sense which has disappointed so many confident anticipations, and has achieved so many startling successes, is still existing without any sign of decline. In spite of all that is advanced by voluble declaimers, we have been unable to lay our hands on any evidence of inward disorganization, of intestine division that threatens to break up the firm unity of purpose indispensable to the success of the great enterprise which the Italians have to achieve. We can see nowhere any really serious symptom of the people beginning to be untrue to themselves, and so long as we see none such, we are not prepared to admit the evident and rapid coming of an Italian cataclysm."

Under the existing arrangement, Italy is divided into the States of the Church—the Kingdom of Italy, comprising Lombardy, Naples and Sicily, Tuscany, Lucca, Parma, and Modena; besides the duchy of Savoy and the county of Nice, which were surrendered to France.

Suggestive as we naturally find the foregoing consideration of the present consolidated state of lately divided Italy, to be of the actual present and probable future of the two great families of Britain's colonial empire—each now fully ripe for the assumption of national independence—we shall yield to the suggestion, and conclude this article by a passing glance—and, circumscribed by our limits, a glance only it must in reality be—at the political and governmental problem, which each of these families will, ere long, be imperatively called upon, by the force of circumstances, to settle for itself and the world.

These two families, which occupy by far the most conspicuous positions in this wide-spreading colonial empire, are most advantageously located in two great groups of plantations. In the Western Hemisphere, we have the American group; and in the Eastern, the Australian. Both groups are rich in all that constitute the elements of great and powerful nations; and into great and powerful nations both may rise. To that high position—the position to which we would fain believe they both are destined—neither of them, however, can attain "without serious complications arising from questions of foreign policy—without conflicting views of inter-colonial matters—without trying crises within the domain of each colony. To prepare for such inevitable emergencies, the administration of public affairs must attract to itself, and retain the services of the best men. This is the problem which now lies before both the Australian and the American Colonies; and by their solution of it, the success of their efforts at self-government well be tested." For some years past, we have been taught to consider all these colonies as in a state of training for independence; and of late the colonial policy of Britain has been entirely consistent therewith. Ever since the concession to them of self-government, they have—except as respects questions affecting the interests of the Empire at large—been left, unmolested by the Imperial Government, to follow out their own schemes of internal improvement; and it will be for themselves to declare when the proper time for their complete emancipation has arrived. So long as they shall choose to continue their connection with Great Britain, either as separate or confederate colonies, so long will Great Britain feel herself bound to protect them against foreign aggression, and to see impartial justice maintained between colony and colony; *and so long will she feel herself bound to strengthen the hands of each colony in the maintenance of internal law and order, should extraordinary circumstances demand it.* With these duties, as respects her Colonies, her powers end. Save as respects the appointment of Governors, colonial patronage is no longer reserved for Downing Street; the Crown no longer retains possession of the soil; colonial legislatures have entire control over their own revenues; no parts of the colonial legislative bodies are nominated by the Crown; and colonial ministers are directly responsible to their fellow colonists. To the colonists themselves has been committed the great task of government, and in their hands it must remain. If in their present position, in connection with Great Britain, they choose to remain, they can do so; but, on the other hand, should they, confident in their own strength and resources, think proper *constitutionally* to declare that the ties which at present binds them to Great Britain is no longer associated with their interest and esteem, Great Britain will instantly acquiesce in their decision; and not one blow will be struck, or one drop of British blood be shed, to retain them in unwilling allegiance. The Mother Country, in the event of such a separation, would indeed long continue to regard them as her children, although wholly emancipated from her control, and independent of her aid and protection. In their greatness and prosperity she would rejoice: and, besides, the interest which identity of race would still cause her to feel in their progress, commercial interests, which would certainly increase in proportion to the expansion of their national greatness, could not fail to have the effect of perpetuating friendly relations and mutual good will between the separated offspring and the parent.

The future of these colonies, whatever course they may pursue, and whatever form they may assume, must, it is quite evident, be onward and upward, both as regards industrial and commercial prosperity, and the wisdom and stability of their institutions, based and modified as they will be on the principles of the British Constitution.

Of the many other communities, however, which are at present in a state of political parturition, few if any will be able to realize their hopes, and to establish their freedom and independence, with the same ease and rapidity with which the people of the British Colonies will attain to positions of national prosperity and greatness. Long and severe, most certainly, in some cases, will be the trials and sufferings, which peoples will have to undergo, before they will be able to free themselves from "the base laws of servitude." But the aspect of the age is such as fully to persuade us that Heaven, now at the appointed time, has imparted such light and energy, even to the minds of men who have long grovelled in a state of degraded ignorance, and been held in most cruel bondage, as shall enable them effectually to redeem themselves, both from the chains of mental darkness and the physical thraldom of tyrants, and here on earth to prepare themselves for translation to those realms

"Of happiness and wonder, where the mind,
In endless growth, and infinite ascent,
Rises from state to state, and world to world."

Yes, for a time their trials and their sufferings may be severe; as are the anguish and sorrow of a woman when she is in travail. But as she, when the child is born, remembereth no more her anguish for joy that a man is born into the world, so they, when their trials and struggles shall have resulted in success, shall remember no more the time when, in the dire conflict, "their lives hung in doubt before them;" nor will they repine at the ravage, the outrage, and the slaughter they have endured—the heavy price paid by them for their liberties—for joy that, in themselves, a free people is born into the world.

