They went back to the edge of the grave, which was now deep enough, and over which Walter stood with fixed eyes and a solemn, earnest, sad, and melancholy mein that was truly heart-rending to look at. He looked at the clayey mould, and he seemed to think was that the bed whereon Clara should lay her snowy form? was that the last resting-place for her innocent babe? Two feelings seemed struggling for the mastery within him—hate and despair. Hate conquered, with all its wild, burning attendants—rage, revenge, fury, the whole horde of murderous imps that ride upon the most hellish of our instincts—because it is the most opposite to the holy precepts of Christianity, which men do scoff at and deny, because it is simple, not subtle; because it asks nothing of their boasted intellect, all of their heart and soul.

He brought his wife himself to the edge of the grave, after wrapping her in all his best linen and skins; he placed the mangled babe in its tiny cradle, and brought his best articles of furniture and broke them up—for what purpose the friends could not say. Then he lowered her into the grave, and having laid her decently and gently down, placed her poor child at her feet, and with broken chairs and tables he began to build a kind of arch over her, that screened her from the pressure of the earth which was to conceal her both from man and the prowling beasts of the field forever. The friends stood by without giving him any assistance, as he seemed to wish to do it all himself. They silently handed him whatever he appeared to want, and waited.

Presently he came out of the grave, gave one harrowing look into its gloomy and wild depths, for so they seemed, and took up his spade.

Harvey spoke then.

"Shall we assist you, Wally?" he said, gently.

The other shook his head and began his self-imposed task with all the usual energy of a woodsman. The earth sounded hollow as it fell on the boarding of boards, and the two companions, white and red-skin, shuddered as its dull echo came to their ears, for both knew and esteemed her whose gentle spirit had once inhabited that mortal fabric. The Crow's Nest had been their favorite resting-place during their hunts in the woods, and there they had always found a hearty welcome, a bed and a supper, from the kind hostess, the minister's dead daughter.

The grave was soon filled, and a tall mound marked the spot where rested the body, the soul being elsewhere in God's keeping, of Clara Barking once, then Clara [illegible] since by marriage ties to the Judge, and sister-in-law to the [illegible] of the Block, wife of one of the most celebrated characters in American border history, WALTER HARROD.

The grave was finished quite, and the hunter moved away to his house, from which he brought out a small barrel of gunpowder. He filled his horn quite full, and then he buried the rest about two feet deep, close to a charred stump. This done, he went back and set fire to his hut by piling up all the furniture in a heap, with hay and dry grass. As it blazed up he retreated to some distance, and seemed determined to see the utter destruction of his home ere he departed. He stood leaning on his rifle, gazing vacantly at the flames as they rose and fell, crackled and spluttered in the warm air of that autumn day.

It was a terrible scene to view. That morning the clearing had been redolent of life; that man had left it to hunt the wild deer of the forest, with a happy, joyous smile upon his honest face; and his wife had whispered low that he was to take care of himself, for his Clara's sake and for that of the innocent babe and dear boy; and Walter had laughed, and bade Amy Moss scold her for talking so weakly of danger where there was none; and now the hand of the destroyer had swept away all that made that little spot a thing of beauty and a thing of joy—the soul had abandoned it, and naught was left but the outward frame, without animation, without life.

And the well-dried log-hut burned on high, and the flames rose furiously, and the blaze burst forth, and here crawled like serpents up along the roof, and here roared in the chimney, and the flowers dried up and perished in an instant, and smoke hest down about the fields, and Walter Harrod leaned on his rifle and laughed a wild, horrid, savage laugh that was painful to hear.

"He will be ready soon," said Custa, in a low tone—"the panther is savage, the wolf creeps, the snake glides, the rattle-snake stings; but the white man will be fiercer than the panther, more sly than the wolf, more silent than the snake, more deadly than the deadliest thing. Every crack of his rifle a red-skin will die."

"You're about right, Custa. He's swindrylled and cut up; he'll be on the trail of the varmint in no time. I pity all the red-skins he meets—they'd better be dead, that's all."

"The Great Spirit has taken away his brains," said Custa; "he is like a child learning to walk. We must guide him, or he will fall into the trap set for the black bear."

"He must stick to us a while—but he's making signs to us," replied Harvey, who, followed by Custaloga approached him.

