

His hot breath scorched my cheeks as he bent his flushed cheek close to mine. I struggled in vain to throw off his arm. "You are a man," I gasped, "you will release me instantly! For your honor's sake do not insult an unprincipled gentleman!"

News Summary.

BARON VON BRUST is probably the most harras ed man in Europe. He has, within a twelvemonth, re-organized an army and an empire; smoothed the way for a reconciliation between German Austria and her tributaries; established an emerald cordiale with France; and thoroughly pacified the "nationalities" under the Austrian sway on the Danube. The labour involved in these details must have been enormous. But Russia now threatens to bring it about his ears—because, forsooth, the Hungarian representatives will persist in vituperating the Russian occupation of Poland in their Parliament, as well as discussing the feasibility of breaking the yoke imposed on the States by the Russians in the east. "Put a stop to this strange talk," says the Russian organs, "or we will hold you responsible for it, and then crush your be-linckered new empire out of existence." Poor Von Brust is, however, in the position of the little boy who made the whole in the dyke. A free parliament and free speech have been guaranteed to the Hungarians by the new Austrian constitution, and all the remonstrances in the world will not induce them to conceal or suppress the contempt or hatred with which they view the Russians. Unfortunately, too, for the Prime Minister, the Austrian army cannot be placed on the new war footing for some months to come, and, in the meantime, he cannot disavow the petulance of the Hungarians or resent the insolence of the Russians—Montreal Gazette.

Of the 19,000,000 acres of land in the State of South Carolina, only one-fourth is under cultivation. The remainder, some 14,000,000, is mainly in primeval forest. Fully half of the 4,500,000 now under quasi cultivation is for sale, some of it even so low as \$1 per acre, and ranging from that up to \$20.

THE NEWSPAPER.—Take the most thorough man of the world of your acquaintance—the man most perfectly versed in all that goes on in all conditions and ranks of life—and I ask you what would he be without his newspaper? By what possible machinery could he learn, as he sits at his breakfast, the late news from China, the last ballet at Paris, the state of the funds at San Francisco, the winner at Newmarket, the pantomime at the Olympic, and the enygelia of the Pope? Without my newspapers life would narrow itself to the small units of my personal experience, and humanity to be expressed into the ten or fifteen people I meet with. As for the advertisements, I regard them as the mirror of the age. Show me one page of the "wants" of any country, and I engage myself to give a sketch of the current civilization of the people.—Lord Brougham.

The New England Express Company, of Boston and Saint John, N. B., after a brief and apparently "brilliant" career of exactly four months, has suspended operations. The Express companies, in most cases, are a humbug, and we would warn people from having anything to do with them. Men without money or character seek to work to form a company of some kind or other, the sole aim and object of which is to put money into the pockets of the projectors.

EDDIE'S DEATH OF A NEWSPAPER EDITOR.—M. James B. Manson, editor of the Edinburgh Review, was found dead in his study on Monday morning. His pen had dropped from his hand, and a portion of freshly written MSS. was before him. Mr. Manson was a native of the north of Scotland, and graduated at Aberdeen, where he was distinguished for his knowledge of classics and his poetical proclivities. He was formerly editor of the Stirling Observer. His next post was that of the Newcastle Daily Express, and finally in 1862, he joined the editorial staff of the Daily Review, on which he continued till his death. As a writer Mr. Manson was noted for his power and facility, while he had considerable classical knowledge and skill in fine art criticism. He leaves behind him a widow and seven children, the eldest of whom, a boy of seventeen, is at present attending the High School—Edinburgh Courant.

The St. Stephen's Bank has resumed specie payment at its encounter in St. Stephen's. It is greatly to be regretted that the Managers of the Bank are taking no steps for the redemption of its notes in St. John—the Commercial centre of the Province.—Borderer.

A DEVIL OF A SHIP.—A rakish-looking craft has arrived at Queenstown from Labrador, with the usual appellation of the Devil and has a figure-head a full-sized representation of his Satanic Majesty. When entering the harbor an exciting contest took place between her and the Canadian mail tender Jackal, resulting in the defeat of the Devil.

