The Examiner.

Charlottetown, Dec. 13, 1875.

OBITUARY.

On Sunday evening last, death stilled the voice of the preacher in St. Paul's Church, Charlottetown. CHARLES DESBRISAY, Esq.,—in the absence of the Rev. D. FitzGerald, who is still confined to his house—was engaged in reading a sermon to the congregation assembled. He had announced the text, "Who shall abide the day of his coming?" and had read a few sentences,—when, suddenly, he stopped, fumbled with the leaves before him, and sank slowly to his seat. Messrs. Fenton T. Newbery and G. C. Cunningham instantly went to his assistance, and ifted him to the Chancel floor. There was a slight movement of his limbs, a hoarse rattle or two in his throat—and all was still. He was dead.

During the day he had been in his usual health—not very good of late—and in his usual happy and contented mood. Previous to the commencement of the service he remarked to the Church Wardens that they might choose the two first hymns, but *he* should have his choice of the last. This is the hymn he selected:—

Children of the heavenly King!
As ye journey, sweetly sing:
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways!

Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

Fear not, bretheren! joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

Lord, obedient we will go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

Hymns of glory and of praise,
Father, unto Thee we raise;
Praise to Thee, O Christ, our King
And the Holy Ghost, we sing.

Mr. DesBrisay was the only remaining son of the Rev. Theophilus Desbrisay—the first Episcopal Clergyman who came to this Island. He was born in the year 1799 and was admitted to the Bar in 1836. For very many years he was Clerk of the Executive Council and he attended to the duties of his office till the day previous to his death. He was not possessed of brilliant abilities, but, was a good officer. throughout his career he commanded the respect and confidence of each succeeding Government. No man in the city had a larger, kinder heart; no man in the city was more sincerely beloved Many poor persons will embalm his memory with their gratitude; many afflicted and sorrowing ones will cherish the remembrance of his kindly, comforting words.

TRIUMPH OF MISMANAGEMENT

THE line of railway has been broken over a month. There was no postal communication between the people living east and west of St. Peter's for more than a week The *St. Lawrence* and *Princess of Wales* ceased running a fortnight ago. From that time till this morning no foreign mail has been received here. For purposes of communication with Charlottetown and the rest of the Island, the inhabitants of all that part of the Province East of St. Peter's might as well have lived in California: and for interchange of news with the Dominion at large, the people of this Island might as well have resided in France. We trust that no reader of the EXAMINER is so exasperated with this extraordinary state of affairs—so incensed with the railway and postal authorities—that he will impatiently glance over an article in which its causes are calmly, reasonably and impartialy discussed.

The primary cause is certainly the weather. If we were only blessed with continual summer, daily rail and postal communication would, we doubt not, have been kept up. But winter is here—and the railway and postal authorities are dumbfounded by its severity.

We all know that as soon as possible, after the line of railway was broken, a courier was engaged to carry mails to and from Souris and St. Peter's. For six or seven successive days that courier regularly left Souris in the morning, travelled through to St. Peter's and returned to Souris in the evening—without a mail. Owing to this rather remarkable circumstance many persons undoubtedly suffered great disappointment and loss. Souris is a distributing office, and the whole population east of Bay Fortune—probably 10,000 persons—receive their mail matter through it. If the mail does not reach Souris it cannot reach East Point or any of the offices *en route*. Consequently, every man, woman or child, residing between Bay Fortune and East Point, who went to the Post Office during the week the mails were delayed, went for nothing. If we reflect that many have to travel six and seven miles in going to and coming from the Post Office, we may be able to forn an estimate of the labor and suffering—apart from the dissapointment and loss—occasioned by the non-arrival of the mails at Souris But, so far as we can learn, no official in particular can be justly blaimed. The courier performed his duty The mails were regularly sent from the Charlottetown Post Office; and if they remained in a heap at Mount Stewart, neither the Post Office Inspector nor the Postmaster of Charlottetown can be blamed. In fact, they supposed the Souris mail was going all right, until a Sourian rushed into the office in a white heat "to know the reason why." The Postmaster at Souris had, it appears, no means of communication with Charlottetown. The railway authorities, probably, did not think it a part of their duty to tell the Post Office authorities that the mails were accumulating at Mount Stewart. Ten thousand people have suffered through gross mismanagement and no official blundered!!! Surely this is a triumph for mismanagement.

But greater triumphs still remain to be told. Previous to Confederaaion, the Dominion Government bound itself by a solemn compact to maintain steam communication between this Island and the mainland during winter. This is the third winter since Confederation was consummated, and this is the winter of our greatest discontent. Notwithstanding the fact that there is still open water between Georgetown, Murray Harbor, or Souris, and Cape Bear; notwithstanding the fact that a properly-constructed steamer could now enter any of our harbors; notwithstanding the fact that, with the exception of two or three boisterous days, the weather has not been such as to prevent a good, strong steamer from crossing—we have had no communication—other than telegraphic communication — with the mainland for a fortnight. Nor is it likely an attempt will be made to maintain the promised steam communication this winter. "Mr. Sewell has backed down"—this is the excuse offered by the apologists of the Government. But is it a sufficient excuse? No. With the resources it has at its command, the McKenzie Administration—if they desired to keep faith with the Island—could have secured a winter steamer twenty-four hours from the time Mr. Sewell refused to sign the contract. But the steamer has not been secured; and the Dominion Government has been guilty of a flagrant and inexcusable violation of the terms under which the people of this Island were induced to join the confederated provinces.

