Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

Vol. 2. Summerside, Prince Edwad Island, Thursday, August 22, 1867. No. 46

THE

Summerside Journal

IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY EVENING,

BY

JOSEPH BERTRAM

AT HIS OFFICE, CENTRAL STREET.

TERMS:

1 copy for one year, in advance, 6s. 3d.
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of every description, performed with neatness and despatch, and at moderate rates, at the JOURNAL Office.

Summerside Markets.

SUMMERSIDE, August 22, 1867.

Oats per bush	2s 6d a 2s 9d
Barley per bush	3s a 3s 6d
Potatoes per bush	2s a 2s 3d
Turnips per bush	1s a 1s 3d
Butter per lb by Tub	10d a 1s
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb.	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	6d a 7d
Beef per lb	4d a 6d
Mutton per lb	4d a 5d
Pork per lb by carcass	3d a 4½d
Geese each	none
Flour per bbl	60s a 65s
Oatmeal per cwt.	18s a 20s
Hay per Ton	60s a 70s
Straw per cwt.	1s 6d
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Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

Business Cards.

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orner of Queen & Water Sts., Charlottetown

President—HON. DANIEL BRENNAN.
Cashier—WILLIAM CUNDALL, Esquire.
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Hours of Business—Fom 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—Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays.
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m to 1 p.m. [illegible] up about Prussia, and Mexico, but in the ent of a general Holiday, in par- g in the amusements and recrea- do us so much good and make sant, and in affording us an op- y of seeing a great gathering of ty of P. E. Island, hearing that ecture and listening to the cele- inger "Kennedy," you are both [illegible] to 4 p.m. wife of daughter lottetown, leaving two of friends irreparable On the 10 23d year of Minchin, son Perth.

S. W. DODD, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon,

RESIDENCE:

JAMES M. PIDGEON'S, Esq.,

MARGATE, P. E. I.

June 13, 1867. 3m

DR. PRICE,

Physician & Surgeon,

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

SUMMERSIDE, ... P. E. ISLAND.

October 12, 1865.

JOHN HOMER, M. D. F. M. M. S.

can be consulted at his office in

Tryon;

and on Tuesdays and Wednesdays in Summerside, at the CLIFTON HOUSE.

July 11, 1867.

DR. McNEILL,

Physician & Surgeon,

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

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

Jan 24, 1867. ly

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 in Summerside, after the 20th of June, 1867.

June 13, 1867. tf

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.

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WILLIAM M. HOWE,

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AND NOTARY PUBLIC,

ST. ELEANOR'S.....P. E. ISLAND.

FRANCIS LONGWORTH,

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☞ Office—PAVILION HOTEL.

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

CHARLOTTETOWN - - - P. E. Island.

Jan. 17, 1867. ly

Business Cards.

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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 sure to get satisfaction at lowest rates.

JAMES W. THOMSON,
Proprietor.

St. John, N. B., July 4, 1867.—1y

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

J. CRAWFORD & SON.

May 30, 1867.—1y

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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.

PETER SCHURMAN,
Proprietor.

P. S.—Being himself a P. E. Islander, the proprietor would hereby respectfully request a share of the Island patronage. P. S.

July 10, 1867. 3m

THOMAS KELLY,

Barrister - at - Law

AND

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

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

aug. 9, 1866 1y

GEORGE ALLEY,

BARRISTER AND

Attorney-at-Law,

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

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opposite Colin McLennan's Store.

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Summerside, June 6, 1867. 1y

DANIEL D. CREW,

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Summerside, - - - - P. E. I.

☞ All orders punctually attended to.

June 6, 1867. 3m

DAVID BERTRAM,

Saddle and Harness Maker,

Water Street . . . . . Summerside.

October 12, 1865.

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

Charlottetown, June 20, 1867.—1y

R. M. GIBSON,

PAINTER AND GILDER.

