

Just as the youngster was approaching him, the skipper turned suddenly round, and in his excitement and passion nearly ran over the little fellow, and almost knocked him down.

"Are you hurt?" were the first words that rose to his lips; and then, almost before he had spoken them, he continued, "Why don't you get out of the way, you illegitimate young cur? Upon my word, things have come to a pretty pass—a blackguard of a reefer runs up against a commodore, and expects him to beg his pardon. The service is going to the devil!"

But the latter words were spoken to the winds. Clarence had run down below, and leaving his message unsaid, had retired to the Commander's cabin. Where, covering his face with his hands, he burst into tears.

He was sobbing when Edie came down, after the watch had been called, and the hands dismissed.

Upon inquiring as what was the matter, our hero told him adding, How can he know whether I am illegitimate or not? It is true he never knew my father, but my mother always said he was drowned at sea; and, at all events, he can know nothing about it.

"I don't know, my poor boy," replied Edie, gently. "Remember, you are wonderfully alike, even to the intonation of the voice; and from what has dropped on one or two occasions, I should not be surprised if he knew more about you than you imagine. 'What sir!' and Clarence started up. 'Do you fancy that Captain Fortescue is my father?'"

"Between ourselves, Clarence I do."
"Then I think I can stand anything he may say or do to me!"

And with the proud expression on his face that Edie had noticed once before, he dashed away his tears, and shortly afterwards returned on deck.

The Captain was still on the poop, and had evidently scarcely got over his excitement.

Clarence was walking up and down the gangway when the skipper sang out, "Here, you young blackguard, come here!"

Scarcely hearing it, and not dreaming it was applied to him, the youngster continued his walk.

Presently the officer of the watch came out from the other side.

"Young gentleman, the Captain is calling you." Clarence ran up immediately, and only arrived just in time.

The Commodore was in such a awful rage, that for a moment or two, he was speechless, and had to content himself with shaking his fist at the unhappy middy.

At length he burst out in a perfect torrent of abuse; he made use of some of the most filthy terms of vituperation in the slang of dictionary; in fact, he could not have blackguarded a pickpocket in worse terms.

But through it all, Clarence kept his temper, and didn't answer.

This only made matters worse, and the Commodore began to stamp and foam at the mouth.

At length he was regularly tired out, and told him he should punish him (he did not say what for) by stopping his leave, extra watch for a month, two hours at the main-mast head every forenoon for the same time, and to ride upon the spanker-boom for two hours every afternoon.

"And mind, you, you scamp you!" he concluded, "the next time I'll flog you, I will—you needn't look like that I'll flog you!"

Harry Clarence went through his punishments, and, calling in at Malta, the Meuledefoin, gradually worked her way to the Mediterranean, towards the Greek Isles, which at that time, were infested by a particularly vigilant pirate.

Most of the native Greeks are thieves; but this fellow was an educated one, he had travelled, and knew too much, so it was necessary to put him down.

For a week or two the old liner cruised about, poking her nose first into this bay, and then in that, but without success. Among Clarence's qualifications was a wonderful talent for sketching likenesses, and during one dinner hour he employed himself in delineating the worthy Captain.

Just as he finished, by some freak, he wrote underneath, "My father, Henry Clarence."

No sooner had the pencil left the paper, than a slight squall wafted it out of his hand, and dropped it almost at the skipper's feet.

Of course he stooped, and picked it up, looked at it, and then—

He all but went mad, swore that it was an intentional insult, and declared that he would flog the offender.

The Captain of the man-of-war is absolute "monarch of all he surveys," and was even so in those days.

So nobody dared to interfere, and the boatswain's mate had actually gone to fetch the cat, when one of the look-out men sang out, "Sail, ho!"

And, just as the ship rounded a projecting point, there could be seen a felucca-rigged craft, corresponding in every respect with the gentlemen they were in search of.

"I will not flog you now until the action is over," observed the Captain: "but you shall have it then don't make any mistake!"

By the time they had reached within a mile and a half of the stranger the wind dropped into a perfect calm.

The boats were hoisted out and manned, and Fortescue determined to lead them.

"It might not be etiquette; but he didn't care. The service was going to the devil!"

Clarence was very anxious to get into a boat; but he could not manage it, until, as the Captain was

passing along to his gig, he said, "Jump in, and steer my gig for me, youngster!"

And, accordingly, the middy jumped in and in another minute the boats were all advancing to the attack.

The Captain's gig soon drew ahead, and amidst a shower of musket balls, was the first to run alongside.

Fortescue jumped aboard first, and Clarence was second.

The Captain, who was armed with an ordinary cutlass, commenced fighting his way aft to where the captain of the pirates was standing.

The men-of-war's-men were soon at his back, and an obstinate fight ensued.

All at once, Clarence saw the pirate chief draw out a pistol, and take a deliberate aim at the Commodore.

He saw the danger; but how to prevent it? There was but one way and he seized it.