THE EDITOR OF THE *EXAMINER* TO HIS PATRONS.

"*Alb.* .... Know'st thou this paper?
Gon. Ask me not what I know.
KING LEAR.

Imogen. "Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all."
CYMBELINE.

IT has been the custom with editors of public journals, from a very early period to the present time, to address some remarks to their readers at the commencement of a new volume of their paper, in which they, with that modesty so characteristic of the fraternity, are expected to refer to their past career—if they have a past—and to indulge in hopeful anticipations of the future. With us this custom has been "more honoured in the breach than the observance," because we feel that it smacks of vanity—because we know something must be said in commendation, or in such a way as to challenge the commendation of the friendly reader—for no one can expect that the editor will speak in terms of censure regarding himself—and for this reason we have been loth to follow the advice of the fair Imogen as given in the play. We promised ourselves, however, to say a few words on this occasion, when commencing a new volume of THE EXAMINER, and when presenting the first No. in a style far superior to any that have preceded it. In the first place, the material on which it is printed is quite new, with the exception of a small portion; in the next, the reading matter fills nearly the whole paper—we having taken the liberty to exclude most of our advertisements for this one week, and for which we trust our advertising patrons will kindly pardon us. The reading matter, it will be seen, is of the most varied kind—embracing news, light literature in prose and verse, and instructive articles on miscellaneous subjects. The original composition is more extensive than was ever yet offered in any one paper in Charlottetown, and includes a full measure of verse as well as prose. Whether both kinds of composition, such as we here give, are as good or better than have appeared in this or other local journals before—must be left for the intelligent reader to determine. We refer merely to quantity and not quality. And it is here fitting to observe that the *best* part of the original composition—*best* as regards quantity as well as quality—are the contributions of attached friends, who have often hitherto lightened the labours and cares of the editorial chair by the productions of their gifted minds. Thus, from the editorial chair we make to them who can best understand it, our grateful obeisance for the services rendered; and we doubt not that every intelligent reader will share with us in our appreciation of them.

We thought we might say something of the past—the long and dreary past—through which this journal has emerged; but the story would be a long one which would cover THE EXAMINER'S career in the path of journalism—it might be tedious to most readers; and besides, the crowded state of our columns forbids any elaborate references to former days.

A few lines will, however, be allowed to us, even though garrulousness may be ascribed to us as one of our faults. THE EXAMINER was commenced in the summer of 1847;—the writer of these lines had been for four years before that time—(from 1843)—a very frequent occupant of the editorial chair. The encouragement given to our undertaking was extremely slight. Public opinion of a healthy and vigorous tone did not prevail to any considerable extent. The old Irresponsible Party—or, the "Family Compact," as they were designated—had every department of the Government and the two branches of the Legislature thoroughly under their control. Their influence, it is true, had been slightly checked by a quarrel with the then Lieut. Governor, Sir Henry Vere Huntley, in consequence of his causing inconvenient enquiries to be made into the management of certain departments where revenue was collected and retained. There was some popular sympathy on Sir Henry's side; but the influence of the ruling party was more than a match for it. That party were deemed impregnable,—it was clear that no vote of the Assembly could put them out of office, the nature of the constitution did not prescribe any accountability to the people. And it seemed at first sight a hopeless task to attempt to get a popular vote against them. All the petty offices in the country were in the hands of their dependents and clients, and there were numerous bands all over the Island, known by the name of "waiters on Providence," eagerly locking for an odd job of any kind, a petty office, no matter how small the salary attached to it. It was no labour of love to fire the minds of such people with an independent thought; to utter an independent opinion on local political affairs they would not do;—if in favour "at Court" they scowled at the asserter of an independent opinion; if not quite in favour, or doubtful of their position, they might whisper a word or two occasionally against the powers that were, but they would take care first to throw their heads over their shoulders to see that no one was listening who might possibly tell upon them.

The press at this time was all, except our own, on the side of the Government; but it was not characterised by much energy or ability. The discussion of the question of Responsible Government, which had been conceded to Canada a short time before, was largely engaging the minds of the public men in Nova Scotia. We declared ourselves in favour of this question at the very out-set of our career. The violent old Tories, who had places they desired to keep—and the craven many who had axes to grind, and thought they could nowhere get a job except at Tory hands—laughed at and abused the advocates of Responsible Government—they were "seditious demagogues," nay, "traitors"—and Responsible Government was nothing more nor less than "Responsible Humbug." Such were the terms in which our present Attorney General, amongst the rest, designated the boon, over the prospective loss of which, according to his erroneous perceptions, he now pathetically mourns.* It would be easy to count scores amongst our present population who then regarded the new system with great disfavour. They are amongst its greatest admirers now. But their conversion is entirely owing to the healthy action of public opinion; and let us say, with pardonable pride, that it was a free and independent press which stimulated the action.

