procuresses from New Orleans.—They included representatives from nearly all the first-class houses of that kind in the metropolis. They all went down. Many of them were respectably connected. A city banker, on learning that his wayward daughter was among the lost, clapped his hands in sorrowful gratitude, and exclaimed, "Thank God, my daughter, the pride of my heart, is beyond this world's shame." Also, included in this flock of frail ones, were two highly accomplished young ladies, one the daughter of a minister of the gospel in Western Pennsylvania, and the other the daughter of a clergyman of this city. The families of several of our New York merchants were also represented among these beautiful female ruins. Indeed, I am told that there was hardly one of these fallen women who could not point to highly respectable connections in this and other cities.—*N. Y. paper.*

DEFERRED ITEMS.

The telegraph despatch of yesterday announces that France has declared war against Corea. The cause, we presume, is owing to the recent wholesale massacre of French Christians. We clip the following from one of our English exchanges received by the *Java*, which throws some light on the attitude assumed by France:—

We now have from the China papers some details of the recent massacre in Corea, of two French Bishops and seven priests, of which the telegraph gave us the first news a fortnight ago. These details, though still insufficient, since we have not even the names of the martyrs, are of too great interest not to receive a prominent insertion in our columns. "On the 7th of July," we are told, "a junk carrying French colours sailed into Chefoo, conveying, the Rev. Abbe Ridel, and eleven Corean Christians who had fled from the persecution raging there. The Abbe states that in February last the King was told that the Russians had crossed his frontier, and were holding intercourse with his subjects. At the same time it was hinted that it would not be amiss to follow the example afforded by the Chinese, who had lately murdered two Catholic missionaries. No sooner said than done, and a general order was issued to apprehend all the Catholic missionaries and exterminate the Christians. Two French Bishops and seven priests were arrested, and after having been cruelly tortured, were beheaded. As a special indulgence some of the missionaries were allowed to die on Good Friday. Only three priests escaped, who hid themselves in the woods, and when it was determined to get aid from the European powers in China, Abbe Ridel was deputed to make his way to the coast and seek an opportunity for sailing to Hong-Kong or some other port. He gives a frightful description of the havoc committed on the Christian Church in Corea. He has gone on to Tinctsin to see whether the French Admiral there will take up the quarrel. Besides the wholesale massacre of French clergy, there has been a destruction of a large printing establishment with a library containing many Corean books, especially two dictionaries of the language of the country, compiled by the missionaries after twenty-five years continued application.

PREPARATIONS FOR A GREAT WAR IN EUROPE.—The Paris correspondent of the New York *Times* says the phantom of an alliance between the United States and Russia continues to haunt the uneasy minds of certain French politicians, who foresee the day when a powerful Russian and American fleet may control the Mediterranean. What looks bad just now for France and England is that Russia and Prussia are preparing for war on a grand Scale—Russia against Turkey, and Prussia against France, so we believe. All the indications point that way. There is logic beside in such a war. France is yet weak, because she has no needle-gun, and at best, is preparing for her army an inferior one. Prussia is about to proclaim her King Emperor of Germany, and by a war with France the whole German people may become united, and a German Empire become a glorious reality. Russia on her side wants the Bosphorus, and she must have it. Russia and Prussia combined, by their superior strategic position, and by the possession of superior Prussian and American war inventions, may reasonably hope to defeat France, Austria and England, and gain, on one side, all of Germany, and on the other the Black Sea and the Danubian principalities down to Constantinople. The programme is a splendid one, and, if gained at all, will be gained at a dash—*a la Prussienne*. We hear Frenchmen say that it will not be fair to attack them when they are occupied about their Exhibition. Neither will it. But the French went to Mexico while we were engaged in a war, and could not help ourselves, and they tried to bring about a mediation on terms which would have given the South its independence. So, while regretting that any war should come to disturb the progress of an event so important to civilization as the Great Exhibition, yet we should not exactly cry over it.

