THE EXAMINER:

A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, and News.

Vol. XIV. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, April 18, 1864. New Series.---No. 20.

VALUABLE

FREEHOLD PROPERTY AND MILL STREAM, For Sale or to Lease.

TO be Sold, or Leased for a term of years, as may be agreed upon, that VALUABLE FREEHOLD PROPERTY formerly occupied by John Ladner, situated on the Bannockburn Road, Lot 31, consisting of One Hundred and Twenty-five Acres of very superior LAND, fifty of which are in a high state of cultivation, the remainder covered with an excellent growth of both Hard and Softwood. There is on the property a good and commodious DWELLING HOUSE 30 × 41 feet, together with numerous out-buildings. There is also on the property a SAW MILL, in good working order, with plenty of water to drive one or two Mills all the year round. The above Property is so well known, that it is almost unnecessary to remark upon it, being situated in one of the most thriving settlements in the Island, it offers an excellent opportunity for individuals, with or without capital, to make money.

—ALSO TO BE SOLD—

A very superior Frame got out for a Grist Mill, but which would answer well for a Church, Warehouse or other large building. For full particulars apply to the Subscriber.

FREDERICK DOUSE.

Ch'town, March 21, 1864. 4i

SALE OF

Valuable Freehold Property.

TO be Sold by PUBLIC AUCTION, at the Colonial Building, in Charlottetown, on the Fourth day of MARCH next (1864), at the hour of Twelve o'clock, noon, by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, dated the Tenth day of December, 1860, and made between the Honorable William Forgan, of the Royalty of Charlottetown, and Susan Kemys, his wife, of the one part, and Daniel Hodgson, of Charlottetown, aforesaid, of the other part, and by said Daniel Hodgson assigned to me,—All those Tracts, Pieces or Parcels of Land, being Pasture Lots Numbers Nineteen (19), Twenty-six (26), Thirty-four (34), and Forty-two (42), in the Royalty of Charlottetown, aforesaid, as the same are delineated and laid down on a certain Map or Plan of the said Royalty made and now kept in the Office of the Registrar of Deeds and Keeper of Plans for the said Island, reference being thereunto had will more fully and at large appear.

For further particulars and terms of Sale, &c., apply to the Subscriber or his Solicitor.

Dated at Charlottetown this 31st August, A. D. 1863.

WILLIAM H. HOBKIRK.

JOSEPH HENSLEY, Solicitor.

THE above Sale is POSTONPED until WEDNESDAY, the 15th day of June next, A.D. 1864, at the same place, and at twelve o'clock, noon. Dated the 29th February, A.D. 1864.

WILLIAM H. HOBKIRK.

JOSEPH HENSLEY, Solicitor.

ROYALTY LOTS.

TO LET, for such term of years as may be agreed on, and either in whole or in part, that BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED FARM, belonging to the Subscriber, fronting on the Mount Edward Road, and lying about a mile from Charlottetown. It contains about 70 acres, 40 of which are improved and in a high state of cultivation. On the premises are two large barns.

For terms, &c., apply to

JOHN LONGWORTH.

Charlottetown, Oct. 26, 1863.

The Great Land Commission a failure!

Procure free land while you can.

THE Subscriber has THREE FARMS on Lot 15, which he offers to sell on reasonable terms. There is a portion of each of those Farms cleared and under cultivation; they front on the shore, where abundance of sea manure can be had. A Building Lot or two in Charlottetown or Summerside would be taken as a payment. For further particulars apply to the Hon. W. W. Lord, Charlottetown; Mr. P. Brown, Summerside, or to N. J. BROWN.

Brown's Mart, Fremont Bay, Feby. 29th, 1864.

PASTURE LOT FOR SALE.

TO be sold by PRIVATE SALE, that beautifully situated PASTURE LOT, No. 42, in the Royalty of Charlottetown, having a front of Six chains on the Western side of the Mount Edward Road, and extending back by parallel lines Twenty chains to the property of G. W. Deblois, Esquire, and directly fronting the residence of the Honourable Colonial Secretary. It will be sold together or in Acre lots to suit intending purchasers. Should the above not be sold by Private Sale before the 2d day of MAY NEXT, it will then be offered by Public Auction on the premises.

A Plan of the Property can be seen at the Office of the Hon. Dr. YOUNG, or at the Office of

WILLIAM FORGAN.

May 7, 1864. rw mon & pro

NOTICE!

To the Tenantry and Settlers on the Estates of James Montgomery, Esq., in Prince Edward Island.

THE Subscriber having been appointed by power of Attorney, bearing date the Twenty-seventh day of February, 1864, the Agent and Attorney of James Montgomery, Esquire, to manage his Estates in this Island, the Tenants and Settlers on the said Estates, comprising portions of Townships Nos. 34, 51, and 59, are hereby notified to pay all arrears of Rent and other sums of money due by them to the Subscriber, without delay, he alone being duly authorized to receive and grant discharges for the same.

