"One morning in the next week, I received a message to attend the City house of business about some alteration in my duties. I immediately suspected there was some change to be made in the manner of paying the weavers, which had already been hinted at once or twice, and that my accounts would be audited on the next Saturday, the last in the month. When I arrived there was no one in the counting-house, and on the desk was a new blank cheque book. The devil prompted me, and I neatly abstracted from it a blank cheque and put it in my pocket. When I saw the head partner he received me very coolly, and told me that a new system was to be adopted. I promised everything should be in readiness, and left him.

"I was now desperate, and I resolved on forging my employers name to a cheque for one hundred pounds; but when I took the pen in my hand, I lost all courage. Still, I argued, it must be done; and I went to the public-house, and after drinking two glasses of gin-and-water, I had sufficient nerve to commit the forgery.

"But now, how was I to get the check cashed? At last I remembered that my daughter's suitor was to call in the evening, and I resolved to make him my tool. When I arrived at home I again applied to the bottle for courage and as he was leaving the house I told him I should be much obliged to him if he would get a check cashed for me at the London and County Bank the next day, and bring the money in the evening. He readily promised to do so, and kept his word; but unfortunately he was personally acquainted with the cashier, and they had some little conversation together on indifferent subjects. To shorten a sad story, the fraud was detected, and *I* was tried and found guilty. My employers recommended me to mercy on account of my previous good character, and I was sentenced to only three years' imprisonment. My daughter's marriage was of course broken off, and my wife has since died of a broken heart. Some weavers kindly assisted my children, but the youngest were sent to the workhouse and my family broken up. I have paid dearly enough," he said, with tears in his eyes, "for a couple of years gentility. When I leave here, God only knows what I shall do; my character is gone, and nobody will employ me."

We then left the poor fellow in his cell. "That," said the chaplain as I left the prisoner, "is no exceptional case. The efforts at present made to put a stop to drinking are worthy of all praise; but, be assured, there is no passion more productive of dishonesty than the love of appearance; and when a society shall be formed to work against it, they will have as terrible an evil to contend with as drinking itself.

WILLIAM GILBERT.

THE FRENCH PRESS ON THE KING OF ITALY.

(From Wilmer & Smith's European Times.)

The Paris journals, with the exception of the religious organs, are unanimous in their approbation of King Victor Emmanuel's language. We subjoin some short extracts from our contemporaries, commencing with the following from the *Patrie*:

"This speech brings us the proof that Italy preserves a grateful remembrance of the devotedness continuously manifested by France to the Italian cause, from the day when Count Cavour was enabled to evoke the hopes and aspirations of Italy in the Congress of Paris down to the moment when, by the triumphant support of our arms, we ensured her independence. [illegible] echo of the public opinion of his country when he speaks of the ties of friendship and gratitude which attach Italy to France and her Sovereign. The *vote* henceforward reserved for that country appears to us traced out in the paragraph where the King conjures the Italians 'to devote themselves at present, altogether, with intelligence, ardour, and indomitable constancy, to the development of the economical resources of the country. It is, in fact, towards the increase of her own prosperity that Italy, now in safety, must direct all her efforts. There lies her duty, for there also lie her future prospects. Thus the Parliament, convinced that it is by the works of peace, by the activity of the citizens, by the union of all the living forces of the country that Italy can rise to the height of her destinies, will hasten, as we firmly expect, to second in that course the views of her Government. The responsibility of Italy, henceforth mistress of herself, the King justly observed, ought to be equal to her power."