There are now thirteen steam packet companies running steamers between Europe and the United States. These Steamers make about 420 round trips every year, and the gross annual revenue they yield is about four millions sterling. The Italian Government has just subsidized a line of steamers to run between New York and the Mediterranean ports, touching at Madeira the Azores, Cadiz and Marseilles, and it is expected that a bill will be passed in the United States Congress, next session, authorizing the subsidization of American mail steamers to and from Europe at the rate of two dollars per mile.

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD.

DEAR SIR,—Although the dim and scarce defined idea of Shakespeare's mind, penetrating the far off future, and foreseeing the triumph of human science, has been, to the full extent, realized, and the quick electric spark, flashing along a tiny wire in the oozy depths of the Atlantic, bears to you, in its rapid flight, an account of the events of this Eastern Hemisphere more quickly than they transpire, still, it may be of interest to your numerous friends to read some hastily penned lines of an Islander, whose good fortune it has been to reside for some time in this part of the world, which, by modern progressionists, is held up as altogether behind the nineteeth century standard of enlightenment. Yes, too true it is that ignorance of real civilization and christian progress—stupid bigotry and wilful blindness—a disgraceful pandering to sectarian prejudices—a heart insensible to the finer and more noble workings of the human soul—and, finally, a craven fear of unpopularity as a writer, have led hundreds of newspaper correspondents and authors to misrepresent and find fault with all that concerns the Holy City and its government. Here the reader might naturally ask—"What do you intend to do? Are you going to refute, one by one, those writers? Are you going to give a detailed account of Rome?" To these I answer no; decidedly no. That would be a useless task. My feeble pen is not required to chronicle the majesty of the city of the Popes. Its marble temples to the Divinity, standing sumptuously in pillared glory, are living, speaking monuments. I need not write of its mission as the civilizer and sanctifier of the human race. The polished Frenchman, skilled in military tactics—the sturdy Englishman, proud of the mechanical inventions of his country, with filial gratitude and acknowledgment turn their eyes on Rome as the cradle of their country's enlightenment. Arts liberally patronized and fostered—science cultivated and promoted in time of peace, shielded and defended in time of war—sufficiently proclaim the liberality and munificence of its government. But methinks I hear some precocious "young American" objecting—"Is not Rome a fearfully 'slow' place? Do they not jog on still in the middle age style?" Compared with London, or New York, or Paris, or, in fact, any commercial city in England or America, Rome is, indeed, a "slow" place, that is, if by "slow" is meant an absence of trading vessels, and a want of that busy stir and excitement which is to be seen in the aforementioned places. But it must be remembered that Rome was not, is not, and never will be a "fast" place, or, in other words, a commercial or manufacturing town. Even if Rome belonged to the enterprising Yankee who wished to white-wash the Coliseum, its situation effectually prevents it from being turned into a bustling commercial mart. And better that it is so. Who would wish to see the distinctive features of the Church, in the ages of her primitive glory, effaced? To see deserted for the theatres her stately temples—to turn into busy market places the squares which streams of martyred blood have dyed and consecrated—to break, with unhallowed tread, the solemn stillness of the vaulted Catacombs. No; Rome must ever be a city of the past, not of the present. In visiting Rome, what before had seemed to you dim and far off acted scenes of another race of beings, are brought up vividly present, but mellowed and softened by the medium through which they pass. Here Cicero declaimed; here Virgil stood and wrote his description of the triumph of Augustus; here you can tread the "Via Sacra," where old Horace met the bore whom he so amusingly describes in the Satyre—"Ibam Dorte via Sacra," &c; here strolling past the ruins of the baths of Dioclesian, you can see, in imagination, the chained and condemned Christian at work, or visiting the Coliseum you can picture to yourself the intrepid martyr standing in the centre of the amphitheatre calmly awaiting the attack of the roaring lions, while the surging, heaving crowd of spectators, more fierce than the famished beasts, cry aloud for Christian blood. This is no mere romantic dreaming, but a fact experienced by any one sojourning in the Holy City; and is, in my opinion, the reason Rome still preserves so many of its primitive characteristics. The nature of man is, in many respects, attended and governed by the scenes with which he is surrounded. The Mexican Indian, bounding through the vast and majestic forests of his native country, has impressed on his soul freedom and solemnity. The swarthy dweller of India, familiar with mean abjection from his birth, becomes an enervated and fawning sycophant. Nor is the case different if we consider man in an enlightened state. The stern, unyielding Englishman is typified in the iron-bound coast of his Island home; the large minded speculative Yankee is as unbounded in his views as are the lakes and forests of America. Why not then the Roman, surrounded, as he is, by monuments and memories of the past, become, as it were, indentified with them, and imbibe and preserve, as something sacred, usages and customs sanctified and handed down through so many succeeding ages? From this your readers must not infer that modern appliances and inventions are unknown or unappreciated at Rome. They have here, as elsewhere, their steamboats, railroads, telegraphs, etc., quite equal to the business required to be transacted. But what I mean is that the people do not make them their gods. The Roman is not insensible to the benefits derived from these things; he uses them inasmuch as they are necessary for the wants and conveniences of daily life, but he ever remembers that man is destined for something higher and more noble than acquiring perishable wealth. He still holds the tenet (ridiculous as it may appear to some of your Island friends) that individual or national greatness is not to be measured by material resources, but by humanity and virtue. This maxim, in lisping infancy, he learns from a pious mother's lips; this maxim in growing years he hears inculcated from the pulpits of the three hundred Churches of his native city; this maxim he sees promulgated and defended by the authoritative voice of the Vicar of Christ. What wonder, then, if he purposes to himself, as the end and aim of life, the honor and glory of God, and looks upon material advancement as but a secondary object of rational and immortal beings? Atheists may sneer at this as superstitious and antiquated; but any one claiming to be considered a Christian, must revere and embrace it as an eternal truth. Let no one infer from this that I mean to assert that all the Romans are saints. Alas! for the corruption of mankind! In Rome, as elsewhere, you will find some who, despite the advantages which they enjoy, are no better than they ought to be. But I do assert, and challenge contradiction, that, considering Rome relatively to its population with *any* other city, in *any* other country, that you will find in Rome at least five times the number of exemplary persons, and not one-tenth the vice of the cities thus compared. Drunkenness, the parent vice of so many others in England and America, is here almost unknown. I have seen in one hour in the streets of Charlottetown, more drunken persons than I have seen here during two years.

