But for all his arguments there was still something within him that wasn't quite convinced, but kept prompting him to make more excuses, and more protestations of affection, till he got quite angry with himself; and the fire having burned out meanwhile, he was fain to turn into bed, and determine to forget all about it for that night at least.

For the next week, Charlie and his stroke of luck remained the common topic of the ante-room. Whatever might be our hero's misgivings on the point, there certainly were none on the part of his brother-officers.

'Uncommon lucky fellow,' drawled Sendamore; 'fancy picking up a girl with all that tin.'

'Rather a sell for you, Jenkyns,' suggested another to a pimply faced youth, who was sucking away at a big cigar, as if all his future hopes depended on its incandescence.

'Yaas, rather. It's a deuced shame, after a fellow's returned his name, that another fellow should go and put down above him—deuced unfair, that's what it is!'

Jenkyns was the offspring of a retired dealer in fruit, and having lately exchanged from his regiment abroad on the 'speck of promotion,' felt naturally aggrieved that he was unable to jump over the heads of Charlie and some half-dozen others by the help of the paternal St. Michaels.

'They say she's got "twenty thou," all settled on herself,' went on Sendamore, 'and lodges the money up to his majority.'

'And it won't be long before he gets it either; there's only James and Broderick for purchase, and James expects a staff appointment next year. Mark my words, Griffiths will be a major in the regiment before you think it.'

'Fancy Griff a major!' laughed the youngster; 'why, he don't know his "goose-step" yet. Well, it's a fine thing to have money!' and with this sage remark he strolled out, and left the others to continue the discussion.

While the mess were thus talking matters over, Laura and Charlie were building their own castles in the air, on a bright bit of turf slanting down to the sea under the cliffs.

It was as lonely a place as lovers could wish for, shut out from the world by two giant headlands, that flung themselves across the shingle in grand defiance to their old enemy the sea, rippling lazily at their feet; with wind-worn cliffs behind, and the blue sky above—a fitting trysting-place for lovers.

Charlie sat with his arm round Laura's waist, gazing out seawards; his hat had fallen off, and the breeze lifted the dark curls from his forehead, and fanned his ruddy cheeks, bringing with it whispers of other days and other climes, when he sat as now, with another by his side, and other thoughts in his heart.

Long, long ago, and faint, very faint, were the wind whispers but for all that Charlie sat silent, listening to them, and living those long-past days again.

'Charlie dear,' said Laura, who was building her own peculiar castles, and did not intend throwing them down just then, 'is anything the matter that you are so silent?'

'Oh, nothing Laura, nothing's the matter; of course not,' answered Charlie abstractedly; 'I was only thinking.'

'And won't you tell me what you are thinking about, Charlie—I like so much to know your thoughts?'

'Why there's nothing to tell dearest. If I was thinking at all, it was about you; and how much I shall really have to think about when you are my wife;' and Charlie with an effort shut his ears to the past and began the old, old game again, much to Laura's satisfaction.

'What an infernal hypocrite I am!' said Charlie to himself as they were strolling home.

'I wish he was not so silent,' thought Laura beside him; 'when I first knew him, he could chatter away fast enough.'

'What a charming couple!' remarked Mrs. Blessington Smithson to her friend as they passed them in High street—'so affectionate; quite a treat to see it in these days;' and the poor little woman simpered and thought of the sour elderly man who was enjoying his afternoon 'rubber' at the club in preference to the company of the woman the world called his wife. And it was hard to say who was right and who wrong in the matter.

(To be Continued.)

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

Dear Sir,

As the population of P. E. Island is deeply affected, or shall be affected, with the operation of the proposed Rail Road, I consider, Sir, that this grand operation has emanated partly from the thirty representives of the population of P. E. Island. I ask you Mr. Editor, if the thirty worthy representives of the population of P. E. Island, or a majority of them, are in full possession of the confidence of their electors respecting the erection of a Rail Road from Alberton to George Town. How should the thirty worthies pass a vote of such a valuable magnitude without consulting their constituents. The Government is at the disposal of the inhabitants of P. E. Island, therefore it would be advisable to pursue a safe and straight course. The Rail Road question is not a fire-side gospel; it is what I may say every person's trouble. I find that it is a matter of hilarity with many; I am afraid the day will come, and that hilariety will work itself into sorrow, &c., &c.

The majority of the inhabitants of King's County are opposed to the Railroad unless they shall have branches communicating with the main trunk. We are told that a branch will come to St. Peter's Bay and another to Souries but we were not told of this by any of our representives, it is reported that it is a part and parcel of the Railway Act. But why not have these branches let by tenders immediately in conjunction with the main trunk. Great many thinks that it is only Government policy, giving a proposal of satisfaction to the members of King's County.

Mr. Editor this is a matter of very great importance, the effects of it will be felt by the rich and poor. I am shure it will be felt by many poor people in different parts of the County who shall never receive any benefit, but must pay their ratable share of taxation. I consider, Sir, that such a question of so great importance should come before the people at the pools.

I consider it is only a money-making business with certain influential persons whom wish to feather their nest at public expenses.

ANTHONY McCORMACK.

King's County, Head St. Peter's Bay.

