

Summerside Journal.

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

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

Vol. 3.

Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, October 1, 1863.

No. 52.

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BY **JOSEPH BERTRAM,**
AT HIS OFFICE, CENTRAL STREET.
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The Courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper or periodical from the office or removing, and leaving it uncollected, is *prima facie* evidence of INTERNATIONAL FRAUD.

Almanac for October, 1863.

MOON'S PHASES.

Full Moon, 1st day, 3h. 46m. evening, N. E.
Last Quarter, 9th day, 2h. 1m., morning, N. W.
New Moon, 15th day, 6h. 49m., evening, W.
First Qtr. 23rd day, 5h. 39m., morning, S.
Full Moon, 31st day, 6h. 53m., morning, W.

DAY OF WEEK	SUN RISE	SUN SET	SUN'S POS. AT NOON	MOON'S POS. AT NOON	MOON'S RISE	MOON'S SET
	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
1 Thurs	6 15	35 10	29 3	24 5	35 11	36 17
2 Frid	6 20	34 10	28 4	23 11	34 17	35 17
3 Sat	6 25	33 11	27 5	21 27	33 17	34 17
4 Sun	6 30	32 12	26 6	19 43	32 17	33 17
5 Mon	6 35	31 13	25 7	17 59	31 17	32 17
6 Tues	6 40	30 14	24 8	16 15	30 17	31 17
7 Wed	6 45	29 15	23 9	14 31	29 17	30 17
8 Thurs	6 50	28 16	22 10	12 47	28 17	29 17
9 Frid	6 55	27 17	21 11	11 03	27 17	28 17
10 Sat	7 00	26 18	20 12	9 19	26 17	27 17
11 Sun	7 05	25 19	19 13	7 35	25 17	26 17
12 Mon	7 10	24 20	18 14	5 51	24 17	25 17
13 Tues	7 15	23 21	17 15	4 07	23 17	24 17
14 Wed	7 20	22 22	16 16	2 23	22 17	23 17
15 Thurs	7 25	21 23	15 17	0 39	21 17	22 17
16 Frid	7 30	20 24	14 18	10 55	20 17	21 17
17 Sat	7 35	19 25	13 19	9 11	19 17	20 17
18 Sun	7 40	18 26	12 20	7 27	18 17	19 17
19 Mon	7 45	17 27	11 21	5 43	17 17	18 17
20 Tues	7 50	16 28	10 22	4 00	16 17	17 17
21 Wed	7 55	15 29	9 23	2 16	15 17	16 17
22 Thurs	8 00	14 30	8 24	0 32	14 17	15 17
23 Frid	8 05	13 31	7 25	11 48	13 17	14 17
24 Sat	8 10	12 32	6 26	10 04	12 17	13 17
25 Sun	8 15	11 33	5 27	8 20	11 17	12 17
26 Mon	8 20	10 34	4 28	6 36	10 17	11 17
27 Tues	8 25	9 35	3 29	4 52	9 17	10 17
28 Wed	8 30	8 36	2 30	3 08	8 17	9 17
29 Thurs	8 35	7 37	1 31	1 24	7 17	8 17
30 Frid	8 40	6 38	0 32	11 40	6 17	7 17
31 Sat	8 45	5 39	0 33	10 56	5 17	6 17

Summerside Markets. Sept. 30, 1863.

Oats per bush	2s 3d a 2s 6d
Potatoes (new) per bush	1s 6d a 2s
Turnips per bush	1s 3d
Butter per lb by Tub	1s a 13d
Lard per lb	10d a 11d
Tallow per lb	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	3d a 4d
Beef per lb	3d a 4d
Mutton per lb	3d a 4d
Hides per lb	2s a 3s
Mackerel per doz	16 a 18
Codfish per qt	4d a 6d
Pork per lb by carcass	4s a 5s
Flour per bbl	18s a 20s
Oatmeal per cwt.	50s a 60s
Hay per Ton	10s
Spine Boards	10s
Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

Business Cards.
BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
Corner of Great George & King Streets, Charlottetown.
President—HON. DANIEL BRENNAN.
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. GARDNER.
Cashier—E. L. LYBMAN, 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.

