

contribute about \$20,000,000 per annum to the support of a lazy good for nothing government and a still more worthless church, and it is small consolation to her that the English poor are also fleeced for the self same purpose. We quote the following important facts from this writer:

If we were to single out any class as the worst enemy to Ireland, we should not hesitate to select the landed proprietary. It is notorious that the soil is not half cultivated, while millions of available acres are still in a state of nature, untouched by plough or spade. Out of twenty-one million acres of surface not four million of acres are employed in the growth of vegetable food for eight millions of people. The growing of flax is shamefully neglected. It is reported by the Census Commissioners that there are 13,464,300 acres (exclusive of all other land) adapted to the growth of flax. Montgomery Martin calculates that if one sixteenth of this quantity of land were devoted to flax culture, the value of the produce would be nearly 12,000,000 sterling. He proceeds to state, that the manufactures of the United Kingdom consume about 100,000 tons of flax per annum, in value about 5,000,000; of this Russia furnishes six-eighths, and Ireland not two-eighths, though superior to every country but Belgium for the growth of the article. She has therefore within herself the capacity of supplying the entire wants of the home market, and superceding Russia in the markets of France, Belgium, Holland and Germany.

The consumption of British manufactures in Ireland is not more than one guinea per head for each inhabitant, while even the negroes in the West Indies consume each five pounds' worth per annum of our manufactures. If the Irish could only be raised to the condition of the Negroes, they would require forty millions. —While therefore they remain in their present condition, Leeds, Manchester and Glasgow, are depriving themselves of customers at their very doors, while vainly seeking for them at the extremities of the globe.

FRANCE.

The anxiety which prevails respecting the onward progress of the revolution in France is still deep and abiding. Although General Cavaignac

Hath borne his faculties so meek; hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Plead like angels,

with the French people, nevertheless a half-smothered rebellion is gathering strength among the Red Republicans; whilst the moderate party, whose experienced leader, M. Thiers, the hand of the assassin has aimed at, are gaining in strength, and indeed hold the power at any moment of overthrowing General Cavaignac and both the other sections of the National Assembly. It is difficult to conceive in what way Gen. Cavaignac can maintain himself, unless by an alliance with the Red Republicans; and even these, closely united, which they cannot long be, with the party of Marrast and his friends, will scarcely be able to hold the reins of power against the compact body headed by M. Thiers.

The report of the Committee appointed to enquire into the several insurrectionary movements which have happened since February has created an alarming sensation. The most strenuous efforts are being made, on the one side, to get the evidence printed; whilst on the part of Cavaignac there seems some degree of hesitation, lest the proofs of guilt should be so overwhelming against Ledru Rollin, Canssidiere, Louis Blanc, and Proudhon, as completely to cut off all possibility of their evading punishment.

M. Arago, and M. Trouve Chareul, the late Prefect of Police, have given evidence directly implicating M. Ledru Rollin, who was to have been elected Dictator if the affair of the 16th of April had succeeded. M. Arago declares that Ledru Rollin was a Red Republican, whilst Lamartine and the other members of the Provisional Government adhered to the tri-coloured flag. Cavaignac, deprived of the votes of the Mountain party, must yield up the Government; and, in the present temper of the people, no one would be so hardy as to aspire to fill his unenviable office. M. Thiers, who is without any comparison the most experienced practical statesman now in France, and is accordingly hated by the moderate Republican party, and feared by the Red Republicans, has been gradually strengthening his party and paving the way for their accession to power. His enemies have, accordingly, struck at his life. On the 5th instant a ball was fired at M. Mignet, the deputy, who wore a white hat similar to that usually worn by M. Thiers, whilst he was crossing the yard before M. Thiers' house. M. Thiers had previously received letters threatening his life, and there can be no doubt the assassin mistook M. Mignet for M. Thiers.