On the 11th November last—a month ago—a thousand yards of railway were washed away at St. Peter's Bay. It was a peculiarly unfortunate circumstance; for it occurred just at the time the people most needed railway communication. Steps towards restoring it should instantly have been taken. After the line had been restored, it would have been time enough to consider the expediency of moving the track or building a timber breatwork. But three precious weeks were frittered away in surveys, and correspondence, and haggling with landowners, before it was decided to restore the original line. On Tuesday last the work of restoration was commenced. Five or six men were engaged at picking and shovelling clay, rozen to the depth of nearly a foot. On Wednesday, the number of laborers was increased to twelve. On Thursday, forty-five men were employed. By that time nearly a third of the work was done. On Friday and Saturday there were between fifty and sixty laborers; and it was so far advanced that if the weather continues fine, trains will cross to-morrow evening. Had a hundred men been employed as soon as the storm abated, and while the ground was soft the line might have been restored a month earlier, and the people of the eastern sections of King's County might not have been subjected to a loss which it is impossible to estimate.

PARTIAL ELECTIONS.

NOMINATION of candidates to fill vacant seats in the local House of Assembly, took place at Charlottetown and Georgetown on Thursday last.

It was supposed that a gentleman, so popular and so capable as the Hon. F. Kelly, would have been returned, for the one remaining session of the Legislature, without opposition. But it is not so to be. A certain Mr. Bambrick—a young man, we believe—has had the temerity to take the field against a veteran, who, the *Herald* admits, "has played his cards with remarkable skill." Mr. Kelly was proposed by Owen Connolly, Esq., and seconded by David Eagan, Esq. The nomination of Mr. Bambrick was proposed by Donald McLauchlin, Esq., and seconded by M Campbell, Esq.

To represent the First District of King's County, Lawrence Kickham was proposed by Chas. McEachen, Esq., and seconded by A. W Owen, Esq.; and Lauchlan McDonald was proposed by D. McRae and seconded by Louis Boucette, Esquires. Of the two candidates, Mr. Kickham should, we think, have the preference. The district is in immediate need of special grants for public works. Mr. McDonald, being a declared opponent of the Local Government, would, naturally, have little power to obtain these grants. Whereas, Mr. Kickham—who adopts the independent ticket—looks to the interest of his district first, and makes his party predilections a secondary consideration, would be more likely to succeed in obtaining governmental favors

"CAMPBELL'S COVE BREAKWATER."

A PLACE of refuge for the fleet of small fishing vessels which frequent the north shore of this Island, near the East Point, is very much needed. By the construction of a breakwater at Campbell's Cove, the necessary shelter will, it is thought by many experienced men, be afforded In the Cove, there is about sixteen feet of water at ordinary high tide; and if the proposed breakwater were built, hundreds of small vessels could easily enter it and ride out a gale in perfect safety. The project has been before the public for the past thirty years. The only doubt as to its feasibility was the alleged impossibility of constructing a breastwork of sufficient strength to withstand the force of the wavee. In order to test the correctness or incorrectness of the allegation, the Government, of which Hon J C Pope was eader, granted a sum of money; and three hundred feet of the breastwork were built in 1872. Since then, some of the most terrible storms known to the history of the province have expended their fury upon it in vain. Last month the tide rose higher than at any time since 1839. But still so much of the breastwork as has been built remains intact. The incorrectness of the "impossibility theory" has been established One-third of the work has been done; and it should, we think, be finished. If it is not, the money already expended will be thrown away; if it is, a great boon will be given a class of men who deserve encouragement. The development of our fisheries is a very important matter; and anything, in reason, which can be done to lessen the toil and danger of our fishermen, should be accomplished. To round the East Point, or make harbor on the north side, during a heavy northerly gale, is a perilous undertaking. But to get into Campbell's Cove is at all times comparatively easy. We hope the newly-elected member for the First District of King's County will not forget Campbell's Cove Breakwater.

WINTER MAIL ARRANGEMENT.

HAVE we a winter mail arrangement? This question, we can well imagine, is now prominent in the thoughts of many persons. In answer to it, we submit the following particulars, obtained by courtesy of the Deputy Post Office Inspector, W. W. McLeod, Esq.

Last autumn, Messrs. Irving & Muttart entered into a contract to despatch mails daily—when practicable—to and from Cape Traverse and Charlottetown; to and from Cape Traverse and Summerside, and to and from Cape Traverse and Cape Tormentine. The foreign mails aro to be made up in Charlottetown every evening at nine o'clock, to be taken to Cape Traverse during the same night, and to be forwarded across the Straits the following day. Mails from abroad are to be in Charlottetown four hours, and in Summerside two and a half hours, after arrival at Cape Traverse. The local postal authorities can order mails to Summerside by train if the roads from Charlottetown to Cape Traverse are impassable.

Such, in brief, is our winter mail arrangement.

GREAT EPOCHS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE AND THEIR CAUSES.

Paper read on Friday evening last, before the Charlottetown Debating Club, by A. B. Warburton, B. A., Vice President. A number of ladies graced the occasion by their presence. We have much pleasure in commending the essay to our readers.

There are four epochs in English Literature distinguished above others by their intellectual greatness. There are the Chaucerian period, during the latter portion of the reign of Edward III., and that of Richard II; the Shakespearean period, which shed such a radiance over the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. In the genius of their writers, though not in their number, these are superior to those that follow them. The third is the era of Swift, Addison, Prior, and Pope, or during the reign of Anne. The fourth I place in the early part of the present century, and is rendered illustrious by such names as Wordsworth, Scott, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Moore, and a host of others.