DR. J. PRICE,
Physician & Surgeon,
Office—At the SUMMERSIDE DRUG STORE, next door to Bank, Central Street SUMMERSIDE, P. E. ISLAND. October 12, 1863.
THOMAS KELLY,
Barrister-at-Law
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
SUMMERSIDE, P. E. ISLAND.

Business Cards.
WILLIAM BEAIRSTO,
Commission Merchant,
Auctioneer & General Agent,
WATER STREET,
Summerside, P. E. Island
Jan. 21, 1863.
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, 1863.
HANFORD BROTHERS,
Successors to Thomas Hanford,
Commission Merchants,
And General Agents.
11 NORTH MARKET WHARF,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
Chas. U. Hanford, Fred. S. Hanford
CARVELL BROTHERS,
AUCTIONEERS,
Commission Merchants,
And General Agents,
BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET.
North British and Mercantile INSURANCE COMPANY.
FIRE AND LIFE.
Established 1809.

CAPITAL: TWO MILLIONS, Sterling.
HEAD OFFICES:
EDINBURGH & LONDON.
G. W. DeBLOIS,
Agent at Charlottetown,
Charlottetown, June 20, 1863—ly
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, 1863. ly

JABEZ HUDSON,
Authorized Auctioneer,
GENERAL AGENT, &c.,
TRYON, P. E. I.
June 27, 1867.
WILLIAM DODD,
Commission Merchant,
And Auctioneer,
QUEEN SQUARE,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND
C. L. RICHARDS,
Importer and Wholesale Dealer in
British & Foreign Groceries.
1, Head North Wharf,
ST. JOHN, N. B. - NEW BRUNSWICK.
Dec. 6, 1867. ly

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 afternoon at the
Drug Store of W. T. HUNT & Co., Summerside.
St. Eleanor's, May 18, 1863.
KITSON CASEY, M. D.,
Physician, Surgeon & Accoucheur
formerly Assistant Surgeon in the U. S. Navy, offers his professional services to the people of Summerside and vicinity. He can be consulted at his office, over the Store of Messrs Green & Schurman, in Summerside, June 13, 1867. ly

BARBER SHOP!
The subscriber respectfully announces to the people of Summerside, and the public in general, that he has opened a
Barber Shop,
on Water Street in the room adjoining the Post Office, where he is prepared to do all work appertaining to his profession. Best assortment of
Hair Oils, Hair Restorers, Tooth Powders, Dyes, &c.,
always on hand at the most reasonable rates. Boxes CRYSTAL BLUE also for sale. RAZORS carefully put in order. CHAS. OTTO WINKLER, Summerside, Jan. 30, 1863.

A. W. ANDRES,
Marble Worker,
Point Du Chene, Shediac N. B.
MONUMENTS, TOMBS, GRAVESTONES, &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 DENTIST'S Book Store and at D. EXMAN'S, Esq., Summerside, or sent to
A. W. ANDRES,
Point Du Chene, June 11th, 1863.
Scrap & Old cast Iron.
The Subscriber will buy any quantity of the above, delivered at his Warehouse.
JAMES D. HOLMAN
Summerside, January, 1863.

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 STABLE, 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, 1863. 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 proprietor hopes by strict attention to the requirements of his customers, to ensure general satisfaction.
In the morning can get breakfast before leaving in the 7 o'clock train.
PETER SCHURMAN, Proprietor.
P. S.—Being himself a P. E. Islander, the Proprietor would hereby respectfully request a share of the Island patronage.
Pt. Du Chene, June 18, '63. 3m

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.
Sloan & Whelan's Express always in attendance at the Cars and Boats, to convey passengers and luggage to the above Hotel.
ALSO, in connection, a GROCERY STORE, where every article required for house use may be had.
J. CRAWFORD & SON.
Sept. 10, 1863. ly

ROCKLIN HOUSE,
Kent Street, Charlottetown,
SIMON D. FRASER, PROPRIETOR.
Permanent and Transient Boarders will find the above House to give satisfaction.
Ch'town, June 13, 1863. 111