The *Gazette de France* affects to believe that King Victor Emmanuel intends to act quite differently from what he asserts, and that the Pope is undoubtedly to be attacked and deprived of his remaining power:—"The language which the Italian Cabinet has put into the King's mouth," says our contemporary, has an appearance of moderation and affects the semblance of a conciliatory spirit—the same being imperatively called for by the decencies of the Italian farce which has for some years past been in course of performance. The lukewarm, the indifferent, those who only ask for a pretext to declare themselves re-assured, may pretend to be seduced by this language. But the Catholics who repudiate injustice and duplicity will read clearly enough between the lines of the harangue, and without any light thrown on the subject by the joy of their adversaries, that the Italian Government persists in claiming Rome as a property belonging to Italy, and that it is more than ever resolved to suppress the temporal power of the Pope. What, in fact, does Victor Emmanuel promise? Solely to respect the Pontificial territory—as he has done hitherto, and doubtless as he respected it on the day when he sent Cialdini to invade the Marches and Legations! This precedent is not calculated, as may be easily seen, to reassure Catholics as to the inviolability of what the Pope still retains of his ancient states. We are, however, willing to believe that Victor Emmanuel will abstain from loading his conscience with a fresh exploit resembling that of Castelfidardo. This time it is by 'moral means' that he expects to attain his object. Outraging Pius IX. just before he robs him, he has dared to declare, in the face of Europe, that he relies on the 'wisdom of the Sovereign Pontiff' to discriminate and conciliate the Catholic interests, which are mingled together and at war with each other in Rome.' And the world knows well how the Italian Government understands this conciliation; how it is decided to impose the same; the annexation of Rome to Italy; the abdication of the Pope, who would only retain a nominal and ceremonial sovereignty at Rome, whilst Victor Emmanuel would command alone as master. What bitter raillery!"

But the language just read is quite moderate in comparison with that Used by the *Union*, which expresses itself as follows:—"How embarrassed is the King's speech. How it trembles in the face of Europe and of Catholicity!' 'The country is henceforth free,' it says, 'liberated from every foreign domination.' France, apparently, is here placed in the same rank with Austria; France, a foreigner at Rome! She who has given so much to Sardinia—both Lombardy and Venetia, and allowed her to take the rest. There are certainly a few hacknied expressions of gratitude, an absolute silence would have been too bad. But how these thanks disappear in the midst of the praises addressed to the Venetians! Truly, one might almost say that the city of the Doges won the battles of Lissa and Custozza. Then comes a long and lumbering procession of hopes of 'conciliation' with these ambuscades of 'national aspirations' paved with allusions to 'Catholic interests' and to 'the wisdom of the Sovereign Pontiff.' These 'aspirations and these interests,' it says, 'are mingled together and are at war with each other at Rome.' What does that phrase signify? Is it a challenge, a menace, or a piece of irony? Without doubt the King cannot ignore, and he declares that the unanimous wishes are for 'the Sovereign Pontiff to remain independent at Rome.' There is only one mode for the Pope to be independent, and that is to be Sovereign. If the speech means this, why does it not say so? The period for tricks and circumlocutions of language is past. At present it is necessary to be frank, to know what you desire, and to speak it out loudly and distinctly. There is only one phrase which appears to have this character in the entire address: 'The Italian Government will respect the Pontificial territory.' The speech adds, 'and has respected.' No! because the Government has already usurped four-fifths of it. 'Will respect.' Here is an engagement. We shall take note of it, not without distrust assuredly, but in order to call attention to it each day and each hour."

BROCK.

I was making a tour in Holland. A friend told me, "Beware you see Brock; if you don't you have seen nothing." "Why I asked?" "What is there to see?" "You go there, and you will find out," was the answer, So I took a carriage, and told the coachman to drive me thither. The journey was not interesting. After a time the carriage stopped and the driver told me we had arrived and I must dismount. "Arrived?" I said, "Why don't you drive me into the town?" "Because it would dirty the streets," he said. "Are you mad?" "No, Monseur." "Are the streets inlaid?" "Yes Monsieur." I got down to walk into the town, and had not got more than a few yards when my driver ran after me and gave me a good brushing. I thanked him, though I thought him officious, and walked on, I looked around. All the houses were closed and the window shutters up. There was not a sound to be heard. The pavement was made of bricks of different colors, and shone as though they had been waxed. The wooden fronts of the houses were painted with maddening regularity, and they glittered as though they had been varnished. I touched one house to see if the paint were dry, when a door opened suddenly and a man, evidently very angry, rushed out and with a knapkin rubbed off my finger-marks, and then re-entered his house grumbling. I was stupified, but I continued my walk. I found by chance a tree, and cut down one of the branches to serve as a walking stick, and tearing off the leaves, left them on the road. Straightway I heard a great noise, and turning round I saw men and women collecting the leaves, and crying out at me and making gestures at me in such a way that I judged they were cursing me. Other women who came out of their houses to see what was going on, took off their shoes before crossing the street, in order not to soil it. I don't know what would have become of me in the midst of all these people if my coachman had not hailed in sight, and explained to to them that I was a stranger. "It is luckey," said he, "that they were women you saw; had they been men you would have got into it." "I asked for an explanation. "It is very strange said I. He replied, "Every day they rub the streets as if they were a sitting room, and the inhabitants think that they look so nice that they won't go out for fear of dirtying them." "You don't say so." "Tis true, Monsier; and finding that children, when they were let play in the streets, always dirtied them a little, they banished all persons having families. There are only bachelors and old maids there. They don't smoke because some people spit when they smoke. They have a few dogs, but they are kept indoors; besides they are stuffed. If they had any others they would kill them. One day they surprised a Frenchman who was standing too long by a wall, and threw a lot of water over him. When the Emperor Napoleon visited this town, in order that the nails of his boots might not scratch the pavement." I quitted the place as fast as I could, and was glad to find myself again walking the streets of Amsterdam with dust upon my shoes.