But of all the honors which make up the glittering wreath of fame which circles round the tiara of the Popes, none, perhaps, is so striking, or so worthy of a passing notice as that which accrues from the continual fostering and propagation of the fine arts and human sciences. Rome is, indeed, the favored spot where an universal genius has made its permanent abode. Other nations may, it is true, boast of excellence in some particular art or study; but to Rome only is given the proud title of mother and mistress of arts and letters. The long list of illustrious names which grace the annals of science, some of whom have long since passed away; others more recently; while others still live, earning for themselves imperishable fame, but all of whom grew up and flourished under the patronising care of the sovereign Pontiffs, proclaim and vindicate this title. Poets, Painters, Sculptors, Architects, Astronomers, Philosophers and Theologians, are the glories of which Rome has ever boasted, and can still boast. These are what have shed a sacred halo around the Pontifical Throne, inferior only to the glory which arises from the thrice holy calling of being Christ's representative on earth. Here, under the mild and gentle sway of the Popes, when intestine wars and mutual jealousies had expatriated or destroyed religion and science, the twin sisters found a peaceful home. Here the writings of the ancients—those connecting links which join long distant ages with our own, and without which an uninstructing blank would be all we could consult to familiarise ourselves with the lives and acts of our predecessors—were preserved, transcribed and perpetuated. Hither flocked, and still flock, the youth from every clime to imbibe 'neath the shadow of the tomb of the Apostles, virtue, science and love. An Islander visiting Rome would think, judging from the number of students, that it was one immense College. Not to speak of the numerous Seminaries devoted solely to the education of the Roman youth, scarcely a civilized nation but what has its particular College here. England, France, Scotland, Ireland, America, North and South, Belgium, Austria, Prussia, and many others have each their College, literary and artistic, whither they send their youth to acquire that knowledge which can nowhere be learned so well as in Rome. This is a stubborn *fact* which all the sophistry of your Island bigots cannot conceal or deny, and which sheds more glory round the throne of the Pontiffs than mechanical inventions or feats of arms. In fact, that one world-wide and noble institution known as the "Propaganda," where almost every tribe of the earth has its representative, would of itself alone be sufficient to show the zeal of the Catholic Church for the propagation of knowledge. Want of time prevents me from dwelling any longer on this important point, or of entering into particulars; but the hints thrown out are well worthy the consideration of those who either blindly or maliciously assert that Rome is an enemy to progress.