THE RIGHT OF WOMEN TO VOTE AT PARLIAMENTARY ELECTIONS.—The Court of Common Pleas has given judgements in the appeal from Manchester, affecting the right of women to be placed upon the parliamentary register. The judges who gave their decision separately, were unanimous in the opinion that there was no sufficient authority for saying that by the common law women had no right to vote for members of parliament. On the other hand, there was the uninterrupted practice of centuries that women had not voted. In the opinion of the Chief Justice, the Reform Act of 1867, in saying that men should vote, although considered in conjunction with Sir John Romilly's Act, did not entitle women to vote. The term "men" in the Reform Act did not include women, and even if it did, then women would come within the turn "incapacitated." Mr. Justice Byles in expressing his concurrence hoped that the unanimous decision of the Court of Session in Scotland, would for ever lay the ghost of a doubt which should never have arisen. [At the same time it may be noted that women, qualified as house owners or ratepayers, possess the right of voting for guardians of the poor and other parochial matters.]

CORRESPONDENCE. LETTER FROM BOSTON.

Boston, Dec. 15th, 1868.

Dear Journal:—The excitement caused by the Elections having collapsed, it is very hard to find matter of any importance to write about. To the victors belong the spoils, and their decision is proceeding amicably. Perhaps it might be of interest to describe, shortly, the method of conducting an Election here, differing as it does from that in use in the Island. I think that you will agree with me in thinking that voting by ballot has a great deal to commend it. A list of persons qualified to vote is first made out, and after being thoroughly revised, is printed and posted around the city. Any names omitted by mistake or other cause, can be inserted up to a certain date, after the right to vote is proved. On election day, the ballot, with the names of the opposing candidates are put in circulation. A plan is adopted which saves a great deal of trouble and time. The names of the candidates are printed on the ballot, and the elector, after having deposited his ballot, is made to come on the same day as the Presidential Election. The names of the whole Republican Candidates for all the offices, are printed on one ballot, and those of the Democrats on another. If, however, a voter has an objection to any individual name on the ballot, he can erase it, and substitute any one he chooses. If he wishes to vote on the whole Party ticket he deposits his ballot as he gets it. A small room contains the Registering office and the ballot box. A circle is formed and those intending to vote pass in succession armed with their ballots, and after giving their name to the officer who has charge of the voting list (who immediately records it and checks the name), he goes to the Ballot box, which is in charge of another officer, and deposits the vote, and makes room for another. This is kept up without intermission during the hours the poll is open. Although an extraordinary large number of votes are cast in one day, at no time can be seen over 200 persons around the hustings. As it is a secret vote, there is no opportunity to know the state of the poll, except by an occasional bulletin posted up. This affords but little interest to lookers-on, and the result is that the man who leaves their record, and is immediately re-run. The whole thing is conducted with so much order and decorum that it bears its recommendation on its face. I visited two or three polling places, expecting to see a lively time, but was surprised at the small number of people congregated there, and at the good order which prevailed. This will strike a stranger very forcibly, but will find on closer inspection, that the great amount of work is not necessarily accompanied by a great amount of fuss. Speech-making is all over previous to Election day, up to which time it is indulged in by a large number of patriotic gentlemen who are indeed very happy to serve the best interests of their noble country for the modest sum of \$1000, more or less per speech. The usual amount common on such occasions of taxation, by any means, extravagance and other grievances which politicians so lamentably deplore on the eve of elections is denounced; and the blessings of liberty equal rights, and their particular safety are industriously paraded before the public.

