

passage of a general bankruptcy law, relieving our mercantile men from the load of embarrasments under which they are staggering...

Correspondence.

CHRISTIANITY AND LOYALTY IN ORANGEISM.

Dear Sir—In addressing you on the relation which the above systems bear to each other, I assert for myself, by way of preliminary, that I will yield to no man as a defender of my own Protestant faith and my own Church...

Let me, however, again remark that if this movement were a defensive one, it might have even my co-operation, but they will know themselves to be the assailants, and that from the Government they have hitherto met their reward...

Obedience to the laws, however, and loyalty to the Crown are subordinate, but not unimportant parts of Christianity. I do, indeed, pity a country so immersed in ignorance as to be misled by such leaders as these...

But that ministers of the Gospel should so far forget or disregard their sacred obligations, and join in a shameless and palpable political manoeuvre, is in truth most lamentable. I make the laws known, for the public peace is a sacred deposit in their hands...

P. S.—We hear that Mr. Fitzgerald, whilst going or returning to the late meeting with Mr. Arbutnot (a Government official), received from a horse a monstrous kick, which we are sorry to find incapacitated him from the performance of his clerical duties...

To the Editor of the Examiner. Sir—That the spy infection is spreading, under the present Administration, needs no clearer proof than is afforded by Mr. Swabey's mainly and straightforward notice of the conspiracy...

he may utter in the presence of such a dastard, or ever he may be aware his observations, no longer free, may be transferred to the columns of the Islander, embelished and improved...

THE "SUNSET" OF THE ISLANDER, AUGUST 2, 1861.

The night, with a noiseless footstep, Comes up with a wanderer, Who lingers a fear they may fall, Look at the shadows that deepen—

No longer the cry of electors Comes up with a liberal scorn; The Tories deceived at the hustings; Their old occupation is gone.

The Clerk of the Council has scribbled What Protestants don't want to know; And soon he will go to the devil, Or other relation below.

As they look at the City incorporate, And her old Legislative Halls, The sunset Pope's letters have added, Make shadows of death on the walls.

The Tories that rose to inherit The fame of their Liberal fore, Have children who play with their title, And cut (in their spite) off their nose.

Oh, sunset, be quick in departing— Fade out on political grounds; For, the sunrise, the sunrise is coming— A Liberal Phoenix is found.

Ma. Editor—I scarcely ever saw or heard of a people that were so blind to their own interest as the inhabitants of Georgetown, who are engaged to elect a representative to the House of Assembly...

Let us for one instant imagine a town of eight hundred souls choosing a person from another district 30 miles distant to represent them in the House of Assembly. Is not this preparation in the extreme? No man sufficiently qualified for a representative among the eight hundred, would be expected to be elected...

As we have slightly touched on the evil of choosing a man as a representative of a town that he has no interest in, we shall now proceed to show where some of the inhabitants were again decidedly wrong. This has some connection with the other, as it relates to the taking of persons from a distant county (King's County) to fill the seats in the House of Representatives...

I am well aware that there are a few who govern the town—who have the most of the political business in their own hands. They are a kind of despots to the general representative; but still I blame the inhabitants—why do they allow such things to continue?

There are some other instances which would show the sagacity of the people of Georgetown, but as my letter has grown to an unusual length, I must conclude without ever mentioning them. I remain yours, &c.

It is recorded of Henry the First that after the death of his Son, Prince William, who perished in a shipwreck off the coast of Normandy, he never smiled again. It will be recorded of the present Government that after the official death of their Son, Editor William, who will perish officially in the shipwreck of the Hopes of Toryism in the coming storm of Parties, they never smiled again.

The bark that holds up Bill goes down, While Liberal waves roll on; He wears the Tories' gilded crown, But they will weep their Son.

There stand proud forms around him now, All stately and all brave, But Liberty, we know, Will sink them in the wave.

And by their side he'll find the race No thing to be ignored, For strangers rise to take his place And others, 'no aboard.

CIVIL WAR IN THE STATES.

NEWS BY TELEGRAPH.

New York money market extremely dull. Loans on good security 4 1/2 per cent. Exchange on London 107 1/2. Breadstuffs dull, with little change in quotations.

A special despatch states that Col. Tyler, with 8000 loyal Virginians, had defeated ex-Governor Wise with 7000 rebels, in Western Virginia, with great loss to the latter.

The appointment of an Investigation Committee by Congress, to look after the loyalty of employees in Government offices, has led to quite a stampede of suspected clerks, &c. Nine employees at the Washington Arsenal have been arrested.

Missouri State Convention has deposed all Rebel State officers, together with Legislature, and elected new State officers, strong friends to the Union. Prince Napoleon is on a visit to President Lincoln.