With a sudden leap; the boy placed himself in front of his Captain; at the same moment the pirate fired, and Clarence received the ball in his bosom.

In another five-minutes, with a ringing cheer, our brave tars swept the deck, and the pirate was ours.

"Bring him here!" exclaimed the Captain. "Lay him down carefully. He saved my life, poor boy! Undo his waistcoat carefully—now his shirt! Great heavens! what is that?"

And, with eyes nearly staring out of his head, the skipper seized hold of a miniature that was hanging by a black ribbon around the boy's neck.

'Tis she! 'tis she, shrieked the unhappy man; "and and I have killed my boy."

However, it turned out at the end that he had not caused death, that owing to the care taken of him, and being in the cabin, and what not, Clarence managed to get over his wound.

And it was during the time when his life hung in the balance that Fortescue explained the matter to Edie, whence, of course, it spread through the ship.

It appeared that Fortescue had originally been named Clarence; and in that name, before going to sea for the last time, he had wedded a young lady down in Devonshire.

Upon his return, however, his wife's family were all dead, and the young lady herself had disappeared. After numerous efforts however, he thought he had succeeded in tracing her on board a packet-boat which during a gale, had sunk with all hands.

Subsequently to that, he had been left an estate, and some money, on condition that he assumed the name of Fortescue, which he did.

Before the old Meuledefoin was paid off, Mr. Clarence Fortescue passed for mate; and that is all I can tell you respecting "The Skipper and his Son."

THE WEST-SIDE REVIEW.

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W. J. EWING, Editor.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., JANUARY 15, 1879.

One Thing or the Other.

That inconsistency and disposition to ride the horse of both parties which so largely prevails, has been one of the main causes in retarding the progress of temperance principles in every period and country, cannot well be questioned, and it is a matter for the serious consideration of every well wisher of the common good where and how to find a remedy for it.

We have been very sorry to notice in recent issues of one of our friends, and, by the way, one which we regarded as solid on the question of total abstinence, and a desire for the annihilation of the liquor traffic, articles the tenor of which if we interpret them aright, means to all intents and purposes, a withdrawal from the hitherto lofty position assumed by it on this vital question. Of course it may be acting conscientiously in taking the stand it has, with reference to the permissive bill agitation which is engaging the attention of so large a proportion of the inhabitants of our Province and Dominion just now, and the exception it takes to the idea that good results would follow its universal adoption. But is it consistent? And beyond and beneath all the polish that it so cunningly layers the surface of its articles with, is there not the consideration of self embedded. If this is not the case then we are frank to confess our inability to explain its position. It says, for instance, that it believes "the only prohibition capable of accomplishing any real reformation, is that prohibition which would exclude liquor from coming into the country in any quantities." We all would rejoice in seeing the day at hand when this is law, but will our contemporary insinuate that because we cannot procure this imperial legislation, we should not take the next best measure available for the suppression of this nefarious traffic. If so, why is its editor so prominently connected with one of leading temperance institutions of New Brunswick, pray? We take it for granted that the object is to assist in killing the liquor trade. But if the permissive bill with all its defects, real and imaginary, will not in any degree perform this task how is it possible that the labors of temperance societies, and conventions, aided by even this partial law, will accomplish it. On

the other hand, if this paper is dead in earnest with relation to its temperance profession how is it that we find a dozen or more liquor advertisements in its columns.

We would not wish to be understood as having a desire to place our friend before the public in shoes that do not fit him, nor yet do we mean ridicule in thus referring to this little incident. Far different. We have always been on the best of terms with each other and intend to remain so. To be candid, we are deeply indebted to our *bro pro* for many tokens of friendship and respect, extended towards us from that quarter, and it would therefore ill-become us to return in the way intimated, evil for good. Our object is merely to call attention to the discrepancies that seem to exist between the preaching and practice of this journal, in the hope that he will see the harm that is likely to be wrought by persisting in such a course, and in consequence, turn from the error of his ways.

"CROWDS."

There is a class of young men in Saint John who make a practice of congregating in gangs, acting in concert, and having no other apparent object in view than the perpetrating of little acts of ruffianism, such as insulting and endeavoring to pick quarrels with passers-by; spotting and beating strangers, and other like capers, attempting to make the community at large regard them as "terrors." You will sometimes see them hanging around our Fire Engine houses, or blocking up the chief corner of our thoroughfares, putting on airs, and having more to say than a half-pay Sergeant. The police officers are actually afraid of them. This is proved by their conduct, for instead of enforcing their authority to the letter, in this particular, and thereby dispersing and disbanding these loafers, they simply order them to "move on" and without remaining to see their order obeyed, proceed on their way rejoicing. The crowd of course walk round him in a sort of circle—laughing in their sleeves at the innocent policeman the while—and come right back to the point of starting. This is considered fine sport by them and they persist in it and grow bold. Let the officers of the law put their foot down on such disgraceful conduct, make an example of one or two of these fellows and we will guarantee not only a speedy explosion of these crowds who infest society, but also a more general respect for them than at present prevails.

