

Summerside Journal.

THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1868.

Ten years later, "Little Pet," now a handsome young lady of twenty, donned bridal robes; and William Sprague, of the firm of Whitcomb, Sprague, & Co., was the happy bridegroom.

Mr. Whitcomb, after the ceremony was over, left the parlor with Mrs. Sprague on his arm, and drawing her into a recess, said—

"Since your son robs me of all that is left me in life, it is but fair that I should have recompense. Time has left its impression on our hearts since our bereavements, and why should we not follow the example of the young people? Can you become the wife of another Mason?"

"To one who was so faithful a one, and filled his vows so faithfully to Richard and his wife, yes," was Maggie's reply.

NOVA SCOTIA AND CONFEDERATION.

From Wilmor & Smith's European Times.

Mr. Bright has taken up the case of the Nova Scotian restraints with characteristic energy, and on Tuesday night he made, in the House of Commons, a powerful speech, in which a strong case was made out in their favor.

At a month ago the member for Birmingham presented a petition from Nova Scotia protesting against its absorption into the Canadian Confederation. It was to the statements contained in that petition Mr. Bright called the attention of the House. The petition declares that the government and destiny of the colony and the management of their own affairs were handed over mainly to another colony by the Parliament of the United Kingdom not only without the consent of the colonists but directly in the face of their pronounced disapproval. To show the state of feeling on the question, out of 19 members elected last September to represent Nova Scotia at Ottawa, 17 have given their adhesion to the petition, and have declared themselves hostile to Confederation. Out of 38 members elected last September to the Local Parliament or House of Assembly of Nova Scotia, not fewer than 36 have signed the petition presented to the House of Commons. Mr. Bright argued from this that it was clear the feeling of the Nova Scotians was strongly against the union, and proposed an address to the Crown praying that a Commission might be sent out this autumn to inquire into the causes of discontent felt by the Nova Scotians.

The despatch from the Duke of Buckingham to Viscount Monck, made public on the day previous to the debate, showed that the Government had distinctly ranged themselves on the side of the Canadian or Federal party, and prepared those who take an interest in the question for the course which the Representative of the Colonial Office would take with reference to Mr. Bright's motion. Mr. Adderly opposed, it would be "insane" to re-open the question at the present moment. The motion was rejected by 183 to 87.

The decision of the House of Commons is much to be regretted, and it is to be hoped that the Government will reconsider their policy on this question. Mr. Bright does not contend for immediate repeal of the Union between Canada and Nova Scotia, but for inquiry by an impartial commission, which is no very great boon to grant. The least the House could do would be to inquire into the alleged grievances, in the hope that the enquiry itself might have a soothing effect, and probably lead the way to an amicable settlement.

However advantageous to the interests of England a union of the British American Provinces might be, no consideration of English advantage or English vanity should lead us to use force in constraining colonial populations, or to deny them those rights of self-government which we have ever claimed for ourselves. It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of the question at issue, involving as it does not only the permanence of the North American Confederation, the formation of which was hailed with so much satisfaction, but the probable duty and position of the mother country in case a rupture should take place in the states comprising it. Mr. Cardwell, who had something to do with carrying out the federation scheme, as well as Mr. Adderly, look upon the discontent of the Nova Scotians as a mere temporary ebullition of annoyance. When a new Governor General, whose antecedents do not especially connect him with Canada, calls in at Halifax on his way to his new government, and talks the matter quietly over with the remonstrants, their ill-humor will subside and things will come right in the end. Suppose, however, instead of coming right, as these sanguine people expect, things got worse. Suppose the Nova Scotians, finding that the British Parliament will not do anything to relieve them from a connection which they declare is so odious to them, should quietly secede from Canada and refuse to recognise in any way the authority of the Confederation Parliament. Are we, in such an event, to assist Canada to maintain the Confederation by force of arms? Such an idea is too absurd to entertain for a moment. Our position would be an embarrassing one: either to allow Canada to try her hand at another war against secession, or undertake the hopeless task of keeping the peace between the two colonies. The result might be to drive one or perhaps both into the arms of the United States.