Removal!
The Subscriber returns his sincere thanks to those who so liberally patronized him while conducting the "ALMA HOUSE," and wishes to inform them and the travelling public in general, that he has REMOVED to his
New building on Water Street
(nearly opposite the store of R. A. Strong & Bro.), where he has both increased
Hotel & Stable Accommodation!
and he trusts to make those who may favor him with their custom find a deal more comfortable in the "OCEAN HOUSE," than he could, for want of room, in his late stand.
THE BEST OF LIQUORS always kept in the bar in connection with the Hotel.
This Hotel is on the water's edge, and commands a splendid view of the harbor of Summerside, and of the Straits, and will be found a comfortable and healthy place for travellers.
In near proximity to the steamer Wharf will make it the best place for travellers waiting to go or arriving in the Boat.
Horses and carriages can always be had on the premises, by boarders.
RICHARD HIBBERT.
Water Street Summerside, July 2, 1863.

MAILS.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.
THE Mails for the United Kingdom, the neighboring Provinces, the United States, &c., will, until further notice, be coed at the General Post Office, Charlottetown, as follows, viz:—
For Canada, New Brunswick, and the United States, via Shediac, every Tuesday and Friday Evening, at 7 o'clock.
For Nova Scotia, via Pictou, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evening, at 7 o'clock.
Mails for Great Britain, Newfoundland, and the West Indies, every alternate Monday and Wednesday evenings, at 7 o'clock, as follows:—
Monday, Aug. 10, Monday, do 19
Wednesday, do 12, Wednesday, do 21
Monday, do 24, Monday, Nov'r 2
Wednesday, do 26, Wednesday, do 4
Monday, Sept 7, Monday, do 16
Wednesday, do 9, Wednesday, do 18
Monday, do 21, Monday, do 30
Wednesday, do 23, Wednesday, Dec 2
Monday, October 5, Monday, do 14
Wednesday, do 7, Wednesday, do 16
Mails for Summerside, St. Eleanor's, a Bedeque, to be forwarded by Steamer, will be closed every Tuesday and Friday evening at 7 o'clock.
And Mails for Georgetown and Sauris, per Steamer, every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock.
Letters to be registered, and newspapers, must be posted at an hour before the time, of closing the Mails.
THOMAS OWEN, P. M. G.
Genera Post Office, Ch'town,
May, 4, 1863.

Co-Partnership Notice.
THE Subscribers have this day entered into a CO-PARTNERSHIP as BARRISTERS and ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, under the name, style and firm of
ALLEY & DAVIES
OFFICE,—O'HALLORAN'S BUILDING, GREAT GEORGE STREET.
GEORGE ALLEY,
LOUIS H. DAVIES
Charlottetown, Oct. 18, 1867. oct 24.

POETRY.
MY LOST LOVE.
BY REBECCA E. BIERCE.
Oh, gently blow, ye autumn winds,
Where my lost love is sleeping;
Ye gentle stars, above her head,
Thy watch be ever keeping!
When summer faded on the hills,
And dirge-like winds were sighing,
She closed her eyes in dreamless sleep
Upon my bosom lying.
Beyond the pearly gates that shut
Its glories from our vision,
My darling walks the golden streets
In that fair land Elysian;
And, like a sweet seraphic strain,
Upon my senses falling,
I seem to hear her voice again
In silvery accents calling.
A voice of sweetness I never more
Its gentle tones to cheer me,
But, like a calm and soothing spell,
I feel her presence near me;
Dear trusting heart! so cold and still,
With anguish all unspoken,
I cherish yet a perished dream,
And clasp my idol broken!
Oh, joyous birds, atone your notes
To saddest, softest measure;
Oh, flowers, bloom sweetly o'er the spot
Where lies my buried treasure.
With pale hands folded on her breast,
In dreamless beauty sleeping,
While stars like holy angels' eyes
Their watch above are keeping.