But the chief consideration in Paris, at the present moment, is the critical state of Northern Italy. So far as the intentions of the French Government have been ascertained, as yet, they seem to be in accord with the wishes of the English Cabinet. Numerous diplomatic meetings have taken place in Paris, and Lord Palmerston, in the House of Commons, has stated that her Majesty's Government are deeply sensible of the great importance of seeing a termination put to that unfortunate warfare. And he added 'I am able, although I have no right to speak for another Government, yet I believe I may assure the House that that desire is equally shared by the French Government. Her Majesty's Ministers are therefore about,—I may say, if

not already engaged,—about to take steps in conjunction, I trust, with the Government of France, for the purpose of endeavouring by amicable negotiations to bring that warfare to an end.' With these dispositions it is to be hoped that a termination will be put to hostilities; at the same time it will not escape the attention of our readers that within the last ten days the whole fortune of the war has changed, and probably by this time not a single Piedmontese soldier, with the exception of the garrison in Peschiera, remains in Lombardy. Therefore the terms which Austria would gladly have accepted two months ago would be wholly inadmissible at the present moment. Austria, now that she is supported by the Germans, provided the Confederation pacifies and disarms Russia by making peace with the Danes, will be in a position to disregard the menaces of France, and England will only endeavour to bring about a peace, but will avoid imposing humiliating conditions upon her old ally of Austria. If Marshal Oudinot should unhappily cross the Alps, it will be the most unfortunate event for Europe which has happened within our time. He will find all Lombardy evacuated, the Austrians in possession of Milan, and in fact for France to interfere she must actually commit an act of aggression on the Austrian Italian territory, which is a very different affair from that of marching an army to keep back the Austrians from crossing to the right bank of the Adige. They who suppose that the Austrians will quietly fall back across Lombardy and yield the whole fruits of their victories, give up the territory they have held almost undisturbed for three centuries, are more sanguine than we are.

The latest journals from Paris are entirely occupied with the Italian question. General Cavaignac had stated to the Envoys that the state of Europe had so much changed during the last two months that France could not afford that material aid which it could have given at the period when assistance was promised. He hoped, however, that the combined efforts of France and England would establish peace between Austria and Piedmont on terms honourable to the Italian arms. The French funds have experienced a decline in consequence of the unsettled state of affairs.

THE ITALIAN WAR.

The events in Lombardy have been rapid, decisive, and most unexpected. A fortnight ago Charles Albert was a successful conqueror, almost all Lombardy was within his grasp, he threatened the Venetian territories: now Venice reverts to Austria, the whole breadth of Lombardy has been retraced by the Piedmontese army, and Charles Albert, utterly defeated at every point, is either shut up in Milan, or, perhaps, has crossed the Mincio into his own dominions. Our last report described the King of Sardinia's defeat and retreat to Cremona. Here he paused, doubtful whether to cross the Po, towards Placenza, and thus retire into Piedmont, or fall back on Milan. He, however, withdrew along the upper bank of the Po to Codogno, and then took the main course of moving towards Lodi so as to place himself between the advancing force of Austria and Milan. Radetsky, at the head of his army, followed up his successes, raised the peasantry in favour of the Austrians, and seems everywhere to be well received. He fulminated a fierce proclamation, calling upon the Lombards to lay down their arms, in which case a veil would be drawn over their past conduct, but threatening vengeance if they persevered in resistance. Whilst we write a crowd of reports reaches us, but we believe that on the 5th inst. a battle was fought between the two armies under the walls of Milan, which was again unfavourable to the army of Charles Albert, who immediately retired within the city, and closed the gates. The notion hourly gains ground that the mediation of England and France will now be too late, and that it will be scarcely possible, upon any justifiable grounds, to interfere by force of arms between the two belligerent powers.

THE MAGDALEN ISLANDS.

We have been informed that the Seal Fishery, during the last Spring has not been successful, owing to the ice not holding on round the Islands as heretofore.—Those who fitted out vessels succeeded much better than the hunters along shore, each Schooner bringing from 400 to 600 Seals.