It must not be forgotten that the Confederation does not include all the maritime Provinces. Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island are not members of it. If all the seaboard provinces had been included they might have held their own, and preserved their old duties. As it is, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are outvoted on questions of fiscal policy by Canada. And there is good reason for supposing that the tariff question, if it has not led to the discontent prevailing in Nova Scotia, has at least aggravated it. The people of Canada are protectionists, and the people of the maritime provinces are freetraders. The Nova Scotians ought to be the best judges of their own interests, and their petition should not be lightly rejected or condemned without examination. To ignore the importance of the movement in Nova Scotia may lead to a serious inconvenience, and mar the unity of the empire.

MASONIC EXCURSION.—At a meeting of Boston Encampment of Knights Templars, held Friday evening last, it was unanimously voted to go upon a steamboat excursion, leaving Boston about the middle of July, and to be absent a week or more—the trip to be northward, touching at Portland, then up the Penobscot river to Bangor, and to St. John, N. B., and perhaps Halifax, N. S., at all of which places the Knights will doubtless receive a cordial welcome from the resident Knights, as well as the Masonic Fraternity generally. The Boston Encampment now numbers six hundred active members, and they will require a large first class steamer for the occasion. They will have a full band of music, and will probably be accompanied by their ladies. The Knights will be in a gala, a general good time can be expected.—Boston Post.

No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. We must know the names and addresses of our correspondents as a guaranty of their good faith. We cannot undertake to return communications that are not used.

The Rev. Morley Punshon in Charlottetown.

"DANIEL IN BABYLON."

THE arrival, according to announcement, of this great orator, on Saturday evening last in Charlottetown, created quite a stir in that city. Hundreds of persons gathered around the steamer—as did many here when the boat touched the wharf—all eager to catch the first glimpse of—what they afterwards found him to be—a plain English divine, but a great man! On Sabbath morning the spacious Wesleyan Church was crowded to excess by over two thousand expectant listeners, anxious to catch the first words falling from Mr. Punshon's lips. The text was Philippians ch. 3, verses 12, 13, and 14. The theme was the Christian's onward progress toward the mark of holiness, while the prize of heaven was kept steadily in view. Very cheerfully, and grandly, and in words of chastest eloquence, was this portrayed before the mental and spiritual vision of the vast audience, stirring to their depths the souls of all who heard, and lifting many hearts but too well acquainted with the heaviness and gloom of earth, into the atmosphere of heaven. Never before, in the hearing of many, had human eloquence so grandly

"Put on Religion's bright array," and never before had they heard the story of faith in Christ told in such seemly and thrilling words.

The Rev. gentleman's Lecture on "Daniel in Babylon," was delivered on Monday evening, in the same building. After prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Moore, the lecturer was introduced by the Hon. Col. Gray, who, in very appropriate terms, referred to the European reputation achieved by Mr. Punshon, and to the good fortune and happiness of his fellow townsmen in having the opportunity of listening to him. The lecture, a synopsis of which we give below, was then commenced by Mr. Punshon, who held the audience spell bound for the space of one hour and ten minutes. Many of his glowing periods were followed by impressive bursts of applause, which culminated at the close in one long continuous round of cheering. The Chairman then rising to proffer the thanks of the audience to Mr. Punshon said, that seldom, if ever, in all his experience in Europe and America, had he heard the equal of the words still echoing in his ears, and vibrating in the hearts of the assembly. The lecturer then replied in a suitable strain.

In passing we may say for the credit of our Island, that in no other country has it ever been our lot to meet a more graceful and able chairman of public assemblies, than the one then present, the Hon. John Hamilton Gray.

We were sorry that the admission fee was so high, depriving as it did many of hearing an effusion which could not fail to elevate and bless all present. Surely some one concerned in the arrangements made a blunder. Three shillings is all that other cities in these Provinces have had to pay, to hear the renowned orator about whom "the half has not been told," and the Charlottians should not have asked more. It is likewise scarcely justice to the Lecturer himself, to cut off from him the inspection of a full house. Had the fee been fifty and twenty-five cents, we venture to say that there would have been three thousand instead of one present. For the benefit of our readers who had not an opportunity of hearing the lecture, we subjoin the following:—

DANIEL IN BABYLON.

