

Roman Pontiff, so remarkable in the large majority of his flock, and if it ever represented a party it now represents the Catholic Church.

THE ELECTION OF THE POPES.

A rumor has obtained some currency, but only on the authority of those unacquainted with ecclesiastical history, that the Pope would suggest to the council the propriety of electing during the lifetime of the Popes their successors.

CELIBACY OF THE CLERGY.

Equally unreliable is the rumor that the Church will abolish the ancient disciplinary institution of the celibacy of the clergy. Clerical celibacy is looked upon by Catholics as a mainstay of their church.

It is hardly doubtful whether this supposed reform would be popular among the Roman Catholics themselves. In one portion of that communion the Maronite priests are allowed to marry, but it is a singular fact that the people will not go to confession, or allow their wives and children to go to confession, to the married priests, choosing rather celibate confessors.

DISCIPLINE OF THE CLERGY.

It is likely that there will be numerous canons passed in reference to the discipline of the clergy: for, no matter how stringent the regulations affecting the pastors of the Catholic Church are, no Council has ever met without adding further important restrictions calculated to make the discipline of the clergy as complete as possible.

THE GREEK CHURCH AND THE RITUALISTS.

It was publicly announced some time ago that the letter of invitation which the Pope had sent to the Oriental Patriarchs was rejected, on the ground, it was strangely stated, that the Pope had claimed an authority which did not inhere to his See.

COMPOSITION OF THE COUNCIL.

Cardinals, 67; Archbishops, Bishops and Mitred Abbots, 85. These dignitaries are distributed as follows: 40 Italian Cardinals, 23 Italian Bishops, 46 Spaniards, 50 French, and 22 Portuguese, as well as 77 Bishops of the Latin-American Rites.

RESULTS OF THE COUNCIL.

Fertile of speculations as this theme must be, and offering varying solutions according to the point of view, the results of the council must, if ever measured, be chronicled in a future column. Those who hope with the council for its success regard it as the only cure for the ills of society to-day.

PERMANENT CONNECTION WITH ENGLAND.

At the banquet given in Toronto to Sir Francis Hincks, that gentleman said, in the course of his speech:—

"At Ottawa he had pointed out that notwithstanding difference of political views, there were certain subjects upon which they could all agree. One of these was the question of the integrity of the British Empire. He was rejoiced to hear on every side the expression of loyalty which he had listened to.

The potato blight has made its appearance in Annapolis County, but it is hoped its ravages this year will be less disastrous.—St. John News.

The Greenlanders are passionately fond of spirits, no matter how vile may be the quality, so long as it brings on the drunk. They are allowed a glass on the King's birthday, and other high festivals; when rowing in boats the Danish officers are accustomed to give them one glass of "schnapps" (costing 50¢ per quart) every four miles. It is remarkable how quickly they know when the distance is accomplished. If the officer is not cognizant, cough, and a pantomime of swallowing a glass of grog soon remind him that the boatmen require their "brandy-milk." The priest at one of the settlements had engaged an old fellow to feed his dogs in winter, the stipulated payment being a little money and a glass of schnapps. Every morning emptying his grog, he was seen to bend his head reverently; until, being watched, he was observed to squirt the spirits back again into a bottle concealed in the breast of his jacket. This he mixed with water and sold to the other natives, so that the old rascal lived royally on Herr Pastor's morning dram. When the annual ship comes from Denmark a crew of natives board her outside the harbor with a dusky pilot. For their services, in addition to pay, they receive a glass of schnapps. Sometimes this glass is sold to another long before land. A captain of one of these ships told me that he could never understand how, yearly, it constantly happened that one or two of the crew were intoxicated after receiving the dram, until old boat-swain put him "up" to the trick. A man after receiving grog will get behind a boat or mast and squirt the contents of his mouth into that of his neighbor to whom he had sold it, though the amount of accidental required to be exercised in a case of this nature must, to an Eskimo, be enormous!