The Liquor Traffic and Taxes.

Thomas Talbot, Governor of Massachusetts, addressing the Legislature of that State, two years ago said; "When I think of the victims to the use of the intoxicating liquors in every village of the Commonwealth; when I consider our almshouses, and hospitals, and homes for the fallen and friendless; when I look into our jails, work-houses, house of correction, and the State prison; and when I try to compute the losses and charges upon all our industries, by reason of imperfect labor, and the taxes for the support of these institutions for reformation and punishment, my judgement unqualifiedly condemns, and my heart and my manhood rebel against any system that would permit the great source of all wrong and misery and crime to exist by authority of the Commonwealth. My convictions against the policy of such a movement are too solemn and resistless for me to hesitate as to my duty. It seems to me that the only safe and sound position for a Christian community to take in regard to this matter is that of absolute and unqualified opposition to the traffic."

When W. E. Gladstone was Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, a deputation of brewers waited on him, to remind him of the loss the revenue would sustain by any farther restrictions on the liquor-traffic. His reply, as reported, was—"Gentlemen, you need not give yourselves any trouble about the revenue. The question of revenue must never stand in the way of needed reforms. Besides, with a sober population, not wasting their earnings, I will know where to obtain the revenue."

Credit Gentlemen!

We observe reproduced in a late number of the *Key of the Gulf*, issued in Key West, Florida, the original verses written by H. L. Spencer, Esq., of this city, and published in the WEST-SIDE REVIEW, and intitled "Three Stanzas."

The verses are inserted without credit to the author or publisher's, and while we do not call attention to the circumstance on personal consideration, we claim for our contributor that recognition which, if we except this instance, has willingly been accorded him and his productions the world over.

Our Premiums.

We call the attention of our subscribers and readers to the prize advertisement, inserted by us in another column. The premiums are genuine, and well worth the little time that would be necessary in order to become possessor of one of them. We respectfully appeal to our many friends both in the temperance circle and out of it, to devote a small portion of their time and attention in lending us a hand to carry out with credit and satisfaction, the prospecting improvements on the WEST-SIDE REVIEW, for 1879.

A copy of *The True Citizen* published in Kearney, Nebraska, has been received by us. It is published by the True Citizen Publishing Company, and contains a large and varied stock of reading matter.

Subscriptions for the WEST-SIDE REVIEW, are now in order.

Results of Liquor.

The following needs no comment from us, as it speaks stronger than any criticism from us would do. A man named James Akroyd was arrested on New Years morning for drunkenness, but was let go. He was again brought in drunk during the day and when asked for an explanation by the magistrate said: he had no employment since last April, also "people will not give me a loaf of bread but they will give me rum."

On Thursday last, in order to have some sport, several young bloods of this place induced one William Johnson, a half-witted colored man, to drink as much whiskey as he could pour down, they to furnish and pay for the liquor. Johnson started in on small doses, and continued drinking until he had finished three pints, when he became unconscious, after which, the young rascals put Johnson into the street, as they said, to sober him up. He was found in a frozen condition, about two hours afterwards, and taken to his home insensible. Every effort was made to revive him, but was of no avail, as he died last night. The coroner's verdict was death by drinking too much whiskey. Johnson leaves a wife and child.—*Boston Herald*, Dec. 29.

Beware!

Now that the Permissive Bill has been carried in York County, the liquor dealers of Fredericton are going to try to evade the law. There are one or two different ways of doing it spoken of. One way is to start a Club Room ostensibly for some other purpose. It is something like what was tried in the State of Maine and works somewhat after this manner. Whenever a member joins he pays \$1 for initiation fee; and on payment of this fee he receives a ticket good for ten punches, every time it is punched represents a drink. Our friends in York will have to keep their eyes open.

Raiding.

In the superior criminal court of Boston on the 30th dec; Michael Mahoney was fined \$200 for selling liquor.

Frost's distillery at Buffalo N Y was partially burned on Dec 30th. Loss \$12,000 Result of liquor.

EPHING N. H. Dec 28th.—At a meeting this afternoon the town voted to prohibit the sale of lager beer, 110 to 91.

Henry J. Godfrey, corner of Clayton and Dickens street, Harrison square, forfeited about fifteen gallons of hard liquors and paid \$5.20, the costs of court, this morning, by order of Judge Churchill.

KNOXVILLE, TENN., Dec. 30th.

Returned yesterday from a raid along the Tennessee and Kentucky line. Captured 16 distilleries, 10 copper stills and worms, 266 mash tubs, 16,000 gallons of mash, and 263 gallons of whiskey. Travelled over four hundred miles on horseback.

(Signed) G. W. Atkinson,
Revenue Agent.

THE PRIZES WE OFFER FOR 1879.

In order to increase the circulation of our paper, we have decided to offer the following inducements viz:

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