Nothing important from the Seat of War to-day. The Federal army is being reinforced at the rate of five regiments a day, and a thorough organization is being perfected.

The President has been authorized by Congress, whether intentionally or not, to call for a million of men. In Congress the Bill for Confiscation of the property of rebels was re-committed; duty on coffee reduced from five to three cents...

From an article in the New Orleans Picayune we take the following: "Our telegraphic despatches this morning tell a glorious tale for the South. It is not the bulletins of our friends alone which announce a grand victory for the armies of the South."

"What's your little game?" is a vulgar query that has taken the place of many interrogations that were formerly elaborated to draw out mysterious truth from suspicious appearances. Those four words mean a good deal, and are immediately recognized, if we may speak with paradoxical definition, as being both pertinent and impertinent...

It will be found useful when any official writes letters which would make good evidence in a court of law, or would create an authorized admission to an asylum for those who do write and do wrong at the same time—when the fancy in reference to them is, that no suspicion of ulterior purpose is aroused—then whisper in the auditor's ear, with the public voice, "What's your little game?"

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Children ran up proudly to their fathers, sisters and sweethearts marched in the ranks by the side of those they claimed. Here and there, alas, some were looking earnestly for loved forms and faces that they found not.

The Examiner.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., August 12, 1861.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE FROM EUROPE.

The English Mail arrived at Halifax on the afternoon of Wednesday last in the Steamship Europa, in 121 days from Liverpool. It reached here in the Westmorland on Friday morning from Pictou. The Halifax Evening Express gives the following summary of the news.

The business of winding up the Session proceeds apace, and everything is thrown over which is likely to stand in the way. It is now understood that the prorogation will take place on the 6th of August.

Lord John Russell goes to the House of Lords. Lord John's new title is "Earl Russell of Ardscoil," a title derived from an estate of £5000 a year in Ireland, left to the late Duke of Bedford by the Earl of Londonderry, and by the Duke left to the new peer. It is said to be the only estate which Lord John Russell possesses.

The changes in the personnel of the Government, consequent on the retirement of Lord Herbert from the War Office, and on the translation of Lord John Russell to the Upper Chamber, form a subject of considerable controversy in official circles. It is now clear that there is little hope of Lord Herbert ever returning to public life.

The Austrian receipt in reply to the address of the Hungarian Diet has been received at Pesth, and it closes up all hope of a reconciliation. The recent tactics of the Diet have been the means of bringing the moderate and the extreme members of that body into complete fusion, and all parties are now animated by one desire—to free themselves from Austria.

The Duke de Malakoff has addressed a circular to the prefect of Algeria, in which he states that the only Italian consuls who can henceforth be officially recognized are those of King Victor Emmanuel and King Humbert, and that the consuls of Italy who are appointed to the various consular stations in the Mediterranean, but who are not recognized by the French court, are to be considered as null and void.

The French papers have been commenting all the week on the strong and decided language which Lord John Russell used in the House of Commons when he was interrogated by Mr. Kniglake and Sir Robert Peel respecting the rumored secession of the Island of Santhia to France.

Mr. Lever again denied the charges made against him in the House of Commons, and the motion for a select committee to inquire was not carried without a division.

The Queen's Year.—We understand that the programme of the Royal visit to Ireland will be as follows: On the 22nd of August Her Majesty will arrive at Holyhead, remaining there until the ensuing morning, when she will cross over to Kingstown, and proceed direct to Dublin. On the 24th she will visit the encampment at the Carrig, and return to Dublin on the following day.

Rome, July 21.—A consistory will be held to-morrow at which the Pope will pronounce an allocution proclaiming 15 new bishops, 6 French, 2 Spanish, and 7 South American. His Holiness is enjoying perfect health. The French Government has lodged a complaint with the Papal Government against the Bishop of Poitiers for having, in the allocution which he pronounced in his church on St. Peter's Day, made offensive allusions to the Emperor Napoleon, designating him Herod the Third.

THE AWARD OF THE LAND COMMISSIONERS.

A LETTER has been received by a gentleman in this City from a friend in Halifax, who states that, in a conversation with one of the Royal Commissioners on the Land Question, he learned the following particulars regarding the award which had been agreed to. 1st—The Award declares the original grants from the Crown to be worthless. 2nd—That all existing leases should stand good and valid. 3rd—That all proprietors who have not agreed to the arbitration should be forced into it.

4th—That any tenant wishing to become a freeholder may or should be entitled to become such by paying TWENTY YEARS purchase for his farm! 5th—That if any tenant is desirous to purchase his fee simple at a lower rate than meets the views of his landlord—say 10s. per acre—and the landlord refuses to comply with his proposal, and names a sum that he may think to be a fair value for the land, then the tenant should be at liberty to call upon the Government to appoint arbitrators to decide between the landlord and himself.