He sat down, spread some provisions, motioning them to eat, and did the same himself, after swallowing a horn of potent corn-juice, which few men in those days could have stood without wincing. But the trappers and backwoodsmen were always accustomed to drink spirits undiluted with water, and in very large quantities. Abstinence was unknown in those days; when some men drank huge quantities, they were called drunkards; some drank in moderation—they were called sober and temperate.

Neither Custa nor Harvey refused the offer, and for some time the trio ate in gloomy silence. Then that man, Walter Harrod, the Silent Hunter, uprose, shook himself, and made sign that he was about to follow the trail of the Indians. His friends made no objection. All looked to their rifles, felt for their knives, and then away they went along the wide and open trail, which seemed to lead towards the Indian village of Chillicothe.

They had now entered upon a task of extreme difficulty, danger, and doubtful issue, one that required the exertion of all that acute perception and that indomitable courage which mainly led to a successful end the enterprises of those bold men who did the work of civilization on the borders of the early settlements. Harvey having proposed, and the Silent Hunter making no objection, it was considered accepted that Custaloga was chief of the expedition. He at once, therefore, assumed the lead. They moved in Indian file along the clearing—Custa first, then Harrod, then Harvey, until they reached its western extremity. Then [illegible] round and gave one last look at the scene, after which they [illegible] and were soon utterly out of sight beneath the leafy arches of the forest.

The hut smouldered, the sun shone, the dead slept, while the domestic fowls flew away scared and frightened; and the church in the morning had been a little earthly paradise, a picture of joy and pure delight, was now a scene of desolation, decay and death.

But about a quarter of an hour after the departure of the three avengers, a solitary Indian straggler came out of the woods, gazed with a singular expression of surprise and ferocious delight at the scene, and then striking the double trail, plunged again into the gloomy cover of the forest on the immediate track of the white men.

And the sun was hot, and the wind was low, and the trees waved not, and a brighter day never shone on the fertile lands watered by the Ohio—lands which, for many a long day, truly and painfully deserved the fearful epithet of the Bloody Ground, which little events like that recorded above often gave to many a lovely and beautiful spot in the backwoods and prairies of the vast continent of North America.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Herald.

MR. EDITOR,—Last week I alluded briefly to the unscrupulous manner in which the editor of the *Examiner* has been assisting the Col. Sec'y to give this Island a "bad reputation." It was much against my inclination I done so, for there is no man in the Colony in whose favor I would rather say "good than evil things." From the stand which he took in former times as an advocate of popular rights, and the battles which he fought in favor of the people, he claimed my admiration and sympathy, and I thought he would be the last man in this Island who would prove recreant to his long-avowed principles. It appears, however, that I and hundreds of others have been mistaken, and the moment he sees a chance—not the good opportunity, either—of elevating his political status, he hesitates not to do so, though he should trample in the mire those who placed within his reach the opportunities.

A paltry squabble is got up between the *Examiner* and the *Islander* for the purpose, I take it, of throwing dust in the eyes of the people and of averting the storm of wrath which they see is unmistakeably setting in against them, and in which they both go over the old story of the land question. The opinions of the *Examiner* are modified considerably in reference to the importation of soldiers here, and I believe that were it not for this miserable Confederation humbug, which is making friends of enemies and enemies of friends, the tone of that paper on many questions which agitate the public mind at present would be quite different. The mass of the people throughout the country in every section and of all shades of opinion are becoming thoroughly disgusted with and tired of the Government, and there never was a better opportunity presented of giving them their death blow. Indeed they are doing it themselves without assistance from any quarter; and, as if aware of the inevitable doom which awaits them, they are destroying all within their reach, leaving behind them a track as desolate and dark as the tomb. There cannot be the least doubt but that it is the Orangemen of this County who were the "blind supporters" of the Government at the last election who are now giving them the most trouble. I was asked several times while it was the rage to join that organization. It was striven to be pointed out to me that I would be a traitor to my country; that Protestantism was in danger; that popery was going to over-run the land, and crush as beneath its grinding despotism; that our only hope and stay—the best bower anchor of our liberties, was in joining an Orange lodge and supporting the present Government.

"And more was horrible and awful,
Which e'en to name would be unlawful."