"There were giants in the earth in those days when those old heroes and prophets—a marvellous race of men—lived, whom it is difficult for us to regard as belonging to the same creation as ourselves. They were not soldiers, yet they rebuked kings with a courage that might have been envied by the most gallant crusader. They were not priests merely, and yet has priest never spoken more solemn words with more simplicity of ideas, nor with finer power. When we notice their lofty aims, and their noble wonders wrought upon our memories, we sink, and shrink from any discussion of their actions as if they were so many superior beings from the Spirit land. Such feelings come over us as might have been felt by the Gergesenes when they saw the spirits subject to the word of our Saviour, and prayed him to depart out of their coasts; or as was experienced by Peter when he felt the influence of the miraculous power and cried out, 'Depart from me, for I am a sinful man,'—a sort of mingled feeling which is part admiration and part awe. They are not men so much as individual personations of influences, passing beneath their hearing respiration, like angels standing before the Lord ready to check the lightnings which are His messengers, or the stormy winds which fulfill his word. It is manifest that the possession of their office and their leading a life differing from that of humanity in general, prevent us from acknowledging their fitness as examples by which to regulate our own life and conduct. There is running through the entire human nature something which has formed ideas of its own as to what its patterns ought to be, and which demands that certain rigid forms must be gone through by him who would become its guide and exemplar. There must be identity, and there must be similarity of circumstances—the man must have like passions, and those must have been most forcibly tried. Failure here would destroy the force of example, just as Hercules would have ostracized Apollo from the fellowship of the gods because of a blemish in his physical symmetry. On this account there is none, peepings, among the prophets whose history is so profitable as the royal Prince of whom we are to hear to-night. All the constituents that are shapely in experience are met with in his character. True, he was inspired, but his inspiration was something apart from that life of his in which we recognise the elements of danger, deliverance, sorrow and success, thanksgiving; and blessing. He comes not flitting across our path like some meteor

