Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

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THE

Summerside Journal

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BY

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AT HIS OFFICE, CENTRAL STREET.

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JOB PRINTING

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

Summerside Markets.

January 16, 1868.

Oats per bush	2s 6d
Barley per bush	3s 6d a 4s
Potatoes per bush	1s 9d a 2s
Turnips per bush	10d a 1s
Butter per lb by Tub	10d a 1s
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
Pork per lb by carcass	3½d a 5d
Geese each	1s 6d a 2s
Flour per bbl	60s a 65s
Oatmeal per cwt.	16s a 18s
Hay per Ton	60s a 70s
Straw per cwt.	1s 9d
Pine Boards	10s
Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

Charlottetown Markets.

January 16, 1868.

Beef (small)	4d a 6d
Do. by quarter	2d a 4d
Mutton	3d a 5d
Lamb per lb.	3½d a 4d
Butter	14d a 16d
Do. by tub	1s a 13d
Cheese	4d a 7d
Tallow	9d a 10d
Lard	8d a 9d
Flour lb.	3d a 3½d
Oatmeal 100 lb.	17s a 18s
Eggs	15d a 16d
Potatoes	2s a 2s 3d
Turnips	13d
Barley	3s a 9s
Oats	2s 9d
Boards (Hemlock)	4s
Spruce	4s a 5s
Pine	7s a 9s
Shingles	12s a 15s
Wool	1s a 1s 3d
Hay	70s a 80s
Straw cwt.	1s 6d a 2s
Homespun	5s 6d a 6s
Sheepskins	2s a 3s
Calfskin lb.	5d a 9d
Hides lb.	4½d

Business Cards.

BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Corner of Queen & Water Sts., 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.

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 Green & Schurman, in Summerside.

June 13, 1867. tf

DR. McNEILL,

Physician & Surgeon,

RESIDENCE—At George. Garret's, Esquire, Stanley Bridge.

New London, - - - - P. E. I.

Jan 24. 1867.

DR. PRICE,

Physician & Surgeon,

OFFICE—At the SUMMERSIDE DRUG STORE, next door to Bank, Central Street

SUMMERSIDE, ... P. E. ISLAND.

October 12. 1865.

THOMAS KELLY,

Barrister - at - Law

AND

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

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

aug. 9, 1866

Important to Shipbuilders

Blocks! Blocks! Blocks!

IF YOU WANT TO RAISE THE

Price of Vessels

in England, order a set of those SPLENDID BLOCKS, which everybody is praising, from

YOUNG'S.

Terms Liberal.

Water-st., Summerside, Sept. 26. 1867.

DAVID BERTRAM,

Saddle and Harness Maker,

Water Street . . . . . Summerside.

October 12, 1865.

Business Cards.

CRAWFORD'S HOTEL,

No. 9 King Square, St. John N.B.

Permanent and transient Boarders accommodated on reasonable terms.

In connection with the above the subscribers have opened a

First Class Grocery Store

where they will keep constantly on hand, Flour, Corn Meal, Provisions, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, and all other articles usually kept in a Grocery Store.

J. CRAWFORD & SON.

May 30. 1867.—1y

Commercial Hotel.

NEW ARRANGEMENT!

COACH FARE PAID!

IN FUTURE the COACH FARE of all travellers from the Railway Station and Steamboat Landings in this City to the COMMERCIAL HOTEL, King Street, who make their stay one day or upward, WILL BE PAID by the Proprietor.

FARE AT THE HOTEL:

TRANSIENT.

One Day, - - - - - $1 00
One Week, - - - - - 5 00

PERMANENT.

Per Week, - - - - - $3 25 to $4 50

The HOTEL is situated on the best business street in the city, and nearly opposite the WAVERLY. It is handsomely fitted up and calculated to accommodate some fifty persons very comfortably.

D. P. HOWE, Proprietor.

St. John, N. B., Nov. 7, 1867 1y

Fountain House Hotel.

King Square, (North Side,)

ST. JOHN, N. B.

The Subscriber having leased the above Hotel, and refitted the same, is now prepared to accommodate Transient and Permanent Boarders, and trusts by attention to meet a share of public patronage.