The Chaucerian period is chiefly distinguished by the matchless writings of Chaucer himself. He, the father of English Poetry, was trained up in the camp and Court of Edward III., and was often employed on diplomatic services of vast importance. The time was one when the romantic gallantry of the Anglo-Norman knighthood was carried to its highest pitch. It was the era of chivalry, and Chaucer was deeply imbued with the spirit of his age. His great work, or rather collection of works, is the Canterbury Tales, a number of stories told by the pilgrims to Canterbury, to the Shrine of Thomas a Becket. Every rank in life furnishes its pilgrim. There is an old knight, just returned from foreign service who

"—Fro the time that he firste began,
To riden out, he loved chivalrie.",

He had fought under the banner of the Cross, against the heathen in Africa, in Spain, in Armenia, in Turkey, and

"At mortal batailles, had he been fifteen,
And foughten for our faith at Tramissene,
In listes thries, and ay, slain his foe."

His experience in war, had rendered him perfectly indifferent to his personal appearance, for though

"His hors was good, he ne was not gaie,
Of fustain he wered a gipon,
All besmotred."

He is altogether a good representative of the old feudal aristocracy. With him there is his son, a coxcomb of the day. There are also nuns, and clergymen, a physician, and a sergeant learned in the law, both of whom are credited with many of the peculiarities still commonly ascribed to their professional decendants. The Knight's Tale, is first told in simple and beautiful language, just the story we would expect to have from the lips of one of King Edward's veterans. It recites the mournful story of the Greeks, Arcite, and Polæmon, embelished with the extravagant chivalry of the Middle Ages. The other stories follow in rapid succession, and are each in keeping with the character of its supposed uarrator. But the time at my disposal prevents my lingering over them. Suffice it to say, that all are stamped with the genius of the writer, though some are clothed in language unworthy of his character.

Chaucer, though the brightest, was by no means the only luminary of this period. There were many others, amongst whom I would mention Gower called by Chaucer the Moral Gower, the author of Confessio Amantis; or, the Lover's Confession, a work that would lead us to suppose that the lovers of the fifteenth century were much more communicative then their bretheren of the nineteenth. I can no more than name the great Scottish Poets, Wyntoun, Barbour, and Blind Harry. Among prose arthors were John Wycliffe, the well known theological writer, and Mandeville, who after thirty-four years wanderings in Eastern lands, wrote a book on his adventures, and what he had seen, and who did not escape the fate common to subsequent writers of travels, of having his veracity much questioned. His works afford curious instances of the credulity of his time, when he speaks of birds of Madagascar, which carried elephants through the air, and other tales equally absurd.

II. The second great epoch is much better known than the first. It is by far the finest of all periods in English Literature. The great writers in every department are here to be found in numbers. This is the great dramatic era. It was also the age of original and profound thinkers. In Francis Bacon, it produced, probably, the greatest philosopher who ever lived; a man of such varied and far-reaching genius, that some do not hesitate to ascribe even the works of Shakespeare to his pen. In poetry, apart from the drama, the Elizabethian period was graced above all others with the name of Edmund Spencer, the poet's poet, the only fault in whose poetry is it's continual sweetness. Others are Sir Philip Sidney, brave soldier, clever statesman and sweet poet; Fairfax, Marlowe and Sir Walter Raleigh. Historians are numerous, among whom I can only mention the names of Sir Thomas Moore, Lord Herbert, Lord Bacon and Sir Walter Raleigh. Raleigh equally at home with the pen and the sword, a brave and skilful sailor and a statesmanlike councillor. Pamphleteers and controversialists were numerous, yet great as this period was in poetry, philosophy and history, the full intellectual strength of the age is not to be found in these. The drama, having thrown off the cumbrous forms of moral play and miracle, having discarded the stiff artificial rules of the classic stage, was now ready formed for the hands of it's mastets. The popularity it possessed, and the vast influence it exercised, attracted and engrossed the great poetical genius of the land. The dramatic writings of this time not only rise superior to those of every other period in English history, but also excel those of all other countries and of any age. The writers of the Greek drama, long held up as a models, celebrated—and justly celebrated—for the beauty of their language, for their vigor and grasp of thought, and by the originality of their genius, are forgotten when the name of Shakespeare is heard. Nor is Shakespeare the only great dramatist of this period. His inspired thoughts so tower above those of other writers:—

"Like signiors and rich burgers of the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea
Do overpeer the pethy traffickers,"

that our eyes, dazzled with his brilliancy, do not recognise the beauties of his contemporaries. Yet these were no common men. In another country or at any other time, they would have been looked upon as though the genius of the drama were in them personified. Of these, passing over the names of Sackville, of John Lilly, of Peele, of Greene and many more,—not because they are unworthy to be remembered—but because the time at my disposal is short, I would mention Marlowe, the author of Edward II, Dr. Faustus and other splendid plays.

