Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

Vol. 4. Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, February 4, 1869. No. 19.

THE

Summerside Journal,

IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY EVENING,

BY

JOSEPH BERTRAM,

AT HIS OFFICE, CENTRAL STREET.

TERMS:

1 copy for one year, in advance, 6s. 3d.
" " half advance, 7s. 6d.
" " at the end of year 9s.

Persons getting up CLUBS of TEN Subscribers will be entitled to the JOURNAL for one year.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

inserted at moderate rates and in good style. SPECIAL AGREEMENTS may be made on reasonable terms for a whole, a half, or quarter column, or by the year.

Job Printing

of every description, performed with neatness and despatch, and at moderate rates, at the JOURNAL Office

Almanac for February, 1869.

MOON'S PHASES.

Last Qtr., 3rd day, 0h. 43m. evening, W.
New Moon, 11th day, 9h. 42m., morning, S.E.
First Qtr. 26th day, 0h. 54m., evening, E.
Full Moon, 26th day, 7h. 52m. morning, N.W.

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

Summerside Markets.

Feb. 4, 1869.

Oats per bush	2s 5d a 2s 6d
Potatoes per bush	1s 3d a 1s 6d
Turnips per bush	10d a 1s
Butter per lb by Tub	13d a 14d
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb.	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	10d a 1s
Beef per lb	3d a 4d
Mutton per lb	2d a 3d
Hides per lb	4½d
Mackerel per doz	2s a 3s
Codfish per qt	16s a 17s
Pork per lb by carcass	4d a 6d
Flour per bbl	45s a 47s
Island Flour per cwt	19s to 20s
Oatmeal per cwt.	16s a 17s
Hay per Ton	50s a 60s
Pine Boards	10s
Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

Business Cards.

BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Corner of Great George & King Streets, Charlottetown.

President—HON. DANIEL BRENAN.
Cashier—WILLIAM CUNDALL, 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—Wednesdays & Saturdays.
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—Hon. JOHN R. GARDINER.
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.

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. 1y

CRAWFORD'S HOTEL,

No. 9, King Square,

ST. 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. 1y

Business Cards.

DR. J. N. FULLER,

Graduate of Bellevue Hospital, Medical College, N. Y.

Office in the residence of Rev. Mr. DesBrisay, on Water Street—directly opposite the Establishment of J. L. Holman, Esq.,

*** All calls promptly attended to.

Summerside, October 15, 1868.

DR. J. H. JAMIESON,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR

OFFICE at the residence of the Rev. W.W. Colpitts, Margate.

December 3, 1868.

DR. J. PRICE,

Physician & Surgeon,

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.

JOHN McKAY,

Commission Merchant And Auctioneer,

COMMERCIAL HOTEL,

SUMMERSIDE..... P. E. ISLAND.

REFERENCES:

J. BERTRAM, Printer, Summerside, P. E. I.
J. D. MCLEOD, Merchant, Char'town, "
J. H. ALLEN, St. John, N. B.

Nov 19, '68

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.

WILLIAM BEAIRSTO,

Commission Merchant,

Auctioneer & General Agent,

WATER STREET,

Summerside, ---------- P. E. Island

WILLIAM DODD,

Commission Merchant, And Auctioneer,

QUEEN SQUARE,

CHARLOTTETOWN - - - P. E. ISLAND

R. & W. T. HUNT,

Commission Merchants,

GENERAL AGENTS AND

AUCTIONEERS.

SALESROOM AND OFFICE

Head of Queen's Wharf.

(opposite the Store of Wm. T. Hunt & Co.)

Summerside, P. E. Island.

April 2, 1868. 1y

CARVELL BROTHERS,

AUCTIONEERS,

Commission Merchants, And General Agents,

BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET.

Charlottetown, - - - - - P. E. Island

North British and Mercantile

INSURANCE COMPANY.

FIRE AND LIFE.

CAPITAL: TWO MILLIONS, Sterling.

CHIEF OFFICES:

64 Princes Street, Edinburgh.
61 Threadneedle Street, London.

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*

THOMAS KELLY,

Barrister - at - Law

AND

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

SUMMERSIDE, - - - - P. E. ISLAND.

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

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 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.

The Journal is the Cheapest Paper on the Island! On'y One Dollar!

Established 1845.

