

Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

Vol. 2:

Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, February 7, 1867.

No. 18.

THE Summerside Journal
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY EVENING,
BY **BERTRAM & BARNARD,**
AT THEIR OFFICE, CENTRAL STREET.

TERMS:
1 copy for one year, in advance, 6s. 3d.
" " half advance, 7s. 6d.
" " at the end of year 9s.
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JOB PRINTING
of every description, performed with neatness and despatch, and at moderate rates, at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

Summerside Markets.
SUMMERSIDE, Feb. 6, 1867.

Oats per bush	22 1/2	18a 25
Barley per bush	3s 3/4	34 6d
Potatoes per bush	1s 10 1/2	18 1/2
Turnips per bush	1s 10 1/2	18 1/2
Butter per lb by Tub	9d	10 1/2
Lard per lb	9d	10 1/2
Tallow per lb	9d	10 1/2
Eggs per doz	3d	4 1/2
Beef per lb	3d	4 1/2
Mutton per lb	3d	4 1/2
Pork per lb by carcass	3d	4 1/2
Geese each	1s 6d	1s 9d
Flour per bbl	50s	60s
Oatmeal per cwt.	14s	15s
Hay per Ton	20s	60s
Straw per cwt.	1s 6d	1s 6d
Pine Boards	10s	
Spruce Boards	4s	5s

Business Cards.

BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.
Corner of Queen & Water Sts., Charlottetown.
President—HON. THOMAS H. HAVILAND.
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—Mondays, Wednesdays, and 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.

JOHN HOMER, M. D. F. M. M. S.
MEDICAL OFFICE
OVER GREEN & SCHURMAN'S STORE,
WATER STREET, SUMMERSIDE, P. E. I.
WILLIAM M. HOWE,
Attorney-at-Law
AND NOTARY PUBLIC,
St. ELEANOR'S.....P. E. ISLAND.

GEORGE ALLEY,
BARRISTER AND
Attorney-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
Telegraph Buildings, Water Street,
Charlottetown.....P. E. Island.

THOMAS KELLY,
Barrister - at - Law
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
SUMMERSIDE, - - - - - P. E. ISLAND.
aug. 9, 1866

FRANCIS S. LONGWORTH,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Office—PAVILION HOTEL.
(next door to the Hon. Joseph Hensley's.)
CHARLOTTETOWN, - - - - - P. E. ISLAND.
Jan. 17, 1867.

A CARD.
THE subscriber having purchased the STOCK IN TRADE of JAMES L. HOLMAN at St. Eleanor's, the business in future will be conducted by him. As it is his intention to keep constantly on hand a variety of goods adapted for the country trade, he respectfully solicits a share of public patronage.
ALBERT L. ANDERSON.
St. Eleanor's, April 10, 1866.

J. H. GIBSON,
Plain & Ornamental
HOUSE & SIGN
PAINTER,
Summerside, - - - - - P. E. Island.
October 12, 1866.

Business Cards.

DR. McNEILL,
Physician & Surgeon,
RESIDENCE—At J. M. LYDIARD, 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.

H. J. RICHARDSON,
COMMISSION MERCHANT
Auctioneer.
Dealer in Flour, Groceries, and Dry Goods.
Water Street..... Summerside.

CARVELL BROTHERS,
AUCTIONEERS,
Commission Merchants,
And General Agents,
BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET.
Charlottetown, - - - - - P. E. Island

WILLIAM BEARSTO,
Commission Merchant,
Auctioneer & General Agent,
WATER STREET,
Summerside, - - - - - P. E. Island

James Greenough,
FLOUR
Commission Merchant.
No 47 Commercial Street
Corner of Clinton Street - - - - - BOSTON

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Commission Merchant,
And Auctioneer,
QUEEN SQUARE,
CHARLOTTETOWN - - - - - P. E. ISLAND

THOMAS HANFORD,
AUCTIONEER
AND
Commission Merchant,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
Nov 1, 1865

C. L. RICHARDS,
Importer and Wholesale Dealer in
British & Foreign Groceries
4, North Wharf,
ST. JOHN, - - - - - NEW BRUNSWICK,
Dec. 6, 1866.

