The Daily Examiner

NOVEMBER 21, 1884.

Farmers' Clubs.

We should like to see in every school district a Farmers' Club. Friendly meetings together in clubs, and talking over matters agricultural in the light of personal experience and observation, would make our farmers take greater interest in their farms, and be the means of enabling them to co-operate to a much greater extent than they do at present. In short, they would help to make farmers appreciate better the true nobility of their calling, and promote the prosperity and good of the Province. The schoolmaster has been so long abroad that most of our farmers can, if they wish, express well their ideas on things they know about; and Farmers' Clubs could avail themselves of the knowledge of specialists in the various departments of farm work. There seems to be no good reason why "Farmers' Clubs" should not be formed throughout the Province. At present there are but three or four; but the coming winter season is the time to form others. They might be in affiliation with the Dairyman's Association recently formed to promote all the branches of farming and the dairy in particular, or they might be in connection with County Agricultural Societies, or they might exist as independent Clubs. In any case they would do good. But generally speaking, the closer the union the greater the strength; and it would perhaps be best of all, if all the Clubs would unite under one Provincial Association. Farmers' Clubs thus formed, could, from time to time avail themselves of the best talent engaged in the promotion of agriculture, and they would have advantages in obtaining improved breeds, seeds, implements, etc.

— Probably no man has ever been subjected to such a test as that to which Carlyle has been subjected by his biographer. Says Froude:—"His wages will be the love and honor of the whole English race who read his books and know his history. If his writings are forgotten he has left in his life a model of simplicity and uprightness which few will ever equal, and none will excel. For he had not been sustained in his way through this world by an inherited creed which could give him hope and confidence. The inherited creed had crumbled down, and he had to form a belief for himself by lonely imagination. Nature had not bestowed on him the robust mental constitution which passes by the petty trials of life without heeding them, or the stubborn stoicism which endures in silence. Nature had made him weak, possionate, complaining, dyspeptic in body, and sensitive in spirit, lonely, irritable, and morbid. He became what he was by his moral rectitude of principle, by a conscientious resolution to do right which never failed him in serious things from his earliest years, and, though it could not change his temperament, was the inflexible guide of his conduct. Neither self-indulgence, nor ambition, nor any meaner motive, ever led him astray from the straight road of duty, and he left the world at last having never spoken, never written a sentence which he did not believe with his whole heart, never stained his conscience by a single deliberate act which he could regret to remember."

— The *Patriot* is too late with its advice to plant trees in the autumn, and unnecessarily hard on those who don't know when and how to plant trees. Whether it is worse not to know than, knowing, not to make the knowledge public until it is too late to be of any use, is a question which citizens may decide for themselves. At any rate, it is pleasing to know that the trees planted on the Queen's Birthday have well nigh all taken root; and we may at least be permitted to hope that they will withstand the rigor of the coming winter. Of course it is to be regretted that a greater number of trees were not planted in the autumn. More would, no doubt, have been planted had the editor of the *Patriot* told what he knows about tree planting in good time.

— A correspondent calls attention to an erroneous statement of the *Monetary Times*, which says that oats are an extra crop, and can be bought for sixteen (16) cents in some parts of the Island. This is untrue, and should be corrected; for, in the first place, it is calculated to injure those who have bought oats here to sell in the other Provinces, and in the next place it is calculated to injure the Island and its men of business, than whom no men in Canada are more enterprising or readier to pay the farmer the full price which the markets of the world will permit. We do not know of any oats having been bought here this fall for less than 32 to 34 cents.

—Of the great Duke of Wellington Carlyle wrote in his diary: "Truly a beautiful old man; I had never seen till now how beautiful, and what an expression of graceful simplicity, veracity, and nobleness there is about the old hero when you see him close at hand."

The *Journal* reports that Mr. D. C. Brown has purchased the business lately conducted by Mr. P. Brown, on Central Street, Summerside.

Mr. A. Bowness has opened a store at Kensington on the cash-down principle. Success to him.