THE FIRST OYSTER-EATER.—Once upon a time—it must be a prodigiously long time however—a man of melancholy mind who was walking by the shores of a picturesque estuary, listening to the monotonous murmur of the sad-sea-waves, espied a very old and ugly oyster, all covered with parasites and seaweeds. It was so unprepossessing that he kicked it with his foot, and the animal, astonished at receiving such harsh treatment in his own domain, gaped wide with indignation. Seeing the beautiful cream-coloured layers that shone within the shelly covering, and fancying the interior of the shell to be beautiful, he lifted up the "aged native" for further examination, inserting his thumb and finger within the shell. The irate mollusk, thinking, no doubt, that this was meant as a further insult, snapped its pair close upon the finger of the intruder, causing him some little pain. After releasing his wounded digit, the inquisitive gentleman very naturally put it into his mouth. "Delightful," exclaimed he opening his eyes. "What is this?" and again he sucked his thumb. Then the great truth flashed upon him that he had found a new delight—had, in fact achieved the most important discovery ever made up to this date. He proceeded at once to the verification of his thought. Taking up a stone he forced open the doors of the oyster, and gingerly tried a piece of the mollusc itself. Delicious was the result; and so, there and then, with no other condiment than the juice of the animal—with no creaming brown stout or pale Chablis to wash down the repast, no nicely-cut, well buttered bread—did that solitary anonymous man inagurate the oyster banquet.—*Bertram's Harvest of the Sea.*

THE PRINTER.

B. F. Taylor, of the Chicago *Journal*, a writer whose every word is a poetic thought, thus speaks of the Printer, truly and prettily. In those pretty pictures of language what word painter so artistic, so exquisite as he? Read it, think of it, and say, for you can't help it, "it is so."

The Printer is the Adjutant of thought, and this explains the mysteries of the wonderful words that can kindle a home as no words can—that warm a heart as no hope can—that word "we," with a hand-in-hand warmth in it, for the Author and Printer are engineers together. Engineers in deed:—When the little Corsican bombarded Cadiz at the distance of five miles, it was deemed the very triumph of engineering. But what is that paltry range to this, whereby they bombard the ages yet to be.

There he stands at the case and marshals into line the forces armed for truth, clothed in immortality and in English. And what can be more noble than the equipment of a thought in sterling Saxon—Saxon with the ring or spear or shield therein, and that commissioned it when we are dead to move gradually on to the "last syllable of recordod time." This is to win a victory for death, for this has no dying in it.

The Printer is called a laborer, and the office he performs is toil. Oh, it is not work, but a sublime rite he is performing, when he thus "sights" the engine that is to fling a worded truth in grandor curve than the missiles e'er before described—flings it into the bosom of an age yet unborn. He throws off his coat indeed; but we wonder rather that he does not put his shoes from off his feet, for the place whereon he stands is holy.

A little song was uttered somewhere long ago; it wandered to the twilight feebler than a star; it died upon the ear; but the Printer takes it up where it was lying there in the silence like a wounded bird, and he sends it forth from the Ark that had preserved it, and it flies into the future with the olive branch of peace, and around the world with melody, like the dawning of a spring morning.