No doubt you have read a great deal of nonsense in the newspapers headed "State of Rome," and you would, no doubt, remark that one said the "Pope was dying," another that he was in "excellent health," and a third that he was "flying from the city." It appears to me that newspaper publishers send their "devils" here as correspondents, or else seek out men of the stamp of a worthy Charlottetown painter, who, not only was never heard to speak the truth, but who, it was firmly believed, could not speak it. I shall not enter much into the political state of affairs, or give surmises for facts, but shall confine myself to that which I know to be true. The French troops are still here, nor are there any preparations making for their departure, although, according to the Convention, Rome was to have been evacuated by the 15th Sept. The Catholic feeling of France is something against which even Napoleon fears to measure his strength. Humanly speaking, the state of Rome may be thus summed up: *If* the French leave, and *if* Rome be attacked from without, the Pope would have to seek a home elsewhere. The departure of the French is very uncertain. An attack from without, in the present state of Italian affairs, is equally uncertain. In time of need, the Papal Zouaves, those pious and brave soldiers, consisting of Princes, Nobles and Peasants, who, urged on by a truly Catholic spirit, have come to offer their lives in defence of the sacred rights of the Holy See, will, no doubt, do their duty; but valor and justice are often defeated by numbers and impiety. For the Spiritual Church there is no danger; we have the promise of Christ that against her the gates of hell shall not prevail, and it would be sinful to doubt. But for the preservation of the temporal power of the Pope, so necessary for the free exercise of religion, we have no such promises; and, although we know the Church will triumph in the end, still, we likewise know that God may permit her to be afflicted for a time, unless induced to spare her by the prayers of the faithful.

The Holy Father is in excellent health, and with a calm confidence in God, sits tranquil while all Europe is disturbed. He looks not for help from man, and, although robbed and persecuted, is still the kind Father, the munificent King, the firm and unyielding Pope. Never, perhaps, during the many troubled but glorious periods of the Church was the watchful providence of God so clearly displayed as in the elevation of Pius the Ninth to the Pontifical throne. Apostolic zeal and fearlessness; the patience, firmness and charity of the martyrs; the meekness and piety of the devout Christian, are the characteristics of the man whom Christ chose to be, in those evil days, a "column and tower of truth." Beset on all sides by enemies who seek his overthrow, he has condemned, with his authoritative voice, the false systems and cavillings (common sense must not be insulted by calling it philosophy) of Rationalists and Pantheists, and asserted the eternal principles of religion and good government; persecuted, he prays for his persecutors; robbed, despoiled and calumniated, he has sought not the death but the conversion of the impious and sacrilegious robbers.

The iniquitous proceedings of the Italian Government in suppressing the religious communities and confiscating their property, equalled only by the ruthless Henry VIII, in England, has driven many of these noble confessors to seek a home and quiet in Rome. The paternal care of the Pope, in providing for their wants, is such as to draw down eonium from even the lying correspondents of English newspapers. Noble, indeed, and glorious in the future annals of Christendom will be the page which will chronicle the sufferings and constancy of the Italian Hierarchy during the last six years. Imprisonment, confiscation of goods, and exile were able to pervert but *one* out of some sixty Bishops, while but few out of the vast number of priests have fallen from their duty. Considering the frightful state of society, and the sufferings of the clergy, this as a *fact* glorifies the Church and vindicates the virtue and probity of her priesthood. With a feeling of deference, amounting to awe and veneration, do I look upon these tried soldiers of the faith as I meet them on the street, and fancy to see renewed in them the days of the Catacombs.