gleam, to vanish again into darkness and oblivion! No, but in him we see all that we value in ordinary life. He comes eating and drinking, with common failings and common feelings, doing common things, although always in a magnificent way. Let us now see what lessons we can draw from his life. And at the outset I may as well tell you that my object is to do you good, for although the platform is an open field where one may gather a noisy to cheer and refresh you, yet I cannot forget my life work, nor fail to teach the truths of that gospel, which is to throw a light upon all time. It has been said that the religion of Jesus Christ is suited to all classes and to all conditions of the human family, and the claims of its advocates have had to be subjected to the severest tests and verified by the experience of every generation. Christianity cannot be held in by lines of latitude, nor compassed by any walls of patty. It is free and unbounded, exerting its transforming influence upon all men, and translating its language into every tongue. Like its founder it delights in the habitable parts of the earth, and wherever man is, whether it be in the great metropolis or upon the wild savannah, amid the hum of business or in the lonely forest, there she takes up her abode, and if embraced, suiting herself to man's condition becomes at once the angel of his circumstances and of his life. Now perhaps some of you may be thinking your circumstances are exceptional. You imagine religion is very good at certain times and in certain places,—in sylvan groves, and woodland shades, by winding streams and grassy glades. You have heard it said "God made the country and man made the town," and therefore think man should claim all that is the work of his own hands, but it is not true. Heaven is as near to the noisy town as the breezy down, and you can battle against evil, and walk as close to God to-day, even in London the modern Babylon, as did Daniel in Babylon the ancient London. And this leads me to notice his religious characteristics, and these were devotion and consistency. His religion was no surface sentiment to be held as loosely as some tradition handed down from the fathers. Opinions, you know, are sometimes entailed with estates. Men will rally round ermin banners, and hurrah for bluff or blue, for no other reason than that these colors were worn by their ancestors. But the seat of Daniel's religion was in his heart, and of that brave sort, that no disaster could frighten it from its integrity, although it was no easy matter to retain it. Notice the circumstances in which he first comes before us. He was lonely, tempted and in danger. Some of you, perhaps, from personal experience, know what it is to be thus situated. But beyond all this you must add bondage—a word I am thankful a Briton does not understand—and then you will know something of Daniel when he was first introduced into the palace of the King of Babylon. Moreover the circumstances in which Daniel was placed at that time, would of necessity expose the piety of a young man to more than ordinary severe attacks. It is no easy matter for a slave to profess a faith differing from that of his master. The victory of Nebuchadnezzar over Israel would barb the tongue of the Chaldean scoffer with a sharper sarcasm against the Hebrew prisoner. Babylon was at this time wholly and earnestly given up to idolatry. There Belus, magnificently attired, was worshipped as the Supreme God. There the astrologer affected to read in the heavens as in a sparkling glass. There the followers of Zoroaster flung and clung to the most pure and ancient form of pagan worship—for of idolatry that of fire worship was at once the most primitive and the most plausible. There the things of life were linked to ideal associations and ideal ceremonies. There everything that could allure or was calculated to tempt the Hebrew mind shone out in full glory, whilst at the same time all that could awe and strike into his soul the fear of death, was everywhere displayed. And yet Daniel stands firm amid all the danger. Ever since the insidious question was put, "Doth Job serve God for naught?" the old bar has striven to turn man from God by the insinuation that Christians are Christians only for what benefit they can get out of their profession. And some Chaldean scoffer might thus have pitted the giant against the Hebrew youth: "Daniel is yet young, wait till he is a little older. Let him taste the luxuries of Babylon and he will soon forget the tame pleasures of Canaan. Wait! he will soon enter into all the gaudies of our festive worship and forget the dull monotone of Hebrew rites." Ah! such a scoffer, like many another in one day, would have found his prophecy very grievously fail him. Was he caught by the glitter and gaiety around him? Did his piety fail him? Kneel he not as devoutly in the palace of Shushan as in the temple at Jerusalem? Did not his heart go out in prayer, "as his manner was," to the one Lord of earth and heaven? And what, I ask, are the circumstances that should frighten a true man when his heart is set within him to do the thing which is right? Let a man be firmly determined to be devout, and tropical heats and arctic colds will not daunt him, and he may travel from one to the other without his religion catching cold on the journey. Set him in a desert, and just as the palm tree sends its rootlets down between the stones, the seed manages somehow to get moisture there; banish him to Patmos and he shall see a grand apocalypse; thrust him into a dungeon and make his feet fast in the stocks, and a doxology shall swell from his lips, which, piercing the rocky walls, shall find its way to the heart of the jailer and turn him into a man again, whilst the prisoners nearing shall gently drop asleep and dream of freedom and of home.

Now, I ask, what is your religion made of? Is it a hot-house plant that must be covered up with glass lest that hoisterous young fellow, March, should blow upon it and shake the life out of it in his rough dallying with the flowers? Or is it a hardy plant, that when the storms howl about it stands firmly rooted, bending to the breeze but never breaking? What we want is a robust Christianity—a piety which cannot be frightened from its course by the noise and cheering of the victorious hosts of sin, but which seeing beyond them all the crown of triumph, presses onward singing as it goes: "Hinder me not, I mean to wear it."

Noteworthy in this connection is the fact that Daniel made the stand at once. He did not allow the first occasion on which temptation was presented to be the means of his ultimate defeat. Oh no! there must be no encroachments upon conscience, no giving way even in the slightest degree. He proposed in his heart not to defile himself with the King's meat, nor with the portion of wine which he drank. You know by the Mosaic law certain meats were not permitted to be eaten by the Hebrew. You know, also, that it was customary for pagan nations to consecrate their meats to idols, for they were not ashamed as we are to mix up religion with every day affairs of life. So to Daniel these meats were forbidden by this ceremonial law, and even though harmless, yet forbidden because associated with idolatrous customs. It was therefore his duty to refuse. Ah! I see that smile on the lip of the scoffing worldling, and as he may not be able to explain it, I will help him turn it into words. "Why should he go about