Having also leased the commodious Stable attached, and secured the services of a careful Hostler, who will be in attendance at all hours, travellers will be sure to get satisfaction at lowest rates.

JAMES W. THOMSON,
Proprietor.

St. John, N. B., July 4, 1867.—1y

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, 1867.

North American Hotel,

KENT STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN.

JOHN MURPHY, PROPRIETOR.

Permanent and Transient Boarders will find good accommodation.

Good Stables in connection with the HOTEL, and a careful Hostler always in attendance.

Ch'town, Feb. 14, 1867. tf

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.

Forms of Application can be had by applying to Mr. J. BERTRAM, *Journal* Office, Summerside.

Charlottetown, June 20, 1867 —1y

SAWS,

SAWS! SAWS!!

SAWS of the best quality, and at the following Cash prices, always on hand at the manufacture of the subscribers:—

CIRCULARS.

DIAMETER.	DIAMETER.
36 in. $20 each	34 in. $18 each
32 in. $16 each	30 in. $15 each
28 in. $12.50 each	26 in. $11 each
24 in. $9 each	22 in. $8 each
20 in. $7 each	18 in. $5.75 each
16 in. $5 each	14 in. $4 each
12 in. $3 each.	

Mill Saws 5½ feet, $5 each; Buck Saws 28 in. $7 per dozen, set and sharped.

A RICHARDSON & Co.

St. John, N. B. April 11, 1867.y

THOMAS FRIZZEL,

Boot and Shoe Maker,

WATER STREET,

opposite Green & Schurman's Store.

Boots and Shoes of a superior quality constantly on hand, and for sale cheap.

Summerside, June 6, 1867 1y

PRINCE COUNTY

Tobacco Factory.

THE SUBSCRIBER would announce to his friends, customers and the public, that he has, at a considerable outlay for new moulds and machinery, so enlarged and improved the capacity of his FACTORY

In Summerside,

that he is now enabled to turn out an article of

Natural Leaf Tobacco.

equal to the very best, and superior to most Tobacco imported, which he will WARRANT IN EVERY RESPECT, and will sell nearly

Twenty per cent. Cheaper

than it can be imported into the Island.

FLAT OR ROUND TOBACCO furnished to suit the taste of buyers.

Try it and judge for yourselves.

Dealers supplied on liberal terms.

Be sure to ask for REILLY'S PRINCE COUNTY NATURAL LEAF, and take none other.

Remember that the PRINCE COUNTY TOBACCO FACTORY turns out nothing but the BEST KIND OF TOBACCO.

PATRICK REILLY,

Summerside Dec. 6, 1866.

Business Cards.

Co-Partnership Notice.

THE Subscribers have this day entered into CO-PARTNERSHIP as BARRISTERS and ATTORNIES-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

FRANCIS LONGWORTH,

BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Office—PAVILION HOTEL.

(next door to the Hon. Joseph Hensley's.)

CHARLOTTETOWN - - - P. E. Island.

Jan. 17, 1867. 1y

WILLIAM M. HOWE,

Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public.

ST. LEANOR'S .....P. E. ISLAND

WILLIAM DODD,

Commission Merchant,

And Auctioneer,

QUEEN SQUARE,

CHARLOTTETOWN - - - P. E. ISLAND

CARD

WILLIAM BAIRSTO,

Commission Merchant,

Auctioneer & General Agent,

WATER STREET

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

CARVELL BROTHERS,

AUCTIONEERS,

Commission Merchats,

And General Agents

BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET

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

JABEZ HUDSON,

Authorized Auctioneer,

GENERAL AGENT, &c.,

TRYON, - - - - - - P. E. I.

June 27, 1867.

KIRKWOOD, LIVINGSTONE & CO.

Flour, Produce, Leather,

AND GENERAL

Commission Merchants,

MONTREAL, - - - - - - - C. E.

The most careful attention given to the execution of orders for Flour, Grain, Seeds, Provisions, Leather, Hides, Coal Oil, and general Merchandize. Freights secured and Insurances effected at lowest current rates.

Merchants in the Lower Provinces will find it to their interest to forward their orders for Flour to us for execution, as an extensive acquaintance with Western Millers, and as Agents for some of the most popular Brands in Canada, we can with safety assure them of every satisfaction.