Select Literature.
THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.
One evening not long since, a number of old shipmasters chanced to meet at a social supper, and after the cloth was removed we went in for yarn spinning. Among our number was Captain Richard Nutton, and a finer or better sailor never drank a deck. At length it came to his turn to tell a story, or what we preferred—and what the rest of us had done—relate some incident or experience in his own life.
"Well," said he, refusing the wine which was at that moment passed to him for the first time, "I will give you a bit of the early part of my ocean life, and it is a very important bit, too, for upon it I have built my subsequent manhood."
We prepared to listen to Captain Nutton with the most profound attention, for he was not only an old seaman, but one of the most successful commanders in our mercantile marine. We listened, and his story was as follows:—
"I was very young when I entered on shipboard, and at the age of fourteen I considered myself a sailor. When eighteen I shipped on board an East Indian man-of-war. There were six of us on board all about the same age, and we had about the same duties to perform. The one, and only, advantage was a large crew, and our crew was large in proportion, there being fifty-two all told. We "boys," as we were called, messed together, and in all respects were separated from the rest of the crew, just as much as the officers were. The captain was a noble-hearted, honorable man, and kind and generous, but yet very strict. Of course, we youngsters found plenty of occasion to find fault with him, and very often were his decisions de-rainged before our mess, and decidedly condemned. In fact we should have reversed many of his judgments if we had had the power; but as he was the commander, and we only foremost hands—and boys at that—he had his own way, and the luminous decisions were consequently of no avail, and lost to the world.
Now we boys had learned in our travels to drink our grog as well as any sailors. We would toss a glass of rum and water with as much grace as any one, and we claimed the right to do so, not only as a privilege, but as an honor, to which a lie upon the ocean entitled us. I said "we," but there was one of our number who could not be induced to touch a drop of anything intoxicating. His name was Jack Small, and he belonged to one of the back towns of New Jersey.
Now Jack Small not only himself refrained from drinking, but he used sometimes to ask us to let the stuff alone. He gave up the job, however, for we made such sport of him that he was too glad to let us alone. But our captain had sharp eyes, and was not long before he began to show Jack favors which he did not show to us. He would often take Jack on shore with him to spend the night, and such things as that, while we were kept on board our part, and it ended in a decided envy against poor Jack.
Now, in truth, Jack was one of the best fellows in the ship. He was obliging, honest, always willing to lend a helping hand in case of a distress, and as true a friend as ever lived—only he wouldn't drink with us, that was all. No—that wasn't all. The truth of the matter was, we loved the idea of being "old salts" more than anything else, and we spent more time in watching for opportunities to have a spree than we did in learning to perfect ourselves in the profession we had chosen.
It even got so at length that Jack Small was called sometimes to take the deck when the officers were busy, and he used to work out the reckonings at noon as easily as did the captain. Yet Jack was in our mess, and he was a constant eyesore. We were envious of his good fortune, as we called it, and used to seize every opportunity to seize and run him down. But he never got angry in return. He sometimes would laugh at us, and at others would so feelingly chide us that we would remain quite for a while.
At length the idea entered our heads that Jack would drink with us. We talked the matter over in our mess when Jack was absent, and we mutually pledged each other that we would make Jack drunk at the first opportunity. We were on our homeward bound passage, by the way of Brazil, and our ship stopped at Rio Janeiro, where we remained a week or so. One pleasant morning we six youngsters received permission to go ashore and spend the whole day; and accordingly rigged up in our best togs were carried to the land- ing.