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, Fancail Hall Market
SOUTH SIDE BOSTON.

E. D. STAIR,
CABINET-MAKER,
AND
Undertaker.
FURNITURE OF ALL KINDS MADE
TO ORDER.
Kent Street, - - - - - Charlottetown.
Sept. 1866.

JOHN ANDREW MACDONALD,
Importer of Dry Goods,
Hardware, Crockeryware, Groceries,
stoves, Furniture, &c. &c.
Summerside, - - - - - P. E. Island.

MAILS.
Winter Arrangement.
THE MAILS for the neighboring Provinces and the UNITED STATES, will, until further notice, be made up and forwarded from the General Post Office, Charlottetown, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening, at 8 o'clock.

MAILS FOR GREAT BRITAIN, NEW-FOUNDLAND and the WEST INDIES, will be made up every Monday and SATURDAY, at 8 p. m., as follows:

Thursday, Jan. 10, 1867.	12
Saturday, " 12	25
Monday, " 27	27
Thursday, Feb. 7	9
Saturday, " 9	28
Monday, " 21	31
Thursday, " 21	31
Saturday, " 23	31
Monday, " 28	31
Thursday, " 28	31
Saturday, " 31	31

P. DESBRISSAY, Postmaster Gen.
Gen. Post Office, Ch'town, Jan. 3, 1867.

Saddle and Harness Shop.
THE Subscriber has leave to inform the inhabitants of NEW LONDON and surrounding places, that he has
Opened a Saddle's Shop at
Clifton, New London,
where he begs, by strict and punctual attention to his business, and moderate charges, to merit a share of public patronage.
JAS. SENCABAUGH.
Clifton, New London, }
Oct. 25, 1866. - - -

POETRY.

THE PAST, WITH A GLANCE AT THE FUTURE.

The following beautiful lines, from the pen of the Rev. Dr. L. C. Jenkins, we copy by request, from a late number of the *Examiner*—

Dear were the walks of olden time,
And sweet their memory still,
Where oft I've heard the village chime,
Come down the distant hill.
Those mossy banks I dream of yet
That skirt the briary lane,
Where bloom'd the sweet blue violet,
And yellow primrose plain.

Where, too, with stainless petal white,
The slim stellaria grew;
And red firing'd daisies crept in sight,
Mid flocks of varied hue.
Proud hyacinths, with azure bells,
With wild geraniums vied;
Whilst toiling bees, in waxen cells,
Their rifled treasures hid.

The hawthorn trees, with blossom sweet,
Shed fragrance on the air,
And lent a safe and cool retreat
To birds that caroll'd there.
Fat cattle pastured on the plain;
Sheep croppl'd the verdant hill;
And Ceres' gift of ripening grain
The barns with promise fill.

There a few friends, of by-gone years,
Whose joys and griefs I've shar'd,
Still journey "through a vale of tears,"
In kind compassion spar'd.
But neither them, nor those lov'd scenes
Shall I again behold,
Save as the night's fantastic dreams
Past objects may unfold.

Yet still a home does faith unveil,
Where all is fair and bright;
No need of sun, or moonbeam pale,
To give that region light.
The "things prepared" for those who love
No mind can well conceive;
No vision of the rest above
Can our dull eye receive.

No ear hath heard those heavenly lays
Which sweet voiced seraphs sing;
A chorus of melodious praise
To Our Almighty King.
Here I must wait a little while,
Before I see once more
Those loving faces on my smile,
Whose loss I still deplore.
And join, with them, the happy throng,
Whose faith is merg'd in sight,
To whom the promises belong,
And crowns of glory bright.

Select Literature.