We are not writing a history of this period, and we must pass on rapidly from 1847 to 1851, when the battle for Responsible Government was over and won, and when the Liberal Party—distinguished from the old Escheators, whose popularity had been waning since 1843—assumed tangible proportions. The four years of labour from 1847 to 1851 left us little leisure for more congenial pursuits than political agitation—little rest from the assaults of our opponents,—and, we are ashamed to add, not much substantial reward from our friends. Now, if any one will say that had THE EXAMINER not so zealously laboured in the four years agitation referred to—had it not stimulated public meetings, and given publicity to their proceedings—had the reams that were written by the hand which holds the pen now been left unwritten—had the wearisome task of correcting and polishing the crude productions of others been spared to the editor's over-wrought eyes on countless occasions—if it can be said that had none of these things been done, Responsible Government would still have been established, and that the efforts of an independent press were merely superfluities—we shall not combat the saying—we will let it pass for judgment in the minds of our readers. There are those, indeed, who think that dash, and energy, and bunkum speeches to a crowd, are the very best means of carrying a political point. They are, no doubt, very good in their way. But our opinion coincides with that of the enlightened world, who believe that a public journalist, who can labour—ay, in the still hours of the night when no mortal eye rests upon him—yes, one who can labour with patience, perseverance, not without ability, and with a fair share of judgment—is an indispensable requisite to the successful issue of any cause, and more potential than a whole crowd of stump orators.

We cannot comment in detail on the various reform measures which followed the introduction of Responsible Government, and signalised the career of the Liberal Party until their overthrow in 1859. These we thought of passing deliberately in review some time ago, and may do so yet. But it is well known to the majority of our readers that THE EXAMINER was the strenuous advocate of them all. Free Trade, Free Franchise, Free Education, Government Purchase of Public Lands—encouragement to enterprise and industry in the prosecution of the fisheries—the erection of needful public works—the encouragement of agriculture on the most liberal scale; and, in short, every measure that seemed calculated to develope the resources, improve the condition and stimulate the industry of our people—always found in THE EXAMINER a warm supporter, ready to explain points of governmental policy where explanation was no where else to be obtained—and never backward to meet the assaults of the foes of the Liberal Party when there was no other journal to repel them.

Let all these things pass for the present. Another time will come for more special reference to them. The six years that, since 1859, have added their mite, as Carlyle would say, to the Inscrutable Eternities, never witnessed us once recreant to our party as one of the Liberal Opposition. Our principles and *political* predilections are the same as they were, at our landing here, twenty-two years ago; and we have the satisfaction of knowing that no one at present before the public in this community has labored so long in the same path of progress, with like consistency and continuous struggling, as we have done. But as we don't expect to get our reward in this world, 'twould be folly to press our claim to it here.

A parting word as to the future of THE EXAMINER: It proceeds on its new career with the best prospects that can brighten the path of any journal in so small a place as this. Its list of subscribers is much larger, and of a better paying description than it ever had at any time of its existence,—and its advertising patronage, which is the mainstay of a newspaper, is of the most substantial kind, and very considerably larger than it was even a year ago. This shews that there is some respect for, and confidence in, THE EXAMINER; and our aim will be not to lessen that respect and confidence, but to increase both. Entitled to all the privileges of a truly free press, we shall claim the right to pass an independent judgment, without hindrance or favour on the part of any man, touching important public affairs. On all public questions we shall state our views with firmness tempered by moderation;—truth and justice in our dealings with all parties, and with all subjects, shall guide our discussions; and if a hot and angry word should escape us now and then, pray let it pass as a small item in the sum of our common human infirmities—a slight proof that we, like all the rest of her children, have a little of that "rash choler" which our Mother Eve bequeathed us.

With these remarks, for the length of which he apologises, the Editor of THE EXAMINER bows to, and takes leave of his Patrons—for the present.

* See his speech at a public meeting at Temperance Hall last winter.

CHARLOTTETOWN FORTY YEARS AGO.

THOSE who recollect what Charlottetown was forty years since, are beginning to be few in number. In a very short time they will be reduced to a small fraction of the population, and no long period will have passed when not even the "oldest inhabitant" will be able to say what it was like. It may be worth while to put down a few reminiscences of what it was like at that time, if for no other reason than to enable the present generation to mark the increase and improvement during the period that has elapsed since 1825. The first impression of the stranger visiting Charlottetown forty years since was the extreme quiet, the almost solemn silence that reigned everywhere, except on the Wednesday and Saturday market days. The wide grass-grown streets, they looked nearly twice as wide then as they do now. The number of streets, as compared with that of houses, and the scattered condition of these, gave signs of anything less than those of progress. But as this article is intended to enable some future historian yet unborn—some Hume or Macaulay in future days—to refer to as an authentic picture of their state, it will be well to enter into particulars a little more minutely.

The first object of enquiry, in coming to a strange place, is the public buildings, churches, etc. Now, at that time, these consisted of the English Episcopal Church and the Roman Catholic Chapel. Those antiquarians who are anxious to know what the first was like may satisfy their curiosity by paying a visit to Milltown, or Hooper's Corner, as it was then designated, seven miles from Charlottetown, and in the church there they will see the picture of the one that then graced Queen Square—nay, the windows and part of the interior finishing are parts of it. The Chapel is now the school-house, and then occupied the site the Cathedral does now. The only other place of worship was the Methodist Chapel, and that still exists in the front part of the store occupied by Mr. Sinclair as an auction room. What is now the City Hall and the Post Office was at that time the Court House, House of Assembly, and Council Chamber. This and the then new, but now old Market House, constituted—with the exception of the Barracks and Jail—all the public buildings. Government House, there was none; the then Lieut Governor Smell lived in the south end of the Officers' quarters on the Barrack Square.