THE LAST SENSATION here is the arrival in our midst, of the famous General Grant, President of the United States. Ere leaving home, hearing that it was in contemplation to give him a public reception, the General sent a polite note, positively declining the honor which was intended to be done him, saying that he wished his visit should be a quiet one, and further that the hour of his arrival was uncertain. So intent was he on keeping himself from the gaze of the public that no one on the cars except the officials knew of his presence in our midst. Arriving in Boston, he immediately proceeded to the St. James' Hotel, where he has engaged quarters during his stay. His trip was ostensibly for the purpose of placing his son in Harvard College, but it is also understood that he intends to visit some of the leading manufacturers of New England. It is reported that on the first day of his visit scores of office seekers, and other persons, friends went to the St. James and missed seeing their "friend." It is very evident that he does not appreciate the pomp and parade which is generally preferred by men who have made themselves famous, while on their travels. On Saturday, however, he did consent to be visited at his quarters by a few privileged individuals, who were fortunate enough to work their way through the crowd. One incident occurred here which is worth recording. An individual bent on seeing the "President" entered, and with a consequential look of importance marched up to an officer of police, who was standing near the General, mistaking him for the General, shook hands with him, and bowed with profound respect, and passed on congratulating himself on getting a view of the "coming man." Although he has no desire to be made a hero, still it is hardly fair that he should elude the gaze of the people who have spent their time and money in securing to him the proud position which he now holds. Common courtesy would suggest a different course. But it is shrewdly suspected that the real cause of his elusion is the fact that if demonstrations or public meetings were got up in his honor he would be expected to make a speech, and he is not capable of performing. If this be so, he has sense enough not to commit himself, and is doing the best thing under the circumstances.

BUSINESS. It is said that truth crushed to earth will rise again, and just as surely will truth be weighed down by any cause which diverts the attention of the people for a time, when that cause is removed, rise, with a rebound. Since the election, thoroughfares of trade, which were almost deserted are again thronged with people intent on business. The "money changers" on State street having taken a breathing spell, are with renewed vigor pouring forth their wealth to facilitate the increase of the trade of the city. The prospects for the winter are good, although a large number of men in some branches of industry, are out of employment. Merchandise is said to be cheaper than at any time since the close of the war—the weather is very mild as yet, no severe storms yet.

ENTERTAINMENTS, &c. Boston possesses more facilities for relieving the tedium of the long winter evenings than any City in the Union. At the head of these must be placed the course of lectures at Music Hall, which come off weekly. The first talent of the country is engaged, the citizens have here the high privilege of being instructed and delighted by the eloquence and wisdom of such men as Henry Ward Beecher, Wendell Phillips, John B. Gough, and ever shining lights in the galaxy of literature, first class libraries, free and otherwise, furnish books on every subject, by the best of authors. Temperance Societies abound, and are doing a great deal of good here, as everywhere else where they exist. The drama-lovers have their choice of seven theatres.—The chief attraction for them this term was the engagement at the Boston Theatre of South and Forest the two first tragedians in America, in Shakespeare's "Play." The city is dotted over with numerous churches, and to the honor of the people, they are well filled every Sabbath with attentive and devout congregations, although the pastors can boast of no greater talent than is found in the clerical circle of P. E. Island. A great man has passed away, whose place it will be hard to fill. The Rev. P. Finney Stone, well known as the pastor of the "Seaman's Bethel," has gone home to his "resting reward," after a life of usefulness which few live to accomplish. Beginning life as a sailor he was acquainted with all the vicissitudes and the forms of temptation to which his comrades were exposed. He left the sea,

and applied himself to the task of reclaiming his old associates. In illustrating his sermons he made a good use of his nautical knowledge. His pictures were all drawn from the sea, and with splendid effect. Many a sailor has been rescued from the paths of vice by the kind advice and helping hand of their steadfast friend. The news of the assassination of Napoleon reached here Saturday, but is not yet certainly confirmed. It does not cause much excitement except in financial circles. Starting events crowded upon one another with such rapidity in the present day that what would have some years ago astonished the whole world, now causes only a few passing remarks soon to be forgotten in the general course of events.

TYPO.

Mr. Editor:—Since King Winter has come upon us, everything up here, as may be supposed, is pretty dull. A very brisk business was done this Fall. A good deal of produce was shipped, and our merchants—Howland, Bell, Reid and others—appear to have done a good business. This place, to all appearance, is going ahead. If we only had the telegraph line extended up to Alberton, and steam communication between this and Sledzice, it would bid fair to rival your flourishing town. I see sometimes you boast down there of your famous carcasses of pork brought to market, but the Englishmen are very anxious to know who wrote the letter in the last Journal on Secretary Schools. They say "she was well writ." The "Western Pioneer" has lost no interest up here. Success to it. Go ahead, and advocate for us, as you have ever done, and you will have our good wishes and support. A "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" to you.