JAMES P. DOUSE.

Ch'town, March 28, 1864. 4in

CANVASS.

20 BOLTS No. 1 Best Navy SAIL CLOTH,
14 do No. 2 Do Do
14 do No. 3 Do Do
20 do Nos. 4 to 7 Do Do

Low for Cash or approved paper. Apply to

D. G. & S. DAVIES.

C'thatown, March 14, 1864. 6w

Furniture Warerooms.

GEORGE DOUGLASS,

Manufacturer and Importer of Furnitur and Upholstery Goods,

RESPECTFULLY solicits the attention of such as are in want of FURNITURE to call at his NEW and SPACIOUS WARE-ROOMS, on the corner of Kent Street and King's Square, directly opposite the Store of Beer & Sons, and examine as good and complete an ASSORTMENT OF FURNITURE, comprising many new and beautiful designs, as can be found in this City.

His long experience in the business with facilities for prosecuting the same to advantage, combined with moderate expenses, enables him to sell his GOODS at much less per cent than any other Furniture store in this Island. Every article required for Housekeeping supplied at this Establishment.

A few of those celebrated Clothes Wringers, a most convenient article in a good Housekeeper's Laundry.

N. B.—One Superior Rosewood, 7 octavo PIANO FORTE, London make.

GEORGE DOUGLASS.

Corner of Kent Street and King's Square.

Charlottetown, Nov. 30, 1863

Spring Park Pottery!

Encourage Home Manufacture.

THE SUBSCRIBER would respectfully acquaint the Citizens of Charlottetown and the people of the Island generally that he will re-open his EARTHENWARE ESTABLISHMENT on the 1st of MAY next, and will be prepared to furnish the following articles, of all sizes, at Wholesale and Retail, viz:—Milk Pans, Cream, Butter, Preserve and Bean Crocks, Liquor Jars, Pitchers, Flower Pots, Chimney Tops, Stove-pipe Collars, &c. &c.

Now on hand a large quantity of the above articles, which will be sold at low rates.

Dealers in the articles enumerated can obtain their Stock at the Pottery much cheaper than it can be imported.

T. M. BURNS.

Charlottetown, March 14, 1864. tf

Rum! Rum!!

A FEW PUNCHEONS of superior old DEMERARA RUM for sale by

GEORGE COLES.

Also at his Brewery, Whiskey, Gin and Ale.

February 15, 1864.

LITERATURE.

THE SONG OF THE FLOWERS.

We are waiting, only waiting,
Bud and blossom sweet to bring,
Till the stern old tyrant, Winter,
Yields the throne to gentle Spring.
In the greenwood lone and shady,
By the brook-side on the plain;
We are waiting till our lady
Bids us bud and bloom again.

We are waiting, only waiting,
Till our sovereign's feathered throng,
At her bidding break the silence
With their first rich notes of song.
While the prelude they are trilling,
We shall spring with leaf and bloom;
Hill and dell and meadow filling,
With our beauty and perfume.

We are waiting till the woodland,
In allegiance to our queen,
Doffs old Winter's sombre livery
For her fairer robe of green.
We are waiting, true and loyal,
Till she come—the sun's young bride;
Then to give her welcome royal
We will spring on every side.

ON FIRE.

The recent terrible catastrophe in Santiago recalls vividly to my mind one of the most extraordinay adventures of my checkered life.

Five-and-twenty years ago I was captain of the *Northern Light*, a large schooner trading between Hull and St. Petersburg. A long acquaintance with the vicissitudes of the Russian climate had made me somewhat reckless. The consequence was that one 30th of October I found my vessel tight locked in ice. I had stayed a week too long, in my eagerness to take a full cargo of timber, and I was justly punished for my temerity; a prisoner till the middle or end of April, far away from my friends, and doing what a livery-stable-keeper would call 'eating my own head off.'

Being, however, of a sanguine temperament, and having no wife at home to be anxious about, I resolved to make the best of it, and enjoy myself as well as I could. I saw all the sights of St. Petersburg, from Peter the Great's wooden house down to the Mammoth. I visited Moscow. I went bear-hunting. I drove about in sledges. I fell in love and fell out again. Nor did I neglect business. I frequently attended the Exchange, and made myself known to the chief tallow, hemp, and timber merchants. I studied Russian commerce. I arranged for cargoes for two years to come. The Anglo-Russians are very hospitable and, thanks to the kindness of Mr. Anderson, the English banker, my hotel expenses were very small. My fur coats were my chief expense: they cost me a large sum then; but I reckoned that they would last me my life, and so they have—at least, I wear them to this day.

