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THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is a large First-Class Weekly Newspaper of Sixteen Pages, printed in the most beautiful style.

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Chaloner's Drug Store, DIGBY, N. S.

THE Proprietor who has been established in St. John the past thirty years, has opened a Branch Store in Digby, N. S.

BETTER STILL

THE Subscribers have lately received per "The Star" 100 lbs. Choice Flour, 100 lbs. Choice Meal, 100 Bags Fresh Graham Meal.

Royal Hotel!

North Side King Square, St. John, N. B. T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor.

Windsor & Annapolis Railway.

Time Table, COMMENCING Thursday, 7th Nov., 1878.

Table with columns: GOING WEST, Station, Time, and GOING EAST, Station, Time.

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STEAMER EMPRESS

WINDSOR & ANNAPOLIS RAILWAY. For Digby and Annapolis.

Two Trips a Week.

ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX! STEAMER "SCUD" For Digby and Annapolis.

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Queen St., Bridgetown, September 27th, 1877.

JUST RECEIVED. A Fresh Supply of TEA & SUGAR.

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OVERCOATING, DRESSINGS, WOOLSTED COATINGS, SCOTCH TWEEDS, PRINTS, SHIRTINGS, DRESS GOODS, MILLINERY

and a large and well assorted stock of HATS, REBUSES, and SMALL WARES.

T. R. JONES & CO

St. John, N. B. Dental Notice.

Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist, WOULD respectfully inform his friends that he is now in BRIDGETOWN.

MONEY TO LEND,

at 6 per cent. THE ANNAPOLIS BUILDING SOCIETY AND SAVINGS FUND.

HAVE Money to lend on approved Security, and on Real Estate.

NOVA SCOTIA LLOYD'S MARINE INSURANCE ASSOCIATION,

Annapolis Royal. THE undersigned are Insuring on MARINE RISKS, at the lowest current rates.

ROBT. MILLS, SAM'L MCCORMICK, W. M. WEAVER, Directors.

A. W. GORBERT, W. M. MCCORMICK. John Stairs, James B. Duffin, John P. Mott, E. C. Twining, F. E. Rice, Alpheus Marshall, R. H. Chute, Richard Clarke, George F. Miller, David Walsh, Samuel Potter, C. D. Fickler, Albert D. Mills, Howard D. Troop.

Poetry.

(Original.) JOHN AND I.

We were young when first we met, John and I; The summer sun was glowing o'er, And sweet Autumn with her days of gold, And her glorious star-lit nights.

But the wind took off our darlings, John and I; And we watched them fall half sadly, And then gleamed them up right gladly, And wove them into garlands, John and I.

We are sitting by the fire-side, John and I; And our hair this morning grey, He has been turning—turning grey, But our love is young as ever, John and I.

There are children playing round us, John and I; And their sweet young voices singing, Through the house all day are ringing, And we love it, oh so dearly, John and I.

Some say John is not handsome, John and I; But they have not eyes to see What is all plain to me, Oh we're handsome to each other, John and I.

I'm glad they can't see him, John and I; For John is all the world to me, But—could all eyes his beauty see, He might perchance grow tired of me, And I should die.

Sometimes I sit at twilight, John and I; And whisper to him all my fears, And let him kiss away my tears, And hide his little white teeth, Then to me.

No minister or priest is John, John and I; Before our God we daily kneel, And there our hearts' truest reveal, And it almost seems like Heaven, Then to me.

John has never been in Congress, John and I; He holds me when he hears me say, He might have been these many days, And that he was kept away, By modesty.

Yet I'm glad it has been so, John and I; He would scarce have been my own, If a senator he were to be, Yet we love our country dearly, John and I.

I am thinking 'twould be long, John and I; Ere we must die, But the thought brings little sadness, And would cause me only gladness, If we might go home together, John and I.

LOVE. Thy voice is on the rolling air, I hear thee where the waters run, Thou standest in the rising sun, And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou, then? I cannot guess; I know not what thou art and flower, To feel the same diffusive power, I do not therefore love thee less.

My love includes the love before, My love is vaster passion now; Thou mixed with God and nature thou, I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, yet ever nigh; I have thee still and I rejoice; I prosper cheered by thy voice; I shall not love thee, though I die.

—Tennyson. Select Literature.

(Original.) Autobiographical Sketch.

WRITTEN IN AN ALMS-HOUSE. (Concluded.)

One afternoon as I was rambling along the highway in a state of partial intoxication, I was run over by a wagon that was being driven at a furious rate.