Thirty thousand barrels of whiskey, valued at five millions of dollars, were consumed in a fire at Philadelphia, Wednesday, 4th inst. Walls sixteen inches thick, iron shutters and doors, where no more than paper to the fearful heat. Several lives were lost. How many lives would have been lost had the whiskey burnt men's vitals instead of being burned itself? How much more money too?

Dr. Guthrie says: "Before God and man, before the Church and the world, I renounce intemperance. I charge it with the murder of innumerable souls. In this country, blessed with freedom and plenty, of the Word of God, and the liberties of true religion, I charge it as the cause—whatever be their source elsewhere—of all the poverty, and almost all crimes, and almost all the misery, and almost all ignorance, and almost all the irreligion, that disgrace and afflict the land. 'I am not mad, most noble Festus, I speak the words of truth and soberness.' I do in my conscience believe that these intoxicating liquors have sunk into perdition more men and women than found a grave in that deluge which swept over the highest hill-top—engulfing a world of which but eight were saved."—Zion's Herald.

A curious discovery, kept secret for fourteen years, has just come to light at Ravenna. The workmen engaged in digging a canal near the present railroad station, in 1854, found a skeleton with a breastplate of fine gold, buried face downwards. The precious piece of armor, which weighed six pounds, was broken up and the pieces secretly sold to jewelers. Two large pieces, which appear to have been the shoulder bands, and are covered with chasing and enamel, have been given up by a jeweller in Faenza, but the remainder are probably lost. It is known that Theodoric buried the body of Odoacer, his murderer at Ravenna, face downwards, and the Italian antiquarians suppose that this golden harness is really that of the last King of Italy.

The Detroit Post contains an account of a woman, who, to "give the world assurance of a man," went out West, bought a parcel of land, grubbed out fourteen acres of heavy oak, chopped and split rails, built a house, sowed eight acres of wheat, dug ditches, supplied her neighbors with axe-helves and splint-baskets, besides attending to her domestic "chores," all with her own hands, in a year and half. She lives alone, "keeps her own secrets," and is regarded as the "coming woman." Let her vote.

THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.—Of the great work that has been done in the South Sea Islands—a suggestive encouragement to missionary zeal everywhere—an English periodical remarks:—"Incessant war, merciless cruelty, infanticide, indescribable vice, in many places cannibalism, made the strong races in the South Sea Islands a ceaseless terror to each other and to the world outside them. In all but Western Polynesia, the gospel has swept this heathenism away. The four great societies which have sent their brethren forth as messengers of mercy have gathered into Christ's fold 200,000 people, of whom 20,000 are members of the church. They have together expended on the process less than £1,200,000; a sum which, nowadays, will only make a London railway, or furnish the navy with six iron clads. Yet how wonderful the fruit of their toil! 'The wolf dwells with the lamb, the leopard lies down with the kid.'"

We copy the following from the St. John News, and we fully endorse every word of it. It is admitted by persons who have any telegraphing to do that the price is too high:—

The telegraph tolls between P. E. Island and New Brunswick are the same to-day as the tolls between any part of the Western Provinces and St. John, or between Halifax and St. John were twelve months ago—that is 10 cents per word for private messages, and 2 cents to the press. There is no reason in the world why this should be so. If the Montreal and Western Co. could see their way clear to reduce their charges one half, what is to hinder the Companies in charge of the line between the Island and St. John from making a reduction? In this age of cheap travelling, cheap postage, cheap newspapers and gradually cheapening telegraphy, it is preposterous to say the least, to levy between the Island and St. John, and vice versa, double the tolls that are exacted in every other part of British America. We recommend attention to this matter by the concerns interest d.

The St. John News says:—"In the course of an excellent speech, delivered by Mr. R. G. Halliburton at the great meeting held in Halifax last week to make preparation for the suitable reception of the Governor General on his arrival in that city, that gentleman is reported to have declared that 'nothing operated more against the renewal of the reciprocal trade relations with the United States than the unfounded belief, current in parts of the United States, that a very large portion of our people were disloyal, and looked for an opportunity to rupture our connection with Great Britain.'"