The Skye Crofters.

BY MRS. A. D. MACLEOD.

Oh! for the long, long wished for time!
Yond want, an' woe, an' a' that;
When blessed Right shall conquer Might,
And Truth be King o'er a' that!

The notes of last Saturday's Examiner contain the information that "two hundred marines have been sent to Syke to over-awe the crofters." We have formerly read, and the annals of Great Britain will attest to the truth of the statement, that "during the Peninsular war, the Island of Skye alone sent forth ten thousand fighting men."

Now, as Syke and its people, are from time to time affording topic for conversation, before entering into the reasons for this startling change from loyalty to open rebellion, we would like to say somewhat upon that country, and its inhabitants; more especially as many in our midst, myself included, feel aggrieved to think that a land endeared to us by the tenderest recollections, either as our own, or our fathers' land, a land which has produced for its acreage more patriots than any other Shire in Great Britain, should now be publicly represented as the home of barbarians, who require to be over-awed by brute force. Skye men have no reason to be ashamed of the little Isle which produced bards and scholars at a period when learning in the South was at a discount. We read in "Boswell's Tour to the Hebrides" that the fastidious Dr. Johnson was utterly amazed to find in Skye what he had hitherto rarely met with, women his match in wit, and men his equal in the classics. Well-balanced minds, and highest order of intellect still survive in the persons of many talented descendants of those, and are displayed no less in successful management of business, than in powerful oratory and convincing reasoning at the bar of justice. Our acquaintance, however, leads us to believe that in the legal profession, Skyemen peculiarly excel.

Those who contemplate a trip to Europe, the Scottish Highlands, of course, included, should arrange to spend a few days in Skye, as, by so doing, they will see the most romantic of all Highland scenery. The facilities for travel are now of the best, not as when we, bound for a holiday trip, spent half the time in sailing from Glagow to Skye that we have since spent in crossing the Atlantic. By taking the West Coast route, you have an ever-beautiful and ever-varying prospect all the way. From Oban, the capital of the Western Highlands, nestling at the foot of its hills, on either side the old castles of Dunolly and Dunstaffnage, peeping out from their background of green; up through the Sound of Mull, with the grey heights of Morven, home of Scotland's great Norman MacLeod, to the right, and the long Isle of Mull to the left; on past bold Ardnamurchan, near which stands the old home of the Glenaladale family; on, till the southern promontory of Skye, with its gentle slope, on which stands the proud castle of Armadale, greets our view. Round the point, and there stand the mighty Cuchullins, sung by Ossian, and later by Nicholson, their bare, rocky peaks rising beyond the white cloudlets which flit around, to the calm, blue ether overhead, like a lesser Andes chain, upon a lesser sphere. Portree, the capital of the Island, its harbor guarded by two gigantic rocks, is reached at last, and you set foot upon the Isle of Mist.

First impressions of the country are disappointing. You drive on and on through what seems never-ending moor-land; but, just as hope is ebbing, a sudden turn, and lo! you are in the world again. There lies, in all its sublimity, like a tongue of living fire, now flashing in sunshine, now darkening 'neath the shifting clouds, the gleaming water of Suizort; the old church and manse upon the near sloping bank, and the low line of the Harris Hills far off on the horizon. Limited space will not permit of our defining the several mountains, lochs, ravines, and cataracts of Skye, but if the traveler wends his way by the pretty little hamlet of Uig, on by Kilmuir and ancient Duntulm, to the wondrous precipice of Quirang, with its green round table on the top of the rocks, he will express himself, at least, satisfied. For the romantic, there is Kingsborough, famous as the shelter of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," where we were shown with pride, a cherished lock of his yellow hair. There is Dunvegan, the home of the MacLeods, and near by, the seat of our cousin, Martin of Glendale and Husibost. The few highroads of Skye go winding around mountains, and through valleys, so that pedestrians usually choose to shorten their journey by mounting the hills and walking over the moors, which lie in their direct course. In the old times, we are informed, and late circumstances corroborate the statement, there was not the distinction between poor and rich which now exists, and this brings us to the question—Why the change? and we answer,—