Now was our chance, and we put our heads together to see how it could be done. Jack's very first desire after he got ashore was to go up and examine the various things of interest in the city. He wanted to visit the churches and such like places, and to please him we agreed to go with him if he would go and take dinner with us. He agreed at once, and we thought we had him sure. We planned that, after dinner had been eaten, we would have some light sweet wine brought on, and should contrive to get enough rum into what he drank to upset him, for nothing on earth could please us more than to get Jack Small drunk, and carry him on board in that manner, for we fancied that the captain's favoritism would be at an end, and that he would no longer look upon our rival with a preference over ourselves. We had the matter all arranged, and in the meantime we paid Jack all the attention in our power—so much so that he at last signified his willingness to go anywhere to please us, provided we should not go into any bad place.
"Ah, what have you got here?" asked Jack, betraying some uneasiness at the appearance of the glasses and bottles.
"Only a little new wine," I replied, as earnestly as I could, "mere juice of the grape."
"But it wine, nevertheless," pursued he. "It isn't wine," cried Sam Pratt, who was about the hardest nut Neptune ever cracked.
"No," chimed in Tim Black, another of about the same stamp. "It's only a little simple juice. Come boys, fill up."
The glasses were accordingly filled. Sam Pratt performed that duty, and he took care that Jack's glass had a good quantity of sweetened rum in it.
"Give us your health," said Sam Pratt, "I'll go with you, and I will not touch wine."
This was spoken very mildly, and with a kind smile, but yet spoken firmly, and we could see that our plan was about being knocked on the head. We urged him to drink with us, only one glass if no more. We told him how innocent he was, and how happy his social glass would make us, but we could not move him.
"Mean!" cried we at a breath.
"No, no, messmates, not mean," said Jack. "I will pay for the whole of the dinner—for every article you and I like had in this house save the wine."
And as he spoke he rang the bell, and asked the waiter who entered. He the bill for the company, with what was and alter the amount had been paid; but he took out his purse to pay for the wine; and he said to me, "I'll give you my share of the wine," when Sam took his arm—old, acknowledged leader, "No—no—no."
"You shall pay it," said Sam. "You shall not get out of this at the expense of one who will sneek out of a scamp at this way. We want nothing to do with you unless you take a glass of wine with us."
"Very well," said Jack, and as he spoke I could see that his lip quivered, and that he dared not speak more.
He turned towards the door then, but before he reached it Tim Black ran and caught him, at the same time explaining, "May I be blessed if you go off so, any way. You've commenced, and now you have got to stick it out!"
This was the signal for us to commence again, and once more we tried to urge Jack to drink the wine; and when we found that urging would not do we commenced to abuse and scold. We accused him of trying to step over us on board the ship, and of all other bad things of which we could think. For a while the poor fellow seemed inclined to let his anger get the upper hand, but at length he calmed himself, and, stepping back to his chair, he said—
"Shipmates, will you listen to me for a moment?"
Silence gave consent, and in a moment he resumed—
"Since matters have come to this pass, I have resolved to tell you what I meant to keep locked in my bosom."
We had always thought from Jack's manner that there was something peculiar with his life, and were all attention in a moment.
"My story is but a short one," he continued, "and I can tell it in a very few words. From the time of my earliest childhood I never knew what it was to have a happy home. My father was a drunkard! Once he had been a good husband, but rum ruined all his manhood and made a brute of him.
"When I grew older I had to go out and beg for bread. All cold and shivering I waded through snow, with my freezing feet almost bare. I saw other children dressed warm and comfortable, and knew they were happy, for they laughed and sang as they bounded along towards school.
"These boys had sober fathers. I knew that their fathers were no better than mine had been once, for my mother had often told me how noble my father could be if the accursed demon rum had not been in his way.
"Time passed on, and I was about eight years old. And those eight years had been years of such sorrow and suffering as I pray God I may never see another experience. At length, one cold morning in the depth of winter, my father was not at home. He had not been at home that night. My mother sent me to the tavern to see if I could find him. I had gone half the way when I saw something in the snow by the side of the road. I stopped, and a shudder ran through me, for it looked like a human form. I went up to it and turned the head over, and brushed the snow from the face. It was my father! and he was stiff and cold; I laid my hand on his pale brow, and it was like solid marble. He was dead!"
Jack stopped and wiped his eyes. Not one of us spoke, for we had been too deeply moved. But he soon went on.
"I went to the tavern and told the people what I had found, and the landlord sent two of his men to carry my father's frozen body home. Oh! shipmates I cannot tell you how my mother cried and groaned. She sank down upon her knees and clasped the icy corpse to her bosom, as though she would have given it life from the warmth in her own breast. She loved her husband through all his errors, and her love was all powerful now. The two men went off and left the body still on the floor. My mother wished me to come and kneel by her side; I did so. "My child," said she to me—and the big tears rolled down her cheek—you know what has caused this. Your father was once as noble and happy and true as man could be, but oh! see how he has been stricken down. Promise me, child, oh! promise, here before your dead father, and broken-hearted mother, that you will never, never touch a drop of that fatal poison which has wrought for us all this misery."
"Oh! shipmates, I did promise then and there, and all that my mother asked, and God knows that to this moment that promise has never been broken. My father was buried, and some kind neighbors helped us through the winter. When the next spring came I could work and earn something for my mother. Not for the wealth of the world would I break the pledge I gave my mother and my God, on that dark, cold morning. And even had I made no such pledge, I would not touch the foul cup, for I know that I have a fond doing mother who would be made miserable by my dishonor, and I would rather die than bring sorrow upon her head. Perhaps you have no mothers; and if you have, they do not look to you for support, for I know you too well to believe that any of you would bring down a loving mother's grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. That is all, shipmates. Let me go now, and you may enjoy yourselves alone, for I do not believe that you will again urge me to drink."
As Jack spoke, he turned towards the door but Tim Black stopped him.
"Hold on, Jack," cried Tim, wiping his eyes and sitting from his chair. "I have got a mother, and I love her as well as you love yours, and your mother shall not be left to starve."
"Give us your health," said Sam Pratt, "I'll go with you, and I will not touch wine."
I waited no longer, and I got up from my chair. Tim, but quickly starting a long way, I joined the other two, and Small in his whole five of us joined Jack for his noble life-plan. We called draw out, ink, and paper, and made Jack and me the pledge. He signed it first, and he followed him, and when the deed was done I knew we were far happier than we had been for many years. The wine was on the table untouched, and the liquor we had drunk during the forenoon was now all gone in effect.
Towards evening we returned to the ship. There was a frown over the captain's brow as we came over the side and reported ourselves to him, but his countenance changed. He could hardly believe the evidence of his own senses.
"Look here, boys," he said, after he had examined us thoroughly, "what does this mean?"
"Show him the paper," I whispered.
Jack had our pledge, and without speaking he handed it to the captain. He took it, and his face changed its expression several times. At length I saw a tear start to his eye.
"Boys," said he as he folded up the paper, "let me keep this, and if you stick to your noble resolution you shall never want a friend while I live."
We let the captain keep the paper, and when he had put it into his pocket, he came and took each of us by the hand. He was deeply affected, and I knew the circumstance made him happy. From that day our prospects brightened. Jack Small no longer had our envy, for he took hold and taught us navigation, and we were proud of him. On the next voyage we were rated as able seamen, and received full wages, and we left not that noble-hearted captain until we were to become officers on board of other ships.
Jack Small is now one of the best masters in the world, and I believe the rest of our party are still living honorable and respected men. Three years ago we all met—the whole six of us—at the Astor House in New York, and not one of us had broken the pledge which we made in the hotel at Rio Janeiro. Four of us were then commanders of good ships, one was a merchant of New York, the other was just going out as American Consul to one of the Italian cities in the Mediterranean.—In Northern Warder.