SQUIB.

Alberton, Dec. 21st '68.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL.

Sir,—At this season of the year when the bountiful harvest has been gathered in, and Thanksgiving Day is passed, men have time to consider the propriety of constructing a railway from Summerside to Lot 1. In no country in the world could a railway be more cheaply constructed. The land is very level, few bridges are required, and the timber for sleepers is plenty. It would be an inducement for young men to remain at home, as there would be plenty of work for them upon the road. A good deal of capital in the country and a few circulating notes of money. It would save the money spent in carrying the "Western Mail." Fresh fish could be transmitted direct from Tignish to St. John or Boston. The railway when built, would cause a great increase in the value of the farms near the road, as well as cause much of the wilderness land to be taken up and improved. We would have the value of our country increased, our revenue augmented, and our trade extended. And there is no doubt if we had such speculating and enterprising men, as the Hon. J. C. Pope, and others, as our representatives, it would not be long before this work, of so great importance to Prince County, as well as for the whole Island, would be accomplished.

I remain, Yours, &c.

T. D. Saint Clement's, Dec. 17, 1868.

LOCAL NEWS.

The Savings Bank. We have frequently had the pleasure of directing public attention to the workings of the Savings Bank, connected with the Treasury in the Colonial Building. This institution has been in operation since 1863, and each year's result has surpassed its predecessor. On the 1st January last, the amount on deposit was £14,425, deposited in the eleven months ended 1st December, inst., £12,287; withdrawn in the same period £7,775; interest on deposits of 1868, £948. On the 1st Dec. when the accounts were made up, there were in the Bank, bearing interest, deposits to the amount of £19,691 or \$62,932. The total profit to the credit of the Bank since it began business is £540 17s. 6d. commencing the first year with £14 6s. 7d. which kept regularly increasing until this year—fortyseven months ago the gain was £202 2s. 2d. The number of Depositors is about 550.

The above extract we copy from the last Patriot. We are glad to learn that this Institution is in such a flourishing state. We have often thought that a branch of the Charlottetown Savings Bank might be carried on in Summerside, with profit to the Government. We have heard many persons express a wish that an opportunity could be afforded them of investing their little savings in this way. People have a dread of remitting their money by mail, as there appears to be no one responsible for it if lost in this way. A branch Savings Bank would cost but little to work it, if connected with some other Institution or public office. The Summerside Bank for instance. To this an objection might be urged by the officers of that institution, that the profit would not pay for the labor. For the first year perhaps it would not; but we fully believe that in a very few years it would pay handsomely. If the Bank refuse to have anything to do with it, let it be managed in connection with the Custom House or Land Tax Office, as the men who now fill those offices are safe and trustworthy, and enjoy the confidence of this community. Let our representatives think about this matter.

We are very sorry to find that though the winter has set in, the cable has not been laid across the Straits. The want of telegraphic communication will be very much felt during the winter months, when intercourse with the mainland is both infrequent and uncertain. From a letter written by the Hon. Mr. Hensley, published in Wednesday's Herald, it would seem that the failure in laying the cable this fall, is owing to no neglect on the part of the Government. The Island authorities have been very urgent with the Company to get it laid in time, and were assured by its officials, that every exertion would be made to connect the Island lines with those on the Continent before the ice forced in the Gulf. Important business, however, kept Mr. MacKay from coming here, until it was too late to be in the matter. The cable will, however, be laid the first thing in the spring, when there will be ample time to find out where it can be sunk with the least danger of being easily injured. We poor Islanders, will, in the meantime, have a very dull time of it.—Pat.

CHARLOTTETOWN Harbour has been frozen up since the 13th inst. Four passengers have been crossing for some days, and in one or two instances, horses have crossed. Horse crossed the Hillsborough, Elliot and North rivers, for several days past.—Ed.

Summerside Journal.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1868.

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.

ON PERSONALITIES.