Of the Barracks it is unnecessary to say anything. All our readers have seen them in a dilapidated state, it is true, but still the same, in 1864, as in 1825. Of the Jail, I fear to write. On part of the site occupied by the present building were three (or it may be four) one storey log huts, placed end to end, without the least pretensions to architectural order or symmetry. It was, in fact, impossible to look at it without a smile, and without a feeling of contempt for those who suffered themselves to be deprived of liberty in a place which, to all appearance, might be picked to pieces, with the application of a very little force. The Market House was then newly built, with its white paint unsmirched; and, standing in the middle of Queen Square, where the Colonial Building now stands, was a rather pretty object, and enlivened the otherwise dreariness of the Square. It was well worth a visit, however, if for no other purpose than to listen to the lucubrations of Clear Lallow, the Market Clerk—an original character—with whom and at whom the writer, with many others, have had many a hearty laugh. From public buildings to public wharfs the transition is easy. Some of the present generation will hardly believe there was but one, the King's wharf, then, and the upper third of the now Queen's wharf. There were a few logs tacked together, which then went by the name of William's wharf (since Douse's); though Williams' wharf was once, I believe, the best wharf of the two; but the King's wharf, forty years ago, had been recently added to, and, as far as it went, which was to the salient angles that may yet be seen, was a very creditable affair, and quite sufficient, and more than sufficient, for the vessels that had occasion to make use of it. In most other American towns the houses are most numerous at the water's edge, and the water street the most populous. Not so in Charlottetown at the time we are writing of. The only houses on the south side of Water street were, beginning from the east, the house now owned by Major Beete, that occupied by Mr. James Duncan, (then called Water's & Birnie's store), a barn belonging to Mr. Brecken where the store of J. & T. Morris now stands, and a store on the site where the Bank of P. E. Island has since been built.

This is all tedious enough, you will say, and perhaps the great majority of readers will be of the same opinion; but, at all events, reminiscences of this sort are useful in showing the progress that has been made, and is still making, and may go far towards a refutation of the charge of Charlottetown being a sleepy hollow. If it has not made the rapid progress that most Atlantic cities have made, there are many causes that may be adduced to account for the tardiness of improvement. In fact, many are patent, and some among them so much so as that the whole of the Townships in the Island were, at that time, with very few exceptions, in the hands of absentees. I will not, however, weary you with this, at the present time, rather stale grievance, nor will I trespass further on the patience of your readers.

ELECTION IN NEW BRUNSWICK—DEFEAT OF THE GOVERNMENT.

The Hon. Charles Fisher was elected last Monday in York County, N. B., by the overwhelming majority of seven hundred and eleven votes, the election having become necessary by Mr. Allan's elevation to the Bench. Mr. Fisher was one of the Delegates to the Quebec Convention, on the part of New Brunswick, and was rejected by his constituents at the general election in March last—he being last on the poll, and far behind any of the other candidates for York County. The cause assigned for his defeat was his advocacy of Confederation. Previous to the late election the Government of New Brunswick, through their organ, challenged—defied, any advocate of Confederation to contest the County. They put forward their man, a Mr. Pickhard, and they demanded for him a majority of votes not less than any of the present Government candidates had at the last election in the same County. The Government and their papers worked hard for Mr. Pickhard; but notwithstanding all their efforts, notwithstanding that the election was held in the metropolitan County, where Government patronage diffuses its enriching or corrupting streams more extensively than in some of the other Counties—Mr. Fisher, the Confederate, one of the party foolishly challenged, beat the Government nominee by the overwhelming number of 711 !!!

We said, some time ago, that there was a change of opinion in New Brunswick on the question of Confederation. The St. John *Freeman* denied it with a most supercilious air—the *Patriot* here, about the same time, made an assertion to the effect, that there was no change at all in the public sentiment of New Brunswick on the question of Confederation. We knew the York County election was coming, and we thought its result ought to be a test. The Seven Hundred and Eleven majority is a stunning answer to the Government's challenge, and an undeniable test.

It is noteworthy that neither the *Patriot* nor any of the other anti-Confederation papers in this place, have published a line in reference to the York election. If there had been the least scrap of news to shew that the wind blew vigorously from the anti-Confed. quarter, can any one doubt that it would get a most prominent place in their columns?

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND CONTRASTED WITH CANADA.