The wheat exports from San Francisco for July were 283,000 sacks, valued at \$500,000.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A TRIP THROUGH THE DOMINION.

MR. EDITOR:—

Presuming that an account of a trip through the Dominion, and a description of its inhabitants, may be without interest to your numerous readers—even to that class of them who regard with horror the prospects of a Confederation with Canada—I have ventured to put into readable form my "jottings by the way."

The Cab-men of St. John, N. B., are the most attentive class of people the traveller ever meets. Before the train stops, you will see a eager crowd of "Johnnies" whisking and nodding, and waving their whips. They attract the attention and secure the passenger. He who prefers to walk up town must run the gauntlet through long lines of whip-stalks, and have his cars dimmed with persistent invitations to "ride up," which invitations are generally couched in all the sweetness and persuasiveness of the Irish brogue. The cabman meets you upon every street, and every hour, and for four you may have lost your way, will often ask you to turn about, and "ride up" in his direction. On Wednesday morning the boat started from St. John. Just as she left the wharf, the cry of "man overboard" was raised, and looking out to sea we saw a Ste. mer under tow of a steam-tug, and a man overboard, swimming bolly away from his vessel. A boat was soon upon the spot, too soon, it is said, to save the man. The man with his limbs sprawling, and his face livid, and the vehemence with which he embraced the whiskey, both appeared too earnest to be unpremeditated. The probability was, the man had slipped, and having received his passage money, had contrived to un-ship by accidentally falling overboard, trusting to the well-known dogged persistence of the Captain of the tug-boat to connect the vessel safely from the scene of the disaster. We were soon out past the Island, and battery, and light-house, and fairly upon the bosom of the Bay of Fundy. The ebb and flow of the tide is here strongly marked. You cannot see the long succession of waves towering above each other as they roll in majesty up the Bay, but the line of demarcation between the dark melancholy iron-colored waters of the St. John is always plainly visible. Although the morning was calm and pleasant there was a very heavy swell, and that large boat would ride up and down upon the waves as beautifully and gracefully as the smallest skiff. Some of the passengers appeared to grow sick under the operation, and some appeared to enjoy the pleasing consciousness of cutting a heavy swell for the first time in their lives. To the left appeared the wide expanse of the Atlantic, beautifully dotted over with innumerable fishing vessels, their sails catching in the sun-light, which occasionally burst through the clouds upon them. To the right appeared the line of sea-mounts, and a dangerous, rough-looking coast it is, from St. John to Portland. Hard, iron-looking rocks of slate and gneiss, so different from the sandstone of F. E. Island, apparently scowling in anger at the passing steamer; some scraggy shrubs, some specimens of the cedar and spruce, and some solitary, desecrated birches, standing like monuments mourning over nature's lost fertility, and some few scattered larks among the hills, which would require something more than love in a cottage to make delectable, completed the scenery. When half way between St. John and Eastport, we were shown the place where our boat had struck on the rocks the day before. Coming up with the Yankee vessel, we saw the light-house, but when nearing the light-house during a very thick fog, they heard the report of a gun a little to the right. The order was at once given to reverse the engine, but before this could be effected the boat struck heavily two or three times upon the rocks. At this moment the fog suddenly lifted, and revealed to the passengers their situation. To the right and in front of the boat, the coast lay so near that you could jump with ease upon the rocks. It was a narrow escape, for the wind was blowing briskly at the time, and a few minutes in such a situation would have completed the tragedy. The coast and scenery from this to Eastport is monotonous; the same dark steep granite cliffs, and the same varieties of inlet and harbor. We must turn to the passengers for points of interest. The first impression one gets is that the Yankee, both from the fluency of their speech and the thin, care-worn, business-like appearance which they present. The Yankee is always communicative, and is ever ready to interchange ideas. He is not at all like the gloved, dignified individual whom we frequently meet with on British soil, and who is sure to take the opposite side of the street. On this account the traveller likes better to travel with the Yankee, for he has less to fear from infringing upon the tyrannical rules of etiquette in introductions, which rules were certainly never made for travellers.