HAVING worked several Seasons under the instructions of some of the most popular Painters in the United States and British Provinces, wishes to announce to the public that he has opened a PAINT SHOP, and commenced in that line of trade, at SUMMERSIDE, where he is prepared to execute all kinds of Plain and Ornamental House and Sign

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Ceilings and Walls painted and decorated in Oil and Fresco, Graining, Paper hanging and Glazing done to please the employer, Ceilings whitened with neatness and despatch.

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Summerside, April 11, 1867. 6m

THOMAS HANFORD,

AUCTIONEER

AND

Commission Merchant,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Nov 1, 1865

Business Cards.

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Commission Merchant,

And Dealer in rovisions, &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

JOHN S. O'NEILL,

Commission Agent,

FOR

Prince Edward Island.

No. 13, North Side King Square.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Orders executed without delay, and all Consignments promptly attended to.

Choice Wines and Liquors

always on hand.

July 4, 1867.

J. F. HILL & CO.,

DEALERS IN

Potatoes, Apples, Onions,

Foreign & Domestic Fruits,

Cranberries, Beans, Green & Dried Apples

Stalls 107 and 109.

and Cellar No. 19, Faneuil Hall Market

SOUTH SIDE BOSTON.

C. L. RICHARDS,

Importer and Wholesale Dealer in

British & Foreign Groceries

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ST. JOHN, - - - NEW BRUNSWICK.

Dec. 6, 1866. ly

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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.

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

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503 St. Paul Street,
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February 7, 1867.

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

June 27, 1867.

CARVELL BROTHERS,

AUCTIONEERS,

Commissin Merchants,

And General Agents,

BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET.

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

WILLIAM DODD,

Commission Merchant,

And Auctioneer,

QUEEN SQUARE,

CHARLOTTETOWN - - - P. E. ISLAND

CARD

WILLIAM BEARSTO,

Commission Merchant,

Auctioneer & General Agent,

WATER STREET,

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

Papeta!

A STORY, abridged and arranged from the diary and private papers of M. Eugene Murat, by James Murray, of H. M. 1st Battalion, 22d Regiment, for sale at

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An Historical Romance of the British Provinces, entitled

"Twice Taken,"

BY

CHARLES W. HALL.

Published by LEE & SHEPHARD, Boston.

For sale at BERTRAM'S BOOKSTORE Summersid. m23

POETRY.

SUMMER.

BY H. B. WARDWELL.

Again the winds of summer blow
Through emerald groves of fir and pine;
And life and joy abundant flow
From many a mountain shrine.

From leafy haunts of wood and glen,
O'er violet beds and bowers of rose,
To cheer the longing hearts of men,
The freshening current flows.

Not always may the winter reign:
The rolling year shall surely bring
Bright flowers for every hill and plain,
While streams unfettered sing.

Now swell the choral anthems wide
From woodland shade and breezy height;
And circling far on wing of pride,
Yon eagle soars in light.

But wintry gales again shall sweep
The stormy hills with blighting breath;
And Summer's fairest beauties sleep
In the cold realms of death.

Bright region of immortal doom—
Where endless Summer reigns serene—
We look beyond earth's wintry gloom
To that unfading scene!

And though earth's beauties pale and die,
The glories of that Eden land,
Beneath a clearer, brighter sky,
Live on at God's command.

Miscellaneous.

How to Save Money.

BY MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLIS.

THERE are some lost arts, and some arts that never have been found. What is the use of covering ourselves, figuratively speaking, with dust and cobwebs hunting through the lumber-rooms of the dark ages for things that we don't want, and can't use, and are ten times better without, when the real, anxious wants of to-day are crying aloud in the streets?

We need no alchemist's crucible to coin gold now-a-days. The question is, not how to make money, but how to save it. Almost any man or woman with a clear head, a quick wit, and industrious hands can earn money, but not one in twenty—we might almost say not one in a hundred knows how properly to economize that money after it is earned. Here is an art that may be studied to some advantage. We have schools, conservatories, academies almost without limit—establishments that profess to turn out graduates by the dozen, full blown and ready for the requirements of life. They are *not* ready, and they can not be ready until they have in some degree learned the uses and abuses of money.