[*From the Charlottetown Patriot, Oct. 28.*]

"Perhaps there is nothing that strikes the eye of the stranger visiting Canada for the first time more forcibly than the decided improvement of the condition, appearance and quality of the farm stock of the agriculturists of the Upper Provinces over that of the Lower. *The farmers of Canada, especially those of the Eastern Townships*, as they are called, being a portion of Lower Canada, and of Upper Canada generally, *are fully fifty years ahead of our people.*"

The above we copy from the Halifax *Unionist* of the 23d inst., and we are perfectly astonished at the hardihood of the man who could write such statements. As a "stranger" we recently visited Canada "for the first time," and we were by no means *struck* with the "decided improvement of the condition, appearance and quality of the farm stock of the Agriculturists of the Upper Provinces over that of the Lower." As for Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, we cannot speak so positively—they may be "fifty years" behind their neighbors—but as regards this Island, the "appearance and quality" of our farm stock as a whole equalled that displayed at the Montreal Exhibition; and while we admit that in regard to horned cattle, Upper Canada is in advance of us, yet they are not one-tenth of fifty years ahead. Some few farmers there have better stock than is to be found here; but comparing the stock of the Island and that of Upper Canada all over, we believe the "improvement" is more general in this Colony than in Canada. So much in regard to stock; and with respect to vegetables, this Island, we believe, would throw Canada into the shade. W. Murphy, Esq., of the Gas Works, brought a specimen of onions to our sanctum this week which would have made the eyes of even a Canadian water; if not, most assuredly their own would fail to affect their lachrymal glands.

MISTER MURPHY'S INIONS.

BY D. LARD, ESQ.

"*Lafeu* Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon."
All's Well that ends Well, Act 5, Sc. 3.

"*Enobarbus.* What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
And I, an ass, am onion-eyed."
Antony and Cleopatra, Act. 4, Sc. 3.

O, speak not of Canadian shows!
At Montreal their little go's
Just filled my heart with saddest throes,
And faith in my opinions,
That Canuck people cannot raise
Nor sheep, nor ox, nor prancing bays,
Such as this fertile land displays,
From stalwart men to Inions.

Without reproach to Nature's plan,
Did Canuck fellows ever scan
So fine a sample of a man,
In all the Queen's dominions,
As me—a product of this Isle,
Where cattle thrive in just such style,
And root crops. But in all their pile
Where is the beat of Inions?

Ah! such as Mister Murphy shows
To those who to the Gas House goes,*
Or in our Sanctum put their nose,
Provided they're not Finians.†
Speak not of your Canadian lands!
'Tis here your watery eye expands—
'Tis here that your lachrymal glands‡
Bear witness to our Inions.

The poor, benighted, bankrupt place!
Its people, like *our* Gallic race,§
May plod through life at Pilgrim's pace,
But not like that of Bunyan's
Divinely puritannic Soul.—
Oh! Canucks, let your peepers roll
Through all your scraggy, patchy whole
Domain, have you such Onions?**

Back to my own, my native clime,
Where root crops flourish—where the prime
Potatoes grow—and where sublime
And beatific pinions
Can show you what you ne'er have seen
On any dull Canadian scene—
Such cattle, orchards—all things green—
Myself and Murphy's Inions.

NOTES BY THE AUTHOR.

* I am doubtful as to the correctness of the grammar in this case, but the rhyme required the verb to be put in the singular number. I would be singular, indeed, in comparison with all other great poets, if I sacrificed good rhyme to mere grammar.

† See a brilliant article in the "Patriot" of the 21st October, in which there is a plentiful supply of hot and cold water thrown on the Fenian movement. It won't do to say too much, all at once, against the Fenians, because they sympathise with the anti-Confederates, and the anti-Confederates have rather a kindly feeling for the Fenians.

‡ The reader is referred to the "Patriot" of the 28th October, in which there is a learned disquisition on Canadian products generally, and a stunning allusion to the subject of the foregoing poem. If the Onions or Inions—(it is hard to tell which is the right spelling)—don't bring water to their eyes, I am afraid their jaws will ache should they attempt to pronounce my jaw breakers.

§ "Read my letter," says Lord Byron in one of his defiant productions, but I commend to all enquiring minds, to read a certain letter in the "Patriot" of the 7th October, dated Montreal, September 27, in which it is proved conclusively that the French people of Canada are a miserably backward race, like those of Miscouche and Rustico; and the only advantage which the French Canadians have over their Gallic brethren in this Island consists in the former having a little more white-wash on their "cabins." Here is an extract from the memorable letter referred to, which the author, (who has not the least particle of vanity) will nevertheless be delighted to see reproduced:—"Without knowing where we were, or the character of the settlers along the line of railway, but judging simply from the peculiar build of the farmhouses, and the manner they were huddled together, we immediately said to our companion that the place before us was a French settlement. We were right. The locality was a few miles from St. Hyacinthe, in Lower Canada, and all the way thence to Montreal the train passed through French villages and settlements, the latter looking just as if Rustico or Miscouche had been transported, like the house of Loretto, and lighted in Canada, with this difference that the cabins had received a coat of white-wash en passant. The habitans appear to be as backward in the art of agriculture as their brethren in the Island."

** The orthography and rhyme in this stanza slightly differ from those used in the others. Most persons spell the word with an O, but I pronounce it as if spelled with an I. However, my pronounciation of the English language was never good; and if the reader is not convinced of its correctness in this case, I can only refer him to thousands of learned people who have come from places North of the Tweed who can't pronounce the English a bit better than I do.

THE ENGLISH MAIL.

THE English Mail, per Steamship *Cuba*, arrived at Halifax on Tuesday evening, the 7th inst. The Mail for this Island reached here on Friday morning.

The news furnished, to which we devote some space elsewhere, is not very important to the general reader. The funeral of Lord Palmerston was conducted with august ceremony—the remains of the late venerable Premier were deposited, on the 27th ult., in Westminster Abbey—the last resting place of many other great men, and few if any greater than himself. English journalists, periodical writers of all kinds, are exercising their intellectual powers in commemorating the great qualities of the departed Statesman, and some brilliant articles have appeared in connection with his demise.