I was seriously hurt, and soon lost all consciousness. When, as awakening from a dream, I found myself on a comfortable bed, and Amelia Philips bending over me in the act of bathing my brow with vinegar.

I was helplessly weak, and had scarcely the power to speak audibly. As memory was roused into activity, the scene on the highway, and the accident that befell me there were recalled.—From my kind nurse I learned that her father had found me in the road in a state of unconsciousness—that he had borne me to his house, had sent for a doctor, who said I was suffering from a concussion of the brain, and would probably never recover.

For a fortnight I had lain in this dangerous condition, and nobody even hoped that I would ever revive. Good nursing on the part of Amelia, under the Doctor's direction, had been effectual in bringing me back to a state of returning health.

My recovery, however, was slow; and it was several weeks before I was sufficiently recovered to move about. During the period of tarry convalescence, I was several times visited by my kind-hearted clerical friend, who did not use the language of upbraid or reproach. His words were those of heart-felt commiseration, spoken in the spirit of Christian charity.

I again resolved on reform. I was determined to put forth another effort to dis-

entangle myself from the meshes of vice; and to eschew personal association with men of depraved propensities and dissolute habits.

As I was gradually regaining physical strength, I had many solemn interviews with my clerical friend. There was benevolence in his heart and wisdom on his lips.

His soothing sympathy was like the balm of Gilead to my sore-stricken soul. His Christian kindness was an Anodyne that mitigated the pangs of remorse.

I consulted with him respecting the darkened future of my after life. He said I was yet in early manhood, and by a proper moral and industrious course, a career of prosperity, with God's help, was still attainable.

His encouraging words of counsel and advice inspired me with new hopes, and induced resolutions to lead a better life.

During my confinement beneath Mr. Phillips' hospitable roof on a bed of suffering, my reverend friend had written to Ogden, describing my condition, and succeeded in inducing him to bestow on me a donation of one hundred dollars.

When the time came to bid farewell to my kind preserver and his family, I offered remuneration for the trouble I had caused them; but they generously declined my offer.

I also proffered payment to my physician; but he, aware of my poverty, would take nothing from me. The abode of Mr. Phillips seemed to be a domestic paradise; and when I left it, I was oppressed with a throng of unavailing regrets.

Had my life been what it ought and might have been, I reflected that I might have had just such a home of my own, with Amelia presiding over it, instead of being a social outcast. I felt that I was a wreck on the ocean of life.

In looking around me to see in what line of business I would most likely to earn an honest living, and avoid such temptations as would tend to frustrate my present determination to reform my life, I saw in a newspaper the offer of a profitable agency for the sale of a popular new literary work that had just been put through the Press.

Perhaps here was a chance for me, thought I. The business I did not half like; for I had been previously impressed with the belief that no book of merit had need of extraordinary means to ensure general patronage; and that only valueless literature sought popular favor, like quick nostrums, by the means of an itinerant agency.

The vocation seemed to be a kind of respectable vagabondism. Besides this system of peddling, in many cases, I knew was a fraud upon the public. Seeing nothing better, however, to undertake, I called upon the advertiser. In examining the book to be sold, I saw on its title page, that its author had already won for himself a high reputation in the field of literature, and that the volume before me was not a mere emanation from the Press of spurious pretensions.

We made a bargain, and in less than a week I was pursuing my agency with energy and success. In my movements through thickly populated districts of country, my moral habits were unimpaired, and I shunned improper associates, and scrupulously eschewed the use of intoxicating drinks.

My enterprise had been successful far beyond my expectations, and a spirit of self-applause was lurking, like a grass-hidden serpent, in a secret corner of my heart; and I congratulated myself on the steadfastness of my predetermination to reform.

I was returning homeward to my employer, and just at night-fall I stood high in public estimation both for talents and industry. I offered the book which I was selling, and he seemed glad to get a copy of it.

He spoke of its author in warm tones of admiration. At that moment, the clouds, which had been darkly gathering all the afternoon, developed their fury in a terrific but brief thunder-storm.

I was offered shelter from the tempest and a lodging for the night. The Rev. gentleman's hospitality was gladly and gratefully accepted. The evening was passed pleasantly. My entertainer was a man of enlarged erudition—his was a genial spirit—and his conversation was irresistibly fascinating. He seemed perfectly conversant with every topic that was started. His acquaintance with literature, as it appeared to me, was universal and thorough.

We talked (or rather he talked and I listened) till late in the night. Before retiring for the bed of slumber, family devotions were attended to, and a more eloquent and fervent prayer I had never heard. As soon as he rose from his knees, he said to his wife:

"My dear, please order me a pitcher of hot water!"