Almost every one will, we think, admit that it is neither very pleasant nor very edifying to hear two men quarreling in the public street. To see their passion-distorted features, and to listen to them vociferating in the most angry tones, the words liar, swindler, rogue, together with those contemptuous phrases and impious expletives which men on such occasions hurl at one another without stint, is sure to fill every decently moral and quietly disposed bystander with disgust, contempt and horror. He instantly, and with good reason, concludes the men are maddened and demoralized by drink, or that they are low, ignorant fellows, who have been always strangers to the amenities and decencies of civilized society. In the great majority of cases he is correct in both his conclusions. Those who thus disturb the peace of our streets and public places, and shamefully set at naught both the laws of good manners and the restrictions of religion, are generally ill-bred, worthless fellows, who, under the influence of strong drink, have given a loose rein to their undisciplined passions and their ribald tongues. Much as we may blame such men, and intensely as we may detest their lawless conduct and their corrupt practices, we cannot but admit some plea in extenuation of their folly and their wickedness. They are, in general, ignorant and badly brought up young men, who, it is likely, have been taught to consider licentiousness of speech and corrupt manners the outward evidences of manliness and independence. Such disturbers of the public peace are, besides, nearly always in a state of great excitement—for to do men of the very lowest class justice, they hardly ever, in their sober senses, and without some provocation, address one another in offensive terms. We must, then, make some allowance for youth, ignorance, ill-breeding and excitement; but however charitably disposed a decent listener to a street brawl may feel, he is speedily shocked and disgusted at what he hears and sees. If he cannot use his influence successfully to restore peace, he leaves the scene of disturbance as soon as may be. If he is accompanied by young persons of either sex, he hurries out of sight and hearing with all convenient speed, lest their morals should be contaminated by hearing the foul language and witnessing the indecent conduct of the noisy brawlers. No person of position or character takes any pleasure in looking on or taking part in an ordinary street row. The crowd who assemble to witness it are ordinarily the young and thoughtless, the idle and the vicious. Respectable men are always ready to do everything in their power to prevent and put down such disgraceful exhibitions at our public and private gatherings and in our streets. And they do right, and no more than their duty, when they so exert themselves. But though such men are prompt in frowning down the bad fellows of the baser sort when they offend the peace of the community in the streets, they are by no means ready to discountenance the more influential and less excusable offenders, who make the public newspapers—which our wives and children read—the theatre of their outrages. Does it not strike the reader as a somewhat strange state of things, that newspaper writers may use language in their articles almost without repulse, which, if used in good society, would speedily result in their seclusion therefrom? Habits of discussion, which would certainly procure for the man who in private life indulged in the reputation of being an ill-bred bore, an intolerable social nuisance, are practised by journalists on this side of the Atlantic without provoking a word of censure from the reading public. Remarks on private character, which would be deemed intolerably impertinent—remarks which no man or woman would dare to make in a public assembly or social gathering—frequently meet the eye as one glances along the columns of American and Colonial newspapers. The writers who thus offend against good manners, good morals and good taste, have not the excuse which the street rowdy may plead in palliation of his offence. They are not beside themselves with rage or intoxication. They do not write as he speaks under the influence of strong excitement. They are cool and collected. They have in general ample time for collection and revision. The hasty word can be erased, the improper allusion struck out, the offensive expression expanded, and, if needs be, the objectionable article, hastily written under the influence of angry feelings, wholly suppressed. The offences of newspaper editors and newspaper correspondents are coolly and deliberately committed with malice prepense. They are, too, after all, perfectly purposeless crimes. They do a great deal of harm, and in no case do they ever effect any good. They vitiate the public taste, they deprave the public mind, and they show that the perpetrators possess neither the feelings nor the manners of gentlemen, but they effect no useful purpose. No cause, good or bad, is ever helped or hindered by the scurrilous, vituperative writings of its advocates or its opponents. No man of talent or integrity was ever yet written down by ill-natured, unscrupulous journalists. Writings that are merely abusive may sting, but they do not wound; they may, for the moment, please the volatile and the vicious, but they never convince, and seldom influence even them, and they are sure to disgust all reasoning and respectable men. Indeed, it not infrequently happens, that undeserved abuse and even abuse that is, to a certain extent, well-deserved, creates a sympathy in favor of the man or the party that is the object of a merely vituperative attack. Instances will, no