Provisions were extremely scarce, and loud complaints have been made against a resident Agent of one of the Quebec merchants, for extorting on the suffering individuals, and taking advantage of their poverty. It is to be hoped that his Principal will not countenance such conduct for the time to come.

The Herring has been abundant on the coast this Spring, and Codfish also; but the people there are not properly equipped for the Fishery, otherwise they might catch an immense quantity.

Upwards of Three Hundred American Fishing Schooners passed through the Gut of Canso this year, all of whom were bound for our Banks, in the Gulf. Several of them have gone very high up the Bay Chaleur, and with the greatest nonchalance, fish quite close to the land, now and then disposing of a few 'notions'; and from the perfect manner their vessels are fitted out for a Fishing voyage, with Nets, Bait Mills, &c., our poor shore-boats cannot compete with them in the catch.—*Gaspe Gazette.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[WRITTEN FOR THE EXAMINER.]

THE IRISH EMEUTE.

"I was promised the support of a nation, to drive the English from the country; but I have been forsaken."—MR. SMITH O'BRIEN, AFTER HIS ARREST.

Ho, Tyrants! proclaim what a triumph's achieved!
How a Nation's been frown'd back to famine and chains!

How her heroes are banished, deserted, deceived,
Tho' no blood has ensanguin'd her mountains or plains!

How a people, whose gore has been spilt in each fight
Which Britannia has waged in the east or the west—
The first in the onset—the last in the flight—
Have been servile and mean in the land they love best.

How the genius that glow'd, and the valour which shone
From the lips and the hearts of the patriot few,
Like a light that has beam'd through the desert so lone,
But reveal'd the dull waste and its loneliness too.

Hath the rule of the Despot thus brought thee so low—
Thus palsied thine arm, fairest land! in thy prime?
Ah! not thus would thy sires the sad lesson bestow,
Whose virtues still live in thy annals sublime.

Oh! blest be the dust where thy heroes repose—
Thy Emmet, thy Tone, all those pure souls and brave;
Bright was thy star, oh my Erin! which rose
With their lives, tho' they reck'd not 'twould set o'er
their grave.

Go, cower in thy rags, or on suppliant knee
Kiss the fetters which bound and debased thee so long,
Cry aloud to the world thou'rt too fall'n to be free,
Or to live o'er the deeds of your story and song.

Ask the Despot for laws which the Muscovite Bear
Would not make for the slaves that must bend to his will—

Ask to die by the ditch, or the poor-house to share,
When famine its hordes drives from valley and hill.

But deem not the Nations can weep for thy fall,
Or arm in thy fight when so false to thy fame;
'Twas thine to have snapp'd all the fetters which thrall,
Or sought in thy death the last refuge from shame.

Charlottetown, August 31, 1848.

D. N.

[WRITTEN FOR THE EXAMINER.]

THE SECRET.

List, pretty Jane, a secret I
Will breathe, if there's no stranger by
To hear the accents fall;
Oft has it trembled on my tongue
When, as a boy, my arms I've flung
Around thy waist so small:

And as a boy—not knowing why—
I've gazed into thy thoughtful eye—
Through which thy soul would speak—
Or watch'd, with panting heart, the glow
Like sunbeams on the virgin snow,
Which tinged now fled thy cheek.

A secret did I say?—ah, no!
All nature heard it long ago
In glade, on hill, where'er
My footsteps wander to commune
With my own heart, when birds attune
Their songs in summer air.

'Tis grav'd on many a forest tree—
'Tis heard by streamlet flowing free
Through grove and grassy plain;
In pensive or in merry mood,
With ev'ry thought it is imbued:
'Tis but the one word, JANE.

When to my lips it silent springs,
Imagine all the thoughts it brings—
The hopes that fears combine—
The doubts which may be guess'd, not writ,
That in thy heart is yet unlit,
The fire which burneth mine.

August, 1848.

E. A.