Nevertheless, I pined for the hour of liberty. An idle life did not suit a man of my temperament—one who had been at sea ever since he was twelve years old. Like all sailors, I was always grumbling against the sea, and yet I was never happy away from it. At last the order for my release came. The ice in the Neva, opposite to the Custom-House especially, began to melt into thin bars an inch or so wide. It became dangerous to venture upon it, except where it was piled with snow. The ice-slabs on the quay began to break, when I pushed them with my stick into glassy fragments. Here and there some spaces began to open, and dirty brown snow water pooled on the surface. There had been several warm days, but now rain and wind came, and they soon melted the walls of my crystal prison. Sledges still ventured on the Neva, though the water rose up to the horses' knees.

One morning, when I looked out of my window on the ground floor at Miss Benson's, on the English quay, the water had all gone from the surface of the ice; that was the well-known sign that the ice had become too porous and spongy to hold water, and in a few hours would break away from the banks and begin to float seaward.

I had just sat down to breakfast, when a thunder-peal of cannon broke from the fortress.

'What is that, Miss Benson?' I said to our hostess at the head of the table.

'That,' she replied, 'is the signal that the commander of the citadel, with his officers is crossing the river, to present the Emperor at the Winter Palace with a goblet of Neva water in token of the return of spring. The Emperor will give him back the cup filled with ducats.'

'Hurrah!' I cried; 'then hey for old England!'

It took me some days to get the ship off, for it was tedious going backwards and forwards to Cronstadt. It was the Butter week time; that seven days' feast which precedes Lent, and is followed by the rejoicing at Easter. In the intervals of business, as I went to and fro to my agents, I amused myself with observing the revelry of this great Russian festival.

There were thousands of peasants devouring blinni (pancakes), and caviare, honey-cakes, and nuts. There were swings, see-saws, and round-abouts. The great square of the Admiralty was the chief scene of the amusements. Close to the Winter Palace, the War-office, and the Senate-House, there were scores of temporary theatres, and long lines of ice mountains, down which the sledges kept rushing incessantly, amid the shout and laughter of the good-natured but wild-looking peasants. At the doors of the theatres stood the tea-sellers, with huge brazen samovars smoking in the centre of their tables, and surrounded by countless teapots. The shop-keepers themselves, in fur caps and gloves, stood by their stalls, stamping, and clapping their hands, and shouting: 'Gentlemen, will you please to take a glass of warm tea, with lemon or cream? How will you take the sugar?' (for a true Russian keeps his sugar in his mouth, and does not put it in his tea-cup). The Admiralty square was strewn with nut-shells; here and there a drunken bear of a peasant, a mere reeling bundle of greasy sheepskins, jostled against me, and then, with the simple-hearted politeness of his race, took off his hat and hiccupped out: 'Pardon me, my little father, but remember it is Butter week.'

One day I sallied out into the great square about noon to see the grandees of the capital drive through the fair, and I never saw such a sight. The line was guarded by mounted gendarmes, dressed like lancers, and wearing light blue uniforms with brown epaulettes. There were Chinese, Turks, Tartars, Germans, Englishmen, Russian princes, priests, soldiers, bearded merchants and their portly wives, Circassian officers, colonels of the body guard in their eagle-crowned helmets, and serfs, in a long procession of carriages, which, beginning at the rock on which Peter the Great's statue stands, reached to the base of the great granite column of Alexander, facing the enormous pile of the Winter Palace.

Tired at last of the procession, I turned aside to one of the largest of the wooden theatres. A crash of music from within announced the commencement of a new performance; joining the torrent of people, old and young, rich and poor, who were jostling for admittance, I at last made my way to the pay-place, where a mob of clamorous monjiks were thrusting out their hands with the admittance money in childish impatience.

I drew back to make way for a respectable old grey-bearded merchant and his pretty daughter, who, muffled up in a cloak trimmed with the fur of the silver fox, clung to his arm, and shrank back from the rough gesticulating crowd. I thought I had never seen so charming a girl, so tender in manner, so gentle and spring-like in beauty. The merchant and his daughter bowed and thanked me in broken English for my politeness, paid their money and passed in.

I followed rapidly, but a crowd of peasants thrust themselves in before me, so that when I took my seat I could obtain no glimpse of the merchant or his pretty daughter.

The wooden theatre of the Katsheli was an enormous building, built, as a peasant next me said, to hold five thousand persons. It had large galleries, balconies, and Corinthian pillars, hung with cheap drapery, and gay with red and blue paint. A vast chandelier lighted up the tent-like interior.

The theatre was already full when I entered, so that I had to content myself with a back seat in an upper box, not far from one of the staircases—as I soon found by the keen-edged iced draught. I amused myself, while the overture was playing, with the motly view before me. The Tartar faces, only partially reclaimed from barbarism, were worth studying, now that they beamed with fun. The little oblique eyes glistened with enjoyment, the great bearded tangled heads rolled about in ecstasy. Here and there the eye fell on a Polish or Circassian face, with large fine eyes and almost a Greek contour. Every now and then a group of grave portly merchants in furred caftans and boots, mingled with the serfs, but with an obtrusive reserve that showed they did so under protest. Their children, also dressed in caftans and boots were exactly like themselves all but the beards. Nor was there any lack of women of the lower orders; rough, honest, Irish-looking women, few of them in bonnets, most of them with their heads bound round with coloured handkerchiefs.