In tragedy, Marlowe undoubtedly came nearer Shakespeare, than any other writer. He was cut off in early manhood, in a drunken brawl; but had he lived till his powers were matured, or had he given his fine intellect fair play, he would, as a tragedian, have proved himself a formidable rival even to the author of Macbeth. Of Marlow's Edward II., I cannot give a better idea than is contained in the quotation from Charles Lamb, who says "the reluctant pangs of abdicating royalty in England, furnished hints on which Shakespeare scarce improved in his Richard II; and the death scene of Marlow's King, moves pity and terror, beyond any scene, ancient or modern, with which I amacquainted.' Faustus is written with such terrible power, that the blood almost curdles in the reader's veins as he goes on. And yet there is a strange fascination about it. Once you begin you cannot lay it aside, you cannot tear yourself away, you are as if spell-bound, till it is finished. The genius of Marlowe, the wierd bent of his mind, the infidel nature of his life, are well given in the words of Hazlet:—"There is a lust of power, a hunger and thirst after unrighteousness, a glow of the imagination, unhallowed by anything but its own energies. His thoughts burn within him like a furnace with bickering flames, or throwing out black smoke and mist that hide the dawn of genius, or, like a poisonous mineral, corrode the heart. Faustus himself is a rude sketch, but a gigantic one. This character may be considered as a personification of the pride of will and eagerness of curiosity, sublimed beyond the reach of fear and remorse.

Then we have "rare Ben Jonson," whose writings are probably better known than those of any other of Shakespeare's contemporaries. He was a man of ponderous and clumsy, yet lofty genius. He is the founder of the regular or classic school of English comedy. Of his numerous plays the best are Epicine or the Silent Woman, and the Alchemist. Every man in his Humor, is one of his best known works, and contains the celebrated character, Captain Bobadill. Jonson was a pedantic scholar. In all his writings his mind seems oppressed by the weight of his knowledge, yet unable to shake off the incubus. His learning was too heavy and cumbrous for him, he appears to stagger under its weight.

Next we have Beaumont and Fletcher, famous for their literary partnership—most of their plays being joint productions. They are distinguished for their luxuriant imagination, ever running to waste, and by the graceful beauty of their language. In them, to again quote Hazlet, we find all the prodigiality of youth, the confidence inspired by success, an enthusiasm bordering on extravagence, richness running riot, beauty dissolving in its own sweetness. All subjects are touched upon by them. Though, perhaps inferior to Jonson in Comedy, certainly to Marlow or Webster in Tragedy, they altogether make the nearest approach to Shakespeare.

Then comes 'noble minded' John Webster, of whose life, little is known. The cast of his genius was gloomy and wierd. Of his extant dramas, *Vittoria Corombona* or the White devil, and the *Duchess of Malfi* are the best. Webster, in the words of one of our English writers, delights "to suggest horrible imaginings to adorne his sentiments with some image of tender and awful beauty." No better illustration can be given of the dark and morbid bent, the gloomy power of Webster's genius than in the words of Charles Lamb, speaking of the *Duchess of Malfi*, "who," he says, "has lived among horrors till she has become 'native and endowed into that element.' She speaks the dialect of dispair, her tongue has a snatch of Tartarus and the souls of hell. To move a horror skilfully, to touch a soul to the quick, to lay upon fear as much as it can bear, to wean and weary a life till it is ready to drop, and then to step in with mortal instruments to take its last forfeits; this only a Webster can do."

Of Marston and Haywood, of Ford and Massinger, I can do no more than mention the names.

I have now given a sketch, brief and imperfect though it be, of this epoch, but ere passing to the next, I wish, for a moment, to call your attention to a peculiarity of the English Dramatists not often noticed. It is this.—The dramatists of the Elizabethan period are the only writers, of England or any other country, who habitually represent the various forms of mental disease. There is something awful about distempers of the mind that possessed wonderful attraction for their tragic muse. Not only do they delineate lunacy in all stages, but they are true to nature in doing so. Other writers have attempted to describe madness but not with like success. In the Elizabethan drama, you see its beginning, you follow it from stage to stage, till it reaches its climax. There is nothing unnatural about it, each phase in its progress is but the fore-runner of what follows. Shakespeare, especially, takes delight in grappling with and describing this most difficult of all characters. You find it in Lady MacBeth. MacBeth, himself, in the closing scene is possesed with something very much akin to a "mind deceased." So it is in Hamlet, in Othello and others. In the Merchant of Venice it takes the form of melancholy and Antonio is oppressed with deep sadness, though, in sooth, he knows not why he is so sad.

III. Passing by the sublime works of Milton, we come to the third epoch, or the reign of Anne. This period has no author who can take rank with such men as Chaucer, Spencer, Shakespeare, or Milton, but it produced a number of writers distinguished by the polish of their style, the graceful smoothness of their diction, by their wit and humour and by their cutting satire.

Foremost amongst the poets of this time stands Pope, a treacherous friend and an implacable foe, a master of satire but a monster in its exercise. Congreve, Vanbugh and Farquhar hold the first place amongst dramatists, men whose sparkling wit and humor have been rivalled by Sheridan alone, yet the beauty of whose thoughts is debased by the coarse garb of obsenity in which they are robed.

Remarkable as this age is for its poets or dramatists, it is still more noted for its satirists. Milton had composed his last great work. He had passed from a life that had long been darkened to a world, on whose splendor his mental vision had been ever fixed; the busy fertile brain of Dryden was stilled in its last long sleep, ere this period was well begun. Essays and satirical composition were now in vogue. First amongst these writers were Swift and Addison, the latter unmatched as an essayist, the former terrible for his biting sarcasm and fierce invective; both equally masters of ridicule, though ridicule of very different kinds. Swift, savage and inhuman in his satire, a good hater, seemed to delight in inflicting pain for the sake of the pangs it caused. Yet, little though we find to love in the nature of this man, we are constrained to pity, when we think of him spending his wretched, disappointed, existence in the horrible ever-impending dread of that maladay which eventually laid his fine intellect low. Though we can scarce pardon the cruelty of his thoughts, we should, in mercy, suppose that the fell disease which rendered his mind a blank, and wrapt his closing years in dark and awful silence, had corroded his heart, ere its ravages destroyed his brain.

