for mercy. And from her knees she had fallen on her face, and so I found her—her hands clasped as she had lifted them in prayer, and her fair face pressed against the grass."
"From the wounds upon her neck, her hands, her arms, I saw the murderer had struck again and again in a frenzy of cruelty of savage hate or jealousy."
"It is Luc Leroy," I said, as I laid her back gently on the grass.
"I had not cried aloud for help—I had not even thought of it. Whether the horror of the scene, or the instinctive knowledge of the uselessness of cries in this lone place kept me silent, I know not. Neither do I know how long I sat with my dead love in my arms before I roused myself, and rushed from that dreary sunshine into the dim woods."
"I came up this rugged path a madman, blind with grief and rage. Had I met Luc Leroy then, I should have torn his heart out."
"I ran on toward the place where I had left my companions; but before I reached them, I met her father staggering through the woods, stupidly drunken. He started at me with bleared eyes, and saw the blood on me."
"What's this?" he said, eagerly.
"Seeing him helpless, I would have passed him in a silence that was half pity,

half-disgust; but the miserable man seized me, and shrieked aloud for help.
"Let me pass on!" I cried; "your daughter lies murdered on the dell."
"The sense left in him was so little, that he caught at the words wrong.
"Do you dare to own that you have killed her?" he shrieked. "Help, comrades, help!"
"We were struggling together on the ground when they came running to the spot, and, as they lifted me, my ghastly looks might well make them deem me guilty."
"He comes red from the dead!" cried Pere Martin, shaking with terror. "Look at his hands!"
"The old man's drowned senses were so bewildered now that he struck at me frantically, crying aloud the while on his daughter's name, and raving of her beauty and goodness."
"He was jealous—this assassin here. He knows a rich man wanted my child; Luc Leroy would have made her then his wife."
"Meanwhile I fought with my fellow-workmen like a maniac. I strove to speak to them—I strove to tell them all that had happened to me; but my reason had gone wild, my heart was breaking, my lips were cracked, my voice only came in gasping sobs."
"Elmore! Elmore! they say I killed thee! I who loved thee better than my life. Are you mad, comrades? I tell you Luc Leroy is the man!"
"Luc has just left me. He has been in my hut with me all the morning," said Pere Martin.
"As he said this, I flung myself on the ground in utter despair, and suffered silently the cords with which my comrades bound me; then some staid to watch me, while others went to the village to apprise the authorities of the murder."
"You perceive, monsieur, that when the gendarmes arrived they were necessarily already prejudiced against me, therefore my bearing and my words all seemed to them proofs of guilt. But a more certain proof was not forthcoming. Down in the dell, near the body of the murdered girl, they found a knife—my knife; it was covered with blood, and it had evidently been the weapon used against her."
"As the men spoke of this, I remembered with a ghastly sinking of my heart that I had lost this knife a day or two before in the woods, but I had mentioned this loss only to Elmore and her father. I appealed to him, now reminding him of this fact; but he answered me angrily that he remembered nothing of it."
"Then I sank into sullen despair, and went silently to prison."

CHAPTER II.
"The trial drew crowds to the court, Martin and Luc Leroy."
"The girl loved me," said this last villain insolently; "naturally she preferred a man of my station to a mere charcoal-burner. She flattered herself, I should marry her. I had no intention of the sort, but I amused myself in talking to her."
"When did you last see her?" asked the judge.
"At a quarter to ten o'clock, in her father's hut."
"Was her father there?"
"No! and I only saw her for a moment or two. She seemed frightened, and begged me to go away. She said the man Pierre was jealous, and she should not like him to see us together."
"Did you leave the hut at her request?"
"No, I refused to do so; and then she left it herself, saying, she was going to gather herbs to sell to the chemists."
"Did you follow her?"
"Only a step or two, and after a little talk beneath the trees, I returned to the hut where her father found me."
"If you loved the girl, and was pleased to be in her society, why did you not accompany her in her quest for herbs?"
"Well, the truth is, I didn't much like being seen with a charcoal-burner's daughter; I should have been jeered at by my friends. Then, again, I was unwilling to arouse the prisoner's jealousy; he had threatened me on various occasions, and I wanted to avoid his violence, for the girl's sake."
"Other falsehoods he uttered, I cannot repeat to you. They madden me with indignation even now as I think of them. Enough, that he slandered the girl he had murdered, while he strove to swear away my life."
"I never doubted he had killed her, and as I looked into his shrinking, cowardly face, I knew it, as surely as I knew there was a sun in the heavens."
"When Pere Martin was called, I gazed at him eagerly to see if there were any signs of sense in him. But no; his face was hopelessly dull, his brain hopelessly drowned in intoxication."
"When did you last see your daughter alive?" asked the judge.
"I don't exactly know the hour, but I think it was about half-past nine."
"Why did you leave her, and what was she then doing?"
"She was sewing. I left her to fetch a jar of pekie, which Monsieur Leroy had put for me behind the old cross, on the road in the forest that leads to Bastogne."
"At what hour did you return to the hut?"
"At ten, and I then found Monsieur Leroy waiting for me."
"But if you do not know the exact time at which you left the hut, how can you tell it was ten when you returned?"
"I know, because Monsieur Leroy showed me his watch; it wanted two minutes of ten. He was angry because I kept him waiting. He had been there, he said, nearly half an hour. This is now I became aware that it was half-past nine when I left home."
"You seem to know the time only from Monsieur Leroy—how is that?"
"I did not know it from him; I looked at his watch myself."
"And what did you do when you reached the hut?"
"We drank pekie."
"Till what hour?"
"I don't know. We drank together until just before the moment I met the accused, and he told me had murdered my daughter."
"How did he look when you met him?"