Remittances against orders when not otherwise provided for, may be made with Stirling Exchange, or Gold Drafts on New York. Drafts on New York being worth usually an ⅛ to a ¼ per cent more than on Boston.

Every information as to the state of the market, present and prospective, given when required.

Consignments of Fish, Cod Oil, &c., carefully realized, and returns made with the utmost promptitude, or applied according to the wish of consignors.

Charges only made for actual disbursements and commissions not over those of responsible Houses in the line. Unquestionable refernces given when required.

KIRKWOOD, LIVINGSTONE & CO.

503 St. Paul Street,
Montreal, C. E.

February 7, 1867.

THOMAS HANFORD,

AUCTIONEER

AND

Commission Merchant,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Nov 1, 1865

C. L. RICHARDS,

Importer and Wholesale Dealer in

British & Foreign Groceries.

1, Head North Wharf,

ST. JOHN, - - - NEW BRUNSWICK.

Dec. 6, 1866. 1y

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, 1867.

James Greenough,

FLOUR

Commission Merchant.

No 47 Commercial Street

Corner of Clinton Street - - - - - BOSTON

Ladies Sewing Circle.

THE LADIES of the SUMMERSIDE WESLEYAN CHURCH AND CONGREGATION have established a SEWING CIRCLE, assembling on Tuesday afternoons, at Messrs. Strong's Hall. Preparation for a BAZAAR towards liquidating debt on the Church is the object. Contributions of material or money will be gladly received.

President—Mrs. R. A. Strong.
Vice President—Mrs. Richardson,
Secretary—Mrs. Alex. McRae,
Treasurer—Mrs. Charles Strong.

Summersice, Nov. 14, 1867.

POETRY.

THE NEW HEAVEN.

(From the New York Observer, of Oct. 10, 1867.)

THE following lines were suggested by a consideration of the facts and theory stated in recent articles of the New York *Observer* on the "Locality of Heaven." Alcyone is there pointed to us as a great star, situated at the astronomical centre of the visible universe. It is argued that from its relative position and size, and from the referance to the Pleiades in Job 38, 31, the word *Chimah* in the original, translated "Pleiades," meaning properly the axis, hub, or centre piece, Alcyone the largest of the group, may become the place of future bliss.

"May God forgive the child of dust.
Who seeks to know where faith should trust."

ALCYONE!

Where is the star Alcyone?
Gaze far beyond the milky way,
Find where the Pleiades gently sway;
All worlds all systems as they roll,
Where dwells the elemental soul,
Where nights have ceased and light to bless
Beams from the sun of righteousness!
There is the star Alcyone.

Who points us to Alcyone?
The leader who on Pisgah stood,
And saw sweet fields beyond the flood,
They who in ancient classic years,
Proclaimed the harmony of spheres,
The prophets word, the poets eye,
The flowers below, the stars on high,
All point us to Alcyone.

Who reigns in far Alcyone!
Who rules the names and thunder loud
Who led in pillar and in cloud
Who bids the starry systems burn,
The comets wheel and planets turn,
Whose word made light, whose arm is might,
Archangels bow when in his sight:
He reigns in great Alcyone.

But while thy towers Alcyone,
With jealous guard Jehovah keeps,
The frailest fly, or thing that creeps,
On dungeon wall can never fall,
Unless our Heavenly Father call;
Be this, then, our sustaining trust,
And though in death laid dust to dust,
These eyes shall see Alcyone.

What learn they in Alcyone?
Of Him to whom wise men from far
Came guided by this glorious star;
They find high mansions where is room
For all who through the Saviour come;
O hidden way and darkened page,
How unrevealed to saint and sage,
Thy light shall shine, Alcyone.

In bowers of blest Alcyone,
Bright choirs will sing in harmony,
The story of the One in Three.
The Three in One, the great Æon,
The pure who did for sin atone,
The blind shall see the dumb made known,
The joy and rapture round the throne,
Him who rules Alcyone.