GOOSE FAIR.
BY JOHN ROSS DIX.
What the Young Man asked of his Father.
"Squire Meadows, your wife's dead!"
Such was the abrupt manner in which the tidings of the decease of that worthy gentleman's partner was conveyed to him, one fine morning as he was busy, threshing in the barn, some little distance from the farmhouse. He looked earnestly into the face of the messenger for a moment, as if to read there confirmation of the truth of his report, and apparently satisfied with the scrutiny, quietly went on with his threshing, and said to a manservant—
"Joe, go down to Jack Slowman's, the carpenter's, and tell him to come and measure misset for a coffin. Well put her under ground, please God, to-morrow, if we've got all the hay in, and can spare the horses."
"It's a happy release," observed all the male population of Dennyville, when they heard the news of Mrs. Meadows' decease. They meant—though they did not say as much—a happy release for the squire, and some of them even envied him the loss he had gained.

Now Mrs. Meadows had been one of the veriest viragos and shrews with which any poor man had ever been cursed. Her husband had long since ceased to consider his soul his own, but without grumbling submitted to all her caprice and ill-temper. When they were first married they quarrelled terribly, but the wife always contrived to have the last word. On one occasion, Mr. Meadows made a desperate effort to come off victorious, and actually told his spouse that if she uttered another "crooked word," she should repent it.
"Well, then," screamed the inveterate vixen, "ram's horns, you dog, if I die for it!"
That was the last effort at being master in his own house which was ever made by Squire Meadows. Always after which he submitted tamely to her will in all matters, and was a mere cypher in his own domestic circle.

The day of the funeral came—the day after death; but people did not wonder much at the squire's evident desire to get his late spouse out of sight as soon as possible. Some old folks, indeed, grumbled, because they said as Mrs. Meadows had died suddenly while in a paroxysm of rage, she ought to be kept longer to make sure that she was dead. But at the time appointed the coffin was put into the hearse, and away moved the funeral procession.

When the coffin was taken from the vehicle and placed upon the shoulders of some men to be carried into the burying-ground, the procession moved slowly towards the grave. Just before they reached it, one of the bearers stumbled over the stump of an old tree, and fell. The coffin in consequence was thrown violently to the ground and burst open. What was the horror and astonishment of the lookers on to observe the supposed corpse to open and Mrs. Meadows herself to sit up, apparently much surprised to find herself

where she was. The fact is she had only been in a trance, from which the shock of the fall had aroused her. The mourners, of course, returned, and Squire Meadows' face was observed to be a great deal longer than when he was riding to it.

But not long afterwards she died in reality, and glad enough was the squire, when, after keeping her a week in the house, she showed no symptoms of again returning to plague him. Once more the squire followed his wife to her last home; but he was determined no accident should happen this time, for when the bearers of the coffin approached the old stump, he ran forward and whispered to them—
"Careful, my friends, be careful; this way—a little more to the right. There—God be praised, we've cleared the stump!"

That time Squire Meadows went homeward with an expression of pious resignation on his face that was really delightful to contemplate. But he was not left quite alone. There remained to him a fine little boy, now some twelve months old, not at all like his mother in person or temper. The good squire's life was bound up in that of his child, and he at once determined to devote his existence to the promotion of the boy's welfare. For his own part, he fully resolved never to risk matrimony again; and knowing as he did from sore experience what a perilous state it was, he determined also that his son should be prevented from plunging into it.

In order fully to bring about this desirable end, he sold his farm, which was situated in one of the best agricultural counties in England, took a large house in the secluded part of Wales, and retired thither with his son, who soon began to give evidence of considerable natural ability. Having duly installed a poor relation of his own as the head of the house, he secured the services of two tutors, who, for the sake of handsome salaries, agreed to immure themselves with the lad in the mansion, who was never on any account to be allowed to see a female.

"If I had never seen one," exclaimed the squire, "who would have been happier than myself? I'll take warning, however, by my own experience, so that little Harry shall not fall into similar trouble and trial."
Having made all the necessary arrangements, and seen his little son securely domiciled, the squire once more and finally impressed the necessity of keeping the boy perfectly secluded from women, or even little girls. No one but males were to come near him; in short, he was to be brought up in perfect ignorance of the sex. Any infringement of the rules he laid down were to be punished by forfeiture of the head tutor's salary, and as out of that he was to pay the wages of those under him, you may be sure his own interest kept him faithful to the discharge of his strange duties. The father then set out to see a brother who held a high official situation in India.