There are several other points on which I intended to touch, but I have already drawn out this communication too long. Your journal comes to hand regularly, and is, perhaps, the first and only newspaper received in the Eternal City. It is a luxury to read its spirited articles 'neath the walls of the Coliseum. Although I do not quite coincide with you in your views concerning Confederation, still, I would not like to see the people entrapped into a Union.

Rome, Oct. 1866. C.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD.

SIR,—That the *Islander* newspaper has for some time past prostituted itself to the selfish schemes and objects of Mr. William H. Pope, and the few other paid agents who are conspiring with him to betray Prince Edward Island into Confederation, can no longer be doubted.

The *Islander* of the 19th October last first proclaimed the $800,000 affair, and the sensation, bogus form in which the bubble was inflated, ought itself to have been sufficient to arouse the suspicions of honest men and to have called it by its proper name. The respectable newspapers of the Island, it is true, lost no time in warning the Colony of its suspicious character, and why it is they have dealt so leniently with the authors or *author* of such a black-leg job does not satisfactorily appear.

The style and language of the editorial in which it was ushered to the public, savours unmistakeably of the pen of Mr. William H. Pope; and the unblushing falsehoods that were piled up on a very little truth were enough to shock the morality of a saloon full of New York roughs. The first brazen assertion in most conspicuous letters and capitals is as follows:—

"$800,000 TO BE GIVEN TO PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, IN ORDER THAT THE LEASEHOLD TENURES MAY BE EXTINGUISHED."

This is a falsehood. By reference to the despatch it will be found that the sum was not $800,000, but only "*such amount as may* be necessary for the purchase of the proprietary rights, *but not to exceed* $800,000."

The amount that may be *necessary* would depend on the further amounts of lands the proprietors might be willing to sell, and there is no more, and indeed not so much, likelihood of the Proprietors offering additional lands for sale, should Confederation be effected, than there is without it. The assertion is further put in the absolute form that the *money is to be given* to P. E Island, etc. This is falsehood No. 2.—The Despatch shows no such thing. It shows "the gift" to be merely this: that the Delegates *will support the policy of providing such amount!* Is this money? Is it a promissory note? No; it is merely a *promise* of the Delegates—not a promise to *pay money*, but a promise to support *the policy*—a cheap consideration indeed for the sale of Prince Edward Island and all its people into Canadian bondage.

The next paragraph trumpeted forth in the *Islander's* bogus editoral is as follows: "Glorious opportunity for all Tenants and for those who are now in arrears to the Government for lands purchased upon the Worrel, Selkirk and other Estates." This is falsehood No. 3. The Resolution of the Delegates shews that if supporting "the policy of providing the amount" could, by any twisting of the "Islander's" logic, be proved to be *tangible cash*, even then the Tenantry "in arrears to the Government for land purchased upon the Worrel, Selkirk and other Estates" were not to have any of it, because the Delegates' Resolution plainly says the money is for the purchase of the *proprietory rights*—that is, those lands not already purchased by the Government from the Proprietors, and *not* the lands they have already sold and put out of their power to deal with again. This atrocious falsehood was invented to dazzle and deceive the Belfast constituency for a sufficient time, to win their influence for Mr. Wm. H. Pope and his colleague, Col. Gray. Many of the people of the Belfast District, I am informed on credible authority, state that information was communicated to them from Charlottetown, to the effect that a large amount of their purchase arrears to the Government (some of them who purchased Mill Property to the amount of several hundreds of pounds) was to be remitted them!! This totally unfounded and deliberately wicked fabrication was, it is obvious, the cardinal point of the "Islander's" monster imposition. The people of the Belfast District were beginning to discuss publicly the necessity of choosing new representatives—men who would defend them from the much and rightly dreaded Confederation; and Mr. Wm. H. Pope, doubtless, who has great confidence in his own cunning, appealed to what he supposed the sinister character of the electors, who are still indebted for their purchases to the Government. He, it seems, "measured their corn by his own half bushel:" they refused the *bribe*, and he, grievously for himself, missed his aim, and if anything could have confirmed the minds of these people in the character they formed of Mr. William H. Pope, this desperate and disreputable attempt on his part to betray them has effectually done so. If the Government of the day hope to survive, I would say the sooner they publicly disclaim all connection with Mr. Wm. H. Pope and his paper, the "Islander," the better.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

Nov. 19, 1866. DETECTIVE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD.