Of a far different character was Addison. He was genial in his satire, and though the equal of Swift in wit or ridicule, and fully conscious of his powers, he was generous in his strength,—though his shafts were shot with a sure hand, they did not rankle in the wounds they made.

Such were the men of the third epoch in English Literature—none of them authors of soaring genius, yet all good and polished writers.

IV. We now come to the last great epoch, the early part of the present century. Of this period we all, probably, know more than we do of any other. The writers of this time are as familiar to our ears as household words. Scarcely a day passes that we do not derive pleasure from their works. At every public reading they contribute the bulk of the entertainment. Their range is very wide. Their songs are the best known and most beautiful we have; their longer minstrelsy is familiar to all. Its novelists afford amusement and instruction to the present as to the past generation; its historians and scholars hold the highest rank. The names of the writers of this era are legion. I can only mention a few. This was the period of Hallam and Lingard among historians; of Scott and Carleton among novelists, of Crabbe, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Shelly, Byron and Moore among poets. It was a time peculiarly brilliant in poetry. Crabbe broke through the artifical rules of the previous generation. Wordsworth—profound in his simplicity—clothed the every-day objects of English life in splendid garb. Scott, deeply imbued with the chivalry of the Middle Ages, was sending forth his 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' his 'Lord of the Isles,' his 'Marmion,' his novels, in a long and brilliant series to entrance a delighted world.

Coleridge, a slave to opium, wasting in idleness the 'prime and manhood' of his noble intellect, was, by fits and starts, giving to the world his beautiful fragments. There is a charm, a fascination, about the author of the 'Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner' that never wears out. His poetry is 'of the imagination all compact.' Of him it might well be said:—

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.'

Of Byron, ever describing his hero fierce and austere; his heroine soft and mild; or Moore, the sweet poet of Ireland, it is needless for me to speak. I have already detained you on ground that is well-worn and may cease to interest. I will now hasten to the causes that produced those great epochs—to paths which, though less trodden, I hope will be more entertaining.

The country, during the four periods of which I have spoken, was in a state of comparative tranquility. The civil broils of proceeding times were at an end, the nation was united in itself. I no not say there were no foreign wars, for this would be incorrect; but such wars as were being waged did not produce any feeling of insecurity at home. The times which respectively proceded these four periods, were very different. Probably the four stormiest ages in English history, were those which went before the greatest literary epochs. It is in those troublous and warlike times that I seek the causes of literary greatness.

Preceding the Chaucerian period, we have the reigns of Edward I, Edward II, and Edward III, reigns which covered some of the most glorious, as also, some of the most wretched pages in English history. The restless spirit of the Middle Ages, which rendered it possible for Peter the Hermit and others as zealous as himself, to hurl the chivalry of the West, crusade after crusade, against the Paynim masters of the HolySepulchre, had not yet died out. But its course had been turned into other channels. Edward I, as wise a monarch as ever sat on the throne of England, soon saw the folly of wasting English blood and treasure in barren expeditions to Palestine. He formed his comprehensive designs for uniting the whole of Britain under one crown. Rushing on the Welsh he reduced them to subjection. He next turned his arms against Scotland, and there victory was still his attendant. Vain was the might of Wallace against so terrible a foe. The prowess of the Scottish Chieftain might gain victories over Edward's generals, but Edward himself was invincible. Vain, also, were the military skill and valour of Bruce against the veteran armies of England, till the hand of Providence, by removing Edward, gave Scotland that freedom which the bravery of her sons so well deserved.

Scarce had the reins of power fallen from the dying hand of the old king into the powerless grasp of his weak son, Edward II., when a change came over the destinies of England. Giving himself up to favorites, Edward II. soon saw his barons throwing off the subjection in which they had been held under the iron sway of his father. Forced to renew the late monarch's attempts on Scotland, the crushing defeat at Bannockburn quickly proved how unfit he was to cope with the martial spirits of the North. To national defeat followed domestic trouble. The reign of Edward II. is one of the unhappiest in English history. During the twenty years he had the misfortune to rule, English misery and disgrace seemed approaching its climax. But when his wretched life was brought to its fearful close, there mounted the throne of England one of the ablest princes who ever swayed a sceptre.

The reign of Edward III. is one of the longest and most glorious in ancient or modern history. He raised the English name from the depth to which it was falling; he inaugurated a period of good government at home and of brilliant victory abroad; he made his court the most splendid in the world; he fostered and encouraged that spirit of chivalry and romantic devotion to the fair sex, which tended so much to soften the rigor of an iron age.