Political Meeting at Souris.

Pursuant to Public Notice, a meeting of Electors of the First Electoral District of King's County, was held at Mr. James Moynagh's Souris East, on the 24th instant. Michael MacCormack, Esquire, was called to the chair, and the undersigned appointed Secretary. Hon. Emmanuel McEachern, Hon. J. C. Pope, Hon. Andrew A. McDonald, Hon. James Dingwell, E. B. Muttart, Esqr., James R. McLean, Esqr., M. P. P., W. W. Sullivan, Esqr., Daniel Flynn Esqr., Edward Kickham Esqr., and Mr. P. Reilly, addressed the assemblage.

The meeting was called to order by the chairman, at 2½ o'clock P. M. and closed at sundown.

The result was favorable to the Hon. Emmanuel McEachern being again returned for this District to a seat in the Legislature.

MALCOLM LESLIE, Sec'y.

Souris, June 24, 1871

DEPARTURE OF THE FLYING SQUADRON.—The five ships comprising the Flying Squadron, viz: "Narcissus," "Volage," "Immortalite," "Cadmus" and "Pylades," sailed at 3 o'clock this afternoon, for Gibraltar, the latter leading. The ships sailed down the harbor under full head of canvass, and presented a marine picture seldom seen in our harbor. The Admiral's band was stationed on the quarter-deck of the "Narcissus," and played as she sailed past the wharves. On arrival at their destination, the fleet will be joined by the "Aurora" and "Cossack" from England. The "Pylades" will then leave the squadron and return to England.—*Halifax Reporter, 20th inst.*

Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites will not only supply the waste going on in the brain but will enable the mind to endure a greater tax than before. It will impart vigor and promote clear conceptions to the intellect. It will strengthen the nerves and give power to all the involuntary as well as the voluntary muscles of the body.

The Examiner.

Charlottetown, July 3, 1871.

On Thursday morning we will publish a twelve-column Extra, which will contain the favors of our advertising patrons, which we have been obliged to leave out to-day. It will also contain a notice of Mr Eastty's Readings, the election returns and latest news.

INTERVIEW WITH A DISTINGUISHED ENGINEER AND CONTRACTOR ON THE ISLAND RAILWAY.

BELOW we give the result of an "interview" with one of the most distinguished Engineers and Contractors in New Brunswick. We do not feel warranted in giving his name at present, yet our readers may rely on the general correctness of the answers to the question which we asked and which embraced nearly all the objections urged by our anti-Railroad men.

During several conversations with Engineers and practical Railroad men which we recently have had, we found them unanimously of the opinion that a three feet six inch gauge would, within few years, pay the interest of the money expended, besides the cost of working expenses.

What is your opinion of narrow gauge Railroads contrasted with broad gauges, for a place like Prince Edward Island?

I think they are very well suited for the Island and believe they will eventually take the place of broad gauges. They carry less dead weight to paying weight, the wear and tear is not so much and the cost of working them is considerably less

Do you not think it better that Railroads should be built by Companies, instead of by Governments?

Decidedly not. When a Company get a Road, they try to make the most money they can out of it. They regulate the tariff to suit themselves. They do not run the trains for the sake of the travelling public if they can run lumber or freight trains. Look at the St. Stephen Branch Railroad. Though the Government gave a large subsidy $10 000 per mile yet the Road has got into the hands of lumber merchants and they use it cheifly to serve their own interests. If it were in the hands of the Government the Road would return a handsome interest on the outlay, and the travelling public would be better served.

Do you think a three feet six inch gauge Railroad would pay the interest of the outlay and working expenses within ten years?

I am positive that it will pay within five years if it is properly built and well managed by an able superintendant.

Is Mr. Boyd a reliable Engineer?

You could not have a more honest man and he knows his business. No Contracter can put off bad work on him.

Will there likely be many persons to contract building the Island Road taking the Debentures at par, payable in 30 years six per cent interest?

Yes dozens. Though the Debentures are not quite as good as cash plenty of Contractors will make their calculations to spend $100,000 before they use them and by that time they will come in a most as good as ready money.

If you contract for the Railroad will you base your calculations as if you were paid cash?

Almost the same; the Debentures might cost a small amount for negotiating them but I would consider them the same as cash in making a tender.

Is the time, namely from 20th of June until the 19th of July, long enough to enable Contractors to compete fairly?

I should think so. Any English firm that would contract, have Engineers all the time prospecting in America and they will be instructed to go over to the Island. They will act for their firms in England. For us and any one in the United States ten days would be plenty of time to walk over the grounds and form a correct estimate of what the work could be done for.

Can the Cars and other parts of the Railway stock be built on the Island?

Yes I think so; indeed I feel sure that mostly all the money expended on constructing the Road will be spent on the Island. Nearly everything can be got and made there, with the exception of the rails.

Will stone not have to be imported for culverts and bridges?

Not much. I understand there is good material for bricks on the Island, and that will come in as usefully and cheaply as stone.

How many men will be required to work on the Road during its construction?

About a thousand. A Contractor will pay them about one dollar and twenty five cents per day, and he will employ all the spare labor he can on the Island. For instance where there is a couple of miles grading near a man's farm he and his sons will get the preference. My idea is to employ all the people around, and through where a Railroad will pass. They take an interest in the work you can engage them advantageously and they make more out of it than others could.