SHALL WE HAVE A NEW RECIPROCITY TREATY?

[From the Shipping List.]

The Hon. E. H. Darby, of Boston, is now engaged, under the authority of a resolution passed by Congress, during its last session, upon an elaborate Report on the question of Reciprocity between the United States and the neighboring British Provinces. This Report will soon be submitted to Congress as the basis, it is understood, of a new Treaty, and as this is one of the most important questions to be deliberated upon during the present session, we trust that all the circumstances and conditions may be considered in a spirit of equity. The old Treaty was not, in all respects, what it ought to have been, but it was vastly better than none. The principal arguments against it, before its repeal, was, that we took from our neighbors more or less of certain commodities of which our country produces a surplus; but the fact that they did the same thing, in their dealings with us, was quite generally overlooked, in the discussion pro and con. The exchange of product during the old Treaty was, in the main, profitable, and adapted to the wants of both countries. Since we have practically shut the door against their commerce, the Provincial Government have taken earnest steps, as we have seen, to enforce the scheme of Confederation, and to negotiate commercial treaties with Brazil, Central America, the West Indies and other countries.

These arrangements, if fully carried out, will, of course, not only divert a large amount of trade from American ports, but place the surplus products of our Western States at a disadvantage on the foreign markets. With lighter taxation and cheaper labor, Canada can produce many commodities at a smaller cost than the United States can, while with free ports upon our Northern border, and some two thousand miles of frontier, every facility is afforded for very large and lucrative illicit trade, which, as we have seen, smugglers have frequently taken advantage of, to the manifest disadvantage of our revenue and home manufactures.—Thus, instead of securing to the Treasury a large revenue, by placing a high duty upon the raw products of Canada, the practical effect has been to injure our commerce by diverting the trade of the Province into other channels, to the great disadvantage of our ships, railroads, and canals, while, despite all our efforts, a contraband trade has been built up, whose proportions it is rather unpleasant to contemplate. While the fisheries and the lumber trade of the Eastern States receive but a nominal protection under the present programme, Canadian cereals, provisions, and other farm products have been almost wholly shut out from our Atlantic markets, while the general run of American products have ruled so high that the Provinces have bought next to nothing of us.

A correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune*, writing from Vera Cruz, says:—"The city has just passed through a serious crisis. Max. has proved himself a clever gold-seeker. He has drawn blood from a stone—he has obtained money from the bishops and clergy of this country. A few days ago there was placed at the Emperor's disposal $25,000,000 for immediate use and he was promised a similar sum annually to enable him to keep up an army. The merchants of Mexico pledged themselves at the same time to give $10,000,000 annually and on these terms he has decided upon retaining his crown and shedding the last drop of his blood in defence of the nation." The French had left Mazatland, and the Liberals have occupied it. It is said that the best of feeling does not prevail between the French and American officers; and that in many places the Liberals are quarelling among themselves.

SINGULAR CURE OF CHOLERA.—At the last sitting of the French Academy of Sciences a paper was read [illegible] which cholera cured by him by simply injecting 400 grms. of water, at a temperature of 40 degrees Centigrade (the normal warmth of human blood), into the patient's veins. No sooner was this operation effected than the thermometer inserted into his mouth fell from 36.50 to 30, where it remained stationary; his heart beat with more frequency, and though the pulse was still silent, yet the patient breathed more freely. Before the operation he could not speak; immediately after he faintly called for drink. He soon after fell asleep; three hours later he was very uneasy and vomited abundantly. On the day following, he could get up and sit in a chair; all the choleratic symtoms had not yet disappeared, but the thermometer placed in the mouth marked close upon 36 deg., and the patient's weight had increased by 400 grms. It does not appear from Dr. Lorain's communication that the patient was besides subjected to any internal treatment or particular diet, but the result was that on the tenth day he left the hospital in a state of complete convalescence, and has since been in perfect health.

A great anti-American demonstration has just taken place at Vera Cruz. Ringing of bells, bonfires, brass bands and fireworks were the order of the exercises. Agents circulated among the people saying, "Who took one third of your territory in 1848? Who chased you from Texes, calling you greasers? Who called you a nation of wantons and theives? Who treated you like slaves and pushed you from the side walks, except the Americans?"