I even put myself to a good deal of trouble to attend the lectures of the Rev. David Fitzgerald on William III., the hero of Orangemen, to see if it would strengthen my faith in the system—which it did not; but it appeared to me that Dr. Stratton knocked his reverence, his lecture and his hero into a cocked hat with one pithy sentence which many who were in attendance that night cannot have forgotten since. I am well pleased when I contemplate the state of affairs which obtain at present, that I did not allow myself to be cajoled into joining that society, not that any of the arguments I heard in its favor had any effect upon me, but simply because it was the fashion at the time. There are hundreds who had not the same rectinence which I had—who hampered their own judgment by their acts, and who are now in direct opposition to the Government. The Col. Sec'y fostered it, as must now be apparent to everybody of common sense, for the purpose of retaining his office and salary, but, like every man who is not guided by correct and honorable principles, and who is not actuated by fairness in his dealings with his fellow-men, his schemes only recoil on his own head and prove the truth of the adage, if proof were necessary, that 'honesty is the best policy.' There were several bigotted clergymen and other zealots throughout the country who assisted, to the best of their contemptible ability, the Col. Sec'y in his dirty work, and who are now silent on the subject, as if ashamed of the work of their own hands.

I reasoned with myself in reference to Orangeism thus:—If it be the "Thing of Beauty," which its advocates represent it to be, how is it in Ireland where it flourishes in all its native luxuriance, that it leads to turbulence and bloodshed? How is it that, in that country, the land of its origin and its birth, the great mass of the people are in poverty and misery, and periodically threatened with starvation? How is it that, if it is a benefit to any country, it does not keep the Irish at home—that the Protestant and the Catholic, the Orangeman and the Ribbonman, all alike have to fly beyond the western wave in thousands, and seek for themselves a home in the New World. It would be well for themselves and the country they make their adopted home if, when shaking the dust of the old land from off their feet, they left behind them also its prejudices and the bitterness which party strife engenders. They could not then be made the ready tools of they are at all times by designing political mountebanks of the Col. Sec'y stamp who have struggled into an unenviable notoriety. It astonishes me beyond anything else I know of to see the sons of "Caledonia stern and wild," men from the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood," induced to join Orangeism. It must be the result of ignorance, [illegible] they are both degenerate. Lord Byron, lamenting the degeneracy of the Greeks, which it took long centuries to accomplish, indignantly exclaims:

"And must the lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine."

I, too, reprove the Scots in this Island, the countrymen of the murdered McDonalds of Glencoe, for cherishing the memory of their butcher, William III., the patron saint of Orangeism. Can it be possible that the Highlanders located in our midst are the descendants of the faithful, the trusty, and the brave who scorned from the inheritors of William's usurped throne the reward of £30,000 to betray the unfortunate Prince Charles Edward, and who protected and harbored him at the risk of their lives. Such instances of faithfulness as are recorded of this stormy period can hardly be found in the annals of history. Spirits of Flora McDonald and Donald Cameron whither are ye fled? Ye cannot surely animate the breasts of the sons of "old Scotia," who have made this Colony their home, otherwise they would not be blind worshippers of the phlegmatic Dutchman who has no claim to their consideration. That a clever and ambitious Scotchman who saw no other way of elevating himself to power should use his simple countrymen for that purpose, there would be some excuse for; but to allow the Col. Sec'y to dupe them—to slide into office on their shoulders—why, it serves them right if he would first barter away their rights to Canada for a "mess of pottage" for himself, and afterwards, if they grumbled, to present bayonets to their breasts. These remarks might be extended to any length, but my object just now is not so much to discuss Orangeism and the motives which induce men to join it as to give further illustrations of the policy which appears to actuate some of the worthy members of our truly paternal Government.

In no other country in the world, I believe, could a popular representative tell his constituents to their teeth that they were in a state of anarchy," and required the intervention of soldiers to keep them in order, as the Col. Sec'y has told his in the fourth district of Queen's County, and still he is allowed to retain his place. The man who would do so must be possessed of consummate impudence, or he must calculate largely on the ignorance of those whom he represents. Such a state of things would not be allowed to exist in any enlightened community where the smallest spark of independence manifested itself, and the man who would so express himself would be very speedily called to account by those whom he misrepresented, and forced into his native obscurity from whence he should never be allowed to emerge. But in happy Prince Edward Island there is no public spirit, and a man can insult and abuse and barter away with impunity the rights of those whom he is bound by every tie of honor to protect and respect, and yet the people whose servant he is raise no warning voice to stop him in his mad career.