I did not listen much to the music; it was that brazen mechanical sort of music, without colour or life, that no one listens to. By-and-by, it ended with a jolting crash. There was a moment's pause, and the curtain drew up. A deep hush passed over the troubled waves of the pit. The children clutched their fathers' hands, the soldiers ceased their practical jokes, the country-women paused in their gossip, the boys stopped eating, every eye turned to the stage.

An honest old woman just before me—a housekeeper, as I judged by her dress—amused me especially by her child-like eagerness. She put on her spectacles, and leaned forward with both hands on her knees, to drink in every word.

The play was a little operette, half French, half Italian. I think they called it 'Rose and Lubin.' It was a gay, trifling thing. The hero and heroine were villagers, and an old cross father, and a malicious fool, were the constant interrupters of their stolen meetings. Rose was dressed in a little tucked up gown of white silk striped with pink, and wore a gipsy hat. Lubin wore a nondescript sort of blue silk coat, and flapped waistcoat, while the Zany tumbled into a thousand scrapes in a sort of miller's dress all white, and a blue broad brimmed hat. There was a good deal of hiding and searching about with soldiers, until the true-lover enlists, and finally returns a General, to marry Rose. It was a flimsy bit of nonsense, mixed up with dances and songs, and now and then a chorus; and it was over in half an hour.

Silly as it was, it pleased the audience, who shouted, laughed, and encored everything. A display of fireworks was to follow, and then a short farce.

Between the acts, I tried the little Russian I knew, and asked the old woman, who had turned round and offered me some honey-cakes, 'How she liked it?'

'My little father,' she said quite seriously, 'it is the most wonderful thing I have ever beheld since I saw those accursed French act at Moscow, in Napoleon's time.'

Suddenly all the clatter and laughter died away. The curtain had not risen, but a faint crimson light was shining behind it. It was the commencement of the pyrotechnic display, and I was curious to see what the Russians could do in these matters. The first scene was to be the illumination of the Kremlin at the coronation of the Emperor Alexander the First. Probably that was the only preparation, for, though the red light widened and glowed, the curtain, strangely enough, did not rise.

The people stamped and shouted. All at once the bajozzo (the clown), in his white dress, ran forward, pale as death, his eyes staring, his hands tossing about like those of a madman. 'We are on fire!' he shouted. 'Save yourselves, you who can.'

'Bravo, Ferrari!' cried the peasants, with roars of laughter. 'Excellent! Viva Ferrari! Bravo, Ferrari!'

The clown fled from the stage, as it seemed, in an agony of feigned fear. The laughter redoubled. A man in evening dress rushed forward, whispered to the orchestra, and waved his hand to some men who were not visible to the audience. The curtain rose swiftly at that ominous signal, and disclosed, to my horror, a rolling mass of fire and crimsoned smoke. Already the flies had caught fire, and were hanging in blazing streamers. Fire rose from below, fire gleamed from above, fire darted its quick tongues from either side. The theatre was on fire. The bajozzo had not been feiguing, but was terribly in earnest.

I shall never forget the scream that burst from those four thousand people when the reality broke upon them. I had only an instant to look, but in that instant I saw row after row of white faces turn as by one impulse to the door. Then came a stamping rush as of a herd of maddened animals. Many tore forward without a thought but of their own safety, others snatched up their children, others dragged forward their old mothers and fathers, or bore their wives or sweethearts in their arms. Then came the grapple for life, the trampling suffocating battle for existence that only served to hasten on death.

In many things I am coward enough, but in sudden danger I have always found myself cool and collected. Perhaps a sailor's frequent hazards, and the constant thought of the possibility of death, is a sort of training; perhaps it is a constitutional quality. I know not how it is. I only state the fact. I saw immediately that though for the moment safe, and far from the full torrent of the struggle, my hopes of escape were quite as desperate as the hopes of those who were trampling each other to death at the entrance below. Unfortunately, one of the great folding doors opened inward. In the first rush it had been closed, and now the pressure was so great it could not be moved one way or other.

The flames were spreading rapidly, the smoke rolled towards us in blinding clouds, and from those clouds darted and leaped serpent tongues of fire. The flames seemed with cruel greediness to spring from seat to seat. The slips were blazing, the orchestra was a seething pit of fire. The screams and groans on all sides were heart-breaking.

I hesitated for a moment whether to remain where I was and meet death, or to breast the human whirlpool below. At that moment a surge of flame ran along the ledge of the next box to me, blackening and blistering as it went. The heat grew intense. I determined to make one struggle for my life. I ran to the head of the stairs and looked down. There, the head of screaming shouting people fought with hands and feet in a horrible tangle of life and death.