Have much jobbery and corruption connected with railroads fallen under your observation?

Unfortunately there has been a good deal of that by cut throat Contractors. They take a contract do part of the work, throw up their contract, then other tenders have to be offered, and the work costs more in the end than it is worth. In this manner the Intercolonial Railway which could have been built for $25,000 000, will cost $40-000 000.

But you are aware that the Island Government will have to deal with only one Contractor?

That is where they have shown their wisdom and if they get fair, square advice as they no doubt will from their Engineer and act up to it they will have a Road for a reasonable price without paying for any extras.

Is there any danger of the Government making the Railroad a jobbing affair to enrich themselves?

Not unless your Government and Legislature are unanimously dishonest. The Tenders must be all opened. They will know on Mr. Boyd's Report what the worth of constructing the Road will be. They will have to give the work to the lowest Tender—that is if the one whose tender is the lowest can give proper securities and shows that he has means and skill to build the Railroad. Charges of corruption are made always against those who undertake railroads, and that by the most venal class. That was the case in New Brunswick, and will be the way, I suppose in the Island and everywhere else. People who are known to make a political foot ball even of the Bible, will not scruple to abuse Railroads and Railroad men, to get themselves into power.

THE CONTEST.

Of the contest going on in Souris we intend to say nothing further than let our friends in that locality exercise their own judgment as to whom shall best represent their interest. Mr. Sullivan, we have heard, has declared for the Railroad; so the electors have a choice of Railway men. Concerning the contest in *Belfast*, we wish to urge upon the people of Liberal spirit there, that if they vote for Mr. Laird, they give their influence to revive bigotry, prejudice and the worst days of Tory domination. We do regret to find some of our friends, for whom we entertain sincere respect, and with whom we had hoped to work on the same platform, giving their support to the men who so bitterly opposed the old Liberals in days gone bye. If Mr. Laird should unfortunately be elected, will it be a triumph of progress and Liberal principles? No, but of rampant bigotry and intolerance. It would be as safe to trust the sheep to the wolves, as to trust Messrs. Laird, Palmer, Donald Montgomery and Kenneth Henderson with the guidance of the Liberal Party. If they are the leaders of the Liberal party, it has fallen low indeed, and we are forced to exclaim, Be these thy gods, O Israel! We have no personal feelings against Mr. Laird, and freely admit his ability, and zeal for his cause. But his principles are against the cause of progress, liberty and toleration, and hence we can not desire his success.

The men who have done the most in P. E. Island to stir up religious strive, and create all uncharitableness are Mr. W. H. Pope and Mr. David Laird. The one is politically ostracised, the other should share his fate.

THE NOMINATION DAY IN CHARLOTTETOWN.

ON Wednesday, Hon. James Duncan and David Laird, Esq., were nominated as Candidates to fill the vacant seat in the Legislature, for the Fourth Electoral District of Queen's County. There were about nine hundred persons present, the large majority of whom belonged to places other than the Belfast District. It was the biggest washing day that has occurred for some time, and all the dirty political linen which had been accumulated for years, was put through the soapsuds. We must say that the exhibition made on Wednesday revealed the lamentable fact that political life in Prince Edward Island is at a pretty low ebb indeed. Insinuations, such as the "vile press" indulge in, were made against the honesty of men, and not a shadow of proof was adduced. Private conversations at the dinner-table were disclosed, and denied. The insulting term "liar" was hurled about vehemently, and every one accused every one of attempting to sell his country. Some of the old fossils had not the decency to remain politically buried, but thrusted their hoary heads, bowed down with political crimes, before the public—let us hope for the last time. That most odious and revolting of all characters, the oily, hypocritical, sanctimonious, religico-politico miscreant—the outrage and disgrace of our history—was again endured. The real, red hot, the "time has never arrived" Tory was there as anti-progressive as ever. The Holy Scriptures were bandied about misquoted and misapplied in the most shocking manner. At first thought, one was disposed to blame the few roughs under the hustings, who were conspicuous for their noise, but on reflection, they were not much worse than those who addressed them from a more elevated position. The mass of the people looked on quietly, wishing to hear both sides; but this was impossible, owing to the noise and interruptions which the speakers gave each other. The affair was a series of disgraceful scenes. It had not even the merit of being amusing—it was simply disgusting. That it did not end in riot and bloodshed, is the only redeeming point in the day's proceedings. The High Sheriff did his best to preserve good order; but it was impossible to do so in such a gathering. If we are to have no improvement in our Election law, we should at least have the nominations held in suitable buildings, where there would be a better chance for fair play and good order. We surely are too far advanced in "culture and light" to tolerate much longer such demonstrations of Babel, Bedlam and Balaam as that of Wednesday last.

KENNETH HENDERSON.