After sailing past many small volcanic islands, whose sides run perpendicularly into the water, we reached Eastport. It is a small town, a little larger than Summerside, but with the same cheerless, treeless aspect. Its harbor was filled with fleets of fishing vessels, all merrily busied with the fishy trade. From Eastport to Portland the coast is rocky, but deeply indented with bays and inlets. Away to the left is Grand Manan Island apparently looming up, with its bold, precipitous sides, from the bosom of the ocean. Half of it was obscured by a fog, and its strange, lonely, weird-like aspect, would suggest to us being the native place of fogs, or at least their favorite summer residence. The first impression one gets is that the Yankee, many of which rarely for use, but they are to distinguish from whales, so low do they appear in the water. But the night is coming on, and the outlines of the coast are fading from view, and only a dim, saw-toothed appearance of the hills is seen against the western sky. The lights from the shore loom out to guide the vessel upon its course, and it is night upon the sea.

In the early morning we reach Portland, pass through its narrow entrance, which seems hardly a stones-throw across, and past a strong battery of guns. Here was an immense swarm of fishing vessels, each with a light burning, and as the steamboat winds its way through them, the appearance is very beautiful. To a person of a highly unpoetic disposition, just waking from a sound sleep, they might suggest the idea of taking a trip to Heaven among the stars. But the sleepy traveller is quickly undeceived on nearing Portland, for neither in the appearance of the city nor in the character of its inhabitants, can be found the slightest resemblance to the beauty of the New Jerusalem, or to the divine perfection of the Saints.

Continued next week. B. J. H.

MR. EDITOR:—

The editor of the last Progress gives publicity to the latest falsehood that was circulated, when he asserts that "It is well known that if the people of this Island were to-day free to choose between Confederation and Annexation, an overwhelming majority would decide in favor of Annexation." The people of this Island, no doubt, are at present opposed to joining the Dominion, but great is that opposition, I firmly believe that every man of noble and patriotic feelings, the proprietor and editor of the above named paper, and the few American sympathizers who are to be found in the country—would prefer joining it, and preserving their nationality, rather than join such a country as the United States. What has the Island to gain by becoming annexed to such a heavy taxed and over-burdened country? Would the free and independent people of this Island be willing to throw off their allegiance to the Sovereign and a Constitution that give them every protection and every blessing under Heaven, and in exchange allow themselves to be ruled over and ruled down by Jack Chitman, a Fenian mob, and a lot of outcasts who control the elections in the United States?

I think not, and I am inclined to believe that if the individual who wrote the article I have referred to, was asked by one of the Normal School Students his honest opinion, he would candidly admit I was right. Perhaps the visit of the son of our beloved Queen may give him an opportunity of witnessing the attachment and love to the British Throne, of the thousands who will assemble to welcome him.

OBSERVER.

Bedouque, Aug. 31, 1869.

Summerside Journal.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1869.

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.

PRINCE ARTHUR'S VISIT.