doubt occur to our readers, in which a gross personal onslaught in the newspapers has done very essential service to the person assailed. Its appearance made his friends more enthusiastic in his defence, and created a feeling in his favor among persons who had hitherto regarded him with indifference, if not dislike. Our public writers may rest assured, that though they may gratify a petty spleen by attacks on the private character and personal peculiarities of those to whom they are opposed, they neither do material injury to their enemies, fancied or real, nor do they raise themselves in the public estimation by such attacks, however frequently they may appear, or however cleverly they may be written. The newspaper readers of this Island—to their credit be it written—have no taste for purely personal discussions. They may tolerate abusive, scurrilous writers, but they seldom or never approve of them. There is no better sign of the healthy moral tone of our people in general, than to witness their marked disapproval of whatever, in our newspaper literature, transgresses the bounds of fair controversy and allowable criticism. In this, we fear, they are far above some who aim to be their guides and instructors. The public acts of public men are fair subjects for criticism and comment. The common welfare requires that they be fully and fearlessly commented upon by the free press of a free country. But there is a broad line of distinction between what are fair and what are unfair subjects of animadversion and discussion. The public writer who keeps on the right side of that line is one of the most useful men in the community, but we have no hesitation in saying that the writer who gets into a habit of making frequent excursions on the wrong side of it, is a pest and a nuisance to society, and is troublesome and dangerous precisely in proportion to his industry and his ability.

CHRISTMAS.

When all our neighbors' chimneys smoke, And Christmas blocks are burning, Their ovens they with baked meat choke, And all their spits are turning, Without the door let sorrow lie, And if for cold it hap to die, We'll bury it in a Christmas pie, And ever more be merry. CHRISTMAS is upon us. This good, time-honored festival is regarded as the grandest celebration of the year, in the old countries across the water. It is expressly and honorably recognized by the church and state. By those ecclesiastical systems which observe many kinds of days, it is appointed that when Christmas falls upon Friday, as it does this year, that day, which is generally observed as a fast, shall be transformed into a festival. In America Thanksgiving has usurped, to a great extent, the merry-making of this season. The birth of Jesus, who is hailed by the united acclaim of all Christendom, as the bearer of salvation and good-will from Heaven to earth, demands an anniversary of general joy and happiness. It is by no means likely that the Nativity occurred at this season of the year. Most probably it was in the summer, as it is only during that period that shepherds leave their flocks in the plains at night. This was certainly not done in the end of December. Each month of the twelve has been assigned by different writers as the most likely period. The date now observed, the 25th of December, was fixed by Pope Julius I., and from that time, the end of the fourth century, it has been observed by all the nations of Christendom. But we think that any notice of this occasion should at least include, if not commence at, Christmas Eve. How the very term carries us back to the wondering days of childhood, when marvellous tales of Santa Claus, and visions of the most incredible stockings, lent such interest to the night. How the chimney was watched, and what mysterious noises were heard about the house after we all were tucked in bed. Happy days, how rudely have your strangely pleasant charms been dissipated by life's subsequent prosaic experience! Germany is perhaps of all countries most noted for the magnificence and elaborate display of Christmas Eve celebrations. To the children it is the most joyous night of the year, when they receive the presents of their parents and friends. These are arrayed on a tree, by the senior members of the family, in the principal apartment of the house. In the evening, at a given signal, the door of the great room is thrown open, and in rush the juveniles, eager and happy. There, on a long table in the centre of the room, stands the Christmas Tree, every branch glittering with little tapers, while all sorts of gifts and ornaments are suspended from the boughs. In England the sacred mysteries of the mistletoe are kept up by the young men and maidens with becoming ardour. Those of our readers who are unsophisticated will recognize the secret of their zeal in keeping up what is evidently a relic of Druidical tree worship, when they learn that a branch of mistletoe, suspended from the ceiling, gives any kind of creation the indisputable right of kissing any fair lady who may forgetfully pass under the sacred spray. The burning of the Yule Log is an ancient Christmas ceremony, transmitted from the Scandinavians, who, at their feast of Yule, at the winter solstice, kindled huge bonfires in honor of their god Thor. In feudal times, the bringing in and placing on the hearth of the ponderous giant of the woods, was the most joyous event of the evening. It was destined to crackle a welcome to all comers, and its flame to burn out all wrongs and feuds. It was to be lighted by a brand from the previous year's log, which had been preserved carefully for twelve months in the cellar. The birds welcomed its entrance with rude and ready songs, a specimen of which we give:

"Come, bring with a noise, My merry, merry boys, The Christmas log to the firing; While my good dame, she Bids you all be free, And drink to your heart's desiring."