That unclean thing, Fenianism, has ceased to excite any alarm on the other side of the Atlantic. The vigorous measures of the Government put a most effectual stopper on that wild movement.

GENERAL SIR FENWICK WILLIAMS, lately appointed Lieut. Governor of Nova Scotia, came out in the last English Steamer to Halifax, and was sworn into office immediately on his arrival. The local papers are engaged in speculations on his future policy. Those opposed to Confederation, knowing that the General is an enthusiast in favour of it, seem to apprehend that he may have instructions from the Imperial Government to press that question upon the people of Nova Scotia; and should any "coercion" be used—("coercion" is now the word in vogue to signify a manifestation of Imperial policy in the Government of British America)—it is quite evident that the cry of "On to Washington" will be raised by the malcontents, who are now casting longing, lingering looks in that direction. If that foolish march be ever undertaken, it will only be after Great Britain has entirely cut her connexion, in the most formal manner, with her British American possessions.

☞ OUR friend, Mr. Laird, of the *Patriot*, will please excuse our not noticing, according to its deserts, his article in his last No. about the Tracadie burning, in which he still labours to shew what a truthful, disingenuous man he is, and what a rash one we are. If we find we have any taste for the controversy we shall give the subject a little attention in time to write something for our next No. In the mean time we beg to assure the pious Elder, that prevarication and interpolation of another's writings—of both of which we can prove him guilty—are not the characteristics of a man who can honestly lay such enormous pretensions to sanctity as the Elder does.

☞ WE are very much obliged to our esteemed friend *Justitia* for the exceedingly friendly letter he has sent us. The subject is not worthy of his high consideration, or any sort of consideration; but we will publish the letter in our next—it not having reached us in time for to-day—appending some notes of our own.

(FOR THE EXAMINER.)

MISCHIEF MAKERS.

Oh, could there in this world be found
Some little spot of happy ground,
Where village pleasures might go round,
Without the village tattling!
How doubly blest that place would be,
Where all might dwell in harmony,
Free from the bitter misery
Of gossips' endless prattling.

'Tis mischief-makers that remove
Far from our hearts the warmth of love,
And lead us all to disapprove
What gives another pleasure.
They seem to take one's part—but when
They've heard our cares, unkindly then
They soon retail them all again,
Mixed with their poisonous measure.

And then they've such a cunning way
Of telling ill meant tales: they say,
"Don't mention what I've said, I pray,
I would not tell another."
Straight to your neighbour's house they go,
Narrating everything they know;
And break the peace of high and low,
Wife, husband, friend, and brother.

Oh, 'tis a sad, degrading part
To make another's bosom smart,
And plant a dagger in the heart
We ought to love and cherish.
Then let us evermore be found
In quietness with all around,
While friendship, joy, and peace abound,
And angry feelings perish.

P. E. Island, Nov. 11.

(FOR THE EXAMINER.)

HARVEST HOME.

The mountain's icy summits lay submerged,
And o'er the wreck of life the Deluge surged,
Whilst on the shoreless waste a lonely ark
Floats, all untended, o'er the waters dark,
Freighted with life of man, of fowl, and beast,
In heaven's safe keeping, till the judgment ceas'd.
The curse inflicted—then, the flood subsides,
And food for all the earth anew provides.
God's wrath appeased—the pledge of peace was given,
The rainbow arch, that spans the vault of heaven—
And words of mercy—promises to cheer—
Fell from the lips Divine on mortal ear;
"Henceforth no woe like this shall e'er befall
The race of man, though ingrates from the fall;
The seasons, as of old, shall be the same,
Seed time and harvest, both unchang'd, remain.
In wrath shall mercy still remembered be
By Noah's sons and their posterity.
Age after age has flown, and still we find
The word of promise kept with all mankind;
The bow still shines beneath the darkened skies,
And tints the landscape with prismatic dyes.
Still do the fields, all rich with golden grain,
The wide benevolence of God proclaim.
Henceforth let grateful songs from earth arise
To him who every craving want supplies.
The mellowing rays of yonder setting sun
Show the tired laborer that his work is done.
Through russet paths he makes his eager way,
While Philomel pours forth her evening lay;
And timid hares their ferns forsake, to feed
On the rich clover in the fertile mead.
O'er fallen leaves he treads the well known road
That brings him, nightly, to his loved abode,
And there, a welcome, cordial as his own,
Awaits his glad return at Harvest Home.