THE PRINCE arrived in Charlottetown at half-past eight on Saturday night last. His Royal Highness was expected at a much earlier hour. The City had put on a holiday dress in honor of the Royal visitor. Flags streamed from hundreds of windows, and lines of them were stretched across the streets in several places. A very handsome triple arch, decorated with evergreens, flowers and flags, and bearing suitable mottoes, was erected on the Main Street, and another very tasteful one, similarly ornamented, was raised on the Queen's Wharf, near the place where the Prince was to land. The Province Building underwent a complete transformation. The sombre, and indeed somewhat dingy chamber of justice, was converted into a handsome banquet room, and the Hall of Legislation was, not by the hands of fairies or Genii, good or bad, but by those of the very substantial Mr. Duchemin and his family, metamorphosed into a gay temple Terpsichorean, overhung with festoons of mingled foliage and flowers, and gorgeously draped with the brilliant banners of all nations. Dull offices were changed into bright robing rooms, resplendent with mirrors; and the Council Chamber, cleared of encumbering tables, completely lost its heaviness, though dignified and official appearance, and became a spacious, light, and cheerful reception room. It seemed a pity that all this lightness and all this beauty must vanish as suddenly as it was created. But jealous business will again demand its own, and will no doubt resent this unwonted and unseemly invasion of its peculiar domain. The City on Saturday evening presented quite a lively aspect. Crowds of people perambulated the streets, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the Prince. The Volunteers, under Col. Beer, took their station on the Queen's Wharf at an early hour. This wharf and the adjoining one was at one time crowded with people, patiently awaiting the arrival of the Dart. The patience of the sight-seers was doomed to be sorely tried. It was fully expected that the Prince would land some time before dark, and consequently all those who wished to catch a glimpse of the son of our beloved Queen, posted themselves, at an early hour, at different points on the route which the procession was to take. Every window along Queen Street was ornamented with fair faces, and hundreds of sight-seers on the tops of the houses awaited the coming of the Prince. Hour after hour passed away, and still no sign of the Dart. About six o'clock the firing of the cannon announced that she was seen from the blockhouse. It was still hoped that she would be in the harbor before dark. But as time wore on, the expectant crowd had another practical illustration of the truth that there is nothing in a name. The Dart proved a very snail, for it was pitch dark before that misnamed gunboat cast anchor in the Hillsborough, opposite the Queen's Wharf. After some little time, a boat was seen approaching the wharf. A cry was raised, "The Prince is coming!" and three hearty cheers were given by those who stood on both wharves. The good people were, however, unfortunately "sold," for the boat contained, besides honest tars, nothing more than sundry valises and portmanteaus. It was certainly very annoying to hear such hearty cheers thrown away on the Prince's clean shirts. This blunder made the crowd more cautious, and when His Royal Highness actually did arrive, he was not greeted with a cheer until he had fairly set his foot on terra firma. The cheers were then loud, hearty and prolonged. But alas for the vanity of human expectations, after all their patient waiting, but a very few of those assembled were gratified by a sight of Prince Arthur. The night was dark, the lights were dim and few, and the stay on the wharf was very short. But for the presence of mind of some loyal subject, the royal cortege would have passed through the streets in comparative darkness, but not in silence, certainly. When the carriage containing the Prince and Sir Robert Hodgson was opposite I. C. Hall's establishment, some good, thoughtful soul, who deserves the thanks of the community, lighted a torch, and holding it aloft, gave the assemblage along the route an opportunity of seeing the Son of their Sovereign. The scene during the passage to Government House was an amusing one. The street on both sides was lined with people, who kept cheering lustily as the carriage approached them, and as it passed closed in behind it, forming, if not a very orderly, at least a very merry and enthusiastic procession. The exuberant loyalty manifested by some few gentlemen, added in no small degree to the liveliness of the scene. The Prince seemed much amused, and we think he enjoyed himself better than if he had made a more orderly and more imposing procession through the streets by daylight. He repeatedly acknowledged the cheers of the crowd; indeed his hat, during the passage from the wharf to Government House, was not on his head for five consecutive seconds. We were much pleased to see the houses on both sides of the street brilliantly illuminated, private as well as public. St. Patrick's Hall was one blaze of light. The excited crowd followed the Prince to Government House door. Drawn up to receive the Prince was Capt. Morris's fine Company of Volunteer Artillery. Im-

mediately on his arrival at Government House, the Mayor and Recorder of the city were introduced to Prince Arthur by His Honor the Administrator of the Government. The Recorder then read the following Address:—

May it Please Your Royal Highness: The Mayor and Corporation of the City of Charlottetown, anxious to manifest the sense of the honor which the visit of Your Royal Highness has conferred upon the City, desire to give you a hearty welcome and present you with an Address, which, with your permission, the Recorder will now read.