This gentleman, who is politically defunct, but has not the sense to see that he ought to devote his time in preparing his pills and his nostrums, we are informed, has been stirring up strife, and trying to raise up religious prejudices in the canvas, going on in the Belfast District. Wrong doing always brings its own punishment. This principle affects governments as well as individuals. If it should be found that the groundless assertions of the Redoubtable Henderson against the Government should be the means of defeating one of themselves, then they will be punished deservedly for giving him a Diploma. This Mr. Henderson has a particular liking for getting into the professions of a killing nature. First we hear of him as a Sergeant, then as a military hero on the Heights of Alma. He strutted about for some time, taking all the honors of hero-worship, until some malicious newspaper writer proved that the bold Kenneth was a sham, and was all along vegetating in P. E. I., during the time he said he was in the Crimean war. Next he got into politics; how, is thus described by a graphic writer in the *Islander*:

"In 1863 the first elections of the Legislative Council were held. In the First District of Queen's County, Henderson was very anxious to foist himself upon the District; Neil McKinnon, of West River was also a candidate, and the difficulty was who was to be the man whom each section of the District would support. To those who know Kenneth Henderson, and who knew McKinnon, there could be but little doubt who was the fittest candidate. It would be insulting the memory of the dead to compare Henderson with the late Mr. McKinnon. Well, at the time alluded to at a public meeting at Bonshaw, both announced their determination to stand, thus securing to a moral certainty, the return of the Liberal candidate. While in this dilemma, the Hon. E Palmer arrived *from town* and at his suggestion, the candidates withdrew into a room with him to arrange their differences. After some time they came back, and Mr. Henderson announced that they had come to the determination of casting lots and holding by that decision. He informed them that this mode was sanctioned by Holy Scripture. He alluded to its being resorted to to fill the vacancy among the Apostles when the lot fell upon Matthias, and then uncovering his head and lifting his hand to Heaven, he declared his determination to leave the matter to the Almighty. The lots were cast, and the choice fell upon Mr. McKinnon. Will it be believed that Henderson repudiated this solemn act, and ran the Election in defiance of his pledge. I *do not say that* Mr. Henderson was guilty of *legal* perjury. I have reason to know that the lawyers who were consulted said that if the Grand Jury found an indictment against him, for technical reasons, which we cannot understand, he would be discharged; but there is a moral degradation, a withering blight, which falls upon man, and which no power can shake off. He had raised his hand to Heaven and spoken solemn words, and made a binding promise and then deliberately, wilfully, and knowingly he broke them all, and stood before the God he had mocked, and whose justice he had insulted steeped to the lips in treachery and falsehood. I would not now bring up this matter if any expression of sorrow had ever fallen from him; but he glories in his shame, he flaunts his disgrace before us, and with uncovered head and brazen face he dares to look us in the face and dictate to us what we are to do, although his broken vow, his pledged promise, his violated word, stand recorded against him as a studied insult to the eternal justice of God."

He really, to the disgrace of the old Tory party, got into the Government. He became a great maligner and persecutor of the Liberals. He was ably shown up by the eloquent tongues of Messrs. Coles, Whelan, Wm. McGill and other of the leaders of the Liberal Party. In the natural course of events, and fitness of things, he was consigned to the "tomb of all the Capulets." But he has not the decency to stay buried. He had the assurance to ask for a Diploma to practice medicine. Of all things the Government should have looked after the health of Her liege Majesty's subjects. But here they have given this quack doctor a legal right to practice medicine. The first man he kills will be done up by Act of Parliament. Oh! spirit of the violated British Constitution, what a constitution a fellow must have who will take any of Dr. Kenneth Henderson's pills and powders. It is no wonder that some of the electors amongst whom "he is laboring" should be suffering from disordered imaginations. If Mr. Duncan should be elected, we trust he will show his gratitude to the electors of Belfast by putting the law in force, and thus preventing such medical quacks as Mr. Kenneth Henderson from "doing bodily injury" to the electors of Belfast, or any other locality that may have the misfortune to be "administered to" by such nostrums as those in which he deals.

COMPARISONS ARE ODIOUS.

The *Patriot* replies to an article written for the EXAMINER, by a person whom our contemporary supposes is in the pay, or employ of the *Government*. To show how absurd the assistant editor of the *Patriot* can be, he speaks, in a style more forcible than refined, of "the Government hired man," and of "Coalition pap-feeder's slanders," at the same time that he is the *hired* Sub-editor of a little factious paper, which, though smart in picking up local news, has no pretentions to the honor, honesty, and ability of a journalist, and which lacks all the essentials of reliability, not to say of greatness. As a further proof—if any were wanting—to show that the *Patriot* makes all kinds of assertions on mere conjecture, we have to say that we never received one fraction of Government pay, hold *no appointment*, and have *no* prospect of Government pay, or appointment to any situation at present, and expect none. We scorn to indulge in "slanders" toward Mr. David Laird, or any man, be he great or small, and if we were so disposed, the policy of the EXAMINER would not permit us to infringe upon the special and particular mission of the *Patriot*. The Editor of the *Patriot* modestly places himself in the same list as Macauley and Whelan. Oh! shades of Dogberry, what comparisons. The fact of a man being rejected by a constituency once, may be no proof of his want of ability; but if he should be rejected two or three times, that proves that the people have no confidence in his political character or principles. Herein we showed how his lofty estimate of himself was not participated in by the constituencies to whom he offered his "humble services." This is no sign of want of greatness, or of real merit. Did not Socrates have to drink the juice of the hemlock bark, and has not Mr. David Laird often swallowed the leak. When he returns home on Wednesday next—"to the bosom of his family," he will find how sweet is the philosophy which we recommended to him—to trust to future times to do honor to his deserts.