As soon as it was brought, he took from a cupboard a whiskey flask, a bowl of sugar and a couple of lemons, and proceeded to concoct a basin of punch. He filled two glasses of the hot liquid and passed me one of them.

"I entirely abstain from ardent drinks," said I.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed he; "you are certainly possessed of too much good sense, and have too much respect for yourself to be misled by the fanciful cry of temperance reform. Temperance societies are not recognized in the Holy Scriptures. The fanatics who are urging reform are usurping the prerogatives of the Church, which alone is divinely authorized to deal with morals."

He spoke with much warmth and earnestness, and then, calming his spirit, and softening his tone, he continued:—"Stimulants, taken moderately, are promotive of health, and the Apostle Paul joins their use upon Timothy. But it should be used discreetly. For myself, for several years, I have invariably taken wine at dinner, a glass of brandy after the afternoon, and a tumbler of hot punch before going to bed, and it does me good. On the Sabbath morning, before going into the pulpit, when my nerves seem unstrung, I sometimes take a glass of brandy as a restorative. In this way I have been aided in the delivery of my best sermons. Excessive drinking, when culminating in drunkenness, is a great sin, and cannot be too strongly denounced. It is indeed a sin. The moderate use of stimulants is not only allowable, but commendable."

His language was bewitchingly plausible. He repeated his persuasions till I was induced to empty the proffered tumbler. I thought it was the most delicious draught, the most inspiring beverage, that I had ever tasted; and I was soon in a delirium of enjoyment. We again emptied and filled our tumblers twice before we withdrew to our beds. I rose in the morning somewhat sobered, but a racking headache oppressed me, and a burning thirst burnt into my very spirit. A desire to return into the morning my clerical host adieu. Before the dawn of day I had awakened in the day I had made my way to a wayside grocery, where I remained three days, and left it with my wits and good resolutions thoroughly wrecked.

For months I was a mere fugitive in the earth. My apparel became more and more shabby day by day; I was without pecuniary means, and was a mere mendicant. When I, by importunity, could get ardent drink, I was drunk. I was without a home, sometimes seeking a night's shelter in unoccupied barns, and sometimes I slept by the way-side on the bare ground under the star-studded firmament. It was indeed the veriest outcast that moved on the face of the earth.

At length, without hardly knowing how I got there, I found myself among strangers in New Bedford. I was ragged and dirty, hungry and weary. I sauntered down to a wharf, scarcely conscious of the bustling activity around me. Half-dreaming I recalled upon a pile of deals. Not long had I been there, however, when I was approached by a gentleman whose costume indicated that he was a Quaker. He accosted me pleasantly, inquiring if I were well, and needed relief. These were the first kind words that had been addressed to me for months. I had been so long accustomed to the jeers, scoffs and scorn of everybody that the expression of friendliness had almost become a novelty. I was struck by the expression of the stranger's countenance, and I felt that I had been wronged. He seemed to feel an interest in me. In response to his inquiries, I briefly told him my story. I related my downward course, and told him that I was morally too feeble to resist the fascination of indulgence in strong drink. He seemed moved with my confession, and touched with pity for my deplorable condition.

"Friend," said he, "I fear that thou hast undertaken to reform thy life in thy own strength, and have therefore failed. Without God's help thou wilt never reform."

After looking at me with a manifest sympathetic interest, he asked what prospect I had in view for the future. I replied that I had no purpose—no hope—and that all before me was darkened with despondency.

"Thou art truly miserable," said he, "and the outlook before thee is gloomy indeed. Follow me!"

He took me into a large warehouse, and offered me a seat. Learning that I had fasted no food for thirty-six hours, he led me to an eating-house over the way. I had a broiled steak, hot rolls, and a most refreshing cup of warm coffee. For months I had not partaken of a comfortable meal. I had been fed on dry crusts and the refuse debris of tables. I rose from the gratifying repast strengthened and cheered. My kind friend then conducted me into his counting-house where was sitting a man, whose habiliments were also those of a Quaker.

"This weather-beaten man," said my benefactor, pointing to the other, "is a voyager over the high seas. He is master of one of my ships that will sail to-morrow on a three years' whaling cruise to the Pacific Ocean. Thy attempts to reform thy moral habits on the land have been futile; and I propose that you try that good work on the sea. What sayest thou—wilt thou be one of the crew? I readily assented."