ADDRESS.

To His Royal Highness Prince Arthur Patrick William Albert, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter and of the Most Illustrious Order of Saint Patrick, &c., &c.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS:

It is with the highest satisfaction that we, the Mayor and Common Council of the City of Charlottetown, hail the arrival of Your Royal Highness in this City, the capital of Her Majesty's Island Prince Edward.

We rejoice in the opportunity thus afforded us of testifying to a son of our Beloved Queen the sentiments of loyalty and devotion to Her Majesty's Royal person, and of regard and esteem for Her august family, which pervade the hearts of Her subjects in this Her City of Charlottetown.

It is our happiness as well as our pride, that we live under the sway of a Monarch whose eminent virtues, displayed in the exercise of Her duties, either as Queen, wife, or mother, have justly endeared Her to Her loving and faithful subjects in every quarter of the globe, and gained for Her the esteem, admiration and respect of the whole civilized world.

We would remind Your Royal Highness that the Island has the honor of bearing the name of Your Illustrious Grandfather, who took great interest in its welfare, and whose memory has been gratefully perpetuated among us.

We regret that this, the first visit of Your Royal Highness, is to be of such limited duration, as we feel confident that a more extended knowledge of the country and its people would be as productive of pleasure to Your Royal Highness as of gratification to its inhabitants.

Whatever may be the dispensation of an all-wise Providence in the future career of Your Royal Highness, we pray to assure you, that it is our sincere prayer that it may be attended with health, happiness and prosperity.

Given under our common Seal, at the City of Charlottetown, this Twenty-eighth day of August, in the Year of Our Lord 1869.

THEOPHILUS DESBRISAY, Mayor, JOHN LAWSON, Q. C. Recorder.

The Prince, in peculiarly distinct tones, and with a pleasing manner, replied as follows:—

REPLY.

To the Mayor and Common Council of the City of Charlottetown.

GENTLEMEN,—

I am deeply touched by the address which you have just read to me.

Your loyalty and attachment to Her Majesty's Throne and person are well known to the Queen, and it will afford me the greatest satisfaction to report to Her these fresh proofs of devotion so unmistakably evinced by your reception of Her Son, and by the eloquent words of your address.

The deep interest which Her Majesty takes in the welfare of the people of this portion of Her Dominion cannot be more clearly shown to you than by my informing you, that although my stay in this part of the world would be of very short duration, it was Her wish that I should not omit to visit the Island of Prince Edward.

Pray accept my hearty thanks for your kind wishes for my welfare, and for the cordial welcome you have given me.

ARTHUR.

The appearance of the Prince is very prepossessing. He is, we think, rather above medium height; his complexion is fair, and his features are good. He bears considerable resemblance to the Prince of Wales, but is, in our estimation, much more intellectual looking. There is nothing very striking in the Prince's appearance. He looks like what he no doubt is—an intellectual, well-bred young gentleman. Those who have had the honor of meeting him in private, are charmed with his urbanity and the unaffected simplicity of his manner. He would not be the son of his mother if he did not show the utmost consideration for the feelings of the humblest of those with whom he comes in contact.

On Sunday the Prince attended Divine Service, in the morning, at St. Paul's Church. The Church was crowded, and many were unable to obtain seats. Whether so many went to see the Prince or to hear an excellent, plain, gospel sermon from the Rev. Mr. Partridge, we cannot say. In either case none were disappointed. Before the Service had ended, an immense crowd assembled around the entrance to the Church, anxious to get a glimpse of His Royal Highness. It was with great difficulty that the congregation got through the crowd. The Prince graciously acknowledged the courtesy shown him, stepped into the carriage with the Administrator of the Government, and drove slowly away, thus affording the assembled multitude a good view of him. In the evening he walked through several of the principal streets, accompanied by the Private Secretary, R. R. Hodgson, Esq., some of the officers of the Dart, and other gentlemen.