THE SECRET NEGOTIATIONS REGARDING THE GRANT QUESTION.

ONE of the events of the Nomination Day which created great excitement, and which has been very generally commented upon in town, is given in the following Report. It is as correct as it is possible to give a Report where there was great uproar, confusion and interruptions. As we are promised further revelations upon the subject, we forbear making any comments at present:—

(By our own Reporter.)

HON. J. C. POPE.—Whilst the *Patriot* is making a canvass against Mr. Duncan by saying that a grant man was canvassing for him, Mr. Donald Currie went to Mr. Duncan and proposed to him the propriety of giving a grant of £500 per annum to St. Dunstan's College, for the purpose of getting the Catholic Members to form a Coalition with the Conservatives.

MR. D. CURRIE.—I deny it; it's not true.

HON. J. C. POPE.—Here is Mr. Duncan, who will prove what I have said.

MR. D. LAIRD.—This has nothing to do with me; I am not Donald Currie.

HON. JAMES DUNCAN.—I regret that I have to speak here of private conversations that took place in my house. But I was not the first to mention it. Mr. Murphy was present, but he says he never spoke of it. Mr. Currie, therefore, must be the person who first violated the rules which govern gentlemen, not to bring up private conversations. As he has made use of it to injure me, I will now tell the truth concerning the matter. Mr. Currie and Mr. Murphy came to me, and asked me if I would not give a grant of £500 a year to St. Dunstan's College, as that was all that was required to get the Catholics to join the Conservatives. I said I could not, as a great majority of my constituents were opposed to a grant, and there was no use of talking about grants so long as it was opposed to their wishes. Mr. Currie next asked me if I would not disallow the grant to Prince of Wales College, and I told him I would not.

HON. J. C. POPE.—There, gentlemen, what do you think of a man that will act as Currie has, the associate editor of David Laird?

MR. D. CURRIE.—I declare, on my most solemn word and honor, that Mr. Duncan's statement is false. I will state what occurred, and will call upon Mr. Murphy to substantiate what I did say. In conversation with Mr. Duncan, I asked him if it would not be better to give the Catholics a grant of £500, to form a party to save us from Confederation. I said it was better to give them £500 than the Canadians £30,000. Of the two evils, I thought it was better to choose the least. I never mentioned a grant except in connection with Anti-Confederation. Mr. Duncan agreed to this. The fact is, whatever I said on the matter he agreed to, and whatever he said I agreed to. I would not go for a grant on principle, but think it would be better to give one to keep us out of Confederation. You must all think so, gentlemen. As to revealing private conversation, I could have no interest in doing so, and I declare I did not. I call upon Mr. Murphy, who will bear out the correctness of my statements. I will stand by what he states took place.

(There were calls for Mr. Murphy, Manager of the Gas Company. *He was not present.* Mr. Pope went on with his speech. After he got through, Mr. Murphy came to the front.)

MR. WM. MURPHY.—Gentlemen, I am asked to state what took place at a private conversation between Mr. Duncan and Mr. Currie, at which I was present. I do so very reluctantly, as I consider such conversations not fit subjects to be brought before the public. But as it has come up, and as both sides have called upon me, I will tell what took place. I must first state that I consider Mr Currie one of the best friends I have in Charlottetown, or outside of it, and I have no interest in not telling the truth, which I will do as well as I can remember, and I have thought a good deal about it during the last forty-eight hours. I and Mr. Currie went to Mr. Duncan, and Mr. Currie asked him if it would not be better to give the Catholics a grant of £500 for their College, in order to induce them to leave the Liberal party and form another party. Mr. Duncan said he could not do so. He then asked him if he would stop the grant to Prince of Wales College, and Mr. Duncan said he would not. This is about all I can remember, though, of course, there was a good deal more said.

HON. J. DUNCAN.—Was Confederation ever mentioned at the time?

MR. MURPHY.—Not that I have remembrance of.

MR. D. LAIRD.—I want you to understand, gentlemen, that I am not Mr. Currie. I never allowed him to preach that doctrine in the *Patriot*. Let him and Mr. Duncan settle that between themselves. I am not responsible for private conversations.

MR. CURRIE.—No. Mr. Laird said to me that we were a pair of big fools, for the Catholics would not be prevented from going into Confederation if they wanted to, by giving them a grant of £500.

THE CHARGE OF CORRUPTION.