There are in the British House of Commons a class of politicians generally known as Spoonerites, which cognomen they received from their acknowledged leader, who is since dead, being of that name. They are now marshalled under the leadership of two buffoons, named respectively Whally and Newdegate. It seems to be their particular province to be always attacking popery. They appear never to be at their ease unless when declaiming against the "abominations of the Church of Rome." They are generally fourth or fifth-rate men, and in the Imperial Parliament they create a good deal of amusement by their vagaries for those who listen to them. But there they can do no harm, as they are objects of derision, and because they are kept in their place. Now, it must be self-evident to any person that if a man of this description became the leader of a ruling party, or was placed in a situation of trust where he would be, comparatively speaking, uncontrolled, that his power for mischief would be great, especially if surrounded by unprincipled advisers. If a man of this class, such as I have been describing, were made Governor of this Colony, for instance, it is merely certain that in his Government the policy which he always supported would be carried out, and hence it is that religious bigotry and intolerance which over-run the land seriously threatened its peace. If the same man, in addition to his bigotry, made a speech in his place in Parliament on the occasion of certain bread-riots in London, in which there occurred the words that there was nothing like "the trail of a six-pounder on the pavement" for frightening a mob, and advised the interference of military force to quell a riot, it is also certain that the means which he advocated would be used on the exhibition of the slightest symptoms of turbulence, and hence the advent of troops amongst us, and "the trail of a six-pounder on the pavement" to put down an imaginary riot. But we will be told such a man is "charitable," and a gentleman to whom it is easy to gain access." So also was Lord George Gordon, but the readers of English history know the frightful outbursts of turbulence, the murders, the rioting and the destruction which took place by the encouragement which that nobleman received in his fanatical career.

I have not finished, Mr. Editor, what I intended to say on the subject, but a regard for your space prevents me from pursuing it any further just now. If I feel inclined I may return to it next week; but in case I do not, I may state that I chose the columns of your journal as the medium through which my lucubrations should see the light, because I consider it the most independent on all questions of any published in the city. Other journals, doubtless, have their own peculiar qualifications.

I remain yours,

A FREEHOLDER.

Queen's County, Sept. 2, 1865.

[WE wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not hold ourselves responsible in any way for the opinions of our correspondents; and to "A Freeholder" we would say, without any wish to offend, that should he favor us with any more of his "lucubrations," we shall exercise a due supervision over them, by compressing them to within something like reasonable proportions—a duty which, owing to want of time, we have neglected this week.—ED. HERALD.]

The Herald.

Wednesday, September 13, 1865.

SUMMERSIDE.

FOUR years ago we visited the above place, which was then a somewhat extended and straggling village; but since that time it has become compact and developed into a snug little town. Last week, when business engagements called us there and detained us for two or three days, we could not fail to observe how rapid had been its growth and progress. Summerside can now boast of some fine stores and buildings, and new ones are being constructed every day. A bank is in course of erection, and will be completed about the 1st of November, as we were informed by J. A. McDonald, Esq., through whose courtesy we were pointed out the building, with its vault, so soon to become the receptacle of the hopes, the fears and the anxieties of the business men of Summerside. It can also boast of a goodly number of Churches, hotels, a printing office and an oyster saloon. Of the first, which will soon be increased by a new and handsome brick chapel, about to be erected by the Very Rev. James McDonald, the zealous pastor of the parish of Indian River, we will only say that if the piety of the Summerside folk correspond in any degree to the number of their churches, they must be very devout indeed; as to the hotels, why, the less we say of them the better; but we were informed, and we hope the information is correct, that a good hotel will soon be opened in the building of James Campbell, Esq., one of the finest and most commodious in Summerside. Of the oyster saloon, kept by Mr. A. J. McLellan,—a most attentive and obliging caterer—we can speak very favorably. No longer required to supply ubiquitous *clams*, the native oyster is now furnished in every style, according to the taste or the state of the finances of the epicure. The Bedeque oysters are far-famed, and we think we discharge a public duty in recommending all visitors to Summerside who may be desirous of enjoying the luxury of a dish of those delightful bivalves to visit McLellan's well-ordered saloon. Notwithstanding the number of houses recently put up, and the rapidity with which they are built, still rent is very high in Summerside; and, as numbers are flocking into this rising town, will, we presume, continue to be so. We regret to observe that in the hurry of building, but slight attention has been paid to the appearance of the town and the regularity of its streets, which run in every direction save at right angles. The pursuit of business appears to be an absorbing passion, and the acquisition of money is sought with avidity. To the business tact and smartness of the people, as much as to a semi-weekly steam communication with the mainland, and the rich agricultural country which backs the town, must be attributed the rapid strides and increasing prosperity of Summerside, the population of which, while numbering but seven hundred in 1860, must now be close on to two thousand souls. From our slight experience and observation we feel privileged to say that the business or larger portion of the population are about as shrewd specimens of humanity as are anywhere to be found. We don't know that there is anything to suggest for the improvement of our Summerside friends, unless, indeed, a more extensive and substantial patronage of the HERALD, which has not been slow to recognize their merits, even if they have been tardy in discovering ours. But perhaps they wisely reserve all their favor to be bestowed upon the *Summerside Journal*, which Mr. Bertram is about to establish this Fall. If so, we beg to be excused for the suggestion in our own behalf, while we heartily wish success to the enterprise of a brother typo. Ship-building is carried on very extensively at Summerside, principally by the Hon. J. C. Pope, who might, with some truth, be termed the Founder of the Town. Were it not that the harbor is somewhat narrow, and closes early in the Fall, the extent of its shipping interest would be very considerable; but the want of accurate information prevents us at present from entering at large into those points which will be reserved for a future occasion.