As a nation, we are supposed to indentify ourselves too much with the "almighty dollar." Now that is the greatest mistake our sapient critics ever made. We only wish an Englishman's pound note could once "compare notes" with an American's five-dollar greenback. Twenty to one that pound note has been turned, and twisted, and meditated over, and calculated upon, and made to compass more purchases and include more items than three times its equivalent in Republican currency! In our anxiety to avoid the imputation of "stinginess," we rush blindly into the opposite extreme, and become reckless and extravagant.

Our money comes too easily. We have never been through the agonizing ordeal consequent on glutted markets and supply far exceeding the demand. *Our* "hard times" have been children's play compared to the famine-stricken want of other nations. May we never become any wiser—but, and if, we *should* pass through that fiery furnace of trial, we should emerge more sensible, far. It is a lesson that we can only learn in the bitter school kept by that sour old pedagogue, Experience!

Now we don't pretend to dip into the deep sea-soundings of political economy. We are not strong-minded;" we don't wear short hair, nor speak in a deep, gruff voice; and, moreover, we have a vague sort of idea that gray-haired statesmen who have devoted their life's study to the science, may know rather more than we do about it! But of one thing we are morally certain—that women have more to do with the practical workings of our financial system than they have any consciousness of

Any one can earn—few can save. We must *all* learn so save. If a man works hard, whether with brain or muscles, to bring home meney to his household, he has a right to expect that it will be properly expended and carefully economized. It is not enough that daily expenses should be met, and daily bread provided. Something should be laid aside for the unreliable future—for the "rainy day" that comes to every home sooner or later. When a man has worked a lifetime patiently and constantly, and finds out at the last that he has just kept pace with time—that he stands no farther ahead in the world than he did a quarter of a century ago—that he has no actual, positive result to show for the strength and time and persistent effort he has invested, who can blame him for being discouraged?

"But I am not extravagant," says the woman whose eyes may chance to fall upon these columns.

Are you not? What right have you to make the assertion? The fact that you own no cashmere shawls, no thread laces, no diamonds—that you do not buy moire-antiques at eighteen dollars a yard, nor imported china worth its weight in coined money, is nothing at all to the point. Extravagance has its degrees; it is like a great flight of stairs, and although few women may have reached the top, there are plenty half way up, and the second or third stairs is quite dangerous enough.

You are not extravagant? Look at your expense-book for the last twelve months; or, if you do not keep such a record, run over the list in your mind. How many articles have you purchased that were actually *necessary*—that you could by no possibility do without? and how many have you bought that were useless, save to gratify the passing impulse of the moment or the short-lived fashion of the day—mere wells of folly into which you dropped your money and saw it no more! Add up the price of these foolish investments, and imagine it nicely laid away in some saving bank, or turned into treasury bonds. Then ask yourself whether or not you have chosen the "wiser part."

Look at a woman's "shopping-bag" after she comes home for a stroll through one of our tempting thoroughfares. "She didn't mean to buy a thing" when she went out—which, being translated into the vernacular, means that she did not want anything. But that ribbon was such a lovely shade, and those buttons were so cheap, and she found a remnant of nice lace—"a bargain"—lace is *always* useful in a family, you know—and she could not resist that delightful French cambric, and after all, shirting might not be so cheap again, and Mr. Smith would need a new set of shirts next spring at the latest—and so the money melted out of her purse, she herself can scarcely tell how.

And yet if you told this woman she was not economical, she would look upon you as one demented. *She* not economical! Why, she is the very one who would bring dyspepsia into the family stomach with second-rate butter for cooking, "because it is cheaper," and pay her servants half price for the work half done, and persuade her seamstress to strike the odd half dollar from her bill, "money comes so hard now-a-days," and closed her ears against the plaint of poverty. "She really can not afford to give anything in charity, Mr. Smith's business is so dull, and her expenses for house-keeping are so numerous."

That is the way *she* economizes. Do not believe in this warped version of the "golden rule!" The truest economy is the truest generosity. Of all our bread, that which we cast upon the waters is the only one that comes back to us!