The statement of Mr. Hooper, on Nomination Day he has put in writing over his own signature, in a letter addressed to us, but which appeared in Saturday's *Patriot*, with the view of affecting the elections. As we are going to press we have not time to do more than give the whole affair publicity. We shall see if the *Patriot* will give both sides.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR:—As you promise to give fair play to all parties and as I am constantly attacked in the "Herald" and I have sent several letters to Mr. Reilly which he has not published I wish to claim a small space in your influential paper, to answer a charge made against me in the "Herald" of the 14th ult., to the effect that I have used the pauper money, placed in my charge, "to the prosecution of the Magdalen Island herring fishery, or some other private purpose." Now, I positively assert that the above statement is the greatest falsehood that ever could be invented, even by such a low, spiteful mind as Edward Reilly, and to prove it nothing but spite, I wish now that the public should understand why it is that Mr. Reilly is inventing false statements and lies trying to blacken my character in every number of his paper. The night the Railroad Resolution passed the House of Assembly, he told me, sitting on his chair in that House that if I would vote for the Railroad Bill, I need never work another day, and that it would be the best thing for my pocket I ever did, and that he had been authorized to tell me that and had promised my vote on that head. I made him no answer, but voted as I intended. And now since I am publicly challenged, I may go further and state that in a previous conversation I told Mr. Reilly that I had been offered £200 for my vote, and his reply was that I would get that and more too. During the session, Mr. P. W. Hyndman came to me, representing himself to be acting in behalf of the Government, and proposed to give me the £200 above referred to. He even brought Mr J. C. Pope to me who said his position did not allow him to do anything in the matter. At another time Mr. Howlan came to me and said the Government would place £1000 a year, for the next three years, in my hands for the District, and that I would be allowed to expend it as I pleased, and he would give a written pledge to that effect next day. I said no. And he then urged me to reconsider the proposition. Other parties connected with the Government were also working on the same line. It is well known how Mr. Reilly has spoken and written about me since. In regard to the pauper money placed in my charge I must say, I know the wants of these poor people better than Mr. Reilly, and, knowing their wants, I gave them their money as soon as I came from town, and those that did not call for it I drove to their houses and gave it to them there. This was the case in every instance but one, and that one is Angus McPhee. On inquiring who this man was I was told that there was no such man in the District, and that the money had been placed in Mr. Reilly's hands before for the same man, and it was not known what was done with it. I wrote to Mr Reilly, asking who this man was, and where he lived, and, with this information, I would send him the money. This, he has not done, but, in the "Herald," he says the man belongs to Lot 44. Does Mr. Reilly think the Hon. E. McEachen is not able to look after the paupers of his District, or, what is the reason that the pauper money of this District should be given to the paupers of the East Point? * * * I have Angus McPhee's money, which I shall be happy to remit to him when I know who he is. There are other things, Mr. Editor, I would like to say but I have already occupied more of your space than the subject deserves, and I am sorry to trouble you, only, when such things are published, it might put me in a false position in places where I am not much known.

I remain your humble servant,

WILLIAM HOOPER.

Morell, June 24 1871.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

Sir,

I notice, in Saturday's *Patriot*, another letter, signed "William Hooper," which is evidently intended to do service in the pending elections. I am again represented as having offered Mr. Hooper a bribe to vote for the Railway Bill. Mr. Hooper knows the statement to be untrue. He was in favor of the Railroad as much as I was, and I can only appeal to the common sense and reason of the public as to the absurdity of the statement, and the hallucination under which Mr. Hooper labors. I was personally in favor of the Railroad, and as a Member for St. Peter's District, labored hard to get a branch line for the people whom I represented. In doing so, I believed I was promoting their interests, as well as the general welfare of the Colony; and if there was an office at the disposal of the Government, which would enable Mr. Hooper, or Mr. anybody else, to live for the rest of his days without doing a day's work, I would have considered my claims best, and looked for the office for myself. Mr. Hooper's story is, therefore, not only absurd, but it is absolutely *false* from beginning to end; and he did not dare repeat it at the Souris meeting on Saturday last, because he knew I had the proof in my possession to convict him of falsehood in reference to his first supporting the Government and afterwards sending to the Hon. Mr. Haviland his withdrawal from the pledge or "memorandum" which he signed in common with myself. He denied on Wednesday last, at the Nomination in Charlottetown, in the presence of a large number of people, that he gave, or sent to Mr. Haviland, the letter in question. I only spoke from memory at the time, but to show that I was correct, I enclose you a copy of Mr. Hooper's letter, to use as you deem proper, with the Hon. Mr. Haviland's initials as a verification. There are other statements in Mr. Hooper's letter which Mr. Laird or himself will be called upon to prove in Court. Who the very "poor person" was, and the "legal authority" that summoned me to surrender any money placed in my hands, he will have to substantiate by witnesses. I will, therefore, say nothing further on this point, nor refer to subjects introduced by Mr. Hooper which have nothing to do with the present partial elections. I can only say, in conclusion, that where such unscrupulous falsehoods are resorted to by Mr. Hooper and others, to prejudice the electors, the cause which they espouse cannot be an honest one.

I remain, truly yours,

EDWARD REILLY.

This is the note to which Mr. Reilly alludes. It has Mr. Haviland's initials endorsed on it, he having received it from Mr. Hooper.

Charlottetown, Sept. 16, 1870.

Hon. J. C. Pope,

DEAR SIR,

After more fully considering the Platform of the Present formation of the Government I wish to inform you that I must witdrew my name, and decline given my suport to it, until I can consult some of my constituants.