Who now passes Alcyone?
All they who for Emmanuel's fame,
Have borne the cross, the toil, the same;
All they who in the precious fountain,
Have washed their robes from every stain;
All they who have climbed the glorious mountain,
Found there the King who once was slain,
And sought with them, Alcyone.

When shall we reach Alcyone?
When the last trumpet shall call,
The just shall rise, the ungodly fall;
When earth and sea shall roll in flame,
When His high name, with glad acclaim,
Re-echoes loud through all the spheres,
And His advancing car appears,
Then may we meet Alcyone.

As falls eclipses, Alcyone,
Our mariners o'er ocean tossed,
So when thy heavenly light is lost,
Black fears and doubts tempestuous roll,
And threaten to engulf my soul;
But as I cry comes one to save,
He breaks the cloud, He walks the wave,
And leads me to Alcyone.

In thy bright realms, Alcyone,
No tempest's jar, no sound of war,
Nor funeral bell our peace will mar;
Those whom while here we hold so dear,
We'll meet no parting hour to fear;
In thee shall faith be verified,
In thee God's love be magnified,
Home of true bliss, Alcyone.

Alcyone! Alcyone!
While here imprisoned far from thee,
My soul pants longing to be free;
O may a cheering, heavenly ray,
Change fear to joy, change gloom to day,
Till from the melting orb I spring,
And passing through the bright gates sing,
God's praises in Alcyone.

J. C. B.

Select Literature.

THE COURT BEAUTY.

A TALE OF TWO COUNTRIES.

CHAPTER III.

Concluded.

YEARS rolled on, and at length an irresistable yearning drew Lord Fairfax to his native land. No letters had been allowed to pass between him and his former friends; he had cut himself assunder from all the ties which had bound him to home and kindred, and was as entirely ignorant of Bertha's subsequent history, as if she had lived at the antipodes. His pulse thrilled as he passed St. Paul's where she had been married to his rival, and struck into the familiar avenues of Hyde Park, where she had flung him a bouquet on the day of that memorable review.

It was the fashionable hour for driving, and ere long a coach-and-four appeared, with coachman and footman in the well known Esterleigh livery. The coach was flung back, revealing a lady, and a sickly, deformed child. Both were richly dressed, and yet their sumptuous garment seemed a mockery of the two anxious faces. The stranger had scarcely made these observations, when the carriage stopped, and Lady Bertha exclaimed,—

"Lord Fairfax, have you dropped from the skies?"

"No, no; I cannot yet claim any such exalted dwelling place; I have been in America, and I suppose you gay people think one might as well be dead as buried in a Virginia forest."

The marchioness smiled faintly, but her face had lost its bloom, its radiance, and she had changed far more than he expected.

"What an age it is that you have been away!" she resumed after a brief pause.

"Ten years, Lady Bertha"

"Ten years," reiterated the marchioness, with a slight shudder; it must be more than that."

"I think not; but you have not yet presented me to your companion."

"Ah, I have been remiss. This is my boy, my poor, lame boy, Guy; Lord Fairfax, an old friend, darling."

The lad, a child inheriting the beauty of both parents, save his misshapen figure, drew off his glove, and held out his small, transparent hand in welcome, murmuring some boyish greeting.

At that moment the Marquis of Esterleigh rode up. He had grown gray, but he was to all appearances more gay, reckless and selfish, than of yore. He extended his hand, and for his own purposes, Fairfax accepted it, his rival laughing and chatting with his wonted abandon.

"Since you clasp hands with me," he said, in a low tone, "you will not refuse the hospitalities of my house—you will dine with us, Fairfax."

His lordship assented, and that evening found him in the mansion which we have before described. Then, though with a dexterity that baffled his host and hostess, he watched the pair whom he had so envied ten years previous. The marquis gayly asserted that Bertha had lost her roses, and, indeed, it was true. Her cheek was pale, there was an habitual expression of pain about her mouth, and her voice and laugh were hollow and unnatural. As for her husband, his lover-like deference had given place to common courtesy in the presence of her friends, and coldness and neglect as soon as they were left alone.

When he and Fairfax joined Bertha in the drawing-room, she sat leaning over the deformed child, with a mother's solicitude in her eyes, and Lord Fairfax was touched.

"Have you no other children?" he asked.