A dreary time of it the poor boy must have had, cooped up in that old house, with no sweet female influences to soften and tone his character. Fortunately he was of a studious disposition, so that his tutors declared it was quite a pleasure to teach one so docile, mild and obedient. In fact, he got to be very learned indeed, and often was his distant father's heart gladdened by the reports which he at stated times received of the progress of his son in all the arts and sciences. To these he was enabled to pay undivided attention, as no meddling petticoats had caused his heart to flutter, and not even had one of those dangerous creatures, pretty cousins, popped in his way.

The old squire had determined that the studies of his son should come to an end when he had reached his twenty-first year, for by that time, he thought, the hey-day of youth would be past, and such bachelor habits he formed as would actually prevent him from committing his happiness to the keeping of any female, however attractive she might be. Silly Squire Meadows! He little thought what an indelible thing a young man's heart is; he forgot, in fact, that he himself was young once.

In due course of time the squire returned to his native land. Having visited his son, and found him all he desired, he discharged the tutors, and resolved to test the singular experiment he had made by giving his son his liberty, and taking him with him into the great world from which he had been so long shut out, or rather in.

Just about this time an annual fair was to be held in the country town—and country fairs in those days were very different things from what they now are. There were all sorts of rural games that are at present only known by names, and besides the amusements afforded, much business was transacted.

To the fair, Squire Meadows, now a gray-haired man, determined to take his son; and many were the curious glances bestowed on the handsome-looking young fellow as he made his appearance on the village green. This spot was covered with booths, in which gingerbread, toys, ribbons and finery, and eatables of all sorts were offered for sale. Then there were shows, in front of which were great, staring, exaggerated pictures of the various wonders to be seen therein, such as giants, gnomes, dwarfs, albinos, wild beasts, serpents, and the like. There were also travelling theatres, with their merry-andrew's, harlequins, pantalons and columbines, and shows in which learned pigs displayed the profundity of their wisdom. On various stages erected for the purpose, great awkward clodhoppers grunted through horse-collars, eliciting from the gaping lookers-on some such remarks as the following:

"Haw! haw! haw! haw!"
"He! he! he! he!"
"O, Lar! he! luk at that! Did'e ever see such a race in all yer life!"
"Lar a massy! I howpes as there's no timid women here to-day. Haw! haw! I shall zartly die o' laffin!"
To see these rustics delecting "the face divine" afforded young Meadows immeasurable satisfaction. They were "grinning" for a new hit.

"Grin away, Tom!" cried a fellow in the crowd. "Grin aw'a' b'woy! Thee'll get the best zure!"
"Two to one on Jim," sneared another; "he'd grin a hoss's yead off!"
"They're a couple o' the ugliest wos-

birds in the vair," cried a third; "he won't vind zich a pair as they in a hurry, I'll be bound."

"I zouldn't like to find 'um in bacon vor a month," said another. "What a mouth 'as got, to be zure. Is enough to frighten the 'ould un'!"
In other parts of the fair fellows were jumping into sacks, or climbing a greased pole for the sake of getting a log of mutton which was placed on the summit, or chasing a pig with a soaped tail, and such like intellectual pastimes. Harry Meadows, to whom all this was delightfully fresh, thoroughly enjoyed it; but before long he discovered "metal more attractive."

Once upon a time a certain celebrated phrenologist asserted, that by placing a machine of his invention on the head of any one, he could exert such pressure on any particular organ as to prevent its development altogether. He procured a kitten, gave out that he should prevent the appearance of the organ of destructiveness, and appointed a period of six months from that time for a public trial. Meanwhile puss's head was put into the apparatus, and the pressure kept up. The day of trial arrived, and a numerous company of learned philosophers assembled.

"Gentlemen," said the phrenologist, "I am now going to prove to a demonstration the truth of my theory, that when any organ of the brain is arrested in its development, the function of such organ ceases. The cat which I now exhibit has had a strong pressure applied to its organ of destructiveness, and the consequence will be that organ, being prevented from assuming its usual size, the cat will have no propensity the kill its prey; it will now live alone on milk diet, and not butcher its own meat. Here is a mouse which I shall liberate from its trap at the same moment that I take my apparatus from the cat's cranium. Behold!"