THE BARRACKS AGAIN.

THE *Islander* of Friday last pronounces the article in last week's HERALD in reference to the Barrack contract, to be one of the most "impudent" that has ever appeared even in our columns. Now, if the Secretary means by this that it is impudence on our part to question the conduct of the Government in the matter of public tenders, or indeed in any other business or question, we can tell him that, so long as we command a free press, we shall be prepared to repeat the offence to a still greater degree, whenever the dishonesty, extravagance or folly of the Executive for the time being shall demand it. Knowing the Secretary's *modesty* as illustrated on more than one occasion, and more recently in attempting to dictate to his colleagues, when a Delegate had to be appointed to the "Confederate Council" at Quebec, we shall not waste time or space in discussing with him the meaning of the word impudent. We shall rather come to what seems to be the real point at issue, and that is, whether we stated anything at variance with the truth. But before producing any evidence on the points in dispute, we may observe that the *Islander* offers no defence of the anomaly or rather the impropriety of a superintendent of Public Works undertaking a contract to construct certain buildings—as in the present case of Mr. Alley with the Barracks—the plans and specifications of which were prepared by himself, but from which he may vary as much as he pleases, as there is no person to inspect his work, nor to certify to its faithful performance. A few weeks, too, will tell whether or not the work will be completed within the time specified, and, in the event of non-fulfilment of the terms of the contract in every particular, whether or not a penalty of two-thirds will be exacted. It is needless to say that on the strictness observed and enforced in these matters depends the honesty and fair-play of tendering; for, if the stipulations of a contract be not rigidly exacted, the lower tender may in the end be found to be the higher. Neither has the *Islander* nor Mr. Alley denied the correctness of our statements in reference to Mr. Essory in this matter, so that the public may safely assume we have written nothing but the truth on both the points now stated. Indeed it would betray extreme folly on our part to make statements which we know or suspected to be not strictly accurate, as in such case we might readily suppose they would be easily and speedily refuted. If at any time we may give publicity to statements upon hearsay evidence which afterwards turn out to be unreliable, we shall gladly rectify the error into which we had been led, and thus endeavor to maintain a reputation for veracity. In this case our remarks were written advisedly, having received the facts from parties whom we know would not wittingly misrepresent; and if anything were wanting to justify our suspicions, it is to be found in the circumstance (generally reported and believed) that Mr. Alley's tender was made out in the hand-writing of the Secretary, and also in the fact that a member of the Executive has been buying up all the lumber offered for sale at the wharfs during the past week, and having the same hauled to the barrack site with his own horses. Viewing all the facts of the case, we are safe in arriving at the conclusion, that the Government goose will be plucked by others, as well as Mr. Alley in this Barrack-business, as the tax-payers of the Colony will learn to their cost in due time, when the bills in connection therewith, as also those which are more than likely to be presented for soldiers, (as the Government organ now begins to admit,) comes to be paid.

We now place before our readers the following correspondence, which completely substantiates our remarks in last week's HERALD in reference to the contracts for building the barracks, and we leave the public to draw their own inferences and to form their own conclusions from the testimony now adduced, merely remarking that Mr. Lowe's character for integrity and truth has never yet been called in question; unless, indeed by the unscrupulous editor of the *Islander*:—

COLONIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
7th Sept., 1865.