I gave myself up as lost, when a hand seized my coat. It was the old housekeeper screaming her entreaties to me to save her. I told her to cling to me and I would do what I could. It gave me courage to think I was struggling for some one besides myself. She kneeled and prayed to God for us both.

I had placed myself at the edge of the crowd in order to husband my strength for a last effort. One thing I determined, and that was that I would not save myself by treading poor women and children under foot. Rather than that, I would let the fire burn me slowly, or I would recommend my soul to God, throw myself into the crater behind me, and so die quickly. One agonizing thought alone shot through my heart, and that was a thought for the tender girl I had seen so innocent and happy half an hour before.

Suddenly, as I stood there like a diver hesitating before he plunges, a peasant, scorched and burned, dashed past me from the crowd that had trampled upon him, and, staggering forward, half stifled with smoke, fell face downward dead at my feet. His axe, as usual with the peasants, was thrust in his belt behind. A thought of self-preservation, surely sent straight from Heaven, flashed through my brain. I stooped and drew out the axe.

'Make way there, or I cut down the first man who stops me!' I cried out, in broken Russian.

I half fought, half persuaded, a few to give way, until I reached the bottom of the stairs, and had the bare plank wall of the outer enclosure of the theatre before me.

'I will save you all,' I cried, 'if you will let me free my arm.'

The old woman still clung to me, but as I advanced to strike my first blow at the plank partition that arose between life and death, there came a rush which for a moment separated us. I had no time or room to turn, but the next moment I felt her grasp still firmer and closer.

One blow, and the splinters flew, a second blow, a plank gave way; a third blow, and the blessed daylight poured in on us; a fourth blow, and the chasm yawned, wide enough for the passage of myself and my charge. After us, hundreds passed out rapidly.

I found myself among a crowd of shrieking women, who were calling on an officer standing in a barouche drawn by six horses, to save their husbands, sons, and brothers. Suddenly a man with a scorched beard, his eyes streaming with tears, came and took from me the woman I had saved. I was so blinded with smoke and fevered with excitement, that I had scarcely given her a thought. All I knew was, that I had saved an old woman, and, by God's grace, opened a door of escape for some hundreds of otherwise doomed creatures.

When I looked round, I found the merchant whom I had before seen (he was the scorched and weeping man), shedding tears of joy over a beautiful girl who had fainted. The old woman had been divided from me in the tumult. The merchant's daughter it was who had then clasped me—it was her whom I had saved. Beautiful she looked as I bent over her and received her father's blessings.

The tall officer was the Emperor. 'My children,' he kept saying to the mob, 'I will save all I can! bring that brave man to me.'

I am not ashamed to repeat those words, though I did not deserve them.

'Englishman,' he said to me in French, 'the Russian nation owes you a debt of gratitude; it is for me to repay it; come to me to-morrow at the palace.'

I bowed my thanks, and handed my card to one of the emperor's staff.

When the fire was subdued, and they began to dig for the bodies, the scene was agonizing. Heaps of charred and trampled corpses lay under the smoking beams—some stifled, others trodden or beaten to death. Some were charred, others half roasted, many only burnt in the chest and head, the holiday clothes still bright and gay. In the galleries, women were found suffocated and leaning over the front boxes. In one passage they discovered a crowd of dead, all erect, like so many shadows marshalled from the other world. More than a hundred were found still alive, but dangerously hurt. Most of these afterwards died in the hospitals.

One little boy was discovered cowering unhurt under a bench; he had crept there when the burning roof began to break up and drop among the struggling multitude. The beams and dead bodies had so fallen as to form a shelter over his head, and there he had remained till we disinterred him.

The official returns set down the number of the dead as three hundred; but my agent told me that while he himself stood there, he counted fifty waggons pass, each laden with from ten to fifteen corpses; and many people made a much higher estimate.

I need not say much about my visit to the palace; suffice it to mention that the Emperor rewarded me with an order that I highly prize. On the same day the priests offered up public prayers for the souls of the sufferers, on the site of the burnt theatre. It was a solemn spectacle, and as I rose from those prayers, full of gratitude to God for my deliverance, a rough hand grasped mine.

It was the merchant whose daughter I had saved. Tears streamed from his eyes as he embraced me and kissed my forehead and my cheek in the Oriental manner of his nation.

'My little father,' he said, 'I would rather have found thee than have cleared a thousand rouble notes. Little Catherine, whom you saved, has been praying for you ever since. Come, you must dine with us. I will take no denial, for do I not owe you more than my life? Come, a drosh.ky, there—quick to the Fontanka; Catherine will leap for joy when she sees you.'

That visit was an eventful one to me, for on my third voyage from that date I married Catherine Maslovitch, and a loving and devoted wife I have found her. She is kissing my cheek as I pen these words.