SIR,—It was with much regret I read the thrilling account of the many appalling disasters that occurred during the terrific gale that has recently swept along the coast of this Island. Its devastating influence has been severely felt throughout the whole shipping of the Maritime Provinces; but more particularly has it been experienced on this Island, by the numerous shattered vessels that line its coast. In connection with this storm an incident occurred, so extraordinary in its nature that I deem it worthy of being brought under public notice. It is the fact of a *Shallop*, commanded by Capt. M. Kench, of Cascumpec, having survived the whole of that severe storm. At the time the storm commenced, Captain Kench was taking in a load on the North Shore of this Island, and owing to the rapidity with which the storm rose to its utmost violence, he was unable to enter any port; consequently, he was reduced to the necessity of committing his *boat*, for safety, to the bosom of the boisterous ocean. Few can form a correct idea of his perilous position. Accompanied by only two inexperienced persons, who, overcome by the danger of their position, (incidentel to *green hands*,) were unable to render him much assistance. The Captain was, therefore, obliged to stand at the helm for *twenty-four hours*, without being relieved. The morning after the storm Captain Kench arrived safely with his boat and crew in Charlottetown harbor. This wonderful escape speaks well of Mr. Kench's nautical skill and daring intrepidity; and justly might P. E. Island boast of this noble seaman, who, in a frail *Shallop*, braved the impetuosity of a tempest which foundered and shattered the strongest vessels the Provinces could produce. It is to be hoped that he will soon attain to that position in his profession for which his great abilities qualify him.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,

Nov. 18, 1866. TIM.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.

On Saturday night, the 10th inst., about 7 o'clock, Mr. Bernard McTague, of Montague, Lot 57, was returning, on foot, from his daughter's house, and when within three quarters of a mile from his own house, he was overtaken by a person named Dougherty, who had a horse and gig. This man kindly asked McTague to take a lift; the old man agreed and got in. Dougherty drove along cautiously, till coming to a bad place in the road, opposite P. O'Connell's, where the horse shied. Dougherty suddenly struck him, which caused him to jump and rear. The seat of the gig gave away, and poor McTague was thrown violently on the hard road. He was stunned for some time, but became better, and was carried home. He retained the use of his senses and his speech until about 5 o'clock on Tuesday morning, when he died.

McTague was in his sixty-fifth year, and was always an industrious, sober and honest man. He leaves a large family and many friends, and is deservedly regretted by all.—May he rest in peace.—*Com.*

The Herald.

Wednesday, November 21, 1866.

EDITORIAL RAMBLINGS.

No. I.

THERE are times when the mind, either overworked by constant application, or wearied by a sameness of duty, seeks to recover its wonted buoyancy by change of employment or scenery. Most persons have experienced this feeling at one time or another; but it unfortunately happens too frequently that the silent demand which nature thus makes cannot, for the want of time or means, be complied with. Such was my position during the past summer, until business in St. John summoned me thither in the autumn months. I immediately embraced the opportunity to combine business with pleasure, and accordingly, on a beautiful morning in October, I wended my way for Pope's Wharf, just in time to step on board the *Princess of Wales* before her last warning whistle for departure sounded. The bow lines were almost immediately cast off; but, as is usual on all such occasions, before the stern lines could be cast loose, two passengers, with a formidable array of baggage, were seen making frantic efforts to reach the steamer in time to secure their passage. Capt. Evans, with much consideration and patience, held on until the ladies (for such they were) were hustled over the rails on to the deck, and their baggage thrown after them by three or four accommodating individuals of the masculine persuasion who were fortunately on the wharf at the time. Then, at the command "cast off"—"all clear," the *Princess* at length gets under way. The morning is bright, clear and bracing; and the sea, unruffled by the slightest breeze, lay calm and placid as on the finest summer day. Nothing transpired to interrupt our passage to Summerside, and the time usually occupied in the performance of this part of my journey was whiled away in reading some late newspapers with which I had provided myself previous to starting; in chatting with some passing acquaintance, or in guessing at the characters of those who formed my fellow-passengers. The mere summer tourist might easily be distinguished by his nonchalent air from the business man and the voyager from necessity. The Leader of the Government, with the cares of state still heavy on his brow, might be seen in the saloon; and the poor Mic-mic, between decks, as happy as a king, after his raid upon Charlottetown for his winter supplies. Thus it is through life, that extremes are frequently brought into close proximity. Wealth and squalor, power and insignificance, business and pleasure, happiness and misery, journey together for a time, and part, perhaps forever, without one serious or ennobling thought having been derived from their association.