"He was wild and haggard, and his hands and arms were covered with blood."
"Do you recollect him having told you he had lost his knife?"
"No."
"I repeat these interrogations and replies, monsieur, to show you that the chief point at the trial rested on a question of time."
"Up to a certain hour I was toiling with my fellow-workmen, and I was supposed to have committed the crime in the period which elapsed between the time I left them and the moment I was seen by Pere Martin. On the other hand, was Luc Leroy really found in the hut at two minutes to ten, or had he put his watch back, and by this and other means deceived his half-drunken companion?"
"According to their own testimony, they had sat together drinking for nearly two hours, but I did not believe this. I imagined they had been together only an hour, and the impression of a longer period had been cunningly made by Luc Leroy on the drunkard's mind in order to screen his own guilt."
"But it was in vain my counsel and I questioned and cross-questioned; we elicited nothing beyond the fact that Pere Martin had 'tasted' the pekie on his way to the hut."
"Did you sit down to taste it?" I asked.

"Well, yes; I think so."
"Did you taste it more than once?"
"I don't know, but I might have."
"And you sat down each time?"
"Well, yes."
"Then how could you get from your hut to the cross and back again in less than half an hour?"
"I walked fast."
"After these questions and answers, the distance was measured, and it was found a man could walk it in half an hour."
"But not an old man," said my counsel, "not a man who sits down four or five times by the way to drink."
"He must have left the hut earlier than half-past nine," observed the Procureur du Roi. "His ideas of time are are vague until he sees Luc Leroy's watch."
"We fought a good fight, monsieur, my counsel and I, but we were defeated. I was found guilty, and condemned to a prison for life. My exact statement of the truth was entirely discredited—the loss of my knife especially was looked on as a flimsy invention; and, but for the 'extenuating circumstances' which were presumed to exist in my passionate jealousy, and poor Elmore's love for the villain Leroy, I should have lost my head under the sword of the guillotine."

"Ah, monsieur, when I tell you that I, an innocent man, spent four years in all the sufferings of the *Bagne*, you will not wonder that my race has the lines of age, the marks of an iron servitude, the scars of a fire not yet quenched."
"I should have died long ago, had I not myself to death against the bars of its cage?"
"Well, I should have done that but for one thought—the thought of Elmore—the burning desire to avenge her kept me alive, and sustained me through all my miseries. This gave me hope to study a plan of escape; this gave me courage and fortitude to pursue it."
"God is a just God," I said to myself continually; therefore I shall not fail in my purpose."
"And I did not. I escaped; but how, and by what means, I am bound never to tell."
"Four years of prison had so changed me, that none of my old companions, looking on my face, would have said, 'There goes Pierre, the charcoal-burner.'"
"To a freeman of the woods like me, chains had been a living death, and my anguish had made me old and ghastly, when, once more at liberty, I breathed again the fresh air of the forest."
"I knew it was dangerous to return hither; nevertheless, I came. I trusted one of my old friends, and he proved faithful. He hid me, and supplied me with food till the heat of the search for me was over. It is a hard thing for gentlemen to find a man in the forest; as well hunt for a wolf or a wild boar without dogs, as look for a fugitive in this wilderness."
"In six months my hair and beard had grown long and thick—it had become gray, nearly white, as you see, and I felt that the eye even of a detective would scarcely recognise the escaped/forat, much less, then, would the villagers see in this white-haired, aged man, Pierre, the charcoal-burner."