"Our little girl died before she had counted her first birthday," she replied, while a tear dropped on the boy's curling hair. "This is my only treasure."

She had spoken involuntarily, but the words unconsciously revealed her own isolation. Had Lionel Belvoir's love ceased to be the crowning joy of her life? He was tempted to ask if his prophecy had been fulfilled, but a merciful God kept him silent in that hour of sternest trial.

A brief silence ensued, but at length the marchioness said,—

"Perhaps you have a family for whom I ought to inquire?"

"No, your ladyship; I have never married."

The entrance of other guests, who had come in to spend the evening, interrupted the conversation, and ere long Fairfax took his leave.

The marquis and marchiones followed him into the hall, and when the host had gone back, Bertha and the lame boy, who had tottered to her side, stood leaning against a pillar, and watched him with grave and wistful faces. That picture Thomas Fairfax took with him across the seas, and into the solitude of the wilderness. It haunted him till he fancied his old stone house, the glades of his forest, and every spot he visited were peopled with solemn memories. He no longer felt a scornful triumph at the change she had witnessed in Lady Bertha, but a tender compassion for her folly and her sufferings, a tender regret for what might have been, if his early dreams had been realized. It is said that

"For us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;
And in the hereafter angels may
Roll the stone from its door away."

To all external appearance, Lord Fairfax was the same grave, calm, reticent man he had been before he went abroad; but only the Father above, without whose notice a sparrow cannot fall to the ground, knew what revolutions were passing in his soul.

It was a year after his return that he was wandering over his estates. It was the Indian summer, and the sky had a brooding haze, like that which steeps the atmosphere in foreign cities. The far-off mountains wore a crown of glory; the brooks, winding here and there, took a purplish tint, and every breeze sent a shower of brown nuts from the old hickory trees. The waters of the Shenandoah, christened by the Indians, in their poetic and significant language, "the daughter of the stars," rippled in and out among late autumn flowers, gnarled roots, and dry meadow grass, and bathed in that soft light, the valley had never looked more beautiful.

The day was fast declining, when a lady, mounted on a tired horse, and followed by two gray-haired servants, came riding along.

"Is this the valley of Shenandoah?" she asked, reining in her palfrey, and addressing a black boy who was flinging stones into the water.

"Yes, missus," cried the lad, with an awkward bow.

The woman turned to her companions, and exclaimed.

"Then our journey is ended; methinks it would not be hard to die here, and ere the winter snows fall, some roving Indian girl will stop to look at my grave."

"No no, my lady," cried the foremost of the two; "it may be you will find health in the new world."

"That cannot be; the unnatural strength that has nerved me is fast giving way. I am weak as a child, and my eyes grow dim I believe I am dying."

As she spoke she reeled in her saddle, and would have fallen, had not the servants sprung to her support. They lifted her in their arms, and placed her on the ground, John pillowing her head on his knee, while James produced a small tankard from a portmanteau strapped to his saddle, and dipping up the water, sprinkled it over her face, and held it to her white lips. But she did not revive, and as the boy was hovering near in childish curiosity, John said,—

"How far are we from the estate of Lord Fairfax?"

"This is his land," replied the lad, and he owns acres and acres in the neighborhood."

"How far are we from his house?"

"Oh, 'tis more dan a mile, but he's got a hunting-lodge jest beyond dat grove.

"Guide us to it, said John, "and I'll give you a sixpenny bit."

The boy's keen black eyes dilated with wonder and delight, and he darted away, followed by the two servants bearing the senseless lady.

The hunting-lodge was a picturesque object, built of gray stone, and overrun Virginian creepers. A colored man stood hard by, feeding several fine fox-hounds, and on explaining their errand, he readily opened the lodge. The lady was borne into the single room it contained, a real bachelor's den, crowded with branching antlers, fishing tackle, and other hunting apparatus. She had just been placed on an old-fashioned sofa cushioned with leather, when a step was heard, and Lord Fairfax said, as he crossed the threshold,—

"Pray who is it that claims our hospitality?"

The next instant his glance had fallen on John, who had been a servant in the Earl of Clinton's family during the golden age of his own life.

"John Ash," he faltered, "is it indeed you?"