But it is not to dwell upon my own personal good fortune and happiness, that I have written this plain remembrance. It is, that I may do what little I can to impress upon those who may read it, that a rush from any building on fire is certain to be fatal, and that an orderly departure from it is certain deliverance. The Theatre, Concert-room, Church or Chapel, does not exist, through which a fire could spread so rapidly as to prevent the whole assembly from going out unscathed, if they would go free from panic. The Santiago case was an extremely exceptional one.

I entreat any one who may read this experience of mine, and may afterwards be in a similar condition, to remember that in any case, and in the Santiago case, numbers lost their lives—*not because the building was on fire, but because there was a desperate rush at the door.* Half a dozen men capable of self-control might save as many thousand lives, by urging this on a crowd at the critical moment, and by saying 'We will go the last.'

COLONIAL LEGISLATURE.

LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.

MONDAY, March 21, (*continued.*)

ADDRESS IN ANSWER TO SPEECH.

Hon. Mr. LORD: His honor who has just sat down has occupied a good deal of the time of the House by reading extracts from the opposition newspapers. He has also alluded to the purchase of Township lands. Well, it is proper that it should be done; but there is a great deal said about absentee proprietors not selling their lands at a fair price, while members of the Government, and even the delegates themselves, who are connected with the Township lands, or at least have been so, do not make any more favorable offer to their own tenants. I think we should begin at home. They may say to Sir Samuel Cunard that the Government are anxious to do something to settle the question; then why do they not do something themselves? Why blame Sir Samuel Cunard for offering such hard terms, when there is not a single proprietor on the Island but asks the same terms himself? Now, his honor from the first district of Queen's County (Hon. Mr. Beer) says fifteen years' purchase would be a very great benefit to the tenats; but I believe the tenants could, at any time, purchase their holdings at £75 per hundred acres. Therefore I do not consider it a favorable offer at all. As to agitation, it has been carried on, it is true, and I believe it is necessary and useful. I have mixed up a good deal with both parties, and I have doubts as to the sincerity of either. And now I believe it would be better for both parties in the Legislature to let it alone, and let the proprietors and tenants settle it themselves. As long as they look to the Government to settle it, they will be disappointed; for I believe neither party have any intention of settling it to the advantage of the tenants generally, though they may relieve a few. If any of your honors would go among the tenants in the backwoods, and see the women and children without a shoe or stocking on their feet, how could you ask them to pay fifteen years' purchase of their rent? They could not pay two. And what is the use of wasting our time, as they are doing in the House of Assembly, a week or a fortnight at a time? I am quite tired of this subject, and I have made up my mind not to read anything, or take any further trouble about it. There is no part of British North America so heavily taxed as Prince Edward Island, and what becomes of it?

Hon. Mr. BEER: That is not correct!

Hon. Mr. LORD: Yes it is correct, and I can prove it, taking the rents into account. I do not like to see people deceived; and before delegates were sent to England, I think the people should have been consulted. What is the result of the delegation? Take and read the "correspondence!" There has been a little sharpshooting between the Hon. W. H. Pope and Sir Samuel Cunard, and that is all.

Hon. Mr. HENDERSON: With some of the remarks made by his honor (Mr. Lord) I quite agree. I refer chiefly to what he said respecting the state of the tenantry in general. And I suspect that our agreement on that point may be traced to the fact of his having frequent intercourse with them in the prosecution of one species of business, and I in the pursuit of another. And I must say, that any man who can look unmoved at the state in which many of them are to be found, may justly be put down as hard-hearted. I am aware that the "delegation" is the question which is properly before the Committee: but since the discussion has taken a wider range than that, I feel disposed to take a share of it. Let any one, then, whose duty calls him to do so, review the history of our sadly vexed land question, and he must be convinced that the tenantry in general have allowed themselves, time after time, to be tossed to and fro on the billows of escheat, quitrent, and other agitations, till their hearts are sickened and their heads bewildered; so that, at this moment, they find it very difficult to distinguish between their friends and their foes. But what can we do that we may, directly or indirectly, improve this state of things? The present state of the question is calculated to impress upon our minds the painful fact, that many of the tenantry are too poor to purchase their farms at even the most nominal rates. Can we then, or any other Legislature, by direct legislation, so improve the condition of the people referred to, as to elevate them to the position of freeholders? If so desirable an object can be attained by acts of legislation, founded on the principles of strict justice to other classes of the community, it remains yet to be proved.