NEW YORK

LIFE INUSRANCE COMPANY.

Assets, January 1st, 1868,

Over Ten Million Dollars!

PRESIDENT:

MORRIS FRANKLIN, ESQ.,

Vice President and Actuary:

WILLIAM H. BEERS, JR.

HEAD OFFICE 112 & 114 Broadway, N.Y.

General Agent for the Dominion of Canada:

WALTER BURKE, Esq.,

Herald Buildings, Montreal.

The New York Life Insurance Company

IS ONE OF THE

OLDEST INSTITUTIONS

Of the kind in America, having been chartered in the year 1841, and commenced business in May, 1845.

During the 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 of 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 MUTUAL*, 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

$3,000,000.

Endowment Assurance Policies.

These Policies are coming into general request As a sure and profitable investment for one's declining years, they deserve the attention of all. The sum secured by an ordinary life policy becomes available upon the death of the assured; on the Endowment plan the amount is received by the assured himself upon his attaining a specified age, while full provision is made for death occurring prior thereto.

THE NON-FORFEITURE PLAN.

This company originated and introduced the valuable feature known as the Non-Forfeiture Plan which is rapidly superseding the old system of life long payments, and has revolutionized the system of Life Insurance in the United States, and which has been adopted (generally in a less favorable form) by all Life Companies. A party, by this table, after the second year, *cannot forfeit any part of what has been paid in.*

☞ Tables of Rates, Circulars, Examples of Dividends, Forms, &c., can be had by applying to the Agent, at Charlottetown.

MEDICAL EXAMIMERS:

DR. MACKIESON, DR. R. JOHNSON.

Agent for P. E. Island:

HENRY A. HARVIE.

Ch'town Nov 19, 1868.

The Canada Life Assurance Company

Established 1847.

Incorporated under Special Act of Parliament.

Manager—A. G. Ramsay, F. I. A.

HEAD OFFICE HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

Capital—One Million Dollars!

HALIFAX, N. S.

Honorary Directors:

The Hon Edward Kenny,
The Hon S. L. Shannon,
The Hon John W. Ritchie,
William Hare, Esq.

Medical Adviser—W. J. Almon, Esq. M D
Agent—M B Almon, Junr.

SAINT JOHN. N. B.

Honorary Directors.

John V. Thurgar, Esq—Rev Wm Scovil, A M
Alex. Jardine, Esq—John Boyd, Esq
Charles Merritt, Esq.

Medical Advisers—Drs. Harding & McLaren
Agent—James G Forbes.

The Terms and conditions of Assurance of this old established Company, are as liberal and unrestricted as those of other good companies, and the rates which are founded on the higher interest obtainable in Canada than in Great Britain, are lower than those of British and American Offices.

Endowment Policies payable during lifetime of assured Policies payable during a LIMITED NUMBER of years.

Liberal regulations as to foreign residence, travel and occupation.

AGENTS FOR P. E. ISLAND.

Charlottetown—W. D. STEWART,
Summerside—J. BERTRAM,

Medical Adviser—F. D. BEER, M.D.

Tables of Rates for the more general forms of Life Assurance, and every information may be obtained at any of the Agencies, which are established on the Island.

J. W. MARLING,
General Agent.

October 29, '68 3m

POETRY.

OUR CHILDREN.

Our Children—oh! those magic words!
They vibrate through my frame
As it the chords of life were touched,
And sacred music came.
Our Children!--though but simple words,
Yet peace and joy impart;
They serve as links of love to bind
Hope's rainbow round the heart;
And all the busy cares of life
Are vanished or forgot,
When filled with love or tenderness,
We cling around their cot.

The little crib in which they lie,
So peaceful—side by side—
The little chair to which they cling,
With all their baby pride,
Has each its own peculiar claim
For tenderness and love,
And calls for earnest, heartfelt praise
To Him who rules above;
And when their little voices are
Hushed in the realms of sleep,
Despite myself, the tears will rise,
And fears around me creep.

Our angel—boy with winning smiles,
With sweet seraphic tone—
With crystal laugh, and dark black eyes,
Is all—is all our own;
And when he smiles, it is, indeed,
Like sunshine on a brook
And every heart pays homage to
His little serious look,
He is, indeed, our joy—our pride—
And oft I think he's given
To show us here how pure and bright
The angels are in heaven.