Monday was kept as a holiday by the good people of Charlottetown. The shops were closed, and the streets were filled with people of both town and country, anxious to catch a glimpse of Prince Arthur. A Levee was held at Government House, at which about two hundred gentlemen were presented to His Royal Highness. This was for the different layers of "upper crust," but for those whose "full dress" was a homespun coat, and trousers to match, there seemed, in the early part of the day, but a slight chance of their getting a peep at the Prince, whom they had waited so patiently and come so far to see. Owing to the kind consideration of His Honor the Administrator, or to the good nature of the Prince, or to both combined, an excellent opportunity was afforded the loyal undressed of setting their eyes on the son of Victoria. The Prince and suite, with the Administrator and suite, at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, appeared in full view for nearly half an hour on the balcony of the Colonial Building. The assembled multitude were greatly gratified, and evinced the warmth of their feelings of gratitude and loyalty by loud and repeated cheers. Immediately after this, Mr. Lewis, Photographer, took a sun picture of the Prince and Sir Robert Hodgson, as they sat in their carriage under the arch in the Main Street.

The most beautiful and the most imposing part of the whole proceedings in honor of the Prince's visit, was a torch light procession, improvised by Capt. Strickland, Rogers and McKinnon, of the city firemen. More than two hundred firemen, each bearing a lighted torch, escorted the Prince from Government House to the Colonial Building. The scene was really magnificent. We hear that the Prince was much pleased with this mark of attention paid him by the loyal Fire Brigade of Charlottetown. The streets were crowded with spectators, whose ulzaas were quite as frequent and as enthusiastic as they were on Saturday night. A large bonfire was lighted on Rochfort Square, which illuminated the whole of that part of the city. There was also a display of fire-works on Queen Square, near the Colonial Building. We must not forget to mention that St. Patrick's Hall was again, on Monday night, from basement to roof, one blaze of light. The Hall was kept up until about half-past two, when the Prince, accompanied by the Administrator and suite, drove to the Queen's Wharf, where a boat was waiting to convey him on board the Dart. He was loudly cheered as the boat left the wharf.

It is said that Prince Arthur is much pleased with his visit to the Island, and we know that he has won golden opinions from all classes of his Royal Mother's subjects in this small and distant Colony.

ROADS.—The roads near Charlottetown are in a disgraceful state, considering all the money that has this year been expended on them. The roads leading into the City are much worse than those near Summerside. The only reason we can give for this is that the stone used here is better adapted for road-making, and that the men who do or superintend the work, know better how to do it. If the money expended on the public roads leading into Charlottetown, had been judiciously laid out, and a man appointed to oversee the work who understands road-making, farmers going to market would not be compelled, at this season of the year, to wade their teams through a foot of mud. But it is as it is—and so it ever will be so long as a half-dozen men, such as we saw the other day, are kept merely throwing soft earth on the roads.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH.—We attended service in this Church, in Charlottetown, on Sunday evening last. The Church stands on the west side of Rochfort Square, and is built of brick. The ground around it is rather "boggy," but we suppose the foundation is on a rock. To a stranger, the inside of the building presents an unfinished appearance; but we were told that it was finished according to the Ritualistic style. There are no pews, each person is provided with a chair. The rules are for the ladies to sit on the left side and the men on the right; this rule is not very strictly observed, however. On the right, inside the entry, is a large font containing water—holy we suppose—on the front of it are the words "Emmanuel." Inside of the communion rail, and at the very rear of the building is the altar, which stands considerably higher than the floor on which are seated the congregation. On one side of the altar, but entirely hid from view, stands a large organ, which sends out sweet music. The ceiling over the altar is painted blue, and dotted with crosses and stars of gold color. Painted on the wall, in different colors, are the words "The Word was made Flesh and dwelt among us." When the bell, which is erected outside of the main building, ceases to ring, the Parson comes out of a room on the left side, followed by about twenty or thirty boys, all dressed in white. These take their places on both sides of the altar, and do all the chanting. The Parson is dressed in a white surplice, wearing a scarlet cross on the back. The whole of the service is chanted, except the delivery of the sermon. The pulpit is erected outside of the communion rail on the west end. Overhanging it is a beautiful piece of embroidery with a cross on it. The service was conducted by the regular Parson, the Rev. George Hodgson. The sermon was preached by a Rev. gentleman from Halifax. He chose as his text the 62d chapter of Isaiah, 1st and 6th verses. His style was very much like that of Henry Ward Beecher. He pitched into the Dissenters and others, right and left. Many such watchmen we fear, spend more time in abusing those who happen to differ from them, and who will not embrace this new religion, than they do in giving the alarm when the enemy is approaching. Some trumpets give an uncertain sound. We learn that this Church is not under the control of the Bishop of good old St. Paul's, neither does the name of worship practiced in it, receive his sanction.