I remain,

Your obedient servant,

T. H. H. WM. HOOPER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR;—On the Hustings last Wednesday, Mr Hooper stated that I offered him £200 to vote for the Railway Bill. This statement is a base and unscrupulous falsehood. It appears that when I denied his assertions, a misunderstanding arose as to the facts, which require explanation.

During the Session last winter, Mr. Hooper seemed to be on the fence for weeks on the *Railroad question, and said he did not wish to vote agai*nst the views of a friend to whom he was indebted some £200. Hearing this, and being a strong Railway advocate, I said that if the security held by his friend was good, there was no difficulty in obtaining a transfer of the debt. From this arose the malicious and deliberate falsehood circulated by Mr. Hooper and his political associates.

I would be very sorry to offer Mr. Hooper one half the amount, knowing that he would have readily grasped it. It seems he is now paid by Mr. David Laird and his Clique to spread a mean and barefaced lie in order to accomplish their own ends.

If Mr. Hooper makes any further allusions to this subject, he may hear something rather unpleasant to him and his friends of the PATRIOT.

Your's Truly,

P. W. HYNDMAN.

Mr. Hooper stated that Mr. Reid was present when Mr Howlan made him an offer to induce him to vote for the Railway Bill. The following despatches of Mr. Howlan, and Mr. Reid, give the statement a flat contradiction.

Cascumpec, July 1, 1871.

To P. R. Bowers,

Editor of the Examiner

Having heard that Hooper stated on Nomination Day in Ch'town that I offered him £1000 per year for three years, to use as he thought fit in his District, provided he voted for the Railway Bill, I have to give the statement the most unqualified denial.

GEORGE W. HOWLAN.

Cascumpec, July 1, 1871.

To P. R. Bowers,

Editor of the Examiner.

Please publicly deny that I ever heard Hon. G. W. Howlan, offer Mr. Hooper £1000 per year for the use of his District for three (3) years, if he would vote for the Railway Bill

RICHARD B. REID.

[Written for the Examiner.]

HO! IRON HOSS, HO!