In former times the rich man regarded the poor much as a parent does his children; providing for their bodily wants, and receiving faithful service and affectionate respect in return. Now he treats them at best, with indifference, and oftener with absolute cruely. Far abler pens than ours have exposed the evils of landlordism; and the late account of the "Commission in the Highlands," shows that the proprietors of Skye, are not a whit behind their neighbors on the mainland, in exaction and injustice. Field after field is added to the rich man's heritage; whilst the crofter is pushed, after the fashion of the Red Indians, on to the small reserve in the far back corner, and all that the brutes of the field or the game of the sportsman may fatten upon the pillaged soil. The sleek ponies tumble about on the lawn, whilst "man, made in God's image," bears the heavy load of fuel for the landlords use. That the pampered few may live intemperately, the many deserving must starve. For the better contentment of some amongst us, we relate an incident of our own experience, during a visit to Skye, several years ago.

Walking the shores of Loch Suizort, I encountered an old woman, widow of a respectable crofter, who was stooping to pick up her daily food in the shell fish left by the tide. I helped her fill her *creel*, and, through signs, discovering where she lived, assisted her homeward with her burden. Explanation cannot picture her abode. A mud hut, reclining against the bank, only recognizable as a human dwelling from the smoke which ascended through the roof! Door there may have been, window there was none. A few peats burned on the clay floor, before which, supported by a boulder, a dingy-looking oatmeal cake was being cooked. I could only express my sympathy by the gift of a little silver, and return along the water side; but the merry plashes seemed to have changed into a wail, as the rebellious thought kept cropping up in my mind, "Why should such things be?" A joyous group gathered round for dinner, but the salmon from the loch had lost their rich color, and the grouse their tempting flavor, as ever and anon arose before my vision the aged form, and the unpalatable cake in the dismal hut.

Emigration is looked upon as the only remedy for the appalling misery endured both by the Irish, and the Scottish highlanders. It is well that Providence has provided a haven for the oppressed, or "surplus population," as their more fortunate brother man terms them, in this great country and in the neighboring grand Republic; but, does that lessen the responsibility attaching to those who force them by harsh measures to seek that relief. Why should some of the most beautiful, and in some cases the most fertile portions of Ireland and Scotland be turned into hunting grounds for the minions of pleasure, whilst the honest workers of the soil are drafted off to begin life over again, far from all the associations which rendered life pleasant. And strange incongruity, those despoilers will sit in judgment over a man who sees fit to change his faith, or to commit what is termed a *mesalliance*; they will punish the tired out laboring man for getting into a passion, and over-chastening his refactory horse; then, sensitive souls! will cooly mount their own horse, and manfully hunt down, and glory in the death struggle of a timid, inoffensive fawn!

It is argued that assistance has often been sent when starvation confronted; otherwise, that if Oppression stole the people's gold, Charity sent them back a few coppers. Charity is not sued for, but justice—only simple justice: room for the beings created in God's image, instead of place for the soulless brute. *Apropos* of misdirected charity, we learn that the Marquis of Lorne, doubtless meaning well, has advised Lady Burdett Coutts to ship off a colony of East Londoners to our Maritime Provinces. If his Royal wife, surrounded by every luxury, could not face our northern winter, how could he imagine that the poor, ill-clad natives of the hot-bed of London, their blood thinned by a lifetime of wretched poverty could survive it. We hope the benevolent lady will send them to a more suitable climate, such as the Carolina States or Southern Australia.

We respect the Sovereign who lives a blameless life, and whose eyes are never permitted to witness the realities of suffering; but we abhor the man, be he our own relative, who exclaims, when our heart sickens at the sight of human woe, "Oh! they are used to it.' Thank God! there is hope of recompense where landlordism is unknown! It is quite easy to be peaceful, law abiding, and even godly, when the cupboard is full and the back well clad, but when, in sight of plenty, starvation is meted out, and cruelty substituted for sympathy, what wonder that poor, down-trodden humanity should beat out, even against the inevitable, and use the only means given it for self-defence.