6th—If the result of the arbitration should be the fixing of a price nearer to the amount asked for by the landlord than that offered by the tenant, then the latter must accept the award, and pay all the costs of the arbitration. 7th—The Commissioners propose that £100,000 be borrowed from the Home Government, or on the guarantee of that Government, for the purpose of buying up any land that may be offered by the Proprietors, and that the revenues of this Colony be pledged for the payment of the principal and interest of this loan.

8th—Loyalists claim to be recognised by the legal Government when the land in which they may be situated shall come under the control of the Government, and when those claims can be fully substantiated. 9th—Grants of Fishery Reserves to be expanded in toto—the occupiers of land adjoining the Reserves to command their own frontages; but when any one demands from Government the right of erecting stages below high water mark, one acre of that land must be rendered (quere, rented?) to such party.

The letter from which we quote the above particulars, obtained from the mouth of one of the Commissioners, and which may be considered in the main reliable—says not one word about a remission of arrears of rent, or payment of quit rents. Our informant also says, on the authority of the Commissioner from whom he obtained his information, that a copy of the award was sent to the Government of this Island. If this be true, and we have no reason to doubt it, it is a gross injustice to the people to withhold the information from them;—very many of the tenantry are annoyed and excited to an unprecedented extent by legal proceedings being instituted for all the back rents. There can be no reason for withholding the report unless it is deemed so unfavourable to the tenantry as

RETURN OF THE NEW YORK SIXTY-NINTH (IRISH REGIMENT).

The New York 69th arrived at New York, and landed about seven o'clock on Saturday morning, creating a tremendous sensation. The New York Seventh and the several Irish Regiments were ordered to meet the returning troops at the Battery. The remainder of the proceedings are thus described in the New York Express:—

All along the route to Union Square, the most unparalleled enthusiasm was manifested by the spectators. The 69th marched up Broadway from the Battery to Union Square, amid and through crowds of enthusiastic patriots. Every demonstration of approbation was lavished upon the gallant soldiers. Strangers offered them flowers, and brought them drink when they passed; their friends grasped them by the hand, and as every body seemed to have a friend, many who had never seen them before offered them a cordial clasp; cheers, and flags, and clapping of hands, and waving of handkerchiefs, of course, constituted the greeting all along the route.

Every soldier was alive with joy, and evinced the gratitude and appreciation of New York. From Fourteenth Street down Fourth Avenue and the Bowery to Grand-street, and the length of Grand-street to Essex market, where the army is situated, the ovation was uninterrupted. The streets were one thick mass of human beings, through which the regiment and its escort threaded their way, amid a surrounding of applauding throngs.

There is no need to repeat the description, for what was seen at one spot occurred at every other. At the Battery and outside the excitement culminated; there the crowd was denser, and as the procession was obliged to halt, an opportunity was afforded for the enthusiasm of the people to find vent. First approached the escort of firemen, then policemen, then citizens, and at last Major Bagley, on horseback, with Lieut. Col. Nugent, (his arm in a sling) on one side, and Capt. Mosher on the other.

Afterwards the regiment, and such a regiment! every imaginable uniform was worn by the men, as they had picked up of the field of Manassas the garments that the combatants had thrown away. Red and green and blue; Southern as well as Northern garb; weapons of every regiment; zouave caps and regulation felt hats. Dirty, too, was abundant. Dust covered many a garment, and rents received in fight had not been mended.

But the soldiers looked better in this attire than in the bravest of finery; their tattered flags, too, waved above them; their bronzed and blackened faces, some of them sadly scarred and singed, looked fiercer in the eyes of their countrymen, eye, and countryman, than ever before. This was proven well enough. The women sometimes could not wait until the regiment was dismissed, and threw their arms around the fine fellows. More than one wife kissed and hugged her man, and the lookers-on

OBSERVATIONS OF AN OLD SOLDIER, ON BEING STYLED A MERCENARY STRANGER.

A British soldier once was, I honor him for it, my guide; For Britain would I freely die, As many nobly for their country.

But now, grown old, I look and see Great changes come with change of time and place; When all things mingle loyals, By being doctored in fancy cloth and lace.

Then in the battle field how grand, Beneath the mighty orb of day, would gleam The polished arms in each firm hand, Soon to be dyed in human life's red stream.

But now on the parade how gay, Beneath the same bright orb, the arms appear, As merely brightened up for play, Amusing the deluded Volunteer.

Then Patriotic was the word, As each held his hand in hand; And each superior held his own command, And each superior held his own command.

But hypocrite now's the speech— Applicable to the bombastic wretch Who military rules would teach With bigoted zeal, the source of many a fetch.