Now, there is the Selkirk Estate, which was bought by the Government at a merely nominal price, and sold to the settlers at a very low rate; and yet we find that at the present time there are about fifty of them who have not fulfilled their engagements, and whose farms are advertised by the Commissioner of Public Lands. We are bound to look at the matter in this point of view; and when we do so, what are we to do? We cannot pass any law or institute any measure which will make those extremely poor rich, or even place them among the middle classes; and we must take care that, while we avoid one extreme, we do not run into the other. How do we stand at the present time? There are between £17,006 and £19,000 in debentures to be paid in a very short time, on account of the Worrell estate; and if we take it out of the general revenue, will it not be an injustice to the general tax payer? Will it not be an injustice to call upon those who have bought and paid for their farms, in other parts of the Island, to contribute towards the purchase of those on the Werrell Estate? Undoubtedly it will. If you make the calculation, you will find that it will take something like 4s. a head for every man, woman, and child on the Island to redeem those debentures. I do not say, however, that the Land Purchase Act was a bad measure. I am willing to give those who passed it full credit for it; but, at the same time I cannot allow them to assume that everything is wrong on the other side of the question. I must come to facts; and if it is a fact that a large portion of the amount required to redeem those debentures must come out of the pockets of those who are honestly paying their rent, that I say is a very great hardship. Now, as regards the delegation: I have not the slightest doubt but the Colonial Minister desires to have this land question settled. I must give him credit for that; for I believe he is in earnest. But he has to deal with proprietary influence, and that is one of the strongest interests on the face of the globe. His Grace has no dobt felt that we were injured. He saw that, if not our heads, our best feelings for the poor tenantry were pretty well bruised, and he sent out the despatch of the 11th July last, as a plaster to heal them. But I am surprised to hear some members of the opposition say that the proposals of His Grace were more favorable to the tenantry than the terms proposed by the delegates. The saving of time was felt by the Government to be of no small importance, and I have no doubt that was one of the principal inducements in appointing the delegation. What does Sir Samuel Cunard say, when pressed for an answer to a proposition which he had previously evaded? He says he "passed it over, merely stating that it was difficult to be understood." From this it may be seen what would have been the result, if it had been left to the tedious mode of despatches. Months would have been consumed before we could have got a reply. On this ground I support the action of the Government in sending the delegates to the Colonial Office. And if it will result in nothing more than to let us see the difficulties we have to contend with, and what we have to hope for, it is no small advantage gained. It is quite possible that the terms which the delegates were instructed to offer are not equal to the expectations of the tenants; but it does not follow that they would not be beneficial. Would any of your honors affirm, if even one hundred of those who are tenants should become freeholders, that it would not be so far a benefit to the colony? They would form a middle class, and the children of the humbler classes would be employed by them. Thus we would have a class gradually rising up among us who would be in a position to purchase farms at a moderate price. And if the back rents were taken off, it would be like going through the Bankrupt Court. Many would feel themselves relieved from a burden from which they could not have freed themselves. Gentlemen of the Opposition should take the advantages as well as the disadvantages into account; and if they would do so, I think they would justify the Government in the course they have pursued with regard to the delegation. They find fault with the Government for appointing the delegation without the consent of the Legislature, but have not the Government of Great Britain declared war, oftener than once without the consent of Parliament? And would it not, then, be competent for the Government of this colony to take such a step as this without the consent of the Legislature? I could quote many precedents to show that they were fully justified in the course they adopted; but I consider it unnecessary to do so. If anything is to be brought against them, it is, that they allow themselves to be placed at a disadvantage, by having all their movements made too transparent, and are consequently anticipated and misrepresented by their opponents.