And then our gentle, fairy girl,
With golden waving hair—
With eyes that put to blush the stars,
With face so sweet and fair.
She was the first that claimed our love—
But now our boy claims part,
And each now finds a safe retreat
Within a parent's heart,
And oft I fear too much of love,
Too much of love have they—
And God may ask me for the love
I'm giving thus away.

Select Literature.

Neil Owen's Two Chances.

The Romance of a Life.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

I.

I have heard it said that to all persons of heart and intellect—to every one, I mean, whom nature has elevated above the mere human clods that toil and plod through a weavering, aimless existence—there comes, during a lifetime, at least one chance of happiness and wealth. I am inclined to think this is true; indeed, my own personal experience teaches me that it is; because now, looking backward on the past, after having reached my thirtieth year, I can plainly mark two opportunities of this kind which have befallen me. The first I rejected; the second I embraced; and it is not to much to say that I am now a happy man. What the future has in store for me I do not know, nor will I trouble myself about it. Enough for me now, that from the straits and discomforts of poverty I have been elevated to circumstances of present ease and promised wealth; that I have a dear wife whose smiles is constant sunshine to my heart, and a home which is so happy, in comparison with the life which I led before I found it, that I have hardly yet persuaded myself that all this is not the vision of a night. Peace, love, serenity, contenment—what else could heart desire?

But this has not always been so. I have only reached it through the vicissitudes of thirty years, which seem so strange to me that I feel much like writing out my history for my own amusement. This is one of those cold November days, with a drizzling rain and a rheumatic air, which forbid people going from their firesides, and trade is therefore dull enough. Perched up their on a high stool in our counting-room, having finished my daily examination of the books, and written a few business letters, looked over the market report in the morning paper, and given a few directions to the clerks in the store, my thoughts began to range away from present scenes and present employments, and to busy themselves with the past. Here lie pen and paper temptingly convenient to my purpose; the day is so bad that I shall probably not be troubled by business visitors for some hours; my father in-law, the senior partner of our firm, is sleeping comfortably by the stove, and everything seems to favor the execution of my design. So I will write out a sketch of my checkered life; and if it proves as interesting, as I now think it will, I will read it to-night to my wife by gas-light, and then the public may have it, if my fancy leads me to publish it with fictitious names.

II.

My eyes first opened to the light of day in a wretched attic of one of the worst tenements of the great city, and there I was reared, or rather came up to youth. My father was a poor bricklayer, an illiterate man, I suppose, whose daily labour earned enough to keep himself, his wife and me, his only child from pinching want. I have been told that there were other children born to them; but it was not within my recollection, and none of them lived long enough to draw deeply upon the affections of my parents. I was the only child that survived the period of infancy, and they loved me tenderly, and strove hard enough to better their condition, for my sake.

If I were now writing the story of my parents, instead of my own, I might pause long to wonder why so refined, and beautiful, and educated a woman as my mother, with her rare accomplishments and cultivated tastes, should have married a mere laborer like Robert Owen. She never gave me any insight into her former life; it was all a sealed book to me; nor did she ever show to me or to others, by look, word or gesture, that she regretted the steps that had bound her to this man for life. But I could not help driving the truth; the constant self-repression, the unchanging expression of heart-suffering which her pale, thin face wore, gave me an early suspicion, upon which my imagination dwelt until it had worked out her sorrowful story. As I said, I never absolutely knew the truth; but I cannot doubt that my childish imagination was correct, and that the romance of my mother's girlhood had led her to abandon a home of wealth, love, refinement, and even luxury, for this sad misalliance. The awakening must have soon came upon her; and yet, through all the bitter agony of her humiliation, disappointment and poverty, and the wreck of such a heart as no such man as Robert Owen ever could appreciate, she bore herself with a patient, resolute heroism, never murmering, never repining, accepting her dreary lot of labor and poverty, and faithfully doing hard part until the last. And I think that God's chosen angles are drawn from such as she.

My father loved her, I suppose, as well as his coarse, homely nature would allow; but I think it is no injustice to his memory to say that he loved his bread and cheese, and his mug of beer much better. But he worked cheerfully, in season and out of season, and was sober, and treated her kindly; and we had all the benefit which his scant wages could give us. I was nine years old on the day that his fellow-workmen brought him home, crushed and mangled, his eyes closed, his face as pale as a sheet, and his breath coming thic and irregular, while the blood run from his ears and nose. They said he had fallen from a three-story wall, and could not live. I noticed my mother shed no tears; but her face was full of grief and shadow, as she sat by his side and smoothed away his hair, and wet his forehead with a damp cloth.