Who will be the Country's Parliament Boss?
Who will give us the rapid Iron Hoss?
I will, said Pope, without time at a loss;
I will build the track, and get you the hoss.
The smoking hoss, with a long wooden tail,
Going rip! rip! rip! o'er the rumbling rail.
With streaming nostril wide,
In snorting fiery pride—
Swift as the wild winds sweep
O'er ocean's bristling deep,
Goes the hoss with smoking side,—
A ponderous load to him tied
Feather to his power and pride.
Agreed! Pope agreed!
Proceed, and good speed
To your ribbons and lead
In state coach and traces,
For the Bill
With a will.
In parliament races;
Strike for the goal,
Strike with your soul.
Reader you and I, we suppose, at the Hoss Station—
Such creature before, mayhap, you never sat face on;
Would like to know of his claims to glorification.
We are strangers to other—no kin nor relation,
Except through the first man the world ever saw.
Who ruin'd us all by the apple *faux pas*,—
But that first perfect Boss
Knew not of rail nor of Hoss,
And as things came to pass,
Proved a gooney and Ass.
Pray pardon me this extreme digression,
I lost my prudence and self-possession
In view of that most stupid transgression.
Now from deviation
Return'd to the station.
Arrived, step into the cars,
(The six wheel'd never jars).
This is dainty, 'tis charming, a fine finish new,
Black walnut high polished, and satin-wood, too;
Take a seat on the velvet and blue,
If you please will sit here beside you.
Now grave and gay themes of advantage and glory.
Traffic and trials of the hoss and his story.
No ideal inventions
Ask your kind attentions,
And minus exaggeration
And for our edification
Give a brief specification
Of freight going swift by the rumbling rail
And passengers in wooden department hoss tail,
Tea, sugar, molasses, flour, spirits, wine whiskey beer
Pitch oakum, tar, cordage, canvass chains anchors all gear,
For ships, brigs, brigantines, schooners sloops outfits and wear;
Coal, cordwood, lumber, deal, scantling wood, round and square.
Staves, hoop poles barrel wood shingles laths ladders and rungs.
Barrels of pork, pigs seulls, trotters beef, and firkins of tongues.
Iron round, iron flat, nails spikes copper, zinc muntz metals,
Stoves, stew pans, crockery, hardware, cambooses, pots and kettles.
Dry Goods in bales, cases boxes iron bedsteads green tipp'd in brass
Oil raw and boil'd, kerosene paint, whiting putty and glass.
The sheep and the swine and gee whup and gee ho;
The horse who gave you a ride now comes for his go
And ox cow and calf, barley, oats and potato,
Asses, mules, monkeys, and swell jack daws & Co.,
Lords, ladies, laymen, parsons *bien comme il faut*,
Indians and squaws and squealing papooses
Buckets, brooms, baskets, smelts, for domestic uses.
Crabs, lobsters, cockles, mussels, oysters and clams,
Calves skin'd into veal, sheep into mutton pork smoked in hams.
Ganders, geese goslings, hens, chicks, and plump pullets too.
Drakes, ducks, ducklings, and crowing, cock a doodle-do.
Eggs, butter cheese, milk, sausages berries fair to be seen,
Cabbage beans round and broad, and peas fresh and green,
Beets, parsnips, turnips, greens, lettuce, radish—my card on;
Carrots and varieties, grown in fine kitchen garden
And hundreds of sundries which I need not detail,—
It would wear out my eyes and your patience would fail.
Now with your consent,
Pursue my intent.
And turn to a subject forming part of my tale:
A stout arm of the Press, and sound friend of the hoss,
In fine armor clad, declared for parliament boss.
The power of the type,
Effective and ripe.
The brain robed in wisdom, invitingly dight
Shed over the land vivid volumes of light
Gave minds, dull to the hoss, a clear inward sight.
Plain showing
That going
For the Boss and the Hoss was going all right.
But I must not tarry,
And forward now sally.
To name friends of the rail.
The Press wielding the flail.
The EXAMINER of old, and *Islander*, Ings;
Herald, Reilly & Co.—this company brings—
Out John Caven, no craven, the partner—Co.
Messrs. Typo, I want you all in a row;
Heads up eyes front, noses straight to the foe;
No winking, my braves, allow'd you must know.
Fall in next Mr. *Eastern Advocate*, Ross,
John always was sound on the goose for the hoss;
And Bertram's good *Journal* was eminent, sirs,
And *Argus*-eyed Fletcher, he fought without spurs.
That valiant typo-troop
Bore down with a swoop,
And all with a will
Gave pith of the quill.
To the anties their fill
Of sound argument drill.
All free as the wind entuning the willow,
As highway of ocean,—as roll of the billow,
As seamew who poises on breath of the gale
And gracefully wheels on his fine feather sail,
Those Typos were lead
By dictate of head,
Not, as anties suppose,
By a string at the nose.
But precedent, knowledge, experience, combin'd
Gave product—conviction in the crucible mind.—
They patted the boss,
Chirrup'd the hoss,
The great iron steed in harness of mail,
Profound servant of man—wealth-giving rail—
The press did good deed,
And will have common meed
Of its fruits and the seed,
While the mighty St. Lawrence shall be
The home of our Isle, and child of the Sea.
What a far-seeing boss,
Who scattered the dross
And gives us the hoss,—
The Iron Hoss magnifique, with a long wooden tail,
Accomodates all creatures and things on his rail,—
An economic beast is the fine Iron hoss;
Of your money a saving, your time at no loss—
Running here running there, the country across,
And to market—the buss of all busses—the boss.
That's so you can go to and fro,
Splendiferous rattling go,
Any time any where, high or low.
The summer, the winter, the autumn, the spring,
Each to the hoss sir, is the very same thing;
Through seasons of dust, of mud and of snow,
The hail and the rain, the calm and the blow;
Undaunted, uncheck'd, the train—hoss will go—
Thermom:—ninety above or thirty below,
The frozen old fellow they call him zero,—
And although outside a sneezer,
Inside you're perfectly free, sir,
From jack frost the morose
Making free with your nose,
Cheek or ear, alias lug
And other points of your mug;
And you in the car with a stove at your feet,
Going rip in an hour a thirty miles heat;
Or, in summer, enjoying fields all aglow
From dew of the brow and the fruits in rich blow;
And sheep grazing there,
Birds whirling in air,
And frog in the pond
Singing love to his blonde,
And nice balmy breeze
Blushing flowers and trees,
And buzz of the bees
In sweets to their knees,
And other fine things
That walk or take wings,
'Tis not *necessaire*
To catalogue here.
All things so nice, so attractive, beyond the so so.
He would be a dull bird who'd not be out for a go
In the cars velvet cushion'd, seats blue,
And only room in each seat for two.
How charming, with cherub one worships, you know,
Beside you all smiles and with eyes like the roe
Giving three looks at you, to one out the window;
With the tireless hoss high away for roll on the rail.
The proud rushing steed, with heart of fire and long wooden tail,
An achme of pleasure.
Health and other treasure.
Haste, love, lounge or leisure
The grand fire-heating, feeding boss just is your mark
In the daylight the twilight, the moonlight or dark,
On business or frolic, doing the sparkling spark,
With leave from your mother for an innocent lark;
And convenient for groom and his new blushing bride;
Escape from multitude gape, mouths open, eyes wide,
And all and singular, the other people beside.
Step into the cars at the depot in town;
Take a run up and another run down,
To Tignish, Alberton and oyster home, Summerside;
Look in at the Clifton all hands and the bride
Taste deep of the shell fish of gusto renown;
Then rip, rip away to the bould Jargetown,
And alight where you please
For comfort and ease;
In that city you see
That is going to be
A great city swell.
But when I can't tell
Ho! thou proud iron hoss, ho!
Servant of high and of low
The sure friend of all classes—
Spinal cord to the masses.
O! for the hoss of the thundering pace,
The friend of mankind, a boon to our race
Civilized peoples with ardour embrace;
Of commerce the life and prosperity's lead
And needful to those as soil to the seed,
And as these are to man for his daily food;
But unvalued and scoff'd where least understood,
In guage of the mind contracted indeed,
Slave to a barren unstatesmanly creed,
Untutor'd by science to its subtility blind
Cannot measure the problem by scale of its kind;
And lost in fine labyrinth, it cannot discern