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Charlottetown, November, 1865.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

BY STEAMSHIP *CUBA.*

Lord Palmerston's remains were interred at Westminster Abbey on the 17th.....Lord John Russell is the new Premier, and as his colleagues concur in the arrangement, we have the old Cabinet with a new Chief.....The cattle plague has been materially checked in France by the bold and vigorous action of the Government.....We are happy to find that the cholera is disappearing in Paris, and in the southern cities of France. The Emperor and Empress have won all hearts in the country by visiting the hospitals in Paris, in order to see how the cholera patients were treated, and that all that human skill and care could do for their safety and comfort was accomplished.....It is amusing and curious to see the uses to which Fenianism has been tortured in Ireland. Lord Enniskillen siezes upon it as an argument for the extension of Orangeism, and Archbishop Trench puts it forward as a ground for the preservation of the Anglican Establishment in Ireland.....The Archbishop of Westminster was expected to arrive in England on the 28th.....Gen. Cameron has reported himself at the War Office, to answer for his conduct in the New Zealand war.....The cattle plague in England shows signs of gradual disappearance.....The rumor is current in Paris that, at the first meeting of the French Chamber of Deputies, the Government intends announcing the immediate return of the large armies of occupation which France has maintained in Rome and Mexico. Of the Imperial intentions with regard to the French army in Rome, no doubt now exists, for all parties agree that the Emperor Napoleon intends faithfully to carry out the terms of the Franco-Italian convention. But it is otherwise in regard to the French soldiers in Mexico; for, notwithstanding the continued unpopularity of the occupation, the opinion gains ground in certain quarters that the entire withdrawal of the French troops from Mexico would jeopardise the throne of the Emperor Maximilian.

THE CHOLERA.

An English journal says.—We must now prepare to battle with the grim visitor on this side of the Channel. At Southampton it has struck down and carried off the medical officer of health, Dr. Cooper; a young lady has also been attacked and succumbed; and a great deal of alarm prevails at the seaport so contiguous to the continental ports, the sanitary condition of which does not appear to be in the best possible taste. Still it is satisfactory to know the cholera loses its virulence every time it comes west, and, though it cannot be viewed at any period with indifference, improved medical treatment may make it as little fatal as the run of ordinary fevers.

LATEST FROM THE UNITED STATES.

NEW YORK, Nov. 6.—There has been one or two additional cases of cholera on board the steamer *Atlanta* in this harbor, but the excitement in the city has subsided

A box which had been left by a sojourner at a Greenwich street hotel, in New York, as a security for his board bill, was observed yesterday morning to emit smoke. Two porters carried it to the street where it exploded with a loud report, killing the porters and injuring nine others. The force of the explosion was such as to spatter the front of the building, and break all the windows in the block. All the occupants of the hotel have been arrested.

The *Herald* has a despatch from Toronto, Canada West, dated yesterday, which says the ex-Grand Master of Orangemen, Gowan, has published a Manifesto, declaring that the Fenians are arming, and calling Orangemen to arm. The Orange organ the *Watchman*, declares that it has positive information of a contemplated invasion of the provinces, and that 600 armed men were in Toronto, that members of the Government are fraternising with Fenians; that the Premier winks at the contemplated attempt to take the Provinces from British connection, and that the Fenians drill in Toronto at night.

NEW YORK, Nov. 8.—A San Francisco despatch gives the following:—A despatch yesterday from Victoria states that the party constructing telegraph lines to the Russian possessions were setting telegraph poles about one hundred and fifty miles north of the mouth of Queen's River. They there struck dirt, yielding seventy-five cents to one dollar worth of gold per pan full.....Gold 147.

THE INSURRECTION AT JAMAICA.

NEW YORK, Nov. 8.—The consul at Havana encloses to the State Department a despatch from our consul at Kingston, in which he expresses fear that it will require several months to suppress the insurrection effectually. He expresses the hope that an American war-steamer may be at once despatched to that port.....The present outbreak evidently has been long contemplated, and is intended to be a war of extermination by the blacks against the whites; and the great disparity of numbers gives the former a great advantage. They have, moreover, chosen a time when there are but few English troops at that station, and but one small English war steamer, the *Wolverine*, at the Island.....Gold 147⅞.

IMPORTANT AND UNPLEASANT RESTRICTIONS.

The United States authorities are determined to make the trade intercourse between the Colonies and the States as disagreeable as possible. They first connived at the repeal of the Treaty, and secured from Congress authority for its annulment, but this they have since discovered will operate more hardly against their own people than against the Colonists. To make up for this piece of silliness on their part, they are resorting to devices to make the transaction of business, so long as the Treaty remains in force, unsatisfactory. The following from the Montreal *Trade Review* is the latest evidence of spitefulness:

"We are informed the United States Consular General here has been instructed to enforce a regulation which cannot fail to be a very serious restriction to the produce trade between Canada and the United States. It is generally known that for the past two years the American Government have required Consular Certificates to accompany every shipment of produce to that country, testifying to the fact that the article was the growth and product of Canada, in order to allow its admission free of duty under the Reciprocity Treaty. This has been sufficiently annoying and expensive to our shippers, without having further trouble necessitated. It is now announced, however, that in order to obtain a Consular Certificate for a shipment of flour, it will be necessary for the shipper to either have an affidavit from the miller that it is ground from Canada wheat, or that his agent here must have a power-of-attorney from the miller to make an affidavit to the same effect. This will necessitate every commission agent in the city being possessed of documentary authority from the millers for whom he acts. Also, when parcels of flour change hands, as they frequently do before being shipped, the original receiver or the miller's agent will be compelled to go before the Consul and make the necessary affidavit before it can go into the United States markets. There may be some misunderstanding about the matter, but we are assured flour has been stopped at Rouse's Point, and that the officials of the Consulate here will grant no more certificates until these requirements are met.

TERRIBLE CALAMITY IN NEW YORK HARBOUR.