When off Indian point, the *Princess* sounds her approach to Summerside, and immediately a crowd of persons hurry down the wharf—some on business, others through mere curiosity, and others, again,—the juvenile vagrants of the place,—to indulge in mischief, to secure a "windfall" of any description, or, if the chance offers, to partake of the *sweets* of life, by pilfering at a molasses or sugar cask. The *Princess* remained long enough at Summerside to enable me to go through the town and to ascertain by personal observation that it is very rapidly building up and extending its borders. A large amount of business appears to be transacted, and altogether, I would say that Summerside is in a *Progressive* way. It now possesses two Printing Offices, a Bank, a Lawyer, any number of Stores, and other "institutions" which go to form a city. Among other articles of export, the native oyster is not the least important, and every season, when the legal prohibition expires, immense quantities are exported to Halifax, St. John, and other cities. Summerside is rather noted for the swarm of "doctors" it fosters; and I must say that it was to me a satisfactory sign of the increasing intelligence and health of the place, to see on this occasion the *exportation* of a number of these humbugs, whose services and "nostrums" were becoming a drug in the market. Prince County will do well to starve out the balance of the quacks who still infest that section of the Island. The barbarity recently perpetrated by one of the most unblushing of these vagabonds upon an unfortunate patient, whom several recognised practitioners knew and pronounced to be a hopeless case, ought to be a sufficient warning to others not to employ him. Better to trust to the unaided operations of nature than to run the risk of being butchered or poisoned by an empiric.

Bidding adieu, however, to Summerside, for the present, I once more proceeded on board the steamer, which shortly afterwards proceeded to Shediac, with a large addition to her freight and passengers, among whom I was pleased to recognize the familiar faces of two friends who were *en route* to St. John on business. The trip from Summerside to Shediac was short and pleasant, and characterised by as little diversity as that between Charlottetown and Summerside. Towards the close of a glorious day we approached Shediac, which, bathed in sunlight, presented the same straggling appearance by which I have known it for many years. The shipping just then present, loading with lumber of various kinds, gave to the harbor an air of business activity which it does not in reality possess; but the low, marshy land bordering the shore, and between Point du Chene and Shediac village, was unrelieved by a single attraction. The dark and stunted growth of var and spruce trees, which thickly cover the ground, present a marked and by no means favorable contrast to the bright verdure and the rich and variegated foliage of the woodland of Sussex Vale. Although Shediac is now but a scattered village, and derives its chief distinction and support from its lumber trade, and from the fact of being a mere jumping-off place where travellers rest themselves for a few hours on their journey, yet the time may not be far distant when differential tariffs may tend to its rapid growth and to the development of a large trade and daily steam communication with Prince Edward Island during the summer months. The Island, from its position, seems destined to be the *entrepot* whence those portions of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, which present themselves and are contiguous to her shores, will draw a considerable share of their imported goods. At present, as I said before, Shediac is but a temporary stopping place, for merchants and other travellers, on their way to St. John or to the United States, from Pictou and the North Shore of New Brunswick, and also from this Island, and, as a consequence, its precise condition is such as I describe it.—I never stop in it without thinking that the village is in the position of an individual who lives on under some impending calamity, and almost hopelessly awaits the arrival of better days. But as I am getting tired, and possibly the reader, too, I shall seek the hospitality of the well and favorably known "Weldon House." Here being safely esconsed for the night, after a refreshing and hearty tea, I forget my fatigues and resign myself to the arms of Murphy.

ANOTHER FIRE!