A CHANGE OF MINISTRY INEVITABLE.
[From the N. Y. Albion.]
One of the strongest arguments in favor of British Constitutional Government is undoubtedly to be found in the well-established doctrine, that no Ministry can long continue to exist which administers the affairs of Government in opposition to the well-understood wishes of the most intelligent and influential portion of the people governed. In fact, this may be said to be the safety-valve of that British Constitutional liberty, which not only commands the respect of the civilized world, but also secures the willing obedience of hundreds of millions of the human race. And, when we say "British Constitutional liberty," we mean something very different from that "American Democratic license," which obtains about us, and which we hope never to see adopted in the British Provinces north of us. These provinces, now constituting the Dominion of Canada, have deliberately chosen as their pattern the British Constitution; and in so doing have undoubtedly done wisely. Had they conformed more exactly with its teachings in the immediate past, they would have been much better off to-day, politically. But now that these provinces are organized upon such constitutional theory, the Ministry of the day will do well to remember the first principles of that theory, and keep steadily in view the needs as well as the wishes of the communities over which the New Government now extends its sway.
We cannot but regret that the true spirit of the British constitutional freedom was originally departed from in our New North American Dominion—we mean in the method of carrying confederation originally—yet when we consider who the present illustrators of that system in the Mother country are, we do not so much wonder that errors have been recently committed on this side of the water. The present Premier of Great Britain has not only "educated" his own party into an entirely new conservatism, but he has also launched that party on an unknown sea, the navigation of which they may find more perilous than their reckless sea-