"You'll not have me much longer, Janey," he whispered. "I'm going fast, girl; may God love and keep you when I'm gone. I've done little enough for you, Jeney, dear; it was all a poor fellow like me could do, but little enough—little enough. Be a good boy, Neil, and love your mother. God help you both, my darlings; kiss me once, Janey, and let me kiss the boy, and I'll go."

My mother stooped toward him; but his lips were cold in death before she could touch them. She held me in her arms half the night, watching by the corpse; and at intervals until morning. I woke to hear her praying to the God of the widow and fatherless to care for her and hers.

III.

I was eighteen years old when my mother died. From the day of my father's death till then we lived such lives as only the very poor know anything about. She took in sewing from the shops while she was strong enough, and we managed to eke out a bare subsistence on what she earned in this way; but after a while she fell sick and could do nothing. Boy as I was, I fully realized my position, and did all I could to make her comfortable. Day after day I roamed the streets, seeking for work of any kind, and sometimes finding something to do that brought me a few shillings, which I faithfully applied to the needs of my poor sick mother. I did what I could; and though she thanked me both with her voice and with her hollow, painful eyes, yet I knew it was but little, and that she was just going to another and a better home. I shudder as I look back upon those days of chilling, blighting poverty, and I thank Heaven that since my dear mother could not live to share my comfort and happiness, she was taken away early from the pain and hardship of her life.

I said in the beginning, I had rejected one opportunity of wealth. It occurred when I was in my twelvth year. All the day I had been on the street looking for something to do, and finding nothing except one or two horses to hold. Tired and hungry, I sat down on the curbstone just before lamp-light, in front of a large shop-window, just as a stylish carriage drove up, and a stout, middle-aged gentleman jumped out. He had the air and look of a merchant, and he led by the hand a little girl some five or six years younger than myself. Never before had I taken particular notice of any female except my mother; but the sweet face of this child, so tender and expressive, actually drew me toward her, and I rose up and walked a few steps nearer the carriage. And though I had never seen that face again, yet its effect upon me were such that I think I could have carried it with me through life. Almost unconsciously I edged closer to her—so close that I could have touched her dress. The gentleman was paying the driver and in his haste he did not notice that his pocket-book had fallen to the pavement instead of being returned to his pocket. I stepped forward and took it up, still unperceived by him; but the little girl observed it, and hung back as he started along.

"Come, Amy," he said, impatiently; and turning sharply around, he saw me standing there with his pocket-book in my hand.

"You little wretch!" he exclaimed, in a frenzy of passion; and snatching it away from me, he seized me by the shoulder and shook me with all his strength.

"I wasn't going to steal it," I cried, choking down great sobs of angar, and rubbing my hands into my eyes to keep down the tears; and then my heart swelled so with the injustice of his suspicion that I could utter not another word.

"Indeed he wasn't father," Amy hastened to explain. "You dropped it, and he picked it up, and was just going to give it back to you."

"Well, well—I was too hasty," the gentleman said. I beg your pardon, my little man, and here's something to pay for my rudeness."

He held out a ten dollar note toward me as he spoke; but I resolutely folded my arms and shook my head though it seemed a fortune to me.

"I wont have your money," I said, my wrath rising higher and higher with every word. "You're one of those selfish rich men who dont think poor people have got any feeling. Keep your money, and much good may it do you."

He seemed to have got over his haste, in his great astonishment at hearing such independent talk from a mere boy. He took me by the arm and drew me closer to him, scrutinizing my face closely; then he asked me many questions about myself, about my occupation, my family and my education—the latter was little enough then, I remember. He mused a moment, the little girl clinging to his hand and looking very kindly at me; then he hummed a little tune, and finally broke out abruptly with the words:

"Boy, I declare I rather like you, and I've taken a notion which may do you some good. You don't know me, I suppose; well, I'm Caleb Northcote, a very rich merchant, and this is Amy my little daughter. Say the word, boy, and I'll bring you up for my own, I'll educate you, and give you a start in life. What do you say?"