ON Saturday night last, about 12 o'clock, a fire broke out in the cooper's shop adjoining Davy's forge, Richmond Street, in the occupation of Mr. Elias Hutchinson. Although several hand-engines were promptly on the spot, and worked very well, yet the building, with all its contents, was totally consumed, and Davy's forge, with one or two outbuildings in the rear, were very much damaged. Mr. Hutchinson's loss is estimated at £100, and Mr. Davy's at a like amount. The origin of this fire is, we believe, attributed to incendiarism. We don't believe a word of it; and neither do we believe that any of the fires which ravaged Charlottetown during the past summer was the work of an incendiary, but altogether the result of carelessness. If the owners of houses, and especially of workshops, where shavings and other inflammable substances accumulate, were to attend to the closing up of their shops the last thing at night, and to put a stop to tobacco smoking upon their premises, there would be fewer fires and loss talk about incendiarism.

Upon this, as upon all previous occasions, the want of organization was manifest, and we are rather indebted to the mildness of the night and the sparseness of houses in the locality, than to any good management on the part of the Fire Department, that the damage done was not much more serious and wide-spread than it was. Every one was head Engineer, and, as a consequence, the greatest confusion and uproar prevailed. The loud clamor and contradictory orders, the wild rushing hither and thither, the unaccountably ungovernable passion for smashing windows, doors, furniture, crockery, and everything else that came in the way of the miscellaneous mob of men and women, who collect, as usual, at a fire, are altogether indescribable, unless we imagine the confusion of tongues upon the plains of Shinar. The fact is, the town is doomed to certain destruction, unless a competent chief Fire Engineer is appointed for the city, and the means and power placed in his hands to organize a Fire Brigade, and to give us something like an efficient Fire Department. We have had a steam fire engine for four weeks, and it certainly speaks well for the corporation that within that time neither an Engineer to take charge of it, nor a suitable place wherein to put it, has been provided! That time has been wasted by the contentions of a stupid faction who were more auxious to secure an appointment for an incompetent favorite than to provide for the safety of the city. The same spirit of indifference to the wants of the city is manifest in the appearance of the burnt district at present, the sidewalks and cellars of which are, after a lapse of four months, in a condition dangerous to man and beast. This criminal indifference, apathy, or whatever else we may please to term it, also accounts for the fact that the steam fire engine, which has cost the city something like £2,000, was perfectly useless on Saturday night last. This engine, under ordinary circumstances, is capable, when properly handled and brought to play in time, of extinguishing any fire that might break out. It was tested on Saturday afternoon last, and, with a pressure of only 100 lbs., threw two streams of water an immense distance into the air—higher than the highest spire in the city. During the trial, one section of the hose burst, and it unfortunately happened, from the fact, we presume, that it was only on that day Mr. White was appointed Engineer, and a company organised to work the engine, that this defective piece of hose was slipped in, when, after long delays, the engine was brought to the head of Prince Street Wharf on Saturday night last to play upon the fire. More than half the water escaped through the broken hose, which was situated about half way between the wharf and the fire. No coal or firing of any description had been provided, nor yet a sufficiency of wrenches to screw the couplings together. The engineer had to come from one end of the town to take charge of the engine, and a horse to haul it had to be provided from another quarter, so that altogether it is not surprising that the Fire Engine did not effect much good. Now, who is to blame for this state of affairs? Is there no man of sufficient energy or brains at the Council Board to remedy it? What is Councillor Butcher about? What does Councillor Mitchell say? This we know, that unless an improvement is effected in the Fire Department, and that soon, the destruction of this wooden town is as certain as if the handwriting were already on the wall. Let Mr. Heard be appointed Chief Engineer, and give him the means—which the city is quite willing to contribute—to thoroughly organize an efficient Fire Department, perfect in every detail, and we shall have little to fear from fires. A drilled company of 100 firemen, who should be allowed some compensation for their services—either in the way of exemption from taxes, or otherwise, would do more than the miscellaneous crowd who now assemble at fires—and many of them more for the purpose of pilfering than for helping to extinguish the fire. If the present Councillors cannot carry this suggestion into effect, let them retire and give way to better men.