with such a ceremonious piety? Why exhibit such a sanctimonious fastidiousness? This is a very small thing, and he need not be so strange and fanciful. There was no occasion for him to know certainly that the meats had been consecrated to idols. Why need he make so much of such a trifle?" A trifle! Yes, but these trifles are in reality the elements of the most mighty forces. The fall of an apple, the drifting of a log of wood, the singing and puffing of a tea kettle,—what trifles these are! But wait, let the mind ponder upon them, and what then? Why these, the law of gravitation, the discovery of America, and the thousand and one appliances of modern science through the ages. Show me the word of sin spoken to-day, and I will show you in after years the language carved in the walls of the body. There is nothing little! Daniel commenced at once, defeated the first enemy that presented itself, and gained a victory. After that the rest were easy. It is against this beginning of evil—this first branch upon the sacredness of conscience, that you must take your stand. It is the first careless drifting into the current that carries you on through the rapids to the malstrom, where your bark will be lost in the foaming gulf, and lost forever. Go to that place of dissipation, enter that gambling hell, follow that strange woman to her house, make that fraudulent entry, engage in that doubtful speculation, make light of that Sabbath with all its hallowed blessings, and you weaken your moral sensibility, you enter your own soul, and the devil can then enter and affectionately, against a peril so threatening and impending. Now let the conflict be decided. Break from the toils of your first foe and conquer your first enemy. Close upon your heels is the resolute and vengeful adversary. Flee for your life! Run though your feet bleed as you run! Face that wall of difficulty and scale it with a bound. Seek the city of refuge, and gain admittance there. And if you will not do this, then a time will come when you will flee, but you cannot escape, and at last weary and despairing, you must give up a poor fugitive, but hopeless, slave.

Daniel met the foe at once. This was the Corinthian pillar of his life; and now having viewed this structure let us glance at the acanthus leaves that so gracefully climb and twine around his character, and may we learn as we pass along to be as contented under all the changing circumstances of life as Daniel's piety made him. He was, it is supposed, about twenty years of age when he was carried captive to Babylon. He was young, sprightly and just at the age when the sweetest chords of the fancy and the heart stretch out brightly before the view. He was connected with the Royal family of Judah, and this not unnaturally spread before him a life of state and pleasure, without a dream of sorrow or pain. Hard must have been the fate which tore him from his country and robbed him of his freedom. How rudely must every sensibility have been shocked, how cruelly every hope must have been blighted by such a transition. What a sudden change was that from the courtly Prince to the position of a menial, from Jerusalem to Babylon. These being the circumstances in which he was placed, how did he act? There were three ways open to him other than the one he took. He could have given himself up to the Dominion of sorrow, and there could have deep melancholy for his privations to have overlaid and humbled all his energies, have numbed and veiled his sad fate, as with a grief-burdened heart he sat beneath the frail willows and tearfully remembered Zion. Or he might have formed some deep and solemn purpose of revenge, and glared out upon his captors under his eyes looked whose language was MURDER. Or he might have resigned himself to dreamy listlessness and have exhibited an indolence which would forever have prevented his striving to fulfill even the faintest pious wishes of his own dreams. But Daniel was not the man to give up in such a manner. He was too true, and brave and reverent not to recognize the Providence of God in all his dealings, and therefore could not pursue any of these courses. He knew that it was his duty to make the most of the circumstances in which he found himself placed; to cherish and exemplify a contented spirit, even though the conditions which formerly produced and nourished it no longer surrounded or inspired him. Instead, therefore, of brooding in settled melancholy, or harboring a vengeful spirit, or settling apathetically or indifference, he arose, not indeed indifferent to his altered fortunes, for there would often come upon his sudden fancy views of the hills and vales of his native land, and above all, of the temple whither the tribes were wont to resort,—yet resigned to meet them in a hopeful manner and live as contentedly as he could in Babylon. Here we may stop and learn a profitable lesson. Perhaps some of you may be weary of hard work which you perform merely to enrich others, are disposed to regret the destiny and rebel against the future that seems to you to toll and drudge, and are often ready to give it up. This feeling is not unnatural, and if we could to-night raise the demon of Le Sarge, we might unroof hearts as well as houses, and learn that doing a great business was not the best thing that could befall some of us. Moved by such feelings many people become wholly unfitted for the common duties of life, while others again drive down into useless hangers on, who are always, like Mr. Micawber, on the look out for "something to turn up." These men, however, rarely, with all their waiting, drop into accidental prosperity. Popular lecturers probably have done a good deal to aid this feeling of restless waiting and longing. Young men are frequently urged to exercise lofty ambition, to have a soul above the show, until at last they begin to think they ought to have bodies above the high, to have the late deeds of great men who have risen from low positions in life. They are pointed to Claude Lorraine, to Burns at the plough, to Milton at the desk, to Bunyan mending kettles, to Newton and to Luther in his cloister, until fired by the examples of these men, they lose all taste for their own position, and becoming imbued with false ideas are unfitted for any other. They become, indeed, the subjects of an ambitious phreny, although few I hope turn out so bad as the boy I read of in the newspapers who attempted to commit suicide, although fruitlessly, and on remembrance for the rash act—as the newspapers always call it—said that he was made by God to be a man, but he dreamed by man to be a grocer. Well, if we lecturers have given any assistance to this kind of thing, we should strive the best we may to undo it. I can conceive of nothing more pernicious to practical success in life, more destructive to the energies, or subversive of the character, than those rapid and unprofitable day dreams. The mind once surrendered to its spell has lost all powers of control, and is passive, like the opium eater under the influence of the horrible narcotic. Real life is discouraged as unlikely in the dreamer's range of vision, and it is wonderful how people dream! Some young lady falls in love with the young man who sells her silks, because of his fascinating manners and a fair share of good looks. She is quite ready to give up her position, and builds up a romance of her own in relation to him. A young man takes it into his head that he has the elements of success in him, and fondly imagines that he is born to shine as a senator in the legislative halls of his country. As he draws himself up to his full height and throws back his raven locks from his brow, he almost feels as though he were about to address his fellows with unequalled eloquence on some great question of State policy, and so he dreams his dream. Or he sees himself possessed of an immense fortune, running away with a fine lady in a chariot and four. Thus he goes on revelling in impossibilities, until at last crash goes the crockery, or down comes the bale of muslin on his most luxuriant toe, or a river of gam-