Hon. ATTORNEY GENERAL: Your honors, as a member of the Government, of course it is expected that I will oppose such a proposition as that amendment, which simply says that the proposer does not agree with the course pursued by His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, in sending the delegates to the Colonial Office. Well, it is a very legitimate question for the opposition to take up: and if they really thought they could make any political capital out of it, it would be a stupid omission on their part, if they did not make an attack on the delegates, and on the Government for appointing them. But I think it will require very little to be said to show that the Government were justified in sending them. I regret, indeed, that the Government could not, in one case at least, find more suitable persons to compose the delegation; but it seems they were the best they could select under the circumstances; and as far as the selection of myself is concerned, I may mention that I undertook the mission with very great reluctance. Knowing that we would not obtain what would be satisfactory to the tenantry, and would therefore be amenable to the censure and attack of our opponents, and perhaps, in some cases, of our friends, I considered all this in undertaking the mission. The principal objection now urged against it is, that the Government should have consulted the Legislature, or, that they should have consulted the people. Well, I need not say that it was impossible to do so without convening the Legislature in the middle of summer. They could only *then* have obtained the consent of the majority; and if the Government felt that they enjoyed the confidence of the people, as all governments should, there was nothing improper or unconstitutional in sending the delegates to the Colonial Office without convening the Legislature. A despatch, as your honors are aware, was received from the Colonial Minister, which negatived the joint address passed by the Legislature last session, praying that effect might be given to the Award of the Commissioners on the land question. The prayer of that address having been declined,—the Duke of Newcastle having put his final veto upon it,—no further hopes of the Award being confirmed could be entertained. And the Colonial Minister having transmitted a despatch, dated 11th July, 1863, containing a scheme for the settlement of the land question, it then remained with the Government of the Colony to take some definite action on the subject. Now, if the Government had waited till the usual time of convening the Legislature, I look upon it that there would be the loss of an additional session before taking any action on the proposed scheme. It was thought to be the most polite course, after ascertaining the views of the majority of the people's representatives, to let His Grace know the views of the Colonial Government respecting that despatch, and to endeavour to have something to lay before the Legislature at the present session. Now, if the Government had quietly stood still and let this measure rest, on the reception of that despatch, I can very well anticipate the attack that would be made upon us for not having something definite to lay before the Legislature. I can fancy the leaders of the Opposition charging the Government with supineness and indifference, at the least, if not being actuated by improper motives. And if the members of the Government should then rise up in defence and say, Oh, what could we do? We need not send an address, and we had not money enough to send a delegation! Why, sir, I fancy I hear them saying: What! you, a Government in the confidence of the people, afraid to spend a few hundred pounds to send a delegation to the Colonial Office! Why, you ought to be ashamed of yourselves! That is the way we would be answered, and would deserve to be answered. Any Government enjoying the confidence of the people would be perfectly justified in adopting the course which we pursued. We were not, surely, to call the Legislature together at an enormous expense, particularly on a question of this kind, on which the views of the people were so well known. That the result of the delegation has not been what could be desired, is regretted by the Government and their supporters, as well as by the Opposition. But the delegation did not go expecting to make such an impression on the Colonial Minister as to induce him to pass *any* measure we might propose, and which would interfere with the rights of the proprietors. I was not so puffed up with self-sufficiency as to think His Grace would be guided entirely by what we said. No: but I thought that by personal intercourse with the Colonial Minister and freely discussing the true state of the tenantry and the merits of the question with him, he might be induced to assent to fair terms, and to deal more favorably with the inhabitants of this colony. So far, I have not been deceived; for I can perceive, from various facts—some of which have been brought before the public, others not yet—that an impression has been made, which will result in greater advantages being obtained than any that have yet been offered to the people of this colony. Now, sir, it has been one part of the attack on the delegates that they did not accept and close with the propositions of His Grace, contained in his despatch of the 11th of July last. We are told that those proposed were more favourable to the tenantry than the terms proposed by the delegates. Such appear to be the views of the leaders of the Opposition; and such is the ground upon which they endeavor to fasten a charge of insincerity on the Government. But it is strange that those leaders of the Opposition should accuse the Government, and especially the delegates, of insincerity. Where, I ask, was the insincerity of those gentlemen when the depatch containing those propositions was published, as far back as July or August last? Those propositions were published in the *Islander* and *Examiner*, and where were those *sincere* friends of the tenantry at that time? If they considered the propositions set forth in that despatch favorable to the tenantry, then why did they not come forward and give their support to the Government, and try to get those propositions carried into effect. But no, they condemned that despatch, as may be seen by referring to the leading organ of the Opposition. In the *Examiner* of the 17th August last, we find these words: "It would be absurd to suppose that such a mode of settling the land question could ever be carried into practice to any extent." Again, "The very few tenants who have money to spare can easily turn it to better account than they would by paying the triennal instalments in the way proposed by the Duke of Newcastle. It is cheaper and better for them to go on paying rent than resort to such a plan." These are the friends of the tenantry, Mr. Chairman, and they tell them it is better to go on paying their rent than accept these terms. Oh! Sir, what would have been the case if the Government of the day had merely written a despatch to the Colonial Minister, expressing their admiration of His Grace's despatch, and begging his interposition with the proprietors to get the propositions therein set forth carried into effect? Why, Sir, the Opposition would have exulted and said the Colony had been sold—that the tenants had been placed in a worse position, and that the Government deserved to be scouted out of the Colony. But I am confident that the good sense of the majority of the Legislature will be shown, by supporting the Government in the course they have pursued. It was not in the power of the Government, if they had chosen, to accept those proposals. They were not intended to go into effect unless they were acceptable to the great body of the proprietors.

The House was then resumed, and progress reported.

Adjourned till 3½ o'clock, p. m.

MARCH 21, afternoon.

Hon. ATTORNEY GENERAL: I was proceeding to state, your honors, when the House adjourned, that very little reason had been adduced by the members of the Opposition, why they oppose the course of the Government with regard to the delegation. It is clear that the desire of the leading members of the Opposition is to find fault with, and throw obstructions in the way of the Government. They allege that it would have been better to have accepted the terms proposed by His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, in July last. Really, I do not know, Mr. Chairman, whether they are sincere in such declarations, for there appears to be a great diversity of opinion among themselves respecting the suggestions of His Grace. The Editor of the *Examiner* condemned those propositions, as I have already shown, and said it was better for the tenants to go on paying rent than to accept these; and now the leader of the Opposition is censuring the Government, in the other end of the building, for not accepting them. I do not know which of