CHRISTMAS MUSINGS.

Angels are singing soft and low, A blessing o'er a sleeping earth, Where hushed is now each cry of woe, And stilled the song of childhood's mirth; A joyous strain of praise they sing, To God above, to earth good-will, A Saviour's born in Bethlehem. And all around the music floats, Of angels from the distant spheres, Oh, mortals listen to their notes, Hushed be thy sighs and dried thy tears; The Saviour's come, for thee He loves, He comes the poor, the lost, to save; For thee He left His home above, For thee He suffered, groined and died. Praise God above, on earth good-will, That Christ was born in Bethlehem. Summerside, December, 1868.

THE CONVENT.

ON Monday morning last, by invitation from the Rev. Mr. McDonald, we visited the Convent School recently opened in this Town. It was on the occasion of the opening of the Chapel in the Convent and the inspection of the School. His Lordship Bishop McIntyre officiated, assisted by the Very Rev. James McDonald. A number of persons were present to witness the ceremony, most of whom engaged in the religious service. After the Mass, the Bishop inspected the Classes in the different rooms. On entering the Primary department, the children sang a welcome to his Lordship and the visitors, at the conclusion of which a little girl of 8 or 9 summers, on behalf of the school, addressed the Bishop and their Pastor. The Bishop thanked the children for their address, and expressed his satisfaction at their general behaviour and appearance. The higher classes were then visited. On entering the class room, a number of the advanced scholars sang a beautiful welcome, accompanied with music. After the singing, Miss Connors stepped forward and read an address from the school to the Bishop and their Pastor, expressive of their thanks to and kind feelings towards them. To this the Bishop replied briefly, concluding his remarks by wishing all present a merry Christmas.

We were shown through the different apartments of the building. The class rooms are spacious and comfortable, and the bed room neatly furnished with a number of beds, forcibly reminding the visitor that those in charge consider "cleanliness as next to godliness." The school is furnished with two large globes, maps, and neatly finished. The Chapel is large and Catholic in style. The thanks of the school to their Pastor and the Ladies of the Convent, for their indefatigable exertions and liberality, in affording them such a school, were at present over sixty pupils in attendance at this Convent.

REV. R. S. FATTERSON, A. M., will (D. V.) deliver a LECTURE in the Presbyterian Church, this (Thursday) Evening, at 8 o'clock. Subject—MORAL SENSE. Admission Free. We have had frequent complaints from some of our subscribers whose papers are not received by them at the Post Hill office, although they have been regularly mailed by us. This is likely one of the offices where a reading room is kept at the printer's expense. We will try and find a way to stop this work. We will feel obliged to any of our subscribers who do not regularly receive their papers, to notify us at once. To CORRESPONDENTS.—"Briton" came to hand too late for this week. "Tutor" will appear next week. A passenger who crossed over from Cape Breton to the Island on Sunday last, says they were nine hours getting over. He was detained ten days on the other side, at "Tom Allan's." He thinks it an awful joke. An American and Colonial mail was received here late last night. We have received had time to glance at all the papers received. We give the latest telegraph news in another column.

The Yule log in some places takes the form of an immense figot, bound together with ash withs, and for every crack which the bands of the ashlon figot make in bursting when charred through, the master of the house is bound to furnish a fresh bowl of comfort.

We have been thus lengthy in dwelling on the general customs of the fatherland, as in our own and new country each family honors the day as it seems right in its own eyes, the consequences being an indiscriminate and indescribable kind of observance. Besides Divine Service and a grand family dinner here and there, no settled custom prevails. We throw out the hint, that the coming Christmas be celebrated by a gathering in of the poor, and a general unlocking, all round, in good old English style, of hearts and cupboards. Let the children especially be remembered. Let a special deputations from each family visit upon Sant Claus, and request his attendance, without fail, this (Thursday) evening in all the chimney corners of Summerside.