boles too sure an indication of a basket of eggs. Now, however foolish and unreal all this is, yet how near akin is it to the spirit of the gambler who has lost all his fortune at hazard, and then risks his last dollar, just because it is so small! What, then? Now I hear some one of you say, what do you mean that all the counsels we have heard to strive for a higher lot mean nothing at all? Are we never to rise above the sphere in which we are found to-day? Nay, I do not say that; but that if there is genius in you, be sure that it will come out. Aye! though an Alp be piled upon you, and you lie hid in a rock hewn sepulchre with your head in a stone! But then, I must tell you the truth, ninety out of every hundred of you will remain just the men that you are to-day, and the other ten who may rise will find that in climbing the hill of ambition they will have to foot it every step. There is not the slightest doubt about it, if you are grocers to-day, grocers you will remain to the end of the chapter. Still what of that? Better be the meanest occupation—and that is a long way below a grocer—better be of the meanest occupation than the dastard of the drone. Better to be all poor foot-weary mendicant not knowing where the morrow's food is to come from, than to be that worst of men, the wealthy an scrupulous rascal who is hurled through the street in a carriage, built, cushioned, liveried, horse-drawn and harnessed with other people's money. Whatever be the position in which God has placed you, there you can be honest and excel, and if you do your duty to God in the present, He will take care of the future for you. Depend upon it, the way to succeed in life is neither to repine and so add to misfortune the troubles of passion and envy, nor to waste in dreams the powers which would go far towards accomplishing the dreamer's utmost desire. Be sure it is better to plod on all the days of your life than to aim at impossible heroisms, but strive to be heroes in your own sphere. Don't go away up among the clouds to get to heaven, but bring it down to you to brighten your toils in this work-a-day world. Don't go out to be the sordid ascetic among your fellow men, but rather try to be industrious in your homes in every day life, so that a light of joy may linger over them as you meet them and your voice may reach their ear in harmony, coming upon them like the benediction that falls in prayer. Seek to make your trade bright with the sanctity of duty and your business with beauty of holiness. You may sometimes feel a tendency to be envious of your neighbors; but if you possess a contented soul you may look round upon those whose position in the social scale is a little higher than yours—that is those who are a little more favored by that old goddess who is said to be both fickle and blind—and with sunny smiles pointed upon your countenance may break forth into verse and say:

Cleon hath a thousand acres,
Ne'er a one have I;
Cleon dwelleth in a palace,
In a cottage I;
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes,
Hardly one have I,
Yet the poorer of the twain is
Cleon, and not I.
Cleon sees no charms in Nature,
In a daisy I,
Cleon hears no anthem singing
In the sea and sky,
Nature sings to me for ever,
Earnest listener I,
State for state, with all attendants,
Who would change I? Not I.
[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

THE FIRST YEAR OF CONFEDERATION AND ITS RESULTS.

NOTHING can be more oppositely expressed than are the views of our exchanges on this question. The advocates of the measure say that Confederation has been productive of as much good as reasonable men could or did expect, while the opposite class of papers maintain the reverse. The Halifax "Reporter" says: "As we think over the subject the benefits of Confederation rise so thick and fast around us, that we find we must, to be at all effective, narrow our subject," and enters into an explanation of the present and future benefits, which have, and are likely to continue to result from the Postal service of New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario. It says the establishment of the Imperial line of steamers has effected an annual saving of £100,000, and adds, "we may safely and fairly say therefore, that Confederation has given us an ocean line of steamers, for which we, as Canadians, are beholden to nobody." The Pall Mall Gazette says that it has made the resources of these Provinces better known abroad, and has already commenced to arrest the attention of immigrants, and thinks that the "hard-working man who tries Canada first is never likely to cross the frontier."

In Nova Scotia, the anti-union journals in a strong—some of them at least—and bitter terms, respecting the reception which their memorial met with in the Imperial Parliament; while from Ontario to Halifax, a feeling of regret is expressed by all alike, that British statesmen should have so summarily disposed of that petition. We may expect soon to hear from the Delegates themselves, who we have no doubt will act as becomes able and loyal men. In another part of to-day's paper we publish the views of Wilmor & Smith's European Times on the subject.

Railway.

We learn from a gentleman who has recently visited New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, that the Railroad from Moncton to Dorchester will be opened next fall, that the one from Dorchester to the neighborhood of Amherst is in progress, and will, it is said, be opened in the summer of 1869. A magnificent iron bridge is projected to be built over the Tantramar river, near Sackville, and a temporary wooden bridge is now in course of erection. Our friend also says the town of Amherst has greatly improved within the last few years, and that it now affords excellent Hotel accommodations. In Truro, quite a town has sprung up at the railway station, and judging from what the railroad has done for these two places, he thinks if the Inter-colonial will produce the same results here built, that its effects must be very beneficial to the country through which it will pass.

The Mayor of Charlottetown, Theop. DesBrisay, Esq., had an exhibition at his Store, on Tuesday last, two samples of new Potatoes. They were the largest we have ever seen on the Island at this season of the year.

About seventy persons availed themselves of the excursion to Charlottetown on Saturday last, and a jolly good time they had.

The Steam N. Company advertise to carry passengers for ONE FARE, during the months of July and August, and to land from any port at which she calls.

Supreme Court.

The Supreme Court, now sitting in Charlottetown, has had a large amount of business to transact. There were no criminal cases, but there were no less than four summary suits, five appeals, and thirty Record cases. We suppose that work must increase when the workers do, and this accounts it may be for so much law now-a-days. Some people are so fond of law that they will often rush into court with the most frivolous and oftentimes hopeless case, and thereby impoverish themselves and their neighbors. But we have not time now to lecture those who do this act.