Let no one think the art of economy below her study; on the contrary, it should enter into all her calculations and be a daily object. Economize in small things—the great ones are very apt to take care of themselves. Remember the old maxim "what is wasted does nobody any good!" There is neither merit nor profit in scattering money profusely on all sides. The wealthiest people are those who look most closely to seemingly insignificant expenses and minor details. Poor people, too, often imagine they can not afford to be economical!

The hardest of all lessons to learn, albeit, the most necessary, for a woman brought up as women are now-a-days, is *how to save money.*—*Ph. Jnl.*

SUCCESS.

"'Tis not in mortals to command success."
Addison's Cato.

SUCCESS! This is the word which causes many a heart to leap and many a brain to burn with ambitious yearnings. "Oh," says the young man, "if I could only succeed in attaining a reputation for scholastic ability, for professional skill, I could then rest on my laurels and be happy." Success! What is it people generally mean by this term? Should we appeal to one hundred men as we meet them on the busy street, in open day, five sixths would reply substantially: "the lucrative prosecution of business enterprise—the accumulation of a fortune;" while the remaining six would be variously divided, according to the bent of each one's mind or disposition; but the underlying principle which actuates all in the strife for success is the reputation—the respect—it will inspire in others for them.

The man of wealth hears remarks thrown about here and there that he is possessed of a princely fortune, and capable of accomplishing great results if he chooses, and he chuckles triumphantly within himself over the thought, "I am successful." The lawyer who has patiently and laboriously plodded from insignificance up to influential eminence, smiles when men speak of his profound legal ability, and thinks it, if he does not utter aloud the sentiment, "I am successful." The man of science—the *savant*—who for years has devoted himself to searching investigations among the great arcana of nature, and has unraveled a few folds in the great mesh of complicity, receives the loud applause of admiring multitudes as a substantial token of his success. The diligent scholar, whose brain is stored by the lucubrations of many years, hears his name on the lips of the intellectual, sees it on the printed page, and accounts himself successful. The soldier who has ridden victoriously over many a bloody field; the statesman who has seen many a political measure inaugurated, of which he was the prime mover; the adventurous explorer, whose startling experiences on arid plains, in pestilential jungles, or amid fields of eternal ice, are the themes of many a journalist; the wordy novelist, whose highly painted stories feed the craving marvelousness of a gaping multitude, one and all congratulate themselves with being successful.

Such are indeed successful. We would not deny them one jot of the merit to which their zealous and persistent efforts have won; but the question comes home to us: Are they happy in the success thus attained? Do they feel in their hearts a contented enjoyment of the fruits of their years of physical or mental toil, reaped as those fruits are, from the applause of the world? This is the vital point which strikes at the root of all human exertion. Though many a man can say

"Chaplets of fame unwreathe my brow,"

or "honors thickly clustering press upon me," very few can say, "I am happy in my success." And why? Simply because the success of the mass of mankind has ministered to the gratification of but a portion of their mental organization, and left the remainder to "feed on husks."

The quotation at the head of this article would supply us with thought sufficient for a voluminous discourse did we think it expedient to be lengthy. It contains, however, in itself the gist of what we would say.

The constitution or organization of man mentally—that part of his nature which is capable of experiencing the feeling of satisfaction—is composite. The distinctive parts, intellectuality, morality, sociality, and propensity, or the organism which ministers to his personal security, have each their appropriate spheres, yet are so constituted that they can, when properly directed, operate harmoniously together or in mutual correlation. The more harmonious their activity, the more nearly perfect their mutual reciprocity, the more composed, the more efficient and the happier will be the man. On the other hand, the more one part is exercised to the neglect of the others, the more irregular and inharmonious will the organization, taken as a whole, become. Therefore it is that men who, having yielded to predominent mental influences, and pursued earnestly the bent of such inclinations until they have attained the object of their pursuit, do not attain also a satisfied mind, but exhibit usually a restless avidity for greater achievements in the same direction. "Increase of appetite hath grown by what it fed on."