The Rev. M. Swabey tenders to the Ladies of Saint Luke's Church, Parish of Victoria, Carleton, his cordial thanks for their handsome Christmas offering of Plate, and begs to assure them that he will ever prize their gift, less for its intrinsic value, than as an evidence of their kindness, and expression of their good will for him whose privilege it is to laborr amongst them in holy things.—*Church Witness.*

The people of San Francisco want a reciprocity with the Sandwich Islands.

It is said that not a few English capitalists are establishing cotton manufactories in the South.

The gold mines on the Potomac river a few miles above Washington, are being profitably worked, and extensive machinery is being erected.

A delegation of fifty Indians, men, women and children, will embark with their wigwams war and domestic implements, &c., from New York, on the 10th of March, as a representation of the North West to the Paris Exhibition.

General Grant has sent a check for twenty-six thousand dollars to a real estate in Saint Louis, to be used in the purchase of an old farm owned by his father-in-law, ten miles from the city, as a final homestead for himself and family.

Cable telegrams were transmitted direct between New York and the western end of the cable, at heart's content, Newfoundland, on the 12th inst., and the average time in passing between New York and Valentia, Ireland was only five minutes to a message. The entire land route is being put in a most reliable condition.

Col. Bromford, commanding the U. S. forces in North Carolina, interfered and prevented corporal punishment on the person of a negro on the 20th inst. Judge Daniel D. Fowler decided to indict all military officers who were concerned in the transaction. President Johnson has ordered the military not to interfere with the legal whippings.

The British Ministry is divided on the question of introducing a reform bill in the Present Parliment.

The German Parliment will be chosen by universal suffrage.

A great reform demonstration took place in London on the 3rd inst. The procession of the Trades' Societies numbered from 50,000 to 70,000.

A Company in Paris has chartered the Great Eastern to run between New York and Paris during the Exhibition.

Summerside Journal.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1867

☞ No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. We must know the names and addresses of our correspondents as a guaranty of their good faith. We cannot undertake to return communications that are not used

SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

"How do you spend those long winter evenings?" is a question which we would like to put to every young man in the country, and indeed, for the matter of that, to every middle aged and old one too. We are much too gallant to propound any such question to the ladies, well knowing that their delicate and busy hands, find ample employment at all hours of the day, and at all seasons of the year. But it is very different with the members of the sterner sex, the toils of the greater part of them, end with the daylight, their evenings are at their own disposal, either to be improved or to be wasted. It is really astonishing how much time there is in our long winters, that can and ought to be devoted to self-improvement. There are at least three hours of every evening which may be employed by every one who can read, in storing his mind with useful knowledge. Those who have not acquired habits of study, have no idea of how much information, both religious and secular, can be acquired in those eighteen hours in each week, to say nothing of Sundays and stormy days. There is, in fact, no excuse for any one's remaining ignorant in this country and in these days. Books are cheap, nearly every one can read them, and every one has more or less of leisure which ought to be devoted to study. Though we would be the last in the world to attempt to dissipate the dreams of ambitious and hopeful youth, we do not ask our readers to spend hours poring over dumb books, in order that they may become great "genuises," and that they may be fitted to make a noise in the world; but we do exhort them to cultivate literature, that they may become intelligent men and women, and that they may adorn those stations in life to which it may please God to call them. There are very few genuises born in the world, and it would be quite a work of supererogation to attempt to encourage them. Their course is upward and onward, and they will assert their superiority and find their proper level in spite of every opposition, but there is no one so meagrely endowed with intellectual power who will not be greatly benefitted by the assiduous cultivation of his mind. In fact, the more frugal nature has been of her gifts, the greater the necessity of deriving every possible aid from cultivation. How pleasant it is to converse with a man who has diligently improved his opportunities of self-culture. There is no need of that man's using long words, or making learned quotations, to convince us that his mind is brimful of intelligence. In truth, such a man will never make any unnecessary display of his intellectual stores. He will [illegible] in the plainest language and the simplest modes of expression, but you can see his intelligence, as well in the glance of his eye and beams of living light that play on every feature of his countenance, as in the appropriateness of his language, and in the perfect subjection of his whole mind to his will. We have often wondered how it is that so few spend much of their time in intellectual pursuits. The purest pleasure, as well as the greatest benefits are to be derived from such pursuits when once entered upon. There is no pleasure comparable to that which can be gained from the perusal of some work of genius. Most pleasure produce satiety, and leave both the body and the mind jaded and exhausted, but the enjoyment derived from reading, is a pleasure which grows by what it feeds upon. The more you read the better you like reading, and the more intellectual strength you put forth, the stronger do your powers of mind become. How much of the good that might be derived from sermons, lectures and speeches, is lost for the want of intellectual training in the hearers! Not being accustomed to follow an argument link by link, and to see the bearing of one part of a subject upon another, most of our pulpit prælections and platform orations, and perhaps we may add newspaper articles, are at best but very imperfectly appreciated. Some one has said that it requires almost an equal amount of mental power, and as great a fixedness of attention, to understand a book, as to compose one. With this we cordially agree. What requires deep and patient thought to excogitate, requires deep and patient thought to properly understand and digest. Merely skimming over a book which is worth reading is a very foolish and a very profitless operation. It is like going through a field of corn and gathering a single ear—and that by no means the fullest and ripest—here and there, while we leave the great bulk of the crop to be gathered by some more industrious and painstaking husbandman. We every day hear persons lamenting the disadvantages under which they labored in their youth. They imagine that if they had received more "schooling," they would be much more useful and intelligent men. But we fancy that these persons greatly over-estimate the advantages of mere school learning, greatly underate their powers, and woefully neglect their opportunities of self-culture. It is a singular fact, that some of the most intelligent men whom we have ever met, were those whose early opportunities were of the most meagre kind. That these persons would not have been very much improved, had they enjoyed greater privileges of early education, we don't for a moment deny; but that they, in spite of every disadvantage, arrived at the intellectual stature of men in every way more favored by circumstances, proves that if a man makes use of the opportunities that are within his reach, he will in a great measure be able to atone for the deficiencies of his early education. We wish to impress on the mind of all, aged and youthful, that there are hardly any who are too old to learn, and that there are still fewer so poorly gifted by nature, who may not derive both pleasure and profit, from assiduously cultivating the one talent entrusted to their care.

We want to see a good Library established in Summerside, a library that will contain books suited to the undepraved tastes of all. Let no one make his peculiar taste the standard for all, but let every one by a wise liberality, make due provision for the gratification of tastes different from his own. Let there be History and Philosophy for the thoughtful, Voyages and Travels for the enterprising and curious, Religion for the devout, Poetry for the imaginative, Romance for the young and sentimental, and good old fashioned Stories for the little ones. We repeat, that we heartly wish there was a Library established, not only in Summerside, but in every School District in the Island. We are quite satisfied that if we were a reading people, we would soon become a happier and a richer people. Will not some of our enterprising and public spirited fellow townsmen, set about forming a Library in the Town without delay. If we were rich we would————but we are not, so there is no use in talking.

OUR POLITICS.

As nearly every one in these days is talking politics, we intend to have our say too. What we want to say is, that the SUMMERSIDE JOURNAL has no politics—it belongs to no party. It does not wear the colors of any faction. It does not belong to the Conservative Party, the Liberal Party, or to the Middle Party. It is, and intends to remain, perfectly neutral. We do not pretend to say that we have personally—out of the editorial chair—no political leanings, no party likings and predilections; we have them of course, but what we wish to tell the readers of the JOURNAL is that we dont intend to trouble them with them. We have made up our minds to keep them to ourselves. Like our opinions on free will, predestination, the ritualistic question, &c., we look upon them as our own private property, and have not the remotest intention of thrusting them down our subscribers' throats. Still we reserve to ourselves the privilege of advocating all measures which we consider may tend to the public good, and of denouncing all and singular the public abuses with which the country is afflicted. This we will modestly but fearlessly do, irrespective of party. We will also be at some trouble and expense to furnish our numerous readers with all the political news of the day. We will cheerfully publish such speeches as may be of interest to the public, no matter by whom delivered. If any one wishes to advocate any public improvement, provided he abstain from personalities, and write decent English, our columns are open to him, as they are, with the same proviso, to the person who wishes to show up some long standing abuse, or some hoary iniquity. We wish to make the SUMMERSIDE JOURNAL a family newspaper, not the organ of a faction. We think that this course besides being consonant with our disposition is also most in accordance with the wishes of our subscribers. There are political papers enough in the country, and we think that there is room for at least one which does not advocate the views of any particular party. The above—to use a phrase current in the neighboring Republic—is our platform. We wish it to be clearly understood that we belong to no party. The Tories may call us Whig and the Whigs a Tory, but we tell them both plainly that *we* are neither one nor the other.