These were all causes leading up to the great literary period that was now dawning, but greater than any of these, was the long series of English successes, gained by Edward and the Black Prince, over the foreign foes of England. By the victories of Crecy, and Poictiers, they established that military renown, which the laps of five centuries has not dimmed. Nor were their successes confined to France. At home Queen Philippa, at the battle of Nevill's Cross, amply avenged the day at Bannockburn. Two captive kings graced the monarch's triumph. Then, for the first time, was the march of an English armey heard in Castile, and at Najara, the Black Prince, against tremendous odds, proved to the Spaniards the matchless superiority of England. The number of his foes only enhanced the brilliancy of his victory. By exploits such as these, were Englishmen taught to consider themselves the greatest of all nations. Their thoughts and energies were all turned to the arts of war,—the martial fever was burning high within them. They had no thought then to give to the peaceful pursuits of literature. But an inexhaustable store of material was now gathered ready for the first writer who would stretch forth his hand to grasp it. All that was required was a period of peace to waken the literary intellect of the land; the comparative quiet of Richard II's reign afforded this. Then it was that Chaucer and his contemporaries, produced the unperishable works of their genius. It was an era peculiarly suited to literary production. The brilliant series of Edward III's victories was now at an end—the Wars of the Roses had not yet begun. The sweet muse of Scald and Troubadour, that had long soothed the restless spirits of the Northmen, or had captivated the knightly warriors of the South, was now passing away. The veteran barons, who had gone through the stormy scenes of late contests, were now forced into unwelcome inaction. What could be more pleasing to them, next to the renewal of their early deeds, than that the familiar incidents of tournement and battle, of romantic love, and knightly gallantry, sshould be celebrated and perpetuated in poets lay.

These are the causes I assign for the first great epoch in English Literature.

The era of Chaucer was followed by nearly two centuries of great dearth in Literature. To adopt the simile of an English writer, Chaucer was like a "genial day in an English spring, when a brilliant sun enlivens the face ef nature with unusual warmth and luster, but it is succeeded by the redoubled horrors of winter, and those tender buds and early blossoms, which were called forth by the transient gleam of a temporary sunshine, are nipped by frosts and torn by tempests."

Henry V added a brilliant page to the military annals of England, but there is little else for gratulation. The Wars of the Roses soon deluged the country in it's best blood. The history of these wars is so well known, that is unnecessary to do more than refer to that time of anarchy. The nobles carried their lives in their hands, and, though the peasantry were less harassed, the want of even the rudiments of education rendered it impossible for that age to produce a Burns. When at last these unhappy struggles were closed by the death of that much abused King Richard III, the refined tyranny of Henry VII, and the blustering reign of his son, were strong curbs on the exuberance of Literary genius. When, however, the defeat of the Armada, and the great performances of Elizabeth's statesmen and soldiers, made ths English heart once more exult, and the discoveries in the New World caused men's ideas to expand, then we have—in a time of domestic peace—the Shakespearean epoch.

I would only repeat myself, were I to show again how this literary period was the result of the preceding troubles, when abundant materials were garnered up for Shakespeare and the other great writers of this day. That Shakespeare, himself drew much of his inspiration from the civil wars of York and Lancaster, will be evident, when we remember that many of his plays are taken directly from their history, and that nearly all his greatest works, such as MacBeath, Hamlet and others, are wholly or in part founded on the scenes and incidents of civil war.

The third epoch was preceded by that well-known era—marked by the Civil War which cost Charles I. his crown and life—which saw the Commonwealth establisned under Cromwell; that witnessed the restoration of Charles II., the abdication of James II., and the trouble attendant thereon. Civil warfare is at all times to be regretted; yet much as we may sympathize with that unhappy monarch, in the case of the Parliament against Charles I. it was unavoidable. The people were forced to take arms against a prince whose aim was to deprive them of liberty—in whose sincerity no dependence could be placed. The long struggle between Charles and his Commons fostered that spirit of inquiry into politics and government which has since born such goodly fruit. This it was that gave literature of the subsequent period the controversial stamp I have mentioned. Whatever our opinion of Cromwell may be, we cannot deny that he did much for England. He found her under the weak rule of the Stewarts, sunk to the position of a second-rate power. He left her the mightiest nation in the world, with her enemies crushed, her arms victorious by sea and land, her possessions extended, the powers of Spain and Holland humbled, her name feared and respected in every European capital. Cromwell boasted that he would make the name of Englishmen as much respected as ever ancient Roman was, and he succeeded in doing so.

Following the rule of Cromwell, the scandelous reign of that ribald king, Charles II, seemed worse by the cotrast. The licentious life of the monarch shocked the nation, the disgraces cast upon their arms, filled the country with shame. The burning of London and other national misfortunes added to their degradation. The short reign of James II, did not augment the English renown though it increased their misery. The time of William III, was fully occupied in foreign warfare and domestic government, in changing the administration and submitting to constitutional reform. In the reign of Anne, the military order of the people again blazed up. Marlborough, a heaven born general, was rivalling the victorious career of Henry V. Gaining battle after battle, with a brilliancy that astounded the world, he raised the exultant feelings of the country to the highest pitch. And at home there was peace. But there were political struggles. Whig was striving against tory and tory vied with Whig. Each afforded encouragement to literary talent. A clever writer then, was of more value to his party, than such orators as Pitt or Fox at later days. A speech was not heard outside the walls of Parliament—a pamphlet was read bythe nation. To these causes we owe the literary greatness of Anne's reign. The past few years afforded ample scope for poets pen; the present need rendered satire and ridicule those powerful weapons of controversial warfare invaluable. Hence it is, that we find this age so rich in writers of every style, and especially in satirists.