The above is a brief outline of Saint Peter's Protestant (?) Church!

BISHOP BINNEY.—His Lordship Bishop Binney preached at St. Eleanor's last Sunday morning, and confirmed several persons. In the evening His Lordship preached in Summerside on a crowded congregation. From the Corinthians, 1st ch. and 30th verse. The sermon was excellent, and was listened to with great attention. To some it would appear that too much importance was attached to the Sacraments, as the Bishop dwelt much on the Lord's Supper as a means of grace or a channel whereby blessings are communicated. The Bishop denounced self pride and self-glorifying. Before the sermon, and after the services of the evening were read, the Bishop expressed his gratification that the debt on the Church was paid or nearly paid off—was sorry that the building was so small for a growing place like Summerside, and would like to see it enlarged. He hoped that the payment of the dues for the support of the Ministry, would not be forgotten, and the congregation were now called on for more exertion on account of the Parent Societies having withdrawn a portion of the support heretofore given. The Bishop also earnestly commended the fund for the Widows and Orphans of the Clergy, to the consideration of each congregation. On the importance of Sunday Schools, His Lordship spoke earnestly—to the Sunday Schools, in a great measure does the advancement and the prosperity of the Church depend. The Teachers should be encouraged. A great responsibility rests on the Parents to train up their children. There was a spurious liberality abroad in the world that a child should not receive early religious impressions, but he left to grow up and judge for itself. The devil would be sure to sow bad seed; when the child was brought to the Lord in Baptism, it was given back again to its parents with the injunction "take this Child and bring it up for Me." These and other matters His Lordship forcibly dwelt on.

EXHIBITION.—The Queen's County Fair and Exhibition will be held in Charlottetown, on Tuesday and Wednesday the 12th and 13th days of October next.

ST. DUNSTON'S.—The Classes in St. Dunstan's College were resumed yesterday.

THE REV. MR. FALCONER, will D. V., preach in the Presbyterian Church, at Alberton, on Sunday next, at the usual time.

THE REV. MR. DESBRISAY, will preach in the School House, at Traveler's Rest, Lot 19, on Sunday next, at 3 o'clock, p. m.

LARGE quantities of new Oats have been brought in and disposed of during the past few days. They sold for 3s. per bushel.

The shipping of oysters has again commenced. The price per barrel is 7s to 8s.

We have received a copy of "Three Lectures on the connection between Sacred and Profane History," compiled by W. H. Buckenfield, Esq., late School Visitor.

W. R. Watson, Esq., Druggist, of this City, showed us yesterday a sample of Hare's Dwarf marrow-fat peas grown in his garden, which really astonished us. In one pod selected at random, there were seven seeds which weighed nearly half an ounce and measured 1 1/2 inches each in circumference. They are not unlike small broad beans. They are perfectly free from worms.—Pat.