The conclusion of the whole matter is, we believe, or should be, the cultivation of a spirit of geniality, good-feeling and gratitude. The Scripture well expresses it thus: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." For our part, we accordingly wish all our readers and patrons the merriest Christmas they have ever spent. Our object, as a journal, is to benefit and cheer them all impartially, old and young, rich and poor. And as we strive to "scatter our crumbs" of intellectual food among our many and widely spread readers, so let them remember to do likewise with their substance to those whom the incarnated Saviour describes as being always with us. The following touching appeal, by Alfred Crowquill, shall close this article.

SCATTER YOUR CRUMBS. Amid the freezing sleet and snow, The timid robin comes, In pity drive him not away, But scatter out your crumbs. And leave your door upon the latch For whosoever comes, The poorer they, more welcome give, And scatter out your crumbs. All have to spare, none are too poor, When want with winter comes, The loaf is never all your own, Then scatter out the crumbs. Soon winter falls upon your life, The day of reckoning comes, Against your sins by high decree, Are weighed those scattered crumbs.

Written for the Journal.

ANGELS are singing soft and low, A blessing o'er a sleeping earth, Where hushed is now each cry of woe, And stilled the song of childhood's mirth; A joyous strain of praise they sing, To God above, to earth good-will, A Saviour's born in Bethlehem. And all around the music floats, Of angels from the distant spheres, Oh, mortals listen to their notes, Hushed be thy sighs and dried thy tears; The Saviour's come, for thee He loves, He comes the poor, the lost, to save; For thee He left His home above, For thee He suffered, groined and died. Praise God above, on earth good-will, That Christ was born in Bethlehem. Summerside, December, 1868.

THE CONVENT.

ON Monday morning last, by invitation from the Rev. Mr. McDonald, we visited the Convent School recently opened in this Town. It was on the occasion of the opening of the Chapel in the Convent and the inspection of the School. His Lordship Bishop McIntyre officiated, assisted by the Very Rev. James McDonald. A number of persons were present to witness the ceremony, most of whom engaged in the religious service. After the Mass, the Bishop inspected the Classes in the different rooms. On entering the Primary department, the children sang a welcome to his Lordship and the visitors, at the conclusion of which a little girl of 8 or 9 summers, on behalf of the school, addressed the Bishop and their Pastor. The Bishop thanked the children for their address, and expressed his satisfaction at their general behaviour and appearance. The higher classes were then visited. On entering the class room, a number of the advanced scholars sang a beautiful welcome, accompanied with music. After the singing, Miss Connors stepped forward and read an address from the school to the Bishop and their Pastor, expressive of their thanks to and kind feelings towards them. To this the Bishop replied briefly, concluding his remarks by wishing all present a merry Christmas.

We were shown through the different apartments of the building. The class rooms are spacious and comfortable, and the bed room neatly furnished with a number of beds, forcibly reminding the visitor that those in charge consider "cleanliness as next to godliness." The school is furnished with two large globes, maps, and neatly finished. The Chapel is large and Catholic in style. The thanks of the school to their Pastor and the Ladies of the Convent, for their indefatigable exertions and liberality, in affording them such a school, were at present over sixty pupils in attendance at this Convent.

REV. R. S. FATTERSON, A. M., will (D. V.) deliver a LECTURE in the Presbyterian Church, this (Thursday) Evening, at 8 o'clock. Subject—MORAL SENSE. Admission Free. We have had frequent complaints from some of our subscribers whose papers are not received by them at the Post Hill office, although they have been regularly mailed by us. This is likely one of the offices where a reading room is kept at the printer's expense. We will try and find a way to stop this work. We will feel obliged to any of our subscribers who do not regularly receive their papers, to notify us at once. To CORRESPONDENTS.—"Briton" came to hand too late for this week. "Tutor" will appear next week. A passenger who crossed over from Cape Breton to the Island on Sunday last, says they were nine hours getting over. He was detained ten days on the other side, at "Tom Allan's." He thinks it an awful joke. An American and Colonial mail was received here late last night. We have received had time to glance at all the papers received. We give the latest telegraph news in another column.