"And will you take him home, papa, and will be my playmate?" Amy asked.

"Hum—yes, I suppose so; for a while."

"O, that will be so good!" and the little thing clapped her hands in joy.

"But my mother," I said. "She's sick, and I have to work for her; she can't do without me,"

"You can work for her then," Amy put in. "Papa will give you money for her."

"I'd like it, sir—I'd like it well," I said; "but I can't leave my mother. She's sick and poor, and I have to work for her,"

Mr. Northcote evidently did not intend to make his liberality any wider than he had proposed. He mused halt a moment more, and then said quickly, as if he had suddenly made up his mind anew:

"Come, then, Amy; good-by, boy; it seems I'm not able to do you any good, as I wished to. Here is your money; you'd better take it. May be it'll be in my way to help you, by-and-by."

I still stood irresolute, not knowing what to do or say; my hopes, just the instant before raised to a pinnacle which I would have thought unattainable, were now cast down again. Mr. Northcote was about to put the money into his vest-pocket, and hurry away with his little girl, when Amy snatched it from his hand, and pressed it into mine with both her own.

"Take it, you dear, good little boy," she said, while tears came to her gentle blue eyes,; and then her father hurried her away, and for years I never saw her again.

In this way it was that I rejected my first offer of fortune. I never regretted it; the love I bore my fever-sick mother always afterwards strengthened me when my thoughts turned longingly to that moment of temptation, and, thank God I never knew an instant when filial duty would not have triumphed, as it did then, if the choice had been offered me.

When I was eighteen, as I have said, my mother died. I pass over the story of our lives from my meeting with the Northcotes till her death; it is gone like a dark dream, and I will not revive it. She died at last, blessing me with her last breath; and I was left alone to fight the dreary battle of life in poverty and friendlessness. After I had buried her, I looked forward to nothing but lonely toil, unrelieved by a single cheerful ray of hope; little dreaming that circumstances were even then working together which were yet to make my life one of brightsome happiness.

[*To be continued.*]

Said one of the first literary men in the United States—"I wish to entreat every mother never to give a drop of intoxicating liquor to a child. I have had to fight as for my life all my days to keep from dying a drunkard, because I was fed with spirits when a child. I acquired a taste for it. My brother, poor fellow died a drunkard. I would not have a child of mine taste a drop of it for anything. Warn every mother wherever you go never give a drop of it to a child.

The police of Milwaukee lately broke up a gang of boys, aged from twelve to fourteen years, connected with some of the best families in the city, who fitted up a former hog pen for quarters, and passed their evenings playing cards, drinking whiskey, and smoking black clay pipes. Eleven boys were apprehended one evening engaged in this precocious dissipation.

A Philadelphia burglar feasted so extravagantly in a house which he had entered, that he couldent get out of the hole he had cut in the door!

An apostle of Mormonism in Denmark writes to Brigham Young that there are five thousand members of the Mormon Church in that country.

California wheat is so dry, by origin and nature, that in coming east through and into a humid atmosphere, it gains greatly in weight by absorption. This is an element of profit to shippers. So with the flour, it will absorb 20, 30, even 40 pounds more water per barrel than our Eastern flour, and so the bakers gain greatly in using it.

TRAIN ON THE RAMPAGE.—The "irrepressible G. F. T." addressed a meeting of Fenians in Tremont Temple, Boston, on Friday night last. In the course of his speech "He urged the Irishman of the United States, if they would have their influence felt, to organize as a party and elect their own men. They were strong enough to do it, and they would then succeed, as they had never done before, in controlling the councils of the nation. He warned Congress that shuffling was played out and he for one was willing to lead the Fenian mob to raise the British legation."

Poor Train.—*Halifax Reporter.*

On the 19th inst., the wife of Rev. Edwin Clarke, of Pugwash, on returning from a drive, found that her baby had died in her arms. A physician pronounced disease of the heart to have been the cause of death.

The Central Pacific Railroad is completed to a point 21 miles beyond Elko and 481 miles east of Sacramento. This carries the road to within 108 miles of Monument Point, at the head of Salt Lake. The track is being laid at the rate of two miles per day.

Four thousand Spanish soldiers have volunteered their services to the Government to assist in suppressing the insurrection in Cuba.

The U. S. House of Representatives recently voted against recognition of the independence of Cuba, by 116 to 47.