BOILER EXPLOSION ON BOARD THE STEAMER "ST. JOHN,"—TEN KILLED AND MANY WOUNDED.

On the 30th, about a quarter before 6 o'clock, and while abreast of 20th street, North river, the port boiler of the steamboat *St. John*, of the People's Line, exploded, and without an instant warning, hurled seven innocent beings into eternity and before the bar of God, and sixteen others, many of whom were quietly dreaming in their berths, were thrown into the most fearful tortures, and one poor fellow, to save a worst fate, plunged into the river and probably found a watery grave. All this death, this suffering and misery was caused in an instant of time and without the slightest warning. As there were but about 100 passengers on board at the time, the casualties were small in comparison to what they might have been had it been at the height of the summer travel. As it is, one quarter of all the passengers are sufferers by this sad calamity.

THRILLING ACCOUNT BY AN EYE WITNESS.

A gentleman who was on board the boat at the time of the explosion gives the following thrilling account: I think the accident occurred a few minutes before 6 in the morning. At least I remember that it was just 20 minutes before 6 when I arose from my berth to dress myself, as I thought we must be nearing the city, and I wanted to be on shore as soon as possible. My state room was situated in the forward part of the cabin, on the port side. I looked out of the window and saw that the western sky was just brightening from the reflection of daylight from the east, and then, opening the door, stepped out into the saloon, which was dimly lit, only one or two burners of the main chandelier being lighted. I had hardly reached the centre of the saloon, on my way out to the open air, before I heard a strange report which thrilled me with unaccountable apprehension. It was not so loud as it was deep and terrible. I once heard some gun-cotton explode in a close apartment, and the present report resembled that nearer than anything I can compare it to. It was immediately followed by a terrible shock, which shook every plank in the steamer, and before I could make up my mind what it meant I saw the side of the saloon, a short distance in front of the wheel-house, smashed in as by a cannon shot, with a terrible crashing sound, accompanied by one wild yell which rings in my ears at this moment with terrible distinctness. A great cloud of steam rushed through the aperture, speedily filling the entire saloon; but first I saw a shapeless mass flying across the cabin. This proved to be the corpse of a child, who had been sleeping in state room No. 123, I think, although I am not certain. I heard the engines stop. A great light illuminated the saloon through the drifting steam. I gave myself up for lost, and for a moment could not stir. The steam was almost immediately followed by vast bodies of hot water, which seemed to burst into the saloon in a perfect deluge. It covered the floor so rapidly that I had just time enough to spring and gain a hold on the main chandelier before it was seething under my feet. In a few seconds I was securely perched above the water, but I witnessed a scene of destruction and horror which will abide with me to my dying day. The water did not spout nor gush into the saloon—it absolutely poured in. Had it not had the appearance of being boiling hot I should have thought that we were sinking, and that the broad river itself was engulfing us. Then there occurred a terrible scene among the passengers, most of whom were asleep in their berths at the time of the explosion. The impulse which nearly all of them obeyed, upon being rudely awakened and terrified by the shock, was to spring to the floor, and their screams and yells as their feet went ankle-deep into the scalding flood are literally indescribable. Few of them had presence of mind enough to climb again into their bunks; but in a few moments, or rather seconds, the saloon was peopled with terror-stricken and agonized forms, most in their night-clothes, splashing wildly about in the boiling water. One man, in his agony, tried to pull me from my perch; but, by repeated directions, I at length induced him to get upon a chair. I saw a mother, with a little child on either arm, dashing frantically through the water, and every time she would lift up her naked feet I could see that they were boiled to a crimson hue. Reaching down, I lifted one of the children to my side; but she let the other one fall into the water, scalding it severely, but not fatally, I think, before I could also possess myself of it. I then seized her by the hair, and assisted her to a position on a chair, where she managed to stand until the water had subsided. I might relate numerous other instances, but, in all conscience, the above are horrible enough. The water subsided very rapidly—it having all run out in a very few minutes after its first appearance. But the groans and shreiks of the scalded and mutilated was the most dreadful experience of my life. In about fifteen minutes after the explosion the ferry-boat Merristown came alongside and took off about 50 of the passengers.

NEGRO REVOLT IN JAMAICA.

The following article, in reference to the Negro insurrection which has broken out in the Island of Jamaica, we find in a late Canadian paper:

"A recent speech of the Governor, addressed to a deputation of negroes who made complaint of their sufferings, gives a clue to the cause of this insurrection. Laziness, he told them, was at the bottom of all their troubles. Too lazy to work either for planters or themselves, they must starve; but the negroes, instead of going to work, it seems, have taken it into their heads to destroy property and threaten vengeance. If the effect of the insurrection be to cause the Island to be converted into a Crown Colony it will be all the better for Jamaica. Representative government does not do well in that island. The contrast between Jamaica in its present condition, and Trinidad, a Crown colony, is described by visitors as being most remarkable. In Jamaica the sugar plantations have become deserted, owing to the unwillingness of the negroes to labor on them. In Trinidad the negroes are stimulated to work by the greater rigor of the laws, in making of which negroes have no hand or part. The planters, moreover, do not depend altogether on negro labor, but, aided by the wise Court of Policy, have introduced coolies in great numbers, and by their labor keep up explorations on the island. In Jamaica the introduction of coolies has been attempted, but is not so heartily entered into as in