The mouse ran from the trap, but not a second elapsed before the cat had it in her claws—a victim to the followers of science! In much the same way had Squire Meadows been experimenting upon his son, as we shall presently see. They had scarcely got out of the crowd which surrounded a wild beast show, when a very pretty young girl with a rosy cheek and a laughing eye passed them. She was very daintily dressed, and as she glanced roguishly at the youth a blush suffused her cheeks. On she went, singing a song in a very sweet voice, and Harry stared and listened, with all his soul in his countenance.

"Why, father, wh—wh—what's that?" exclaimed Harry; "that's the finest thing I've seen in the fair! Do tell me what creature that is?"
Squire Meadows didn't half like this, so he merely pook-pooed, and endeavored to shirk the question.
"No—but what is it? I must know," exclaimed Harry; "and if you want to know, I'll ask some one that will."

"Nonsense, Harry! Well, if you must know, it's only a thing called a goose," said Squire Meadows. "See, here are some of them."
A whole troop of geese now came tripping along, with butter and cheese for sale, their ribbons fluttering in the breeze, and sweethearts enough in their train. Harry was delighted, and would have stopped to gaze, but his now really alarmed father dragged him along out of harm's way.

It was the custom of that day to bestow "ferriings," that is something bought at the fair, on friends and sweethearts as a keepsake; so when the tour of the fair had been completed, the squire observed to Harry—
"My dear boy, to-day a new era in your life has commenced. The plans I have adopted in your education may seem strange, but you have never given me cause to regret them. You possess a sensible and well-ordered mind; and now, in remembrance of this fair, choose what present I shall make you as a proof of my care and affection."

"May I choose whatever I like, father?" asked the young man, with sparkling eye.
"Certainly, Harry."
"Thank you dear father; then give me a goose!"
And that annual gathering is known as "Goose Fair" to this day.

COURTSHIP IN GREENLAND.

There is something extremely melancholy in the accounts which are given of the custom of courtship in Greenland. Generally, women enter upon the blessed estate with more willingness and less solicitude than the men. The women of Greenland are an exception to this rule. A Greenland woman, having fixed her affections upon some female, acquaints her parents with the state of his heart. They apply to the parents of the girl, and if the parties are thus far agreed, the next proceeding is to appoint two female negotiators, whose duty it is to broach the subject to the young lady. The lady ambassadors do not shock the young lady by a sudden or abrupt avowal of the awful subject of their mission. Instead of this they launch out in praise of the gentleman who seeks her hand—They speak in splendour of his house, the sumptuousness of his carriage, his beautiful seals, and other like accomplishments. The lady, pretending to be affronted even at these remote hints, runs away, tearing the ringlets of her hair as she retires, while the ambassadors, having got the consent of her parents, pursue her, drag her from her concealment, take her by force to the house of her destined husband, and there leave her. Compelled to remain there, she sits for days with dishevelled hair, sullen and dejected, refusing every kind of sustenance, till at last, if kind entreaties do not prevail, she is compelled by force, and even blows, to submit to the detested union. In some cases Greenland women faint at the proposal of marriage—in others they fly to the mountains, and only return when compelled by cold and hunger. In one out of her it is a sign that she intends to resist to death. All this seems so unnatural to us that we seek for a reason for such apparent violation of the first principal of human nature. The Greenland wife is the slave of her husband, doomed to a life of toil, dexterity and privation; and, if he die, she and her children have no resource against starvation. The marriage state is a miserable condition, while widowhood is a still more appalling fate.

EARLY RISING.