"Yes, yes, my lord," and the old man's voice was husky. "I could not resist the entreaties of my poor mistress. The world has gone hard with her, but she cannot die in peace till she knows you have forgiven her."

"Bertha! Bertha!" gasped Lord Fairfax; and he gazed long and earnestly on the faded face which had haunted the dreams of his youth, the memories of his manhood.

"Do you think she is dead?" queried James.

"That terrible repose seems like it, but we will do all we can to restore her."

During the hours that ensued the three men applied themselves most vigorously to her resuscitation, and at last life came slowly back. At midnight, when the autumn wind went rioting through the trees, Lord Fairfax carried her into his mansion, and watched [illegible] Thomas," she murmured, "I scarcely dared hope for your forgiveness. I wronged you, and I have reaped my reward. In Lionel Belvoir I thought I had my ideal, but I was bitterly disappointed; his nature was false, and what I suffered first from neglect, and then from abuse, God alone knows. At length I clung with a passionate tenderness to my child, and thus I was when you found me on your visit to England. When I saw you in the park, when I met you at my own house, I realilized to the fullest extent what I had lost in slighting your love; nay, more, I felt that my girlish affection for you was the one true love of my lifetime; while that for Lionel was a passing fancy. It is now six months since he died; Heaven has taken my boy Guy, and I am alone in the world; and I begged John and James to come with me to America. I ask only your pardon, and the privilege of dying in your arms."

"Bertha," replied Lord Fairfax, "I am no longer bitter and revengeful toward you; the change I witnessed in you wrought an entire transformation, and so freely do I forgive you, that I could take you to my heart as fondly as in my youth. Live for me, Bertha!"

The lady did not speak, but her face was eloquent, and the tears fell fast and warm. From this hour she began to convalesce. A week later they were quietly married by a pioneer preacher, who chanced ta stop at Greenway Court, and the sunset of their lives atoned for all they had heretofore suffered. Thus, through severe trial, Lady Bertha had learned the difference between the true and the false, gold and dross.

OILING THE SEA.

The Honolulu *Commercial Advertiser* says: In our account of one of the gales encountered last October in the Arctic ocean, it will be remembered that we stated in the circumstance of Capt. Penniman having saved his vessel, the Minerva, by pouring oil on the foaming sea. A whaleship master (which is probably Capt. P.), writes to the New York *Herald* that he has followed the sea for twenty-eight years, and during that time has saved the vessel under his command twice by "oiling the sea." He says:

"When the master of a ship cannot get out of a storm—that is, when a ship is disabled and he has to take the heft of the gale—if he has oil on board, start two or three gallons over the side of the ship. This will give the ship smooth water to the windward, and then the oil allowed to run drop by drop, is all that is required, for as soon as the sea comes in contact with the oil it breaks, and the ship is in smooth water as long as the oil is allowed to run. In 1864, in the heaviest gale of wind I ever saw, I lost all my sails, then the rudder, and I know the vessel could not have ridden the sea for an hour if I had not oiled her. [illegible] lasted me fifty-six hours, and this saved the vessel, cargo and lives on board. Let ships of heavy tonnage have two iron tanks of forty gallons each, one on each side, with faucet so arranged that the oil can be started at any time; small vessels ten gallon tanks, and all ships boats tanks of five gallons each, well filled, so that in case the ship founder or burn, the boats will have oil to smooth the sea in case of a gale. With these tanks of oil on board of ships and a good man for master—one who knows the laws of storms and handles his ship so as to get it out of the centre of the storm—you will have no more foundering of good ships at sea, with the loss of many lives and millions of money."
—*New York Observer.*

HONESTY OF MILLIONAIRES.—The New York correspondent of the *Boston Journal* calls attention to the fact that several of the men who have achieved the largest fortunes in New York have been famed for strict adherence to their word. He says:—

William B. Astor says what he means in trade, and abides by his word, though it be to his damage. His father conducted his business on the same principle. Many years ago a cargo of tea was advertised at auction. A large dealer in teas, knowing that no merchant could out-bid him, or take the quantity he could, concluded to buy the cargo, for he knew he could make a handsome thing of it, as nobody could compete with him, and he would