☞ The Colonial Secretary presents his compliments to Mr. Ings, and requests that he will give publicity to the following correspondence.

Charlottetown, 7th Sept., 1865.

SIR,—I enclose you the *Herald* of Wednesday last, and desire your attention to the statement therein contained, namely, that a tender for building the Barracks was taken by Mr. Lowe to the Secretary's Office, at 12 o'clock, on Tuesday the 29th ult.—no other tender was in before theirs, nor was any other received at the Secretary's Office for twenty minutes after 12, when Mr. Lowe left.

At about fifteen or twenty minutes after 12 o'clock, on the 29th ult., I received while at Government House an envelope enclosing two tenders. The envelope and tenders were opened by me in the presence of His Honor the Administrator of the Government. One tender was from Messrs. Lowe and Barnard, the other from Mr. Alley. You will please inform me at what time you received Mr. Alley's tender.

Yours obed't. servant,
W. H. POPE.

J. W. Morrison, Deputy, Col. Sec'y.

Colonial Secretary's Office,
Charlottetown, Sept. 7, 1865.

SIR,—In reply to your note of this day's date requesting to know at what time I received a Tender from Mr. Alley for Building the Barracks, I beg to say that Mr. Alley handed me the Tender about 20 minutes before 12 o'clock, on Tuesday, the 29th ult. Mr. Robins, of the Treasury, was present when Mr. Alley placed the Tender in my possession. Mr. Robins will doubtless distinctly remember the circumstance from the fact, that Mr. Alley, when he handed in his Tender, inquired whether "any other Tenders had been sent in," and was told in reply, "that the question was an improper one, which I would not answer."

I am, Sir, Your obed't. servant,
JNO. W. MORRISON,
Deputy Col. Sec'y.

The Hon. W. H. POPE, Col. Sec'y. —*Isl.*

To the Editor of the Herald

SIR:—

Humble as I am, I feel it due to my character to contradict the foul insinuations in the *Islander* of Friday last, with respect to the tenders for the new Barracks, and for that purpose I enclose my affidavit containing the exact words which passed between Mr. Morrison and myself, which conversation was commenced by Mr. Morrison; and I trust that those who have known me during my residence in Charlottetown will be able to judge which statement is the more truthful; but I will not be accountable for anything which has appeared or may appear in print, unless my name be attached; and, indeed, it is with reluctance that I feel myself compelled to appeal to the press in the matter at all.

I am, Sir,
Your ob't. serv't.
WILLIAM LOWE.

11th Sept., 1865.

QUEEN'S COUNTY. } PERSONALLY came and appeared
To wit: } before me, PETER MCGOWAN, Esq., one of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace for Queen's County, and City Clerk of Charlottetown, WILLIAM LOWE, of Charlottetown, who being duly sworn on the Holy Evangelists, deposeth and saith, that he deposeit, on the 29th day of August last, handed to J. W. Morrison, Esq., at the office of the Colonial Secretary, in the Colonial Building, a Tender for building the new Barracks; that the said Mr. Morrison said to deponent, "How is it that you put it off to the last moment?" When deponent said, "It is in good time, as it wants two minutes of 12 o'clock by the clock opposite,"—striking the clock in the Church tower. That Mr. Morrison then said, "I suppose the new Barracks will cost five or six thousand pounds." Deponent replied, "It will cost a large sum no doubt." Mr. Morrison further stated, "The Government have in funds between four and five thousands pounds from the sale of the old Barrack, which will be a good help. *Your tender is the only one which I have received, and if any come in after this I shall mark on them the number of minutes after 12 o'clock at which they may be received.*" Deponent asked, "Is that the way?" Mr. Morrison said "Yes, so that no blame can be attached to me; the Government may receive or reject as they please."

WILLIAM LOWE.

Sworn before me this 11th day of September, 1865.
PETER MCGOWAN, J. P., and City Clerk.

DELEGATION TO THE CONFEDERATE COUNCIL.—Last week we announced that the Hon. J. C. Pope had been appointed to attend this Council as a Delegate on the part of this Island. He left on Friday last for Quebec, and will probably be absent in connection with this duty for three or four weeks. These facts, which will be received with much interest by the public, have not been announced in the *Islander*, but the silence of the Government Organ is accounted for on the ground of the disappointed feelings of the Colonial Secretary, who is said to have attempted to force his colleagues to appoint him in the place of his brother. Failing in this, he resigned his seat in the Executive; but, finding that his resignation was likely to be accepted, he withdrew it on the plea that His Honor, the Administrator of the Government ought not to be troubled with such petty squabbles. He now revenges himself by withholding the foregoing information from the public.