Health and long life are almost universally associated with early rising; and we are pointed to countless old people as evidence of its good effect on the general system. Early rising, to be beneficial, must have two concomitants; to retire early, and on rising to be properly employed. Indeed, without the accompaniment of retiring early, "early rising" is worse than useless, and is positively mischievous. Every person should be allowed to have his "sleep out;" otherwise the duties of the day cannot be properly performed, and will be necessarily slighted, even by the most conscientious. To all young persons, to students, to the sedentary, and to invalids, the fullest sleep that the system will take, without artificial means, is the balm of life; without it there can be no restoration to health and activity again. Never wake the sick or infirm, or young children, of a morning—it is a barbarity; let them wake of themselves; let the care be rather to establish an hour for retiring, so early that their fullest sleep may be out before sunrise.—It is no advantage to pull them out of bed as soon as their eyes are open; nor is it best for the studios, or even for the well, who have passed an unusually fatiguing day, to jump out of bed the moment they wake up; let them remain without going to sleep again until the sense of weariness passes from their limbs. Nature abhors two things; violence and vacuum. Many a young man, many a young woman, has taken the first step towards degeneration, and crime, and disease, after ten o'clock at night; at which hour, the year round, the old, the middle aged, and the young, should be in bed; and the early rising will take care of itself, with the incalculable accompaniment of a fully rested brain. We repeat it—there is neither wisdom, nor safety, nor health, in early rising, in itself; but there is all of them in the persistent practice of retiring to bed at an early hour, winter and summer.

STRONG MEN.
Strength of character consists of two things—power of will and power of self restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence—strong feelings and strong command over them. Now we all very often mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him, before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake, because he has his own way in all things, we call him a strong man. The truth is, that he is the weak man; it is his passions that are strong; he, mastered by them, is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feeling he suppresses, not by the powers of those that subdue him. And hence is composed very often the highest result of strength. Did we ever see a man receive a flagrant injury, and then reply quietly? Just as a man spiritually strong. Or did we ever see a man in a rough stand as if carved out of a solid rock, mastering himself, or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent, and never tell the world what cankered his home peace? That is strength. He who, with strong passions, remains chaste; he who, keenly sensitive, and with manly powers of indignation in him, can be provoked and yet restrain himself and forgive, those are the strong men, the spiritual heroes.

ADVERTISING.—A story, related of a merchant who made the choice of a husband for his daughter depend on which of her two suitors should write the best advertisement, serves to illustrate the importance which is attached by business men to judicious advertising. In what "judicious" advertising exactly consists is not however, so generally settled. Some think it is in arresting the people's attention and forcing them to read the advertisement *volens volens*. Others aim to keep certain articles constantly before the public. Steady, uniform, and persistent advertising unquestionably benefits every man in business. Classes of men sometimes object to advertising. It is a remarkable fact that in New York, lawyers think it rather unprofessional to advertise, except in a case of removal, change of firm, or other special occurrence. They make a great error in this. There is not a day in the year when there are not many persons in and out New York seeking legal advice, especially among merchants and business men, without any one to assist them in even making inquiries. Merchants in regular business learn by experience the importance of using the columns of a commercial paper for the systematic announcement of their business.—N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

MISSIONARIES IN COREA.—The following interesting particulars are extracted from a Toulon letter—
"Important news has been circulating here on the subject of events in the China and Japan seas. The French Government intirely disapproving of any attempt at an expedition against the kingdom of Corea, directed rear Admiral Roze to undertake nothing until further orders, as the massacre of the French missionaries required complete vindication which would be better effected at a more opportune moment. Vengeance, though tardy, would only be more terrible on that account. There was an objection to engage in a hazardous operation before obtaining a full knowledge of the approaches and resisting powers of that mysterious country. The prudent provisions of the Government are in some sort confirmed by the late despatches. Admiral Roze having penetrated into the sea of Corea, abounding in dangerous shoals, was for a moment compromised and threatened with a great disaster; obliged to be casting the lead in waters where the tides are subject to variations of from 30 to 40 feet in 24 hours, he found himself at last stranded on coral reefs with all his little flotilla, consisting of the steam corvette Primarguet and several small gunboats. A catastrophe appeared imminent, when a high tide raised the vessel and enabled them to emerge from their dangerous position. After the escape, the French Squadron, trusting entirely to the usage of Commander Guerin as being remarkably correct, made way towards the mouth of a river indicated as one of the principal outlets of the capital of Corea. As the stream very slowly, they reached, at length, from the mouth a large village, where a large body of armed men were occupied in constructing weirs. After some fruitless attempts at a conference, the admiral, seeing