The wealthy man may be said to have succeeded in pleasing his selfish nature; but that selfish nature is not satisfied—it it clamorous for more. The learned man may have gratified, to a great extent, his intellect, but it is not surfeited. The demagogue may have succeeded in pleasing his ambitious nature, and the sensualist may have drunk deep of the fountains of pleasure, but there is no happiness pure, unalloyed for them. Contentment flows from an organization which is harmoniously developed by the exercise of all its parts, especially of those which minister in spiritual things. "The contented mind is a continual feast," says the old proverb, and herein only is true happiness. The first step to be taken in the process of securing this greatest of all successes—happiness—in comparison with which all other acquirements pale into insignificance, is to satisfy the moral nature. Bearing in mind the motto, "'Tis not in mortals to command success," we will look to the Author of all things for those spiritual instrumentalities which we shall need to aid us in securing "our being's end and aim"—

"For He satisfieth the longing soul,
And *filleth* the hungry soul with Goodness."

The cravings of the man-spiritual once ministered unto, the "end" is about accomplished. Then "all things will work together for good" in us, and success—which before appeared so difficult of attainment—which required so much toilsome study, so much painful exertion—will meet us on every hand. Stimulated by proper motives—sustained by a power omnipotent, all our objects will seem easy of acquisition—the man moral, the man intellectual, the man social, the man physical, will each be fed, satisfied, contented, and happy. Thus, each faculty acting for and in harmony with all the others, will procure that consideratum, SUCCESS. —*American Phrenological Journal.*

The progress of the West is described by a writer in the Cincinnati *Gazette*, who says that seventy-three years ago the first boat started from Cincinnati by the Ohio. It was bullet proof, equipped with two cannon and small arms. The round trip to Pittsburg was made in about four weeks. At that time Cincinnati was a mere military post, which three years afterwards only contained five hundred inhabitants. Pittsburg was a little nest, built away up in the forks of this great highway of nature, and between these two points a wilderness stretched on either side of the river. Seventy-three years since—and Fort Washiugton with a population of two or three hundred, is Cincinnati with a population of 250,000; Pittsburg is no longer a nest, but is a great city; the two or three dots of civilization between those two points have multiplied into a hundred and ten thriving cities and villages, all palpitating with the industry of a free and prosperous people. The steamers that now ply the river, could they all be brought together, would make a floating city in which a hundred thousand people could dwell with comfort.

A sporting bet was recently made by a person residing in Andover that he would carry a man on his back a quarter of a mile in a couple of minutes, and some little interest was created by the match. The carrier and the man ready to be carried appeared at the starting point, when the former professed himself ready to carry the man, but not his clothes.

Gum chewers—a by no means small class of juveniles—have, it is said, been much disgusted lately, at discovering that their ruminating solace is not all that it should be. It is made of gum tragacanth, rosin, and fat. The last ingredient, for economy's—alas, not decency's—sake, is extracted from dead hogs, cats, dogs, &c. Chewers will take warning accordingly.

The cause of the death of the Archduchess Matilda, of Austria, affianced to the heir of the Italian throne, has transpired. She was smoking a *cigarette* in her parlor, and, when some one came in, she hastily put it behind her, and her dress, which was of light material, caught fire, and she was burned to death. She was only eighteen, and very much beloved by the people.

Two first-class ships recently sailed from New York. The vessels crossed the equator in the Atlantic on the same day. They entered the Straits of Le Maire the same day, and came out of them on the same day. They crossed the equator in the Pacific on the same day and in the same longitude. Both arrived at San Francisco on the same day, within three hours of each other, after a race of sixteen thousand miles.

The Czar, during his stay in Paris, was imperial in his munificence. He spent in presents £200,000. The Czarewitch got through £40,000 on his own account. The King of Prussia, true to the character for thriftiness to which Mr. Carlyle attributes the success of his house, spent but £6,000, and the Crown Prince £1,500, which his royal father presented him with as pocket money.