SWINDLING.—A *light-fingered* vagrant calling himself Henri Denier, of the Denier Brothers, and his equally accomplished agent, Henry Giles, who have lately been giving slight-of-hand performances in the Provinces, have made it a practice throughout their tour to swindle the printers, hotel-keepers, and everybody else who would trust them. We hope the scoundrels may soon be brought to justice and punished as their rascality deserves. Another worthy, a Mr. G. W. Kimball, who has been doing business in Charlottetown for two years past on other peoples' goods and money, lately skedaddled, leaving large liabilities unpaid. There can be no doubt but that this fellow formed the deliberate intention of swindling his creditors, and we regret to know that he has been aided in his villainy by those who wish to bear a reputation for honesty and honor. The unsophisticated Provincials cannot be too wary of these Yankee birds of passage, who are a disgrace to the country from which they hail. The former rogues, we presume, have succeeded in reaching the "land of notions," and the latter is supposed to be somewhere about Gaspe or along the North Shore of New Brunswick. It is a satisfaction to know that Kimball was forced to disgorge $300 of his ill-gotten gains at Chatham, where he was captured by the agent of Turner's Express.

☞ WE learn that the *Islander* has no just grounds of complaint against Mr. Hall's establishment at Robinson's Island, Rustico, in so far as receiving deserters is concerned; and that the remarks in reference thereto are destitute of truth.

☞ IN a despatch on Monday last to C. A. Hyndman, Esq., it is announced that Admiral Hope was to leave Quebec in the "Liffey" on Friday last, for Charlottetown.

☞ AT the last monthly meeting of the central committee of the Tenant Union, the constitution of that Body was amended, whereby everything that could be construed by its enemies into a resistance of the laws, is removed.

☞ WE are compelled to omit this week our usual summary of telegraphic news, and some other matters.

MORE EXTRAVAGANCE.—Paying the Editor of the *Examiner* £30, out of the general revenue, for a lot of his pamphlets on Confederation—and this, too, without the consent of Parliament.

(By Telegraph from Montreal.)

To the Mayor of Charlottetown:

Invitations to attend Agricultural Exhibitions in Upper and Lower Canada will be sent to Governor, Executive Council, Members of Legislature, Judges, Mayors, and Presidents of Boards of Trade. Arrangements are being made for conveyance from St. John. Will telegraph again. Exhibition in Canada West on eighteenth. Please publish.

WM. G. PATTERSON,
Sec'y Invitation Committee.

From the foregoing, which was received yesterday by His Worship the Mayor, and *published* on the Reading Room slate, it will be seen that a very large number of our public men are offered a cheap excursion to that Land of Promise—Canada, and we presume that many of them will gladly accept the offer. Whether they shall return Confederationists or not, after their *rampaging*, remains to be seen.

☞ MAJOR-GENERAL DOYLE, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in the Lower Provinces, arrived here on Thursday night in the "Heather Belle," from Brule. He left again for Pictou, on Monday morning.

AMERICAN NEWS.

Reports received at the Department of Agriculture in Washington, warrant the statement that the potato crop this season will be one of the largest ever grown in the States.

The counsel of Wirz say they will summon at least 150 witnesses. If so, those, with the witnesses called for the prosecution, will make 300 in all to be examined, probably extending the trial three months.

The cotton crop will be almost an entire failure throughout west Tennessee. The rust is destroying it as fast as it matures. The yield in the western part of the State, where cotton grows best, will not be over 200 pounds to the acre.

Texas advices report the frontier in a worse condition than ever before. The Austin and San Antonio papers are filled with accounts of outrages by Indians and highway robberies. Steps have been taken by the military to afford protection to the frontier settlers.

BUSINESS PROSPECTS IN NEW YORK.

The fall business has already commenced, and promises to be extremely large. Already stores and warehouses are thronged with eager buyers, and the cry from every quarter is: "Still they come." The West will buy as it never bought before, while the Southern trade, suspended for four years, will be unexpectedly large and active. Notwithstanding the war, large sums of gold and silver were held at the South, while the receipts of cotton at the ports, and the tobacco and naval stores that are coming forward, afford a basis for an immense and profitable business with that section. It must be remembered that the Southern people want almost everything