I now come to the last of the great periods; and for its greatness we find similar causes to those of the three former. Even young men remembered the unprovoked attacks of France on England—her assistance to the American revolt. They remembered when England, with her Colonies in rebellion against her, was ready 'with firm look and high' to face the world in arms. Tearing the treacherous masque from French politics, she had declared war against France amidst the rejoicings of all England—rejoicings ominous to her foes. Making peace with her alienated subjects, she prepared for the struggle with her ancient antagonist. Spain joined the enemy with her then powerful fleets, trusting that in this moment of Britain's weakness her power might be destroyed. The resistance to their forces at Gibralter—a resistance unparalleled in the annals of warfare—and the ruin of their navies by the English squadron, were the suitable rewards of their temerity. In vain did Holland declare war, or Russia, Prussia, and Sweden, unite in the armed neutrality of the North to annihilate her maritime supremacy. England never quailed. She joined battle with combined Europe to maintain her rights, and they were all perserved.

Later still, in the very period of which I spoke, we have England alone daring to cope with the new-born might of the French Republic. In the East she was performing prodigies, the accounts of which sound like extravagent passages from an oriental tale. Again, when the nations of Europe were grovelling, terror stricken at his feet, or enlisted under his banner, England scarce condescended to treat with Napoleon. While continual Monarchs were writhing beneath their master, the ships of England under Nelson, were driving the French fleets from the sea or sending them to the bottom. On land her forces were offering a glorious resistance ro Bonaparte's power. In the peninsula, her soldiers under Wellington were carrying out that long series of victories, which caluminated in Waterloo and in the liberation of Europe. Truly the achievements of this ttme offered a wide field to the numerous great writers, who flourished at the close of the French wars. The nation had the proud satisfaction of knowing that while others had yielded to the storm, she alone was firm and unbending, that she, single-handed drew the word of freedom of mankind, to her alone was the liberation of Europe due—And it was a proud thought.

These were the causes that produced the brilliant literary phalanx which graced the early part of this century.

I have now Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, given the chief periods in English Literature, I have explained what I believe to be the cause, I have shown that they arose from great and exciting eras in English history, when the nation was rejoicing over victories won, and mighty deeds accomplished, when exploits were performed that made the honorable pride of an illustrious and conquering people, bubble and swell up in their hearts till it burst forth in exultant songs of triumph.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Steam Navigation Company.

A SPECIAL General Meeting of the Shareholders of the above Company, will be held at their office, corner Great George and Water Streets, on Monday evening, the 20th inst., at 7 o'clock.

By order of the Directors,
DANIEL DAVIES, Pres'dt.
FRED. W. HALES, Sec'y.

Ch'town, Dec. 13, 1875. 2i

Mrs. W, W. Irving

BEGS to inform her friends and the public that she has opened

A Superior Boarding House,

next door to 'Rankin House,' on Pownal Street, where she is prepared to accommodate a very limited number of gentlemen boarders. For terms, etc., apply to her at the house.

Dec. 13, 1875.—1m

FLOUR, TEA, SUGAR, RAISINS, KNIVES, &C., To Close Consignments.

I Will sell at Auction, at my Sale Room, Queen Square, on

Wednesday, 15th instant.,

at eleven o'clock,

150 brls Flour (strong bakers) 25 chests Congou Tea, 20 half-chests do., 30 brls. refined Sugar, 40 boxes Clothes Pins, 100 sides No. 1 Sole Leather, 25 patent Clothes Horse, 50 sup. N. S. Cheese, 5 doz. Wash Boards, 5 qr. casks Port Wine, 5 quarter casks Sherry Wine, 10 cases Port Wine, 50 boxes extra soap, 50 do. S. P. Soap, 50 bxs. Crown Soap, 5 brls. Porter, 3 doz. Towels Rollers, 20, doz. com. Brooms, 100 bxs. Pilot Bread and Crackers [in variety,] 50 half-boxes and 100 qtr. boxes Raisins.

WILLIAM DODD, Auct'r.

Dec. 13, 1875.

NOTICE! Bridge Sales.

THE undersigned will sell by Auction, to the lowest bidder on the spot, on Wednesday, the 22nd day of December, at the hours of 11, a.m., and 12, the repairing of the Bridges on Peake's and Donnoily's Road, which were advertised to sold on the 30th of November. Also, the Railing and Breastwork at Head of St. Peter's Bay, which was advertised to be sold on the first of December, will be sold on the 23rd of December, at 2 p.m. Should the days of sale prove stormy the sales will take place the next days.

WM. MACDONALD,
S.P.W., King's County.

Sup'ts Office, Dec. 13, '75.—till dec. 23.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BUFFALO AND WOLF ROBES, Trimmed & Untrimmed, AT THE LONDON HOUSE.

Geo. Davies & Co.

Dec. 13, 1875.—2i pat

CARD.

To the Free and Independent Electors of the First Electoral District of King's County:

MATTHEW & McLEAN have much pleasure in informing their friends and customers that they have now completed their fall importations, and have on hand the

Largest and Best Selected Stock

they have yet offered to the public, comprising all the newest styles and latest novelties of the season.

All their Goods being marked at the very lowest paying prices, they can confidently assure their customers that they still are the cheapest House in the trade.

Souris East, Dec. 13, 1875.—1m

VALUABLE FREEHOLD PROPERTY AT NORTH RIVER!