"Next day we sailed, and for the first time I was adrift on the bosom of the sea. For several days I was the suffering victim of sea-sickness; and the thorough cleansing my stomach, and my thirst for a strong drink. I soon became physically strong, and manfully cheerful. I had always regarded the sailors as men of coarse tastes, of loose tastes, and of outrageously bad habits. I had supposed that obscene rivalry and habitual profanity characterized their ordinary conversation. On board the Sea Home (for that was the name of the ship) every man except myself,

self, from the captain down to the cook was a Quaker. They called themselves Friends. There were no spirituous liquors on board, and all hands were necessarily abstemious from that can intoxicant.

I liked the captain and all the crew. I soon became delighted with those moral tastes and habits, which predominated in the happy floating community to which I now belonged. I soon became familiarized with life at sea, and to me it was a marvellous contrast with the miserable life I had been leading on shore. Even a storm on the broad waste of oceanic waters, had for me a solemn interest, if not a positive charm.

I shall not attempt a descriptive detail of our voyage. We had a wintry and tempestuous time in "doubling Cape Horn." The first land we touched after leaving the shores of New England, was the Island of San Fernandez. It is a small fragment of the earth, which DeFoe's fascinating pen, and Cowper's Muse have rendered classical ground. We also remained a few days at Honolulu, the metropolis of the Sandwich Islands, the alpine summits of which, embosomed by the flaming fens of belching volcanoes, have always been sublime objects of interest to seagoers. Two long years in pursuit of the whale, we spent in the region of the Arctic circle, sometimes battling with the storms and icebergs in the Bering sea, and off the icy shores of Alaska, and sometimes farther South—indeed, we went wherever the sporting monsters of the deep were found in most abundance. Of our perils and toils I shall say nothing.

The time for the Sea Home's homeward return at length came. Our efforts to secure a valuable cargo of oil had been entirely successful. My ship-mates, as had been so long, were all well, and we sailed back over the seas which we had traversed years before, began to talk of their far-off homes. Some of them expected to meet parents, brothers and sisters—and some of them loving wives. I mournfully thought that I had neither father, mother, brother, sister or wife to welcome me back, nor an endearing home awaiting my return. But I was returning a thoroughly reformed man in the prime of life, and with religious views and habits, which were based on the love of God, that had been revealed to me by his renewing grace while afar from the sound of a church-gong bell; and on the bosom of the sea.

I affectionately appreciated all on board for their piety and morals. During three long years, in tempest and in calm, in toils and perils, and in scenes of difficulty and excitement, I had been with them; but in all that time I had never heard a harsh or an angry word uttered. They were habitually cheerful; but were never boisterously merry. Each addressed the other—"Friend!" This appellation was equivalent in meaning to Christian brother.

On the first day, as they called the Sabbath, they united in social worship. It was their custom on that day, (weather permitting) to seat themselves for about an hour in solemn meditation. Sometimes during the devotional hour, not a word was spoken, and the silent meeting ended in the shaking of hands. At other times, there were addresses by the captain and others. The cook, a man past the meridian of life, was our most frequent and effective speaker. The fervor of his spirit imparted eloquence and impressiveness to his utterances. At times, my own emotional sensibilities, were so moved by a sense of God's love and a conscious assurance of forgiven sin, that I, too, gave vocal expression to the thoughts of my mind, and the feelings of my heart.

Nothing special occurred on board the Sea Home on the voyage homeward, till a gale, rising almost to a hurricane, struck us a few leagues off Cape Hatteras. Our sails were soon rent, and our spars carried away by the fury of the wind and the waves. We all knew that the destruction of the ship was certain. In the dead of night we struck upon a rocky shore. Of course, she went streak to pieces. I remember clinging to a plank, but became unconscious.

Weeks after this fatal termination to our voyage, prostrate in a hospital, I learned that I was the only survivor of the crew; and that on the morning after the disaster, I had been found on the shore in an insensible condition, with bones fractured, and my flesh fearfully bruised and lacerated. I was taken to a hospital a few miles away, and was a patient in its walls for more than a year. I there underwent the amputation of my left arm and my right leg.

After my wounds were healed, and a degree of strength regained, at my request, kind friends furnished me with the means of returning to New Bedford, which I reached, crippled, without money, and without a personal friend in the world.

On inquiry, I found that my gratefully remembered friend, the owner of the ship, was in his grave. Other mournful changes had taken place during my few years' absence. I learned that my Rev. friend in the vicinity of my former home, was in his last earthly resting-place—that in a calamitous financial crisis—Ogden was so impoverished that he was obliged to assign all his property, (real and personal), to his ungenerous creditors—that the farm, which once was mine, had been sold, under au-

—(Continued on fourth page.)