☞ BELOW will be found an extract from a letter received by Mr. Silas Barnard of Charlottetown, from his son on board the Mission Brigt. "Day Spring." The letter is dated, "Sydney, October 8th, 1866," and was received by the last English mail.

"I received your last letters, but had not time to answer before leaving. It was fortunate that we did not leave for Melbourne as we expected to, for about three days afterwards, the wind set in from the North East, and "blew a perfect gale"—the worst weather experienced here for some years. We would have almost certainly been lost, as no less than nine vessels have not been heard of since, and are supposed to have been lost with all hands.

As I write I have just been thinking of home. It will, If I recollect right, soon be time to buckle on your skates and take enjoyment upon the ice, and throw snow-balls. How different it is here! not a particle of ice or snow to be seen throughout the year.

* * * * * * *

We carried a great many Missionaries down to the Islands this time. We were not able to accommodate them all, so the other mission vessel, the "John Williams" assisted us. They boast a great deal of her fast sailing, but they can't make anything of us. We run them "out of sight," under mainsail and topsail, they made the passage in thirteen days, while we accomplished it in ten. When we got in the harbor at Aneiteum, an unfortunate accident occurred to the "John Williams." She struck on an unknown rock while beating up the harbor, going seven knots. She was nearly half out of the water when she went on the reef, but with the voluntary assistance of three hundred and twenty natives, she was got off. Some of the natives then dived under her and secured blankets, &c., to the opening made in her bottom, and thus stopped her leaking considerably. After getting twenty "natives" on board, to work the pumps we accompanied her back here, and got in with her all right.

It is my wheel now from 8 till 10, so I must conclude, and remain,

Yours, &c.,

JABEZ S. BARNARD.

☞ A GRIST Mill owned by J. J. Wisner, Postmaster, Monaghan, was totally consumed by fire on Thursday night the 27th ult. A quantity of oatmeal &c., was also burned. No insurance.

☞ THE "P. E. Island Almanac for 1867," published by D. Laird, Charlottetown, has just been received in our office. It is quite equal to its former appearance and worth. Every Farmer or Mechanic should procure one on account of the large amount of valuable statistical and other information contained in it. For sale at the Prince County Book Store.

☞ PORK, Butter, and general provisions are excessively dull in the St, John, N. B., markets. Butter realizes 17c., and Pork about $18 per bbl.

☞ WE hear that it is the intention of Major-General Doyle to remove the Troops at present stationed in Charlottetown. The cause seems to be the high prices of meat. It appears that this article can be purchased cheaper in the other Provinces than on the Island. If this be true, we wonder how it is that so many cattle and sheep are annually exported to those places. This is an erroneous impression, and should not be allowed to go abroad uncontradicted. We believe that meat can be purchased cheaper on the Island than in any of the other Provinces. In proof of this we would refer our readers to the current prices published in the Island papers, which will compare favorably with those of Halifax or New Brunswick. If a few individuals combine to exact a high price, the whole Island should not be stigmatized. Let the General send the Troops to Summerside and we venture to say he will be able to procure the best of beef for much less than 8½d, per lb., the present price paid.

☞ ON Friday last a political public meeting was held at Kensington, at which Cornelius Howat, Esq., and Mr. Alex. Laird, were nominated as candidates for the fourth district of Prince County, at the ensuing election. On the Tuesday following, a large meeting was held at Centreville, when the Hon. J. C. Pope and Wm. G. Strong, Esq., were chosen as candidates for the same district.