On Monday morning W. B. Dawson, came into Court and gave himself up. Two indictments for forgery were found against him, to which he pleaded guilty. He looked as if he was suffering much from a consciousness of the disgrace he had brought upon himself. The case of the Summerside Bank vs Thomas Crabb, was commenced on Monday morning and continued until Tuesday evening, when the jury gave a verdict for Mr. Crabb. The principal charge brought against the Defendant was want of proper diligence or care, but this was not proved. No person ever hinted that Mr. Crabb had taken the money, his character for honesty and uprightness is too well known, as was stated by the Plaintiff's Attorneys. On Tuesday the several trials against W. B. Dawson and others, were commenced. An attempt was made to disqualify Judge Peters from hearing these cases, on the grounds that he was a shareholder in the Bank of P. E. Island, and that that Bank were among the Plaintiffs. The Judge, in order to remove this obstacle, sold his shares, and the cases are proceeding.

Fire.

The alarm of fire was given about two o'clock yesterday. The Stable and work shop of Mr. John Grady was found to be on fire. The Fire Engine was on the spot in a few minutes, but the fire had got so far underway that it was found impossible to put it out, but the firemen prevented it from spreading to the adjoining dwellings; the building in which it originated, however, was completely destroyed. Fortunately it was very calm, and there was a large open field in the rear. A large lot of treenails and finish for a vessel's cabin, and a set of harness, were burnt. The origin of the fire is not exactly known, but is supposed to be the work of some boys who were playing behind the stable. We feel very sorry for Mr. Grady, for such a loss those hard times will be severely felt.

Next Wednesday, the 15th instant, the Wesleyan Tea and Bazaar come off in Summerside. The committee are making every arrangement for to afford visitors a pleasant time. Mr. Galbraith's Brass Band will be on the grounds to dispense sweet music, and several able speakers to address the assembly. Don't forget to come.

The Grand Division of Sons of Temperance will hold their quarterly session at Birch Hill Division, Lot 13, on Wednesday the 29th instant. A Tea Party, in connection with it, will be held the same day, on the adjoining grounds. As it is expected that several of the Nova Scotian brethren will be over, an interesting time may be anticipated.

We publish to-day part of the great English orator's lecture, delivered in the City on Monday evening last. We have taken it from the St. John "True Humorist," our reporter finding on comparing it with the lecturer was delivering it, that it was well reported.

We were shown the other day, at the Furniture Rooms of Mr. Geo. Douglas, the pen knife used by Queen Ann, having one gold blade and one steel one, and an ivory handle laid with gold; also the gold snuff spoon of Queen Elizabeth, and several pieces of gold, silver, and bronze coin, some as old as 1500 years. They were the property of the Rev. Mr. Parrinther, of Charlottetown.

Two Artillerymen were killed in Halifax on the 1st July, while firing a salute in honor of the Anniversary of the New Dominion. While they were in the act of loading the second last gun to be fired they were killed by the gun discharging before they withdrew the rammer,—one instantly, the other lingering but a few minutes.

We had a most delicious and cooling drink, the other day, from Large's Soda Fountain, head of Queen's Street, Charlottetown. Its a beautiful piece of work, and will send forth several kinds of flavored drinks in a minute. Step in gents and test it.

The Rocklin House, S. Frazer Precipitor, is an excellent temperate house, and we were glad to find that so many from Prince County patronize it. This is, in part, the result of advertising in the Journal.

We learn that the Examination at the Convent, in Charlottetown, on Monday last, and the Concert the same evening, in St. Andrew's Hall, were very creditable both to teachers and scholars.

Business in Charlottetown seems to be pretty brisk. A large number of new buildings are being erected, and the mechanics are kept busy.

We passed through the City Market on Tuesday last, and were much pleased to see it so well filled with almost everything the farmer has to sell. Strawberries, vegetables, eggs, butter, cheese, fowls, and several kinds of meat. Ample accommodation is afforded to those who take their articles there to sell, as well as to those who purchase. When will the inhabitants of Summerside and the surrounding country wake up to the importance of having a Market House?

The Christian Association will be held at the Drill shed, on Lord's Day next. The following Preachers from the U. States, will preach:—Elder Wm. Rowzee, of Philadelphia. F. M. Green, of Ohio. B. B. Tyler, of Illinois. The morning Service will commence at 11 o'clock; afternoon service at 3 o'clock, and the evening service at 6 o'clock.

Also preaching every night this week at the meeting House, commencing at 8 o'clock.