Let those amongst us who rail against fenianism, etc, read the touching verses by the mother of Lord Dufferin:—

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my heart's young strength had gone.

I thank you for the patient smile,
When your heart was fit to break,
When the *hunger pain* was gnawing there
And you hid it for my sake!

I thank you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore—
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more.

and if they are unmoved by this touching appeal, let them, before passing sentence of condemnation, visit the Irish hut, as we have done, and see the strong man bowed down by injustice, the once beautiful black eyes dim with sorrow, and the starving little ones scrambling over a few morsels of bread, or some poor potatoes; and before embarking for this land of Freedom, let them also visit the shores of Loch Suizort—then may they fully understand what has changed the warm-hearted Irish into the much loathed Fenian, and the loyal Skyeman into the marine-guarded malcontent.

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FALL STOCK, 1884.

Received and to Arrive Shortly:

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300 do Ontario APPLES,
100 do Nova Scotia APPLES,
300 Boxes and half boxes RAISINS,
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100 Casks KEROSENE OIL,
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Men and Boys' WOOL UNDERCLOTHING, all Qualities and Prices.

Flannel Shirts, Men's Knit Top Shirts, Cardigan Jackets, Ladies' Fur-lined Circulars,

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A LARGE STOCK OF BLANKETS,

MEN'S FUR COATS, COON, BUFFALO AND DOG. FUR ROBES,
BUFFALO ROBES, JAPANESE AND WOLF ROBES, RAILWAY WRAPPERS, &c., &c.
HORSE RUGS,

WE INVITE ATTENTION TO THE ABOVE, AS THEY ARE MARKED LOW FOR CASH.

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Charlottetown, Oct. 16, 1884.

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TO be Sold by Auction, on THURSDAY next, 29th inst., at the Law Courts Building, at 12 o'clock, noon,

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Directly opposite Pope's Brewery, on the St. Peter's Road, measuring 60 feet front and 150 feet back, with a double tenement Building thereon.

WILLIAM DODD,
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Ch'town, Nov. 20, 1884.

SACRED CONCERT.

THERE will be a Concert of Sacred Music, in ZION CHURCH,

On Thursday, November 27th,

AT 8 P. M.

The choir will be assisted by several ladies and gentlemen; including a select chorus directed by Prof. Frieze.

Admission 25 Cents.

November 20, 1884.

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THE House and premises in the thriving village of Eldon, Belfast, formerly occupied by Dr. McSwain. The house is new and well finished with offices, outhouses, &c., and about an acre of land; is well suited for a professional man or a mechanic, and is convenient to stores, schools and churches, and one mile from Halliday's Wharf.

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Ch'town, Nov. 4, 1884.

ALL the important local and foreign news is chronicled in THE DAILY EXAMINER. Buy and read it.

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BY Auction, Monday, Nov. 24 h, at 10.30 o'clock, at my Auction Room:—

175 brls choice Winter-keeping Apples, in Baldwins, Tompkins, Pippins, Russetts, &c.
25 brls Gravensteins (very choice.)
Also:—Onions, Pears, Lemons, &c., and 75 barrels No. 1 Labrador Herring.

A. McNEILL,
AUCTIONEER.

Ch'town, Nov. 21, 1884.—2i

OUR PACIFIC PROVINCE

THE first Lecture of the Winter course, before the Young Men's Christian Association, will be delivered by the

REV. F. CHAPPELL, B. A.,

On TUESDAY evening next, the 25th inst., in the Y. M. C. A. Hall.

Subject: "British Columbia." Chair to be taken at 8 o'clock.

Admission 10 Cents.

HENRY SMITH,
Secretary.

Ch'town, Nov 21—3in

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Charlottetown, Nov. 21—1w eod wkly li

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Worsted and Tweed Suits,
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Ch'town Nov 4, 1884.