A public meeting was also held in the Linkletter Road School House on Tuesday evening last. Several gentlemen of both political parties addressed the electors

THE Bark *Lillie*, Captain Nicholson, which laid at Queen's wharf a few days this Fall, arrived in Liverpool on the 8th ult., from Buctouche, N. B., having made the passage in fifteen days. The *Lillie* is owned by James Duncan & Co., Charlottetown. Captain Nicholson is a native of Point Prim, and has been very successful as a shipmaster and mariner.

☞ A party of the regular forces of the United States, consisting of eighty-seven men, all told, lately pursued a lot of troublesome Indians at Fort Philip Kearney, for a distance of four miles, when they were completely surrounded by a host of the savage wretches, and all shared the same fate without exception. Not one returned to tell the tale of massacre. The valuables, all the clothes, and the scalps of the victims were removed. Some of the bodies were recovered and buried at the fort.

☞ VERY serious colliery explosions have taken place in England, Over 300 lives have been lost.

☞ FIFTEEN vessels and twenty-six lives have been lost in the year 1866, in connection with the Gloucester, Mass., fisheries, against nine vessels and eleven lives in 1865.

☞ PORK, Butter, and general provisions are excessively dull in the St. John, N.B., markets. Butter realizes 17 cents, and Pork about $18 per barrel.

☞ THE Gold Market in the United States is looking up. Doubts are expressed however as to any certainty in the prospect. Among Gold Brokers in Wall Street, "there is no knowing what a day may bring forth."

☞ HON. Dr. Young lectured on Thursday, the 29th ult., before the Young Men's Christian Association, in Charlottetown, to a large and attentive audience, on the "Life and Times of Elijah, the Tishbite."

☞ THE Gold market in the U. S., is looking up. Doubts are expressed, however, as to any certainty in the prospect. Among gold brokers in Wall Street, there is no knowing what a day may bring forth.

☞ Twenty-three P. E. Island vessels are reported at Home in the latest shipping list received by the English mail. The average time of making the passage was twenty days.

THE Charlottetown *Patriot* will in future be issued semi-weekly. We hope that the enterprise of its proprietor will be appreciated and sustained.

WE were visited this week with plenty of Snow. The roads are, in some places, almost impassable.

QUICK PASSAGE TO EUROPE.—We learn from a correspondent at Georgetown, that the Brig *Athlete*, owned by the Hon. A. A. McDonald and Brothers, arrived at Queenstown, Cork, on the 4th inst., making the passage in the short space of twenty-two days, beating the Charlottetown clippers by some days.—*Ex.*

☞ ON Thursday evening, the 27th December, it being St. John's Day, the Annual Communication of Mount Lebanon Lodge was held in the Lodge Room, and the following officers were duly installed for the ensuing year:—

Brother Thomas Brehaut, W. M.; James Gourlie, S. W.; John McKinnon, J. W., John Lefurgy, Treasurer; David Montgomery, Secretary; James H. Gibson, S.D.; Wm. P. Green, J. D.; Daniel Hamilton, I. G.; Wm. Tuplin Tyler.

☞ WE have been handed the list of officers of the King Hiram Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, of St. Eleanor's, which reads as follo vs:—

J.W. Rielly, W.M.; T. McKinlay, S.W.; D. S. Hunt, J. W.; J Reid, Treasurer; H. Lawson, Secretary; S. McNeill, S. D.; H. G. Compton, J. D.; C. Compton, I. G.; R. H. McDonald, Tyler.

At the Annual Communication of St. John's Lodge, of Free and Accepted Masons, held on Thursday evening, Dec. 27, it being St. John's day, the following Officers were duly installed by P. M. Adam Murray:

H. E. Starbird, W. M.; C. W. Hanford, S.W.; N.P. Stramburg, J.W.; A.N. Large, Treasurer; John Cameron, Secretary; J. G. J. Weldon, S. D.; A. A. Baldwin, J.D.; D. M. Fraser, Organist; L. S. McNutt, Marshall; Charles Weldon, S. S.; James Beales, J. S.; James Connell, Tyler.

After the closing of the Lodge, the Brethren, with a portion of the members of Victoria Lodge, partook of their usual annual Dinner, which was provided by Mr. Murphy, of the North American Hotel. Seldom, if ever, has a more attractive repast been spread in this city, and, it is needless to add, the company enjoyed themselves as only Masons can.—*Id.*