TO BE SOLD by Public Auction, on WEDNESDAY, the fifteenth day of March next, (1876) at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, at the Colonial Building in Charlottetown, under and by virtue of a Power of Sale, contained in an Indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the eleventh day of May, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine, (1869) and made between Donald McDonald of Lot or Township Thirty-two, (32) in Prince Edward Island, and Elizabeth, his wife, of the one part, and James Horsfield Peters, of Sidmont, in Charlottetown, of the other part, all that piece or parcel of land situate on Lot or Township Thirty-two, (32) in Charlotte Parish, in Queen's County, bounded as follows, that is to say: Commencing at a stake set in the south line of land in possession of Arnold Halloran, on the west side of the Settlement Road, and running thence west three degrees (3) south along the said boundary line, to land in possession of Dockendorffs, or to Cahill's north line, thence east three degrees (3) north along Cahill's said line to the Settlement Road, aforesaid, and thence northwestwardly along the same to the stake at the place of commencement, containing an area of fifty-eight (58) acres of land, a little more or less, and being the same piece of land conveyed to the said Donald McDonald by the Commissioner of Crown Lands, together with all houses, buildings and appurtenances thereto belonging.

For further particulars apply at the office of Edward Bayfield, Solicitor, Charlottetown, or to the undersigned,

JAMES HORSFIELD PETERS.

Dec. 13, 1875.—till mar. 15, 1876.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Ralph Brecken, Plaintiff.
vs.
The Lands and Tenements of John Stewart, deceased, Defendent.

BY virtue of a Writ of Statute Execution, to me directed, issued out of Her Majesty's Supreme Court of Judicature, at the suit of Ralph Brecken against John Stewart, deceased: I have taken and seized as the property of the said John Stewart, all the right, title and freehold interest of the said John Stewart, deceased, in and to all that tract, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being on Lot or Township Number Thirty-three, in Queen's County, in Prince Edward Island, bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a stake fixed on the west side of the road leading from Charlottetown to Brackley Point Road, at the north-east angle of land now in the possession of Duncan McCallum, and running thence northwestwardly along Brackley Point Road for the distance of twenty-one chains, or until it meets the Kentyre Road; thence westwardly along said Kentyre Road for the distance of forty-seven chains and sixty links, or until it strikes the eastern boundary of land now in the possession of Duncan McNutt; thence southwardly parallel with said Brackley Point Road twenty-one chains to the northern boundary of said Duncan McCallum's land; thence eastwardly along the northern side of Duncan McCallum's said land forty-seven chains and sixty links, to the place of commencement. Said piece of land is bounded on the north by the Kentyre Road, on the west by land in possession of Duncan McNutt, on the south by land in possession of Duncan McCallum, and on the east by the Brackley Point Road, and contains one hundred acres of land, a little more or lesse in Queen's County, and I do hereby give public notice that I will, on Friday, the sixteenth day of June next, 1876, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, at the Court House in Charlottetown, in the said County, set up and sell at public auction, the above described property, or as much thereof as will satisfy the levy marked on the said Writ, being $334.77, together with interest on one hundred and ninety-four dollars and sixty-seven cents, part thereof from 13th day of May, 1871, until paid, at the rate of six dollars per cent. per annum, besides Sheriff's fees and all incidental expenses.

Wm. R. WATSON, Sheriff.
Edward J. Hodgson, Plaintiff's Attorney.
Sheriff's Office, Dec. 8, 1875. (dec. 13—31

SHERIFF'S SALE.

John Ings, Plaintiff,
vs.
The lands and Tenements of John Stewart, deceased, Defendant.

BY virtue of a Writ of Statute Execution, to me directed, issued out of Her Majesty's Supreme Court of Judicature, at the suit of John Ings, against the Lands and Tenements of John Stewart, deceased: I have taken and seized, as the property of the said John Stewart, as above, all the right, title and freehold interest of the said John Stewart, deceased, in and to all that tract, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being on Lot or Township Number Thirty-three, in Queen's County, in Prince Edward Island, bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a stake fixed on the west side of the road leading from Charlottetown to Brackley Point Road, at the north-east angle of land now in the possession of Duncan McCallnm, and running thence north-westwardly along Brackley Point Road for the distance of twenty-one chains, or until it meets the Kentyre Road; thence westwardly along said Kentyre Road for the distance of forty-seven chains and sixty links, or until it strikes the eastern boundary of land now in the possession of Duncan McNutt; thence southwardly parallel with said Brackley Point Road, twenty-one chains to the northern boundary of said Duncan McCallum's land; thence eastwardly along the northern side of Duncan McCallum's said land forty-seven chains and sixty links to the place of commencement. Said piece of land is bounded on the north by the Kentyre Road; on the west by land in possession of Duncan McNutt; on the south by land in possession of Duncan McCallum, and on the east by the Brackley Point Road, and contains one hundred acres of land, a little more or less, in Queen's County, and I hereby give public notice, that I will, on Friday, the sixteenth day of June next, 1876, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, at the Court House in Charlottetown, in the said County, set up and sell at public auction, the above described property, or as much thereof as will satisfy the Levy marked on the said Writ, being $269.90, together with interest on one hundred and sixty-two dollars and twenty-two cents, part thereof from 13th day of May, 1871, until paid, at the rate of six dollars per cent. per annum, besides Sheriff's fees and all incidental expenses.

Wm. R. WATSON, Sheriff.
Edward J. Hodgson, Plaintiff's Att'y.
Sheriff's office, Dec. 8, 1875. [dec. 13—31

NOTICE.

THE undersigned will sell by auction to the lowest bidder on the spot, on Tuesday, the 14th day of December, at 2 p. m., re-building a bridge below Rose's mills, Munn's road, East Point, Lot 47. Specification to be seen at time of sale. Good security required for the contract.

Wm. McDONALD, S. P. W.